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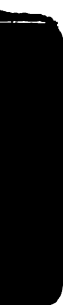
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THE DUBLIN
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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Literary and Political Journal.

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JANUARY TO JUNE,

1855.

DUBLIN

JAMES McGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

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WM. S. ORR AND CO., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE begs to notify that he will not undertake to return, or be accountable for, any manuscripts forwarded to him for perusal.

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No. CCLXV.

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VOL. XLV.

JANUS THE DOUBLE-FACED.

"Janus bifrontis imago."—VIRGIL.

TICK-TACK!—tick-tack! goes the pendulum of the clock on my mantelpiece. It is no modern timepiece encased in ormolu, but an old-fashioned affair, set in carved oak, with a motto beneath the dial, and a little figure of an old man with a scythe, who is mowing, mowing ever—through winter and spring, as well as through summer and autumn—by day and by night. For that which he mows is ever growing to his blade. Frost and snow ripen that crop as speedily as sunshine and soft rain. Darkness will suit for his unceasing work as well as the day-light. No one sees the swarth which he cuts. It springs up from the womb of Eternity, and then, when it is cut down, unseen hands gather it and garner it up into the bosom of that same Eternity which gave it birth.

TICK-TACK! tick-tack! A sharp, measured beat sounds through the silence of the deep, still night—the last night of the old year, that is dying in darkness—the herald of the new year, that is soon to shine in upon us in light. Let us occupy the short space that our old clock has yet to tick till midnight, in thoughts befitting the hour and the season. Let us summon to our side two of the most potent spirits that minister to man—**MEMORY**, "the Twilight of the Mind," as Rogers has happily named her; for by her pale illumination we can still catch a glimpse of the receding past. And **HOPES**, the Morning-star of the Mind, whose rays are the herald of the approaching daylight. **MEMORY**, "the Mother of the Muses," as Plutarch calls her. **HOPES**, "the Nurse of Mankind," as Pindar sings. **MEMORY**, the spiritual echo of the things which the Past has spoken. **HOPES**, the precursive sounds of the things which the FUTURE shall speak, borne onward upon the wings of FANCY, as the morning air bears forward faint notes of coming music.

What a chequered picture of light and shade does Memory paint for the year that is all but past. Opening in Peace for favoured Britain. Old Janus had closed all his gates, and men thought but of the triumphs and the glories of peace—the progress of arts and of science. The ring of the hammer, and the pant and puff of the steam-giant were heard in factories, and through the plains and valleys. Peaceful men wrought in peace in the laboratory and in the study. The months sped on, and ere the year had run half its course, the tranquillity of Britain has been disturbed. The demon of war has again raised his red right hand, and the barbarism of the only nation in Europe that still clings to the code of the savage has forced us, in the nineteenth century, to the bloody arbitrament of brute force. Between two thoroughly-civilised nations, with the sentiments and views which such civilisation induces, one can as little contemplate the probability of a political question being decided by the slaughter of tens of thousands of men—the desolation of thousands of homesteads—the demolishing of whole towns, the devastation of whole districts—as one could expect to see two neighbouring squires or noblemen seriously address themselves to settle some question upon a deed or a will, by arraying themselves in the rusty armour of their great-grandfathers, mounting their hunters, and,

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with lance in hand and mace at saddlebow, go tilt at each other's carcasses, and poke out each other's foolish brains. The peaceful man will reason with his peaceful neighbour, or call the law to his aid in the assertion of his rights. But if he meet a ruffian on the road-side, or a mad dog in the fields, he cannot parley with the one, or reason with the other; he must, in the endeavour to save his own property or life, repel the attack with physical force, though he may be wounded, or even slain, in the encounter. And so it is with civilised England, and such is her attitude with barbarous Russia. The hammer still rings, and the engine still throbs in the factory; but the operative works at the bayonet, or the sword, or casts the cannon, and the engine bores the rifle or polishes the weapons of death, and man no longer toils with a peaceful heart, for his spirit is sad within him as he thinks of the brother who is lying ghastly in his wounds on the battle-field, or the sister that is weeping in her dark home over her fatherless babes. And the locomotive still draws the trains through the plains and the valleys, but their freight is not now always men who go to and fro on peaceful missions from mart to mart, from the toils of the city to the pleasant shades and the manly sports of the country. From time to time they bear troops of men arrayed in the panoply of war, armed with the weapons of death; they bear them to some seaport town, and there, at pier or quay-side, lie steam-ships and sailing-vessels, withdrawn for a season from the missions upon which it was their wont to traverse the seas; their holds are not now stored with bales of merchandise, their decks are not crowded with busy merchants or joyous travellers; but the eye sees sights, and the ear hears sounds that sadden the heart—the parting of friend from friend, of child from parent, of husband from wife. Hardy old veterans draw themselves with an ill-assumed composure from the grasp and the embrace of those in whose loved companionship they have grown old, whose last years they had looked forward to share in their tranquil graveward life-evening; and the encircling arms of children are gently untwined from around them—arms which they had fondly hoped would have sustained their failing strength, and have “made all their bed” in sickness, and composed their heads in the life-parting hour. And young men linger, linger still, and, at last, tear themselves away from mother and sister, and it may be from one dearer still—she who is the wedded wife of a few short happy days, or the affianced, whom a few short days more would have made the wife—and, at last, these ships put up their steam and spread their sails; and groan, and sob, and sigh, are lost in the cheers with which crowding thousands bid these gallant men God-speed, and the answering cheers which are heard from the deck, till they grow fainter and fainter, and are at length lost in the distance. And of those who go forth, how few shall return. Some find their graves in the waters of the inhospitable Euxine—thousands perish on the battle-field—hundreds fall victims to disease. Who shall return, and how shall they return? Thus, dear friends, have we reached the last hour of a year, perhaps the most eventful that any of us have ever seen; and yet doubtless it will be the parent of a child that shall see mightier events still. The torch has been lighted; the train has been fired; the thunder of artillery, the booming of ocean-guns, the roll of musketry, are heard daily and nightly in the Tauric Chersonesus. The valleys and hills reverberate to the thousand horrid sounds of war—the shout, the groan, the clash of arms—

“The cheer the charge, the bursting battle-cry.”

Who shall tell when that torch shall be extinguished? Who shall assure us what lands and nations shall be unconquered by the explosion of that widely-spreading train? When shall the voices of those deadly engines be stilled? When shall the cries of battle cease to rend the startled fastnesses of the once peaceful Crimea? Ah, who shall answer these momentous questions? Not thou, oh, expiring year. Haply, not even thy yet unborn child.

How fittingly may the fine lines of Coleridge be applied to this year that is now dying—

“Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern before the cloudy throne,
Aye, Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore.
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours”—

Amongst the many evils of war, there is scarce one that affects the mind more painfully than this—that it stimulates, and even commends to public admiration, passions which, viewed under soberer influences, men will confess degrade humanity. Who has not read with deep sorrow, but it may be with no great surprise, the recent details of brave men who, in the deadly battle charge, were so transported by the excitement of the conflict as to forget their nobler natures, till they seemed to emulate the tiger in his thirst for blood, slaying with a frenzy of delight that was more like the impulse of a brute instinct than the holy chivalry of a civilised Christian soldier: ay, and in the recital of their achievements, glorying in the numbers they had slain with their own hands. And yet these very men, it may well be, were men with hearts the most tender and kindly—men who, when the battle was done, went through the bloody field when the cold moonshine lit up the carnage, succouring wounded foes, supporting on their breasts the head of a dying enemy, denying themselves the last precious drop of water, that they might wet the parched lips of those whom a few hours before they would have slain in a wild and sublime ecstasy.

The great and good Bishop of Hippo, in writing against the Manichæans, has well expressed these evils in a passage which we confess is weakened by our translation—"What is it that is to be censured in war? Not that they who die in the battle die in order that they who live may live triumphant in peace. To censure war on this ground would be the part of the coward, not of the religious man. But the strong desire of inflicting injury—the cruel thirst of vengeance—the spirit unappeased and unappeasable—the ferocity of conflict—the lust of conquering, and such like—these are the things which in warfare are with justice to be censured." Ah! we may well commend to the Christian soldier the admonition of another father of the Church—" *Esto, ergo, bellandus pacificus, ut eos quos expugnas, ad pacis utilitatem vincendo producas.*"

But come now, let us listen to the whisperings of Horæ. Have we not much to bid us be of good cheer? Have we not as gallant armies as ever went forth to fight, and a good cause to fight for? Have not British prowess and French chivalry told with irresistible power against superior numbers? Have we not thousands still ready to go forth and battle in the place of those who fall?—hearts and hands at home willing to sustain and succour them? Have we not Him as "our hope and strength," who is "a very present help in trouble;" who "maketh wars to cease in all the world;" who "breaketh the bow, and knap-peth the spear in sunder?" And thus, with the memory of the past to guide, and the hope of the future to cheer, let us make the year that is passing away minister wisdom to that which is to come, remembering that, as Seneca says, "*Discipulus est prioris posterior dies.*"

Tick! Tack!—Still beats our old clock, and the mower still mows, and the minutes pass on, bringing the hand of the dial towards the hour of midnight. What a solemn thing is that stealthy-paced Time! Slowly, yet surely, with each step taking something from us. The good old Abbot of Clairvaux, the "Doctor Mellifluus" as he was not inaptly called, has a fine thought on this subject in one of his sermons, "*Sicut capillus de capite, sic momentum perit de tempore.*" One by one the moments pass away from our span of life, as the hairs fall from our heads, till at length we shall stand, bald-headed and bending, over the grave, not one hair left on our brows—not one grain left in our life-glass!

And as the hairs fall away from our own heads, and we walk onwards, and gravewards, so do we see the beloved heads—the *capita cara*—of those who have made our joy and our treasure here below, whitening, and losing their comeliness and their glory; ay, and often while those heads are still young, with eyes that beam in health and beauty, and locks that flow long and luxuriantly, they are brought low, and laid in the grave suddenly. Some loved and lovely child lies in a parent's bosom, as the ewe-lamb lay in that of the poor man, eating of his own meat, and drinking of his own cup: and then comes the traveller, Death, and God spares to take from his flocks that are all around, to give to the wayfarer, but he takes this poor parent's lamb. But who shall arraign the Lord of all the sheep in the pasture, as Nathan arraigned David? No one, truly. And yet it may be that he will restore that lamb fourfold.

As I thought these things, my eye fell upon an open page of manuscript that

lay on the table beside me. 'Twas written in a woman's hand, and bore the signature of "Frances." I read it, and found that it harmonised with my present reflections. Here it is:—

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I.

Oh, happy ye who on the brink may stand
Of the departed year, for ever flown,
Numbering the treasures of your household band—
All that your God has given—and miss not one.
If Time, that brought upon its rapid wing
Sorrow and sighing unto many a heart,
Hath hushed no chord, and severed not a string
Of all that binds your spirits unto earth,
Rejoice—but oh! with trembling, for the tie
Is weak, and easy snapt, that holds them here;
For them dark tears may glisten in thine eye
When sounds the farewell of another year.
Then may ye gaze upon a vacant place—
Then listen vainly for a well-known voice—
Then pine in sadness for a loved one's face.
Oh! ye have reason trembling to rejoice.

II.

And ye who've laid your dear ones in the tomb,
To whom the echo of those pealing bells
Seems like another day of death and gloom,
Like the sad sounding of their funeral knells:
If death were all—if in that silent sleep
Ye saw the end of that to which ye clung—
Well o'er that memory your souls might weep,
And sorrow's words be ever on your tongue.
But, blest be God, ye may, indeed, look up
From their low resting-place, far up the sky:
Safe in that treasure-house of faith and hope,
Not one of those ye love can ever die;
And tho' the tears be swimming in your eyes,
To hear those bells sound thro' the midnight gloom,
Oh! hush each murmuring thought that would arise,
And say with quivering lips, "Thy will be done."

There was a click from the old clock—I knew it was the warning that in five minutes more its little bell would peal out the midnight. I looked up—the little mower was moving about in a very perturbed and irregular manner. He seemed quite perplexed at his work. Now he sprang forward and swept down an imaginary swarth far away before him—now he fell backward, and mowed away at something as far behind him. While I was wondering at this strange derangement, a shadowy form slowly crossed my vision. It was an old man, draped in an ample robe, on which were traced an infinite number of characters and figures—some wrought in strong and vivid colours, some so faint in shade, and indistinct in outline, that they were scarce discernible. They were of every form and every hue; but I noted that the white and the blue flower-like forms that pervaded the upper part of the mantle, became less frequent, till towards the skirt they were lost in large blotches of a crimson dye. The shadowy old man moved, with tottering step and bowed head, towards the door, as if about to pass away. At this moment I heard a soft rustling sound, such as one hears of a winter's night when the northern lights are streaming through the sky, and a pale, blue line of light shot like a spear from the door, passing clear through the body of the old man, when lo! beyond him stood a fair young child, with

blue eye and bright cheek. The old man turned slowly round, and the two faced each other.

"You here before your time, my son!" said the old man in trembling accents, that had as much of sadness as of reproach in them. "Could you not wait till I had passed away, to take possession of your patrimony? You are before your time."

"By no means, dear old governor," said the child, with a gay laugh; "I was five minutes old when I left London by the Electric Telegraph. I came up with Old Time midway in the Irish Channel; then I passed him like a flash of lightning, and kept a-head of him all the way hither. It's a fine thing, isn't it, for me to get a look at your dear old face, and for you to see my young one; and we ought to be thankful to the march of science that brings us thus side by side. I'll be bound you and your old governor never had a few minutes chat together. And now, tell me what sort of a world this is, that you have been managing these twelve months?"

The Old Year shook his palsied, venerable head, but spoke not.

"Come, dear old dad, don't be chary of your experiences. What a deal of knowledge there must be in that aged noddle of yours, if one could only get at it!"

The Old Year shook his head again — partly in assent of the last observation, partly in denial of the request.

"What! now that you're getting off the box at the end of the stage, and that I'm getting on it for a new one, won't you just give me a hint how to handle the reins. This CAPRICORN seems a wild sort of a beast to drive, and he is setting his head down as if he was going to butt with his horns."

"My son," said the senior, "it would be useless for me to counsel you. The young never profit by the experience of the old. You must buy dearly for yourself. And now take my blessing: let me embrace you before I die."

The Old Year drew the young one to his bosom — their faces met in an embrace. The clock commenced to strike; the outlines of the shadowy forms flickered and changed; the faces underwent a transformation; and, as the twelfth stroke of midnight ceased to vibrate, the shadow had assumed a new shape. The two faces were there still, but they were both those of an ancient man, and they sprang from the one neck, and belonged to the one body. 'Twas a venerable man, who held in one hand a whitethorn staff, and in the other a huge key.

"*Jani biceps anni tacite latentis origo*?" said I, addressing the double-faced deity, whom I at once recognised.

"Even so," replied the god; and then raising the ponderous key, he added, "I have opened all the gates of my temple."

"And when shalt thou close and lock them again, O Claviger?" I inquired.

"Ask the daughters of Erebus and Nox—I cannot tell thee."

"Oh, Janus! thou most ancient of the gods, have pity on me!" said a whining voice from the mantelpiece.

I looked up, and saw the little reaper upon the clock, standing quite still, and leaning upon his scythe.

"Well, what's the matter with you, old *Edax rerum*?" asked Janus.

"Matter! why, I'm out of my wits; I'm *beside* myself—or rather, I'm *before* myself, and *behind* myself; I'm everywhere—I'm nowhere. My whole body is racked from morning till night, with shocks of electric currents running through it backwards and forwards. Formerly I used to get a reasonable allowance of minutes to do my business, or to go from one place to another; but now I'm forced to run half round the world in the swing of a pendulum; nay, I'm well-nigh annihilated—Electricity will be the death of me. Depend upon it, ere long I'll be found extinct, and the coroner's jury will bring in a verdict of 'Killed by a flash of lightning from the Electric Telegraph.'"

Janus laughed till the tears ran down his four cheeks.

"Never mind, old fellow, all will come right in the long run. Men, in all ages, since the beginning of the world, have been trying to *kill* you, and yet they have never succeeded, and never will; so keep up your spirits. By the way, Mr. Poplar, as I have a few minutes to spare, I will tell you a story that is somewhat in point."

Thereupon the god sat down, and turning one of his faces towards me, and the other towards the little man upon the tinepiece, as if to keep him also in countenance, he said, "I suppose I must christen my narrative, according to the usage of all story-tellers. Well, then, we'll call it—

"ABRAHAM SCRIMBLE'S WILL; A TALE OF THE OLD AND NEW YEARS."

CHAPTER I.

NOW ALL THE SCRIMBLES MET IN OLD JEWRY, TO "HEAR SOMETHING TO THEIR ADVANTAGE."

ONE fine summer's day, in the year of our Lord 1853, there was assembled, in the chambers of Mr. Reuben Levi, in Old Jewry, in the city of London, the whole family of the Scrimbles, who had come up from Somersetshire upon the following invitation, which was advertised in the *Times* newspaper:—

"The next of kin of Abraham Scrimble, of Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, America, and formerly of the county of Somerset, in England, lately deceased, are requested to attend at my chambers in No. —, Old Jewry, on Monday, the 20th day of — next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, where they will hear of something to their advantage.

"REUBEN LEVI."

Well, sure enough, they were all there in wondering expectation. There was a tradition amongst the youngsters of the family about Abraham Scrimble. He had quarrelled with his father, and gone off, no one ever knew where, till the advertisement at once informed them of his death and the place where he had resided. The clock of St. Paul's had scarcely struck twelve, when Mr. Levi, accompanied by another gentleman, entered the apartment where the Scrimbles were congregated.

"The next of kin of Mr. Abraham Scrimble, I presume?" said the man of law, making an ocumenical bow to the assembled Scrimbles.

"Yes, yes," was the response from a dozen voices, or thereabouts.

"Bless me," said the lawyer, "what a fortunate man Mr. Scrimble was to have so many next of kin!"

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure," said the other gentleman, drily, "but we shall see. Pray proceed to business, Mr. Levi."

"Gentlemen and ladies," said that gentleman, examining a paper, "I find that the late Mr. Abraham Scrimble

had, when he left this country, two sisters and one brother."

"So he had," said one of the company; "there was his brother Ebenezer, my father—he is dead, and left five of us;" and with a sweep of his hand the speaker indicated his two brothers and two sisters.

"Very good," said the man of law; "you are, then, next of kin in the fourth degree. Well, then, Kezia was the name of one of his sisters, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes; Kezia was his eldest sister."

"Is she living or dead?"

"Dead as a door nail."

"Good again," said Mr. Levi. "Did she leave any issue?"

"I should hope not," was the reply, "seeing that she was never married; and, up to the last hour of her life—and she lived to be over seventy—she maintained the reputation of being an immaculate old maid."

"In that case, sir," said Mr. Levi, turning to the other gentleman, "Aunt Kezia is clean out of the way—an unfruitful branch in the family tree. We will write her down as *Ob. S. P.*"

"And what may that mean?" asked one of the next of kin.

"Oh, that's a short way we have of stating that she died without issue."

"If that's all, you may write it down with a safe conscience."

And Mr. Levi accordingly jotted down the letters *Ob. S. P.* after Aunt Kezia's name.

"Now, what about the other sister?"

"That was my mother, Dorcas," said another member of our family; she married her own cousin-german."

"Just so," said Mr. Levi; "I have it all here."

"Have you?" said the other. "Well, then, maybe you have something about me there, too?"

"Maybe I have. Who are you?"

"I'm the consequence of that auspicious

cious union—Jacob Scrimble, at your service."

"And your father and mother?"

"Dead these fifteen years."

"Your brothers and sisters, are they alive?"

"No."

"Dead, too?"

"No. They ain't dead, because they never were alive; and they ain't alive, because they never were born—I was an only child."

"Ah! I understand; well, you are another next of kin in the fourth degree."

"I'm a cousin-german of old Abraham," said a little man, about fifty years of age; "I'm a son of his uncle Amos, and the rest of his children died very young."

"Then," replied the man of law, "you are also related to the deceased in the fourth degree. And now as to all the rest?"

"Oh, they're distant relations—fortieth cousins, as the saying is, and have just come to keep us company."

The investigation of kindred having been thus concluded, the other gentleman advanced to the table, and taking from the breast-pocket of his coat a packet, he opened it with great formality, and thus addressed the company:—

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Scrimble family, I hold in my hand the last will and testament of my deceased friend, the late Abraham Scrimble. He died some three months since in the town of Cincinnati, full of years and not empty of cash. As one of his executors, I shall now read you the part of his will which concerns you."

Item—As it was the will of God that I should quarrel with my father, and leave my native land before my brothers and sisters were grown up to quarrel with, and having no issue of my own to leave my money to, and not knowing what relatives I have in England, I bequeath the sum of five thousand dollars to whichever of my next of kin shall first attain the age of twenty-one years after my decease, and make proof of his having attained his majority before either of my executors, or the proper authority of the place where he shall be resident at the time. And the residue of my worldly goods and substance I leave as follows. But that does not concern the present company," said Mr. Huckle-

bones, refolding the paper, and re-depositing it in his pocket. "And now, Mr. Levi, be so good, pray, as to inform us who is to get the five thousand dollars?"

"Why, Mr. Hucklebones, here are the next of kin—Ebenezer's five children. Pray, what are your names?"

"I'm Esau, the eldest; then there is —"

"What's your age?"

"I'm twenty; and I'll be twenty-one the first day of January next, of all days in the year."

"Well, then, we needn't ask anything about your brothers or sisters. Kezia is out of the way, and next comes Mr. Jacob, Dorcas's only child. Pray what may your age be, Mr. Jacob?"

"The same as cousin Esau to a day. The brother and sister had a run for it, you see."

"Ay, cousin Jacob, but you know I was born three hours before you."

"That's no matter," said Mr. Levi, '*de minimis non curat lex*;' the law takes no account of such trifles as a few hours. You will both be of age the same moment—the very instant after the clock strikes twelve at night on the 31st of December next."

"This is a very strange case," said Mr. Hucklebones; "it strikes me that neither of these young gentlemen will be entitled to the legacy, or that they should divide it."

"They cannot divide it," said the lawyer. Two women sometimes may make one heir, being, I suppose, considered as equal only to one man; but there can no more be two male heirs to one property than two sons in the heavens, Mr. Hucklebones. Therefore I think this is a *casus omissus*;' and in such case —"

"In such a case the money comes to me, Gideon Scrimble," said the elderly cousin, "as you say I am also one of the next of kin."

"Well, so you are. But when do you expect to attain your age of twenty-one, Mr. Gideon?"

"Oh, he's been and done it nigh thirty years ago," said Esau, chuckling.

"So much the better—ain't it?" retorted Gideon. "I've performed the condition beforehand, and am ready to receive the money this instant."

"I should rather think, sir," said

Mr. Hucklebones, "that you have run a long chalk beyond the winning-post, and at the wrong side of it, too; and before you can get back again, some of these young folks will have come up and won the race."

"Just so," said Mr. Levi; "Mr. Gideon is quite out of the question; he will never attain the age of twenty-one in his present state of existence, and time, Mr. Hucklebones, is 'of the essence of the contract,' as the lawyers say; and therefore I am disposed to consider this as a case of a lapsed legacy, and the money must sink into the residue, and go to the Cosmopolitan Ragged College of Cincinnati."

All the next of kin of Abraham Scrimble, deceased, looked dismayed at this announcement. They would have gladly come to any compromise so as to divide the bone amongst them, rather than that it should be picked by a transatlantic academy of half-naked Yankee boys. At last Jacob said—

"The money is to be given to the

person who shall first reach twenty-one—ain't it?"

"Yes, just so."

"Well, then, we must all wait awhile. Who can tell which of us will be first of age; I may die, or Esau, and then one of the others would step into our places."

"Upon my word, that's very true. Mr. Hucklebones, we were overlooking that fact altogether."

"I think so," said the executor; "we are all premature. I therefore propose that we all assemble here half-an-hour before midnight on the last day of the year, and we shall then be in a condition to decide who shall be entitled to the legacy. Are you agreed, ladies and gentlemen?"

A general assent was given, whereupon Mr. Hucklebones bowed himself out of the room, and Mr. Levi bowed out all the next of kin of Abraham Scrimble, late of Cincinnati, in the state of Ohio, deceased.

CHAPTER II.

HOW ESAU SCRIMBLE TOOK TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

THE great clock of St. Paul's had pealed out the half-hour before midnight upon the last day of December, 1853, when Mr. Reuben Levi again entered his chambers in Old Jewry, accompanied as before by Mr. Hucklebones, the executor of the late Abraham Scrimble, of Cincinnati.

"Happy to see you all, ladies and gentlemen," said the man of law.

"All alive and well, I see," said Mr. Hucklebones. "Ah, Mr. Esau, I see you are not likely to die before you come of age, and so give either of your pretty sisters there a chance. Mr. Gideon, your humble servant; have you made much lee-way against the stream of time since last I had the pleasure of seeing you? How much *under* fifty may you be by this?"

Gideon was about to return a snappish reply to this *mauvaise plaisanterie*, when Mr. Hucklebones suddenly exclaimed—

"Bless my soul, where is Mr. Jacob; nothing has happened to him, I hope?"

"Well, I don't know," said Esau; "he suddenly disappeared about a fortnight ago, at which time he was in

excellent health and spirits; but none of us have since heard or seen anything of him."

"How strange!" said Mr. Levi. "Did you advertise for him in the public papers?"

"Why, no," said Esau; "we had no particular interest in bringing him here to-night you know; but we drained out the fish-pond at Scrimbleton, and had the river dragged, but he didn't turn up in either."

"Very strange, indeed, and I must say very mysterious, too!" said the man of law, with a lowering countenance.

"Ah, poor fellow!" said Mr. Hucklebones, "do you remember the observation which he made when we were all here last summer—'I may die, or Esau,' said he. 'Tis very strange, indeed—very strange; I hope his words may not turn out true as to himself.'"

"Well," said Mr. Levi, "now to business, as time is precious. Since our last meeting I have made all necessary searches, and find the pedigree of the family has been stated correctly. It seems to me, therefore, that the

only person who will be in a condition to claim this legacy is Mr. Esau Scrimble, supposing that anything has happened to his cousin Jacob, which I confess I have much reason, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, to fear;" and again the lawyer looked loweringly at Esau. "Are you prepared, sir, to prove, by a certificate attested by the proper authority—I mean when the time comes—your age of twenty-one?"

"Certainly, sir. Here is a copy of the registry of my birth, and it is duly certified and signed by the rector of the parish, and by Squire Bolderly, the nearest justice of the peace. Be so good as to see that it is all right."

"Put up the paper, put it up, sir, please, for the present," said Mr. Levi coldly, thrusting back the proffered document. "The time is not yet come—many a slip between the cup and the lip, Mr. Esau. Who knows but your poor cousin Jacob may arrive before midnight."

"Well, maybe he may, Mr. Levi," replied Isaac, with an incredulous toss of his head; "I've no doubt he will, if he's anywhere within the British dominions. Jacob was always a wide-awake fellow, and just the man not to neglect the main chance."

At this moment there was a loud knock at the door of the outer chamber, that made every one start, and Esau turn pale. Mr. Levi's clerk opened the door, and ushered a man muffled up in a cloak into the inner department. The man took off his cloak very deliberately, and then sat down, after which he took his watch from his fob, and looked at the hour, and said—

"11, 43' 22'."

"May I ask, sir," said Mr. Levi, "your business?"

"Oh," said Mr. Hucklebones, "I'll tell you what brings him here. This is Mr. Pinionwheel, the great chronometrician. You know, Mr. Levi, you said, 'time was of the essence of the contract,' and so I thought it best to have the highest living authority upon that point, and I requested Mr. Pinionwheel to attend here to-night, to keep a sharp look out upon the time."

"I can't sufficiently admire your forethought, sir," said the lawyer, with as near an approach to a smile as he

ever allowed his features the relaxation of indulging in. "Pray, sit down, Mr. Pinionwheel."

That gentleman took his seat, and the next instant the clock of Saint Paul's told the third quarter.

"Right, within three seconds," said Mr. Pinionwheel, again consulting his watch.

"While we are waiting, Mr. Hucklebones," said one of the fortieth cousins, perhaps you will be so kind as to tell us something about our deceased relative. Did he leave much property?"

"A pretty considerable amount, sir—something over 200,000 dollars."

"How much may that be of our money?"

"Well, about £10,000."

"Indeed—and did he leave no bequests to his relatives in general—nothing to buy mourning-rings, you know?"

"Not a cent."

"And who gets all these dollars, may I ask, sir?"

"Oh, certainly: he left 1,000 dollars to Lilly, and 1,000 dollars to Snowball, besides giving each of the girls her freedom—remarkably nice niggers they are—twenty dollars to each slave on the farm, a trifle of 10,000 dollars each to myself and my co-executor, and the residue to the Cosmopolitan Ragged School of Cincinnati."

"I suppose, sir, the will is all regular?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know; but Mr. Levi can answer that question, I suppose."

"All right and formal," said the gentleman appealed to. "The duplicate is in my possession, and may be inspected by any member of the family of Scrimble. Here it is, gentlemen."

The lawyer spread the will on the table, and the company amused themselves reading it over, by way of passing the time. It was a hopeless investigation; there was not a cent, as Mr. Hucklebones said, left to any of the Scrimbles, except the 5,000 dollars; and there was not a flaw in the document, not a blot, nor an erasure; and at the foot was the testator's name, in big, sturdy, independent characters, with a dash at the end, as much as to say, "There's the handwriting of a man of sound and disposing mind, memory,

and discretion, who knows what he's about, and doesn't care a straw who is pleased or who isn't, by jingo!" And so time sped on, when Mr. Hucklebones addressing Mr. Pinionwheel, said—

"Pray sir, what may the hour be?"

"Eleven hours, fifty-eight minutes, forty-three seconds, Greenwich time," said the horologer, oracularly.

"Coming pretty close up to time, Mr. Esau," remarked the executor.

"In less than two minutes more, you'll cease to be an infant, sir," added the lawyer, and then——"

Rat! tat! tat! tat!! A furious peal at the outer door. The clerk sprang from the high stool in the office, where he had just gone off in a dose, and in one bound he was at the door. A young man rushed in breathless, and then looking at his watch, said—

"It just wants one minute yet of twelve o'clock."

"Less by two seconds, sir," said

Mr. Pinionwheel, authoritatively, after having examined his timekeeper.

"Oh! hang your two seconds!" cried the stranger, impatiently. "Mr. Levi, allow me to introduce myself to you, sir—Mr. Lynxley, sir, at your service—junior partner of the firm of Swift and Lynxley, Clifford's Inn."

"Pray be seated, my dear sir," said Mr. Levi, handing his brother chip a chair. "May I ask to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit at such an unseasonable—at least, such an unbusiness-like hour? I may say it is now midnight."

"And no mistake," added Esau Scrimble; "for there goes the clock of Saint Paul's!"

And accordingly the heavy strokes of the hour were pealed out one by one from old Saint Paul's clock-tower, falling, as it were, upon the startled ear of the sleeping city, and telling that swarming hive of human beings that they had now entered upon another year of existence.

CHAPTER III.

HOW TIME LEFT ESAU SCRIMBLE IN THE LUNCH.

THERE was a profound silence in the inner chamber of Mr. Reuben Levi during the short space in which Old Time, with his iron tongue, was registering the momentous point in his progress which we have just indicated.

When the reverberation of the last clang had died away among the dusty books on the cobwebbed shelves, Esau Scrimble rose up, and stepping forward to the table at which Mr. Hucklebones was sitting, thus addressed the executor:—

"I have now, sir, the honour to lay before you the formal proofs of my having at this present moment attained the age of twenty-one years. Here is a copy taken from the registry kept in the parish church of Scrimbleton-on-the-Hill, duly attested by Parson Smithson and Squire Bolderly. You will see it is quite satisfactory."

The executor of the will of Abraham Scrimble, deceased, took the document and read it over slowly and carefully, and then handed it to Mr. Levi, who, likewise, having read it, asked—

"Can you prove that these signa-

tures are in the handwriting of the Parson and the Squire?"

"Oh! that's easily done; I can depose to the fact myself, and so can Naomi here, and so can Ruth, and so can Joash, and so can——"

"That will do—that will do," said Mr. Levi; "show them the document, please."

The paper passed through the hands of all the Scrimbles there assembled, who, with one accord, pronounced the signatures to be genuine. The executor and his legal adviser now consulted together for a moment, and then Mr. Hucklebones said—

"The proof seems quite satisfactory, Mr. Esau; and you would, of course, be entitled to the legacy under my deceased friend's will, if there were any certainty that no other claimant would come forward. It is, however, quite possible that your cousin Jacob may yet make his appearance, and you know he attained his majority at the same moment as yourself."

"Well, and suppose that he did, and suppose that he does turn up, still I am entitled to the legacy as

having *first* made the proper proof of having attained my majority. I have taken legal advice upon the words of the will, and am assured that such is their true construction. Will you be so good, sir, as to read them?"

Mr. Hucklebones read the words—"I bequeath to whichever of my next of kin shall first attain the age of twenty-one years, after my decease, and make proof of his having attained his majority before either of my executors, or the proper authority of the place where he shall be resident at the time."

"Well, Mr. Levi, what do you say as to this point of law?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Hucklebones, I think there's something in it, sir. Pray, Mr. Esau, may I ask whose opinion you have taken?"

"Certainly, sir; I have taken the opinion of Mr. Beetle, and here it is."

"A very sound opinion, sir, is Mr. Beetle," said the man of law, perusing the paper. "He is certainly quite in favour of your construction of the clause, Mr. Esau. Mr. Lynxley, may I ask you to look at this and tell me what you think?"

Mr. Lynxley took the case, and, having cast his eye over it, said—

"I should not, of course, presume to put my opinion in competition with Mr. Beetle's, under any circumstances; but I confess I am strongly disposed to think he is right. I have seen a similar opinion of Mr. Perker upon the same point."

"Very good," said Esau; "I am quite contented to abide by the opinions of the legal gentlemen here present, Mr. Hucklebones, and I trust you will be guided by them, too."

Mr. Hucklebones was about to reply, when Mr. Lynxley interrupted him.

"Your pardon, my dear sir, for a moment. Permit me now to explain to you and Mr. Levi how I happen to be here at what he very properly calls an unseasonable hour. I come on behalf of my client, Mr. Jacob Scrimble. May I request, Mr. Hucklebones, that you will have the goodness to look at this document."

Mr. Lynxley placed in the hands of the executor a paper which the latter read first to himself, and then aloud:—

"This is to certify that Mr. Jacob Scrimble, of Scrimbleton, in the County

of Somerset, and Kingdom of England, comes now before me, and produces a certain paper writing which is now proved by two faithworthy witnesses here present to be a true copy of the original certificate of the baptism of the said Jacob Scrimble, deposited in the parish church of Scrimbleton-upon-the-Hill, whereby it appears that the said Jacob Scrimble has now attained his full age of twenty-one years. Given under my hand and seal of office, this first day of January, 1854, at one minute past twelve o'clock, P.M.

— — —
"Prefect of the Seine, Paris.

"*Present,*

"DICKON GRUBB,

"DOBBIN BUMBLE.

"Both of Scrimbleton-on-the-Hill,
"yeomen."

Mr. Hucklebones laid down the paper and stared silently at Mr. Levi, and Mr. Levi stared at Mr. Lynxley. Then everybody stared at Esau, and Esau stared at everybody. At length Esau broke the silence, and exclaimed vehemently—

"'Tis a forgery, an impossibility, and as such I denounce it."

"My good sir, 'tis neither the one nor the other," replied Mr. Lynxley, with a sort of triumphant calmness. "That it is not a forgery, I will prove to the satisfaction of the gentlemen here when the original certificate shall arrive from Paris by the next mail. Neither is it an impossibility, inasmuch as I received it not ten minutes since at the Electric Telegraph Office."

"Well, and suppose you did," replied Esau; "I insist the document must have been ante-dated."

"Oh, don't imagine it," said Mr. Lynxley, with the same provoking calmness; "Mr. Jacob has managed matters too well for that. You will find it will turn out accurate to the minute."

"Gammon!" said Esau. "Will you tell me that what was written on the 1st of January, 1854, in Paris, could reach London on the 31st of December, 1853?"

Oh, dear, yes," said Mr. Lynxley. "I'll tell you how 'twas all arranged, for I had the pleasure of leaving everything in train when I left Paris this morning. You are all aware, gentlemen, that there is a difference of ten

minutes between Paris and London time."

"No!" said Mr. Pinionwheel, emphatically, "9, 21, 28."

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Lynxley, impatiently; "'tis all the same thing. Well, when the clock at the Telegraph Office in Paris struck twelve on the night of the 31st of December—the certificate was proved before the Prefect of the Seine, who was kind enough to attend there for the purpose—the message was then despatched on the instant—I had a cab all ready at the Lothbury office of the company, and received the despatch just in time to reach this before twelve o'clock."

"Well, then," said Esau, "even suppose so, I was before Jacob with my proof. His certificate is dated one minute after twelve. I made my proof the moment after the clock struck."

"Yes," said Mr. Lynxley, "Jacob's proof was then complete. Are you quite sure you did not take two minutes in making yours? But he must have been before you, for I had the evidence of it in my pocket here before you produced your certificate."

"If so, then, Jacob was too soon."

"No; you were too late."

"Jacob wasn't of age at the time."

"Not if he were in London; but he was in Paris."

"We both came of age the same moment."

"Pardon me—Jacob went to Paris to be of age before you."

"Fudge! Then, at that rate, if I went to Jericho, I should have been of age before him."

"Decidedly; but you didn't, you know, and that makes all the difference."

Esau was fairly driven into a corner, and didn't know what further to say. Mr. Lynxley turned to the executor, and his adviser, and drawing from his pocketbook a paper, he read as follows—

"Gentlemen, in the name of my client, Mr. Jacob Scrimble, I now demand the legacy of 5,000 dollars, bequeathed by the will of Abraham Scrimble, deceased, to which he claims to be entitled, under the terms of the said will; and I hereby caution you against paying the said sum, or any portion thereof, to any other person or

persons, except to the said Jacob Scrimble, or his attorney, lawfully authorised thereto."

And as he so spoke, Mr. Lynxley handed the paper to Mr. Hucklebones with a polite bow.

"Well," said Mr. Hucklebones, "I'm blest if this ain't the queerest business I ever was engaged in during all my life. That Mr. Jacob is about the most go-ahead fellow in all creation, I calculate. He has gone ahead of old Father Time himself, and run slick into the new year before him. What am I to do, Mr. Levi?"

"Upon my word, my dear sir," said the gentleman appealed to, "I think the only safe course for you will be to retain the money, and let the parties take the opinion of a court of equity. 'Tis a very nice question; ain't it, Mr. Lynxley."

"Oh, very nice, indeed," said the latter gentleman, rubbing his hands together with manifest pleasure.

"I am under the guidance of my legal adviser," said Mr. Hucklebones, "and must decline to pay any of the claimants, whom I leave to their legal remedies."

"I'll spend the last shilling I have in the world," said Esau, "rather than suffer myself to be tricked out of my rights in this way."

"Tricked! did you say, Mr. Esau?" asked Mr. Lynxley, with very peculiar emphasis. "Who played the first trick, sir? Who took advantage of a needy cousin's poverty, and induced him to leave the country, upon a solemn promise not to return till after the expiration of the year that is just past? And what did you give your cousin Jacob, sir? Why, just £50 in hands, and a bond for £50 more, to be paid upon this day, provided he fulfilled the conditions you imposed upon him. Well, sir, he has fulfilled the conditions; he is still in Paris, and I have his instructions to request the payment of this bond (and he exhibited the instrument to Esau) within four-and-twenty hours."

"I'll be hanged if I do," said Esau, in a rage. "He has not kept the terms of the agreement, as in honour bound."

"Honour!" said Lynxley, with a sneer. "Then, sir, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of taking legal steps to enforce payment. And

so, gentlemen, I wish you all a good morning, and a happy new year." And Mr. Lynxley bowed to the company, and retired.

Gideon Scrimble now came forward, and said—

"Mr. Hucklebones, I beg to give you notice that I do not withdraw my claim to the legacy of my late worthy Cousin Abraham. And though I have said little, I have thought all the more; and I have made up my mind to be at you as well as the rest. And so I wish you a good morning, and a happy new year." And Gideon retired upon the heels of Mr. Lynxley.

Then Mr. Hucklebones and Mr. Levi arose, and the latter took the various papers which had been laid on the table, and folded them carefully up, and put them in a tin box, labelled "*Scrimble's Executors*," and locked the box, and put the key in his pocket. And then he and Mr. Hucklebones politely bowed out all the kin Scrimble; and as they went down stairs, Esau could hear the executor and his lawyer indulging in low, chuckling laughter, as if they thought the whole transaction one of the finest jokes in the world.

But it was no joke, at least to some of the parties. Mr. Lynxley forthwith sued Esau upon the bond at law, and Esau obtained an injunction in equity to restrain Jacob from levying the amount. The executor very shortly after went back to Cincinnati, having arranged the private affairs that brought him to England. Esau forthwith instituted a suit in the courts at Cincinnati, to recover the legacy of old Abraham, and not having any favourable opinion of Yankee jurisprudence, he went over to superintend the warfare personally. Seeing this, Jacob took alarm, and did the same. Gideon would, no doubt, have followed them both, but unfortunately he was struck down by a fit of apoplexy just after he had packed up all his moveables. They put, by his own desire, "50" upon his coffin-plate, but it is strongly suspected that he was at least five years older, and the mistake can only be accounted for upon the supposition that he was constantly endeavouring to make lee-way against Time, as Mr. Hucklebones facetiously expressed it, in the hope that he might ultimately get back to one-and-twenty;

and so he surely would, and in a very few years, at the rate of retrogression just mentioned, had not Death stepped in to the aid of outraged Time, and thus marred the ingenious scheme, as he does many another, and will do, as long as there is a schemer in the world subject to the laws of mortality. The contest was thus reduced to the single point, so strangely raised between Esau and Jacob. The lawyers of Esau were confident of success. The lawyers of Jacob said it was impossible he could fail. Mr. Hucklebones' lawyer was of opinion that neither Esau nor Jacob could claim the legacy, and that it fell into the residue. This opinion having been communicated to the Governor and Trustees of the Cosmopolitan Ragged College of Cincinnati, they forthwith gave their lawyer instructions to intervene in the suit, and put forward their claim, and so he did without a moment's delay. Thus the great suit of "*Scrimble v. Scrimble*" was constructed. It went on merrily—so far as the lawyers were concerned—and acrimoniously, as regarded the litigants; there was plenty of ink-shedding, and plenty of dollar-shedding too; the lawyers were incessantly opening their mouths in court; and the clients as frequently obliged to open their purses out of court. The counsel for Esau contended that the question of priority of birth was purely a question of fact. The counsel for Jacob contended it was purely a question of law. The counsel for the Cincinnati Ragged College insisted it was a mixed question of law and fact. The Court decided upon sending an issue to a jury, "Whether Esau, the plaintiff, or Jacob, the defendant, first attained the age of twenty-one years?" The jury returned a verdict, "That Esau, the plaintiff, and Jacob, the defendant, attained their age of twenty-one years at the same moment." Thereupon the Cincinnati Ragged College claimed the judgment of the Court in their favour, and the Court gave judgment accordingly. From this judgment the plaintiff appealed, and the cause was transferred to the Supreme Court of Appeal at Washington. How it has fared there has not as yet been announced to the rest of the kin Scrimble residing in Somersetshire. Each party reports with great confidence as to his own

prospect of ultimate success; and, in fact, the matter has caused a very pretty schism amongst the Scrimbles, one party ranging themselves with Esau, and the other with Jacob; the consequence of which is, that the family never meet at the usual festival gatherings of Christmas or Easter with-

out going to loggerheads upon the question. On one point alone are both Esauites and Jacobites fully agreed—namely, that whichever of the litigants shall succeed, he will not be a dollar the better of the legacy of old Abraham Scrimble, of Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, in America.

"Well, what do you think of my story, Mr. Poplar? Are you disposed to treat with me for the copyright? I'm open to an offer."

"Why, as to the story, I don't mean to say it isn't a good story enough; but you see, O divine bifrons—you see—ahem!——"

"Oh, yes, I see very well with half an eye, without using the four in my heads," said Janus, with the air of an offended author. "You are not willing to come down handsomely, Mr. Editor; that's as plain as the noses on my faces."

"Nay, I didn't just say that. I should like to have time to consider your proposal."

"If you would have *me* to consider his proposal," cried the little mower from the mantelpiece, "you'll have nothing to say to it. 'Tis all a humbug, and just intended to turn me into ridicule, and make little of me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought, you double-faced fellow. You don't know how to *keep* time, and won't know my value till you lose me."

"I'll show you," cried Janus in a rage, "that I know how to *keep* time, ay, and to *beat* time, too, as well as a conductor at an opera."

And the god lifted his staff menacingly at him. The little mower made a desperate effort to rush away, but he only moved backward and forward.

"The day's your own," said I, "O Janus; you're up to Time, and no mistake—you've routed the enemy—*Tempus fugit!*"

The doubled-faced burst out into a fit of laughter.

"Now, by two-headed Janus, I swear, as Will Shakspeare says, that's good. You pun like an archbishop."

The laugh grew louder and louder—a clear ringing laugh, that went floating through the room in a peal most sweet and musical. Like a pleasant clang of bells, that laugh fell upon my ear. I started up in my chair and listened. 'Twas the bells of St. Patrick's Cathedral ringing in the new year with their jubilant pealings. I rubbed my eyes and looked around me. The fire was sinking low in the grate. I was getting rather cold and stiff. I glanced at the old clock on the mantelpiece, and to the little man. He had stopped his mowing, and stood still. The truth broke upon me—I had fallen asleep, and the clock had run down just at midnight.

SNOW-FLAKES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

OUT OF DOORS.

A SHARP, clear, cold, ringing day, in ancient, freezing January; the air full of knife-blades; the wind blowing Liliputian chisels; the earth iron-black, and bound up like a miser's heart; the meadows thinly powdered with hoar-frost, which sparkles in the cold sun, like tears through the veil of a bride; the road stone-hard as granite—seamed and indurated into grey ridges of mud, stiff and sharp like steel, and dotted with blue patches of glassy ice, where pools had been; the sky of an intense indigo, profoundly purple; and the large round sun, when noon departs, arraying himself in crimson and saffron, as he cowers along the lower horizon, like a monarch prepared to abdicate; while hosts of red and sullen vapours frown up from beneath, like disaffected subjects awaiting his downfall. The sky is changed and changing; for now, slowly sailing up the northern heavens, comes a huge white cloud—a freighted air-argosy of snow, with ice-diamonds, hail-pearls, crystal gems, and frost-stars, from the cold north seas, with vast outstretching sails edged with leaden-coloured fringes which sweep the zenith, and obscure the dome of blue. Hark! a clarion voice rings out upon the freezing air; it comes from the Spirit of the storm, whose flying myriads of snow-flakes are about to in-

vade this winter world of ours, and sow the fields with silvery stars* more thickly than the milkyway of heaven. "Go," cried the voice, "descend and visit the earth, enrich and fertilise it; be its light and its brightness in the darkness and gloom of winter; let the garments of your beauty invest its deformity, and shield it from the death-pang of its own cold; for all is of God, the great First Cause, and all is for good. Amidst the habitations of man fall thick and soft; observe his griefs, and joys—a varied scene—and minister to each, for therefore are you sent; for all is of God, and for good. Lo, thus I loose you from your prison-house, and cast you free." Then came a shock of sounding wind, like the shattering of a far iceberg, and the snow-storm had begun. Flakes here, flakes there—darting, shooting, slanting, falling, sailing, rushing down together; yet all so spirit-like, so soft, so fairy-shaped—lighter than the bosom plumage of the swan, fairer than ivory, purer than silver, more dazzling than lilies, they sweep, and fall, and spread along the earth—Nature's great snow-web, woven in the icy cloud-looms of heaven, and white and glistening like the glory garments of their incarnate Creator, such as no fuller on earth can white them.

WITHIN DOORS.

THE Student sat reclining in his quaint old library, half-buried, seemingly, in meditation, but actually and bodily in the leather and mahogany of "a too easy chair." Around him, battalions on shelves of walnut-wood, like rows of riflemen, or Black Brunswickers, or stiff, old-fashioned yeomanry, stood his

beloved books—friends of his soul, from whom he had never swerved, and who had never quarrelled with him—whose silent communion was as dear to him as his daily bread, and who, every morn, and noon, and dewy eve, as of old the birds sustained the prophet by the brook, brought to his mind sweet

* "Snow-flakes are very diverse in their density, and display inimitable varieties of the most beautiful forms. Through a microscope they present the appearance of stelliform, or hexagonal crystals, sometimes of a star of six rays, formed of prisms, united at angles of sixty degrees, from which other prisms shoot at similar angles; giving the whole the appearance of exquisite beauty and great regularity."—*Cyclopædia of Science*.

food, and sure intelligence from all the wide universe of God—"glad tidings" from the courts of heaven—multifarious lore from earth and the inhabitants thereof; and things old and new, ancient mysteries of science, and wonders of modern invention, from the kingdom of art and nature. Before him in the grate blazed and crackled a Christmas log of red pine, the young sparks dancing and driving up the chimney, as if glad to escape and get out into the world and open air from the thralldom of the ancient tree, in whose wooden bowels they had manifestly been confined before they were born.

Within him was vacuity, for the man was weary; he had been fighting the wind of a freezing January day, during a long ramble, and battling, too, with the winter and rough weather of some cold and ungracious natures which had blown somewhat too keenly across the delicate path of his own kind and sensitive spirit; and so he was glad and happy to get back to the snugger of his warm study, and the companionship of the fire-light, and the dancing shadows coquetting and gambolling along the fronts and faces of the demure books, and the embracing arms of his trusty chair; and the listlessness and oblivion of mind, which is repose for brain and bosom, and into which he was now being gradually absorbed.

And so it came to pass that as he lay still and quiet, suddenly there came against his window-pane a rush of some light and feathery body, as if a flight of soft insects were falling from heaven in the dark. It was the snow ladybirds of the north, who had descended from their cloud to pay their new-year's visit, and on white and woolly wings were now careering round the house, and falling thick and soft over the garden walk and upon the glass and ledges of the study window, and running down the panes. The student saw them plainly by the red flicker of his fire-light; and the effect

was soothing, yet quickening, too, for the sight and sound of these falling snow-flakes awakened a host of sleeping associations—old memories, some of which when they passed before him made him smile, and a few deep closeted pictures of price, faded by time, yet all the more dear, whose colours came best out when sprinkled over with the water-drops that break from the heart to the eyes.

His mind travelled upward, for the season was holy, and the student feared God. The Christmas hymns were scarce out of his ear, and the music of the leaping, clanging, steeple-bells, which had been ringing in the day on which our Lord was born was still pealing through his memory; and the student thought how He who was to bless the universe with eternal summer came down to earth in darkest winter, and then, as the muffled fall of the snow, driven by the wind, continually beat upon the window-pane, it influenced and mingled with his imagination; and as his mind traversed into a contemplation of the great mystery of the season, he thought how the life, and death, and sorrows of Him who was sent, were symbolised in a measure by these snow-flakes, so pure and perishable, adorning earth in their bright lowliness for a season, and then exhaled to heaven.

The student's mind then turned, and travelled along the path of other days; yet still the snow-flakes, rustling and beating against his window, unconsciously gave a tone to his reveries, and limited their wanderings; and gradually, as his thoughts darkened into a twilight of unconsciousness of outward things, the full moon of fancy rose behind the hills of past life, and all the stars of memory came out revealing facts gone by, and blending them with dreamy hues of the unreal, and associating all with the snow-whirl and drift outside the house, till, half awake and half asleep, the following picture rose into vivid life before him:—

PERDITA.

A COMPLETE and highly-finished rural landscape smiling in the short-lived sunshine of a clear winter day; vast umbrageous oaks, wrinkled and scarred by storm and time, occupy the fore-

ground, their massive and distorted arms almost touching the ground, as overpowered by their own weight and age, and looking like the spreading antlers of a herd of giant elks browsing

on some primæval plain. On the left a wooden spire, springing from an ancient church-tower, overtops the trees; there are hundreds of crows flying round it — nature's black musicians — executing bass glees and husky madrigals in hoarse acclaim, as if challenging in cawing chorus a responsive outburst from the chimes which sleep in their belfry tower. On the right, in the centre of a green clearance, is a beautiful old parsonage, coated up to the roof with clematis, jessamine, and ivy, with deep overlapping late eaves, cornered with oak abutments. On the little close-shaven lawn stands many a green and flowering shrub, which, like the true heart of friendship, has a blossom and a bright leaf for a wintry day. There is the pyracanthus, or fiery thorn, with its clusters of splendid scarlet berries; and the modest laurel, cold and classical; and the graceful lauristinus, with its dark blue fruit springing from the stem which before had glowed with blossoms, purple, red, and white; and the bay, with the aroma on its leaves; and the inimitable luxuriant, warm green of the loveliest arbutus, the type and symbol of angelic pity—for the coldest and bleakest rock that abuts on the waters of Killarney is not too bare or desolate for this rich and elegant shrub to grow from and overshadow, inserting its soft roots into the rock's hard fissures, like mercy comforting the riven heart of care; and the gentle acacia, whose branch was twisted round our Lord's head, and made the acanthine crown which bit into his august temples. The holly, too, was there, bright with green and gold, together with the lustreless yew, like Hope standing side by side with sorrow. On one side of the house is a garden-door swinging on easy hinges, out of which now issues a little child about four years old, dressed as for a walk. She is very beautiful; her blue and large eyes sparkle with purpose and good-humour; her masses of silky brown hair fall off from her sweet and thoughtful face; her motions are marked with gracefulness and earnestness, as, with head erect and a grave smile upon her lips, she passed along the avenue, crossed a low stile, and, turning abruptly down a long lane flanked with green banks, disappeared in the distance, just as a heavy but very short shower of snow had begun to fall.

Apparently the little one was not missed for a considerable time, as nothing occurred to break the still life of the wintry scene without, till suddenly the hall-door was thrown open, and the whole family issued from its portals in a state of utmost alarm and confusion.

They sought for the child everywhere; "they sought her east, they sought her west," but she was not to be found. There was a large overshadowed pond adjoining the meadow which skirted the lane I spoke of; here the child had oft resorted with her nurse to see the cattle stand in the cool water on the hot summer afternoons; but now the pond was one solid plate of frost iron, and she was not there—she was not there.

There was an old mill, with its rapid race and thundering reverberations from the grinding-lofts, and white-faced men passing in and out; and thither the child had loved to wander with her parents, and gaze at the huge, and dripping, and revolving wheel while sparkling in the sun, and mounting and descending like the alternations of hope and despair in the human heart. But the wheel was still and motionless now, and paddle-axes, spoke, and felly all stiffened to the ice-death, and armed with a thousand frost-daggers; and she was not there—she was not there.

There was an ancient poplar-tree at the end of the lane, standing in the middle of the road. It was all shattered by time, and fast decaying, and had its legend, which made it to be prized; and there was a green mound round it, where travellers sat down, a kind of sylvan "rest and be thankful;" and here the child would delight to come to gather wild violets on the bank in summer; but now the place knew her not, for she was not there—she was not there. And so, when the family had wandered despairingly through the meadows, and up the lane, rushing here and there, and calling her name distractedly amidst the ancient, deaf, unheeding oaks, they came back, and kept their mournful tryst under this old poplar, whose few leaves, all wan and withering, seemed on their flexile stems to keep up a continual shaking and mysterious trembling, as if indicating to those who now stood beneath, the very palsy and decrepitude of despair.

But a faithful servant now runs up

and brings tidings. She had lit upon the trail of our little Perdita, far down a road not yet explored; and just near the spot where the heavy snow-shower had commenced to fall, the faithful flakes—surely they had been heaven's chroniclers—had preserved the foot-prints of the wanderer; and the eager family now follow on, tracking them till they stop at the small wicker road-side gate which leads up to the old church; and along that path the little foot-prints had turned, and were traceable up to the very door, and there stopt.

She had gone straight from her own home, without any deviation, to the church.

The church was unimaginably old, and always dark from thick ancient yew-trees which grew round it, and which were said to have been planted by an Irish king three hundred years ago; and the people loved this church, all damp and dim as it was, for many of those they loved were buried in the vaults beneath its chancel.

But our Perdita! what brought her here, and *was* she here? They had found the door fast locked; and while one ran for the sexton, the distressed parents were comforted by the nurse now remembering that the child had all the morning been talking of a certain bunch of Christmas holly and ivy which an old peasant had presented her with in the church the previous day, and which she called her flowers, and which she had dropped in the bustle of the breaking up of the congregation.

And as they waited the arrival of the keys, there came a sudden shower, a rush of snow-flakes round the church, beating at the door and windows, as if for admittance, and dipping and driving round the tower, and swooping at the old belfry, as if half in anger, and lodging in the deep ivy, and spreading white tablecloths on the flat tomb-stones, and sporting and curvetting round the ancient yews, like bright maidenhood making mirth of age, and gradually filling up and effacing all footprints on the church path, so that an hour's more delay, and in vain the faithful and true snow-flakes had kept their indented record of the little one's wandering feet.

Here comes Bruton, the sexton, an ancient servitor puffing like a grampus; very frosty in the fingers, like "Hob the shepherd;" his "old feet stumbling amidst graves," like Friar

John;" the keys of the church, like the picture of St. Peter, in his right hand; while in his left he brandishes a lantern, like Guy Faux in the gun-powder vaults, or Diogenes at Corinth in search of an honest man. He had been in the church all the morning, "regulating" it—*had left the door open* when he went to his dinner, but on seeing the first short snow-shower begin to fall, had sent his boy to lock it.

Here is hope enlarging almost to certainty. The child is in the church, no doubt, and eagerly they press into the porch, as the old man casts the heavy door back on its grating hinges. They hurry up the aisle, they call the lost one, they run here and there, they pause and listen, but "there was neither voice, nor sound, nor any that regarded," save the dull rustling of the snow-flakes at the window, tapping and crowding up the panes, and looking in to see the *Enfant Trouvée*, but alas! it was not so. No child was to be found—not in the aisle, nor chancel, nor vestry, nor desk, nor among the seats, is she to be seen. And where is she? Is this hope to be crushed out, too, oh God?—and the fierce night gathering wild and black, and the snow-flakes falling by thousands, and a sudden raging storm-gust, shaking the old church, and whistling through its grey tower, and sobbing and moaning amidst the blackened rafters and girders which span its roof.

Oh, what a world of anguish, compressed into those few minutes of torturing suspense; and oh, what a volume of intense prayer went up from suffering hearts to the Father of Mercies in that house where prayer was wont to be made, and *His* presence, who answers in the day of distress, promised; and as the daylight dies away, the old sexton lights his lantern.

Hark! a shout from a distant corner, and oh! entrancing joy! the little one is found in an obscure pew, out of which she had received "her flowers:" she is discovered sitting on a hassock, in a profound and happy sleep, quite warm, and full of life; her cheek reclining on the cushioned seat above, a smile on her parted lips, and a withered bunch of holly and ivy clasped in her tiny hand. When the first burst of weeping joy was over—for here "joy was too modest to show itself without a badge of bitterness"—they did not

wake the child; but all kneeling down, they half encircled the sleeping innocent, the mother being next her, and the old sexton leaning over from the adjoining pew, with the large drops running down his cheek, and the light from his lantern falling on the face of the sleeper. Then the father, in a low and subdued voice, and not without tears, and beating hearts — which out of happy depths could only sob amen—prayed to him who, “as at this time, came to visit us in great humility,” and thanked him that the lost was found; and that as he had now saved her from perishing by snow, and night, and hunger, and cold, so he would keep her through greater life-perils to come, and finally make her his own in glory.

As they arose from their knees, the child waked up, too; and when she saw them, she smiled, but betrayed no further emotion. Her mother then eagerly questioned her why she had left the garden, where she had been playing, and wandered so far alone? but she merely glanced down at what her hand contained, and said, “I came to get my flowers.” It was a strange sight how, amidst all that weeping, rejoicing, happy, excited party, the child alone was calm, and grave, and unperturbed. She could give no account of why she had done this thing. She seemed not to understand the agony her absence had produced; nor did her mind at all go into the consequences of her flight. She appeared to have but the one simple idea, and the one simple, grave, and childlike answer to a hundred questions — “I came to get my flowers.”

And now the storm-gust had drifted off to the southward; and, careering in her silver car, the white winter moon rode brightly up the deep purple dome of sky; a hundred light clouds fly over her face, but in a moment they are gone, and she pursues her course with unimpaired brilliancy.

The party leave the church, and their feet are crunching in the soft snow, as they retrace their homeward path. The child is in her father's bosom, looking up at the flying moon with curious eye, *her hand still clutching the bunch of holly and ivy.* And on every branch of ferny yew, or fan-like fir, or drooping, denuded larch, or red-leaved beech, or rugged thorn, or expanded elm, or regal oak, or queenly ash; on the smooth ice-plate of the cattle-pond; on the tall, black wheel of the old mill amidst a thousand congelations, and crowning the ancient paralytic poplar with a white coronet and bright fringes on its lank arms till it looked quite gay and hymeneal; and on the top of all the meadow ditches, and on the broad flags of the stile, and on the piers of the gate, and on every shrub in the lawn, lay the bright SNOW-FLAKES in myriads, reposing softly in the frosty moonlight, to watch the return of the happy family, with the child nestled warmly in her father's bosom, and to listen to her answer, still calm, and earnest, and grave, to the oft-repeated inquiry — “I came to get my flowers.”

The student moves uneasily in his chair; something external and thoroughly material had broken through the network of his pictured meditations; he opens his eyes, and lo! there is Theresa, his ancient maid, replenishing his fire, flinging another huge billet — “*Ligna super foco large reponens*” (though she never had read Horace) — into the grate, in place of the former, now burnt out; and in the midst of the popular indignation of fiery sparks and falling cinders, caused by this intrusion, the student, faintly smiling, shuts his eyes, and, listening to the muffled fall of the felt-shod snow-flakes against his window-pane, goes back in fancy, and has again before his mind, clear pictured —

AN ADVENTURE ON THE DEE.

A LONG ridge of low hill, and reedy down, and sandy common, interspersed with corn-fields and sheep-walks, where solitary breezes blow and cattle browse; in fact, it is the finis, or tail, of rich and lovely Cheshire, running down here to dip its point in the sparkle of the deep

blue Irish sea. These grassy uplands are dotted here and there with wild, out-of-the-way farm-houses, built of the red sandstone of the country, or of grey flag, seamed and deltaed with black beams of timber, many of them having old-fashioned granges behind

them, and ponds on whose centre ducks swim, and by whose side hens fidget. Footpaths traverse these downs, and are seen running through the yellow and stubbly corn-fields which adjoin these ancient homesteads, a right of passage never denied to the pedestrian from long usage.

Along one of these ascending paths a young man is now advancing; he is breasting the hill quickly and actively. He is young, graceful, and singularly prepossessing in face and form; a cloak depends in a strap from his shoulders. His name is Frank Trevallyn, and he has just crossed over from Liverpool, where he had been to visit an invalided cousin lately arrived at that port on sick leave from his regiment at Malta. When he has attained the crown of the hill he pauses to look back. Behind him is the far-famed Mersey, with its everlasting puffing, panting, red-chimneyed steamerlings, darting to and fro across the river, like many-coloured water-birds swimming to and from their nests; and here are moored a hundred merchantmen of diverse tonnage and destination;—huge argosies from yellow Cathay, with bales of crape and chests of balmy sichee,* and spice and sugar-freighted barks from the burning occidental seas; and oily, tub-like Greenland whalers, with iron-strong bulkheads, and bristling harpoons on the deck, bound together like the old Roman fasces; and spanking, rakish Yankee liners, with trim rig and taper spars, from old Virginny or the broad Hudson; and large hulks riding high in the water, from Miramichi and the great timber ports; and princely teak-built East Indiamen, in size like war-frigates, with a whole hive of lithe Lascars swarming up the rigging; and low flying flats from the Runcorn Canal, with large red mainsails close-hauled to the wind, almost dipping over on their beam-ends, racing through the water; and all of them backed by ancient, ill-savoured, and fuliginous Liverpool, sweltering like a Behemoth in his reeds, behind her forests of masts, which soar from docks, which run counter to the river for miles, and to her noble pier-promenades, which stem and throw

back the Mersey's rapid and muddy wave; and there are her lofty, many-storied warehouses—plebeian palaces, yet replete with the material divinity which compels the homage of the proudest knee—wealth; and there is old smoke-dried St. Nicholas (who no man ever heard of as the patron saint of merchants, whatever he may be of another kind of "free-traders"), who doth to the sun complain daily in querulous chimes of how his tombstones are insulted† hourly by passing step of smug clerk or hobnailed carter; and there are the paved quays, along which ramble and roar her well-poised heavy carts, drawn by a matchless breed of horses, the stateliest steppers in England, and driven by frocked and lace-booted carters, *καταμάχουσι κροχῶν*, with large calves to their legs, and long handles to their whips; and last and most important of all, her busy, restless, enterprising, anxious merchants, who are the lords as well as the sustaining spring of the whole landscape of life. But a far different scene and stream presented themselves to our young pedestrian after he had left the Mersey behind him, and had topped hill after hill with rapid pace and light and agile step, for he was now fast approaching where Albion and Cambria sever, and in a few miles more the broad and sandy estuary of the River Dee lay before him in the clear, blue light of a fine January day. Over its sandy surface the rising tide was now rolling in its waves, with yellow manes, like lion's cubs, chased by that stern sky-hunter, the west wind. On the north Dee bank, or Cheshire side, all glittering in the pride of whitewash and greenery, stands the pompous little hamlet yclept Parkgate, once honoured in being an Irish packet station, now studded with catholic bathing booths, where the sexes promiscuously and innocuously invade the briny flood together; and dotted with marine cottages with green doors, brass knockers, and mignonette plantations under the windows, and hedges on which oil-silk bathing-caps recline in picturesque attitudes; or yellow, green, and purple chemisettes repose in expanded prostration, exhaling superabundant saline to the sun, and tended

* The Chinese name for the Souchong tea.

† "Insultans tamulo."

by red-legged Naiad, or wave-stemming, dipping, wading Nereid. Across the grey waters of old Dee, about five miles over, lie the hills of Flintshire, shelving down to a plain of broken, patched, and poorly sea-marsh and artificial mound or cop, thrown up Dutch fashion, to keep out the tide and preserve the tillage. Enormous banks of mud are here, thick enough to enamour an alligator, and hopelessly unredeemable; hot smelting-houses stand with a long chimney at their end, like the upright spout of an old-fashioned teapot; coal-pits also abound, with tall, outlandish steam-pumps to keep them dry; and eastward to all, and higher up, appears the stately quadrangular ruin of Flint Castle, where our Richard II. passed some captive hours before his abdication and death, with its flanking round towers and sea-beaten wall hanging over the river, which in this place keeps its character, and preserves its channel, after a twelve miles' run from that handsome old dowager city, Chester—a perfect *Ninon de l'Enclos* of stone, mortar, and timber, around whose fair walls, and witch-like domiciles, and quaint, ancient rows, and noble castle, and smooth, green roudée, this gentle river Dee runs its course admiring, in its long passage from the Welsh hills to the Irish Sea.

Beyond this skirting sea-board of ruin, marsh, and manufactory, the country runs up verdantly into many a beautiful dingle, and rural wilderness, and painted nook, and enamelled table-land, where brooks dash, and trees grow, and where some fair and handsome mansions stand, the residences of the gentry of the country.

At this time it is winter in sky, and earth, and air; true, the evening is frosty and bright, but everything indicates unsettled weather. A large and roomy ferry-boat, made for carrying passengers and also cattle, and lugger-rigged, is rocking at the Parkgate Pier, on the stones of which are seen a knot of old Welsh market-women, in blue cloaks and high steeple hats, like the picture of Mother Shipton; they are engaged in a clattering controversy on the weather. David Prichard, the skipper of the lugger, and a fine, handsome, sailorly-looking man, stands behind the old ladies; and his crew, consisting of his son and two other boatmen, are getting their tackle into order. Old Breezer, the master

of the ferry-house, who is this moment three points in the wind himself, having been, I grieve to say, splicing the mainbrace all the morning in company with the rum-bottle, has come down to the pier for the two-fold purpose of swearing at the weather and calming the meteorological solicitude of the ancient henwives; and the party is now joined by our young pedestrian, who was received with great respect and attention by them all.

The evening certainly was rapidly assuming a very threatening aspect: the waves were foaming and tumbling up the estuary like a herd of angry bisons; the sky fast becoming crimson-streaked and coppery; the air sharp and ringing; and the but of the wind showed a mass of dirty white and iron-coloured clouds, which augured coming snow and storm; the white gulls were lighting on the beach, and an attentive ear might catch the scream of the curlew, or the deep boom of the bittern, as they came faintly up on the wind from the dreary salt marshes which line the Cheshire bank of the river in the direction of Hoylake.

"Well, Prichard, when do you cast off?" cried the young man, in a rich and joyous voice. "You are not afraid of this squall of wind, I am sure. I promised to be home to dinner at seven o'clock, wind and weather permitting, and here I am," said the young man, jumping into the boat as he spoke; "so let's be off, for if my pocket almanac be true, the tide will be on the ebb in half-an-hour."

The boatmen crowded after him, Mr. Breezer giving a drunken signal of assent, while the hats and heads of the old Welsh women were huddled more closely than ever together in noisy controversy whether they should commit themselves and their baskets to the "Parkgate water" on such a foreboding evening as this. Apparently they soon came to the decision—the time being pressing—that discretion was the better part of valour; and each ancient dame, shouldering her empty basket, followed along the pier Mr. Breezer, who returned to finish his rum and water, if such it could be called, where the former element preponderated over the latter in a proportion of three to one.

The broad sails were now hoisted, the men took their station at the sheets, the skipper seized the tiller, and the

good lugger, Northop Lass, swung off from the pier, and, as the wind caught and filled her canvas, she went flopping through the water like a wild swan, or a dolphin on a cruise.

"We shall have a long passage, I fear, Prichard," said the young gentleman.

"Ay, ay, Mr. Trevallyn," answered the helmsman. "We never shall fetch Flint Pier under half-a-dozen tacks; but if the night holds on clear, and we have the lights on the Welsh shore to guide us, with God's help, we shall be broadside of the old Castle in two hours. There is a great moon now, but she is too late for us, and will not rise till ten o'clock."

The young man did not answer, but seemed intent on making himself up for a long night passage, investing his person in the dread-nought pilot jacket he had hitherto worn slung from his shoulders, pulling his hat firmly over his eyes, thrusting his hands deep in his coat-pockets, and seeming to settle himself to sleep, and happy dreams, if one night judge by the smile which played upon his lips.

For about half-an-hour the lugger ran gaily up the estuary before the wind, with her bows slightly bent towards the Welsh coast. Meantime the sun had set, carnationed in a pink and hazy hue, and the gale got up strong and singing; so that when Prichard called to his men to stand by the sheets that the lugger might go about on her starboard tack, and the young gentleman had started from his dreams, the whole aspect of affairs was altered. The boat now had luffed up in the wind, and her bow beating against the gale, threw up volumes of spray, drenching the whole party, and in a short time setting them to bale the boat to keep her in trim, until she went round again, when they had rest. This continued more than an hour, during which time the Northop Lass had sailed over twice the distance from Parkgate to Flint in her successive tacks and stretches. Gradually it was apparent that she had made good way: the lights at Bagilt and Flint twinkled more nearly, and to the ardent gaze of young Trevallyn the spectral outlines of the old castle were all but visible in the hazy light of the stars.

They were now running on the starboard tack pretty smoothly, when

suddenly the skipper spoke. He was a man of a sorrowful temperament, but greatly respected for his honesty, his daring, yet quiet intrepidity, and his seamanship. On this occasion he spoke in a low but firm voice—

"How sharp the wind cuts now; there is some change taking place in the night—I fear we shall have snow. I am certain there is a large storm-cloud blowing up from the westward, for I observe the stars are going out one by one."

Scarcely had he ceased to speak when a squall of wind almost split the sails, and bowed the gunwale of the lugger to the sea, till the water nearly ran over; and the next moment the snow-storm broke upon them.

Upon them, and behind them, following fast on the dark wind; before them, and above them, falling thickly and hurriedly in myriads came down the snow-flakes, darting, sweeping, beating, blinding, chilling, pervading, beclouding all vision, thickening the air into impervious gloom, stunning sense, and almost stupefying life, loading the canvas, and clinging in fantastic fringes round every brace, and spar, and rope, and only failing to bring hindrance and misery when it fell and melted in the yeasty and fire-crested waves, through which the vessel ran wildly now, as if blinded by despair, to her own destruction.

In the midst of the confusion the voice of young Trevallyn sounded high and hopeful—

"Take heart, Prichard; we shall do yet; this cannot last long, and you know I have been with you on this Dee of ours on some nights nearly as bad as this."

"Never, sir," said the skipper, in his deep and melancholy voice; "I never was on the Dee in such a wild blast as this is coming on to be, and I have lived on her banks and sailed on her waters for forty years—nearly double your natural life, sir; yet I do not care so much for the wind, for the lugger is a tight and steady craft, and this snow-gust will soon blow itself out, terrible as it is; it is only a very bad Dee squall. But if the gale and darkness continue, God alone, Mr. Trevallyn, can keep us from fouling on some of the banks and, perhaps, bumping to pieces. Do you know, sir, these are the neap tides? and the 'Goat's Back' has never more than two feet

water on it in the highest springs; and it is utterly impossible for any living man to say what our course is in such a blinding storm as this."

So saying, he drew his large and ice-cold hand across his eyes to clear away the snow, and dragging at the short, thick tiller with all his might to keep the craft steady, he stooped and peered out anxiously into the snow-flecked darkness. The two men in the bows of the boat seemed palsied with cold and fear; and even Trevallyn, though a man of great constitutional intrepidity, had his own misgivings as to the probable event of the night. Meanwhile the boat staggered on amidst the storm, like a wounded war-horse in a battle charge—the fierce waves following fast, and yellowing over her stern, while her interior seemed like a winding sheet, prepared to wrap the five devoted men who sat within her, awaiting their doom. Hark! the lugger is grounding! scrape—scrape; bump—bump; she is on the bank; now she hangs upon its ridge; and now she has plunged into deep water again.

"God be thanked, we are over that; I thought we were lost, or that our rudder would have been unshipped at least, but all is right," said Prichard. "Now, sir, I know where we are: that bank we passed over is 'the Kid'; the larger bank, which we call the 'Goat's Back,' is a mile a-head of us, but there is a deep channel between the two, which I will, with God's help, try and run down, if I could get the lugger about on the starboard tack. Ten minutes' sail would bring us past the tail of both these dangerous shoals; so here goes, in God's name. Stand by the mainsheet, boys—a-bout ship;" but the gallant lugger missed stays, for thicker, faster fell the snow-flakes, and the gusty gale blew more fiercely still, and the boat, resisting all attempts to tack her, after one or two tremendous plunges, fell off again back into her former course, rushing on like a maniac through foam and flakes, whitening and whirling around her in air and sea.

Again Prichard's voice was heard above the storm—

"Ease her—ease her, boys; down with the mainsail, and slack the jib; we will drive with it and the mizen."

The sailors had only time to obey these orders, when the next moment

the lugger grounded in soft, deep sand, with such a shock as threw the skipper from his seat, and precipitated Trevallyn to the bottom of the boat. The next moment the former had sprung to his legs, and was hallooing to the men to cast the large anchor over the bows, and pin the lugger to the bank.

"Leap out—leap out, Mr. Trevallyn; run along the jib-boom, sir, and leap clear of the spray. The bank is high and dry, and very steep here, and we are saved from drowning this night; but all the hawsters in Liverpool would scarce draw the Northop Lass from off the Goat's Back till this gale breaks, and the morning tide floats her."

The sailors had got the mast out of its step, and laid it down in the boat, and had all jumped on shore. The blast, which had for a moment lulled, came down now with tenfold fury, lashing the spray up in drenching volumes furiously against the men who, by Prichard's advice, cowered down under the shelter of the bows of the lugger, which were fast jammed in the sand, and formed a kind of rude and insufficient protection. Any measure of storm which they had hitherto sustained, was as nothing compared to the raging whirlwind which now arose. The blast and the howl in the air was horrible, like the roaring of a tornado through a forest of tropical oaks; and the snow-flakes, driven horizontally and madly in the air, were carried over them like a flashing stream of dim light, mingled, as it were, with loud and passionate voices. The men crouching were silent; in fact it was useless to make any attempt to communicate by speech, for they could not have heard each other had they spoken, for the din and tumult of the elements. At last a slight lull came on, and the deep tones of Prichard were audible—

"This is the tail of the storm, Mr. Trevallyn; the gale must soon blow itself to pieces. God be thanked, we are not now on the water, for no power on earth could have kept us from foundering under that last dreadful scud of wind. I do think the storm is breaking, and it is getting light to what it was; you see the spray does not reach us now, and the tide is running fast from the bank. We shall have a cold night here, but the moon will be up all the time, and, how suddenly the wind is falling. I

think we may stand up safely now, and try to look about us."

So saying, he abandoned his cowering position, and they all stood erect on their feet, and the sight that met their eyes was wonderful and magnificent; the snow had entirely ceased, and the gale much subsided. Above them, the clouds of heaven were rapidly parting, revealing the clear dark blue, lit up by a bright full moon, which had just topped the Welsh hills, and arraying herself in her beauty, seemed prepared for her long night's journey. Behind them was the grey wet bank, looking like an enormous stranded sea-monster; and around them was the still vexed and mad sea. The white clouds were rapidly parting in the sky, and forming a glorious bright arch, under which the moon was now advancing along the purple dome; and as Trevallyn gazed, pious thoughts passed over his mind, and a prayer of thanksgiving poured from his lips—the men, whose hearts were softened by their escape, uncovering their heads, and fervently joining in the same — for it seemed to the young man as if God were speaking to him from that high vault, in the words of promise he had learned at his mother's knee — "When thou passeth through the water, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee, for I am the Lord thy God, thy Saviour."

The whole party now rapidly paced the bank, for the purpose of restoring warmth to their chilled frames, and drying their wet garments. In the east the storm was retreating like a routed army; and the last battalion of clouds, broken and scattered, was flying down the face of the heavens, as if subdued by the majesty and beauty of the moon, who, in her quiet loveliness, was gradually asserting her reign, and assuming a more extensive field for her radiance, filling the lately distracted sky with light, and peace, and glory, like the advent of some beatific spirit from heaven after the expulsion of a demon. The sea, too, was settling into calmness; specks of sandbanks here and there began to rise, becoming larger and more prominent, as the mighty estuary rapidly and rushingly emptied itself of its waters, which ran like an immense mill-race to meet the great ocean from whose bosom they had been diverted, and join its jubilant waves in their deep

boomings and breakings as, day and night, they sweep and welter round the white cliffs of fair and happy England.

Suddenly a thought came into Mr. Trevallyn's mind, and he whispered into Prichard's ear, who, smiling, said—

"It is a bold thing, sir, but it can be done; and as it is ten o'clock now, you may attempt it at midnight."

A bright, warm drawing-room, irradiated with lamp and fire light, glowing with every comfort and luxury which taste could select or wealth procure — in fact, the very antipodes of the cold and desolate scene just described, with the five weary castaways walking in the moonlight on their sandbank, and the sea pealing round them its dreary and savage serenade, and their friends far away. In the room I speak of, the artificial warmth and brightness seemed almost to ignore the cold and winter without. Here were pictures and books; and what are books but pictures—portraits of the inward features of God's gifted ones, and landscapes of their mind-scenery? Here was a blazing fire, and thick velvet rug, and sofa-tables covered with prints and periodicals, and music for the ear and heart, and tea for the palate, and conversation to while the halting time, and refinement to gild the scene, and strong affection, reciprocating and circulating, to throw a binding charm and chain round all.

And the time *did* halt; for where expectation is a prominent guest, time doth ever limp; and what was the object of their expectation?

Why, this was "The Briary," the fine old hall of the Trevallyns; and here were Frank's father and mother, and his three gentle sisters, and a certain beautiful Caroline Massie—a ward of Mr. Trevallyn's, and a kinswoman, too—a Welshwoman, from the valley of the Dee, with the small aristocratic head, and the brown faithful eye with silk lashes, and the chiselled features and sweet mouth, and lovely shape, which so many of her fair countrywomen possess; and her voice, like Cordelia's, was soft and low, whether she spoke or sung, and she never warbled with so much feeling as when accompanied by her cousin Frank's rich and manly tenor. But alas! poor Frank was listening now to different music—the roaring of the sea-surf and

snowy gust, in the midst of a raging tide. He had not kept his tryst at dinner-time, and now it was nine o'clock; and they dispatched a servant down to Flint, to learn tidings of the boat; and the singing waxed lifeless, and the piano was deserted, and the tea untasted, and conversation drooped apace — for they looked for one who arrived not; and the family closed round the hearth, and sat looking into the fire, and listening for his step on the stair. The wind howled dismally among the chimneys of the old hall; Mr. Trevallyn arose, and, advancing to a window, drew aside the heavy curtain, and unhasping the shutter, looked out.

"It is a dreadful night," he said; "the air is full of snow-flakes and darkness; I fear the storm will be severely felt on the ferry."

They all came to the window, and scanned the darkness, and each again looked and listened; but no sound but the striving of the mad, raving wind, and no sight but the whirling, beating snow-flakes, falling and feathering with their freezing wool the dark panes outside of the large oriel window they were standing in, and clinging, like outcasts of the clouds, to every lintel and cut-stone shield, and "bustress and coign," doorway and window-mullion of the old hall.

The groom now returned; he had been at the Flint hotel, "The Royal Oak," and the folk there had given it as their deliberate opinion, founded on evidence surpassing all that geometry could furnish or logic produce, that the ferry-boat had *never left the Park-gate pier at all*, inasmuch as Matty Davis, Susy Davis, Ally Davis, Debby Davis, Winny Price, Etty Jones, Jane Williams, and Eliza Edwards — all eight ancient and regular mercantile characters in the cock, hen, duck, chicken, and egg department — had not arrived; *ergo*, the boat which was bound to bring them had never set out.—Q.E.D. At this the family were scarcely amused, and not at all assured; for as the servant left the room, a blast of sounding wind broke against the house, with a wild whoop, like the yell of a hundred Indian warriors, and for nearly ten minutes the storm, in utter and most unbridled vehemence, went raging and roaring with extraordinary fury around the Hall, threatening every moment to blow the

window-sashes in, and all but rocking the strong stones of the mansion to their foundation. With such a weight of solicitude on their minds, the party found in their staid and simple family worship sustinment and solace; and, casting their burthen of care upon Him who once himself trod the waves into peace, and subdued the storm, and cried to fearful hearts, through gloom and night, "Be not afraid," they felt they had not been denied the comfort they had asked for, and as an augury of good (they could not but take it as such), as they rose from their knees the tempest lulled.

They were now sitting round the parlour fire, after partaking of their usual light supper, and the clock has chimed eleven, when a knock is heard at the hall-door. It was not Frank's knock; it was a single knock — it was an anxious knock. All went towards the door, and Frank's favourite game-keeper appeared. He said he had been watching under the arch of the old castle for two hours, but no boat had, or could come in now, for the tide was running fast out, and his firm belief was, that "Davie Prichard was too good and wise a seaman to put to sea in such a storm as had just blown."

"John," said Mr. Trevallyn, advancing, "what is that light you are standing in?"

"It is from the hall-door, sir. There is a great moon in the sky after the storm, sir."

The whole family came into the hall, and, standing at the open door, looked out on the glorious night. It was a beautiful scene; the lawn and old garden, which lay in a hollow on the left, were covered with one dazzling veil of spotless argentine; the snow-flakes, which had drifted here and there, lay thick, and soft, and untrod-den, like a carpet of purest swan-down, save where a slight frost had crisped their surface, when it glittered like a field of chased silver. The moon rode through the heavens, dazzlingly bright; the storm had passed away, and was silent; the air cold, but sweet and buoyant; the purple heaven, with a few pale stars scarce visible, looking so calmly down on this white, cold, chaste earth, arrayed in snowy robes, alike as if for bridal or for burial.

"Can sin and sorrow dwell in a world which looks so fair and spotless?" said Mr. Trevallyn. "Alas! this daz-

zling snow-scene needs but to-morrow's sun for man to rise, and tread it all into darkness and mire."

And the gentle cousin, who had her own reasons for feeling as anxiously and keenly as any of the family, thought of that exquisite Irish melody in which the same sentiment is to be found:—

"For time will come with all its blights—
The ruined hope, the friend unkind,
And love, who leaves where'er he lights
A chilled or burning heart behind;
And youth, which like pure snow appears,
Ere sullied by the darkening rain,
When once 'tis touched by sorrow's tears,
It never looks so bright again."

The family now retired to rest, much assured that all was well—the beauty of the night tending unconsciously to calm them; and before the midnight hour had sounded, almost the whole household had forgotten their anxiety in sleep—all but two, who sat together over the dying embers of their fire, in the chamber which contained their beds. These were Alice Trevallyn, Frank's favourite sister, and the lovely cousin, Caroline Massia. *They* had not been comforted; but all too uneasy in their minds for sleep, or anything but extreme and anxious watchfulness, they sat over the fire hour after hour, as girls will do, discussing the probabilities and possibilities of Frank's case, till their candles were almost burnt out in their sockets, and the chimes of the old clock from the Hall sounded two, and were answered by the farm-yard clock, heard distinctly in the frosty air, and in the silence of the night, and accompanied in its proclamation of the hour by sundry timepieces from room and passage—all announcing the inevitable progress and fated course of human life. Words are weak to express how these solitary sounds smote into the hearts of these two gentle poor girls, as they sat together in their loneliness and dejectedness over their expiring fire, striving with a spirit of gloom they could not conquer, and hoping against hope.

Hark! a tremendous knock at the hall, violating all the quiet sanctities of the old Hall. Hark! a second and a third, loud enough to wake the seven sleepers; not the timid knock of a belated traveller asking shelter—not the servile knocking of a domestic, but a loud, imperative, ringing, pealing tantarara of one who felt he had a

right to fright the old Hall from its propriety, and awake its echoes as well as its occupants at this unseasonable and grisly hour in the morning. The appeal to the iron heart of the knocker was followed up by the clear and very melodious whistle of a bar in the *Norma*.

"Oh, God be praised—it is Frank, it is Frank," cried Alice Trevallyn to her companion, whose eyes sparkled, and whose frame trembled with the agitation of joy she could not conceal.

Another tremendous and most impatient knock, and whistling repeated. Alice flung up the window of her room, when a clear and manly voice sung out—"I say, good folk, are you going to let me in to-night?" while Alice's soft tones answered—"Coming, dearest Frank, coming."

By this time the whole house was up and stirring; the costumes of some of the family being rather *en masque*, whereas that of the fair Caroline was not only highly *en règle*, but quite becoming.

The arrival himself looked like Petruccio, "marvellously ill-favoured," and dreadfully weather-battered and wind-beaten; his handsome face pale, and streaked with dirt; his dark curls all rimed with snow and salt; his hat an utter ruin; his shirt discoloured with mud and sand; his clothes all shapeless and spoiled, and looking as if they had been lying in a horsepond for a week. But what recked all this when his eyes were as stars for brightness, and his smile full of health and pleasure, and his voice like a gush of music; and he declared he wanted nothing but a good supper and a night's rest to be all right again? "For," said he, "in last night's gale we were shoaled on the Goat's Back; and, as the weather cleared immediately after, I waited for three-quarters' ebb; and there being a fine moon, I started from the Bank with Prichard's son, who knew the way across the sands; and though often up to our ankles in water, by keeping high up, and avoiding the quicksands in the bed of the estuary, and our way becoming easier every moment, we forded the Dee, and landed under the east tower half an hour ago; and right glad was I," continued the young man, "to see the old ruins, and the ugly Goal, and the quaint, square summer-house, with its ridiculous weather-cock, and the paved

path before it, and the rectory-lane, and red-brick, tumble-down old Parsonage, and to find myself here once more."

Another hour, and the whole household is at rest. The light of peace had come in with him who had arrived, and the shadow of anxiety had been absorbed in its brightness. The moon poured her silver in streams upon every window of the old and time-honoured hall, but she had no beam softer or more tender than the deep peace fulfilling the bosoms of the sleepers there. Once or twice a light cloud would drift up the night sky, and a few scattered snow-flakes would fall; but softly and reverently, as if honouring and respecting the true and

happy hearts which beat within its portals, and nothing could surpass the deep entrancing and poetic quietude.

Hark! a frightful, splitting, jarring, clattering peal of bells, as if from twenty enraged muffin-men. Oh, horrible discord! how you have scattered and frightened away the loveliest scenes and sweetest visions. But, gentle reader, 'tis only the punctual matter-of-fact Teresa ringing the small dinner-bell, which summons our unwilling and not-at-all hungry student to his usual simple prandial meal at six o'clock, where we shall now leave him, wishing him and all our gentle readers—*a' Dieu.*

B.

FOREIGN CRIME AND CREDULITY.

NATIONAL characteristics are nowhere more conspicuous than before the tribunals. Although in every nation the evildoers form a class apart, they still preserve the features of their race, exaggerated and distorted, yet in both exaggerations and distortions true to themselves, and presenting in full evidence the varied developments of the popular character. With their misdeeds are brought into light all the peculiarities of the society to which they belong—stripped of their affectations and disguises, exhibiting in their native truth the passions, habits, and feelings, which it would be difficult, but for this, to discern through the cloak of social conventionalities.

In this way the differences of the British and continental characters render intelligible the differences in the regulations which govern them, and which are every day explained in every way except the right one. Taken, of course, with due allowance, the great characteristic of British crime and folly is stupidity; that of continental crime and folly is vivacity. With us, the criminal and the dupe are commonly the stupidest of their kind—the one a clownish lout, fit for nothing but killing sheep, snaring partridges, or robbing gardens; the other, a gaping servant-maid on the look out for a sweetheart, or an ignorant peasant cast into the huge streets of the metropolis, where he finds everything so wonderful that he

is ready to accept any tale that may be told him. Amid the town-bred portion of the knavish community this observation applies with more modification, but it is true in principle notwithstanding. On the Continent, on the other hand, the knave, even in the country, is commonly a man whose lively cleverness has caused him to disdain the ordinary ways of getting a livelihood, or whose physical strength has given him a superiority which tempts him to an unrestrained use of the wild passions of the continental character. As for the dupe, he is usually a person of exalted imagination, who looks out for miraculous occurrences, or who has thought so long on the wonderful and the unknown, that they have become to him a reality, and he is ready to lend a willing ear to any absurdity in his impatience to grasp them.

The consequence is, that while crime and folly are simply despised in England, they meet with many sympathies among the population abroad. Crime, more especially, is almost always accompanied either with peculiar cleverness or great personal advantages—things everywhere respectable in the eyes of the vulgar, and yet more so on the Continent than with us. The imaginative temperament of the South is equally ready to sympathise with the follies of the imagination. Hence justice abroad is deprived of the assistance

of the favour of popular feeling — it is forced to rely entirely on itself and its own organisation, and in so doing it is compelled to measures which only serve to widen the breach, and to render the first unpopularity of justice still more odious. This war of the populace and the administration reacts upon politics; and hence much of the failure of all attempts at the proper ordering of liberty abroad. The true foundation of liberty rests on the sympathies of the people with the law, rendering unnecessary a system of repression, which, under the pretext of destroying crime, is certain to be used in destroying liberty.

And thus, amidst all the boasted enlightenment of the age, not one folly has disappeared, not one credulity has been annihilated; and crime, so far from diminishing, has doubled or trebled within the last few years in the most important States of Europe. Taking France as the best specimen, there is not a district without its sorceress or its *radoubeur*. The confidence in supernatural power is mixed up with the popular ideas and the popular action with as little restraint as in the middle ages; and the charlatan, so far from dreading modern science, only takes advantage of its discoveries to impose yet further on the vulgar. If open crime and violence have diminished among the upper classes, the knightly robber of old times has been replaced by the "terror of the neighbourhood" — the peasant of Herculean form, who keeps a whole country in awe, against whom no one dares to bear evidence, and even the authorities proceed with extreme caution.

We have selected from a vast mass of cases a few of the most striking, as illustrative of the crime and credulity of modern society on the Continent. The instances have, without exception, been taken from the judicial annals of the last two years, and form in no way the exceptions to the general character of similar occurrences. The facts they display may be a trifle more glaring and piquant than the common run of such things; but they are precisely the same in principle, and cannot be excepted against as unfair representations.

Wiesocke, a Prussian doctor, established himself in one of the most fashionable quarters of Paris, as a worker

of miracles. For ten years he succeeded in persuading persons of respectability that he received daily communications from the "good angels." If a creditor applied to this man for a debt, he was told that the "good angels" forbade the payment; and with this the creditors of this gentleman actually seem to have been satisfied. He received communications from St. John the Baptist, and even from Christ himself. He had a soul above the vulgar, and attempted to impose upon none of the ordinary victims of charlatans — it was not worth his while. His messages from above were sent to proprietors and persons living on their means. One of these, an old woman, sold a house for nearly four thousand pounds, by order of the good angels, and gave the doctor the money. He found himself thwarted by the wife of another of his patients, and ordered the husband to take from his wife the management of his money affairs. He was punctually obeyed, and the said money, to a large amount, found its way into his coffers in consequence. In a few years he received nearly thirty-five thousand francs in hard cash, by order of his angels, besides satisfying a host of creditors with angelic messages. He formed a party for the "Duke of Normandy," a supposed Louis XVII. — told them that the Duke would be restored to his throne by miracle, and that Paris would be burned in sign of the Divine vengeance. The said restoration was, however, not exclusively to depend on miracles; but, as means were necessary, one man alone furnished him with £2,000 to accomplish it.

It has frequently been observed by French writers themselves, that even at the same price the French peasant prefers the medical charlatan to the qualified practitioner; the supernatural adviser to the skilled agriculturist; and the village lawyer, whose business it is to make simple things complicated, to the man of known character in the country town. The reason is; besides the love of excitement, that these men can speak the peasant's language — eat at the peasant's table — and act upon his sympathies, by means which seldom fail, of social familiarity and good fellowship. The effect of hob-nobbing upon his constitution is perfectly magical.

Not unfrequently the charlatan

mixes up in his own person all the three professions — is the spiritual adviser, the doctor, and man of business of the credulous population. Cerberus of a new kind, he has all three mouths at once open for sops. There is no limit to the success of an able adventurer when he has once fairly started himself in his triple career, as may be proved by the following instance:—

Monsieur Chesneau, of the Orleanais, had already been, to a certain point, made known to the public by a well-known novelist, Alphonse Karr, when the tribunals completed the tale. This man had a special inspiration from on high, and, no later than last year, he preached and prophesied to ten thousand honest peasants at a time. He cured the diseases of the whole country, by rubbing the patients with oil, over which he had muttered a benediction. In desperate cases he would add a few grains of mustard, and order a potion instead of a lotion. One of his people brought him some oil for his frictions. Chesneau, always original, said that it was not the right sort for miracles, but that it would serve him very well for his salad. He rubbed the men in one room, and his wife the women, in another. For the rest, perfectly honest, he refused all manner of fees. His real offence was preaching against the Roman Catholics; but justice attacked him for illegal practices as a medical man, as they managed to interpret his rubbings and scrubblings with his mystical water. At his trial he answered every question out of the Scriptures, of which his knowledge was enormous; besides which, his daughter stood by with a huge Bible, to supply him with texts in case of necessity. Hundreds of the poor country people flocked to bear testimony to his miraculous cures. The patients were always put in contact, and sprinkled after the ceremony, with water out of the Cher, a sacred river, according to M. Chesneau. This glorification of their river added immensely to his popularity amongst the peasantry. It appears that no less than ten thousand persons had consulted Chesneau in the space of six months; and that some of the apothecaries of the district, in cases beyond their own management, had actually sent their patients to the "Prophet of Mènetous." Besides curing the sick, Chesneau celebrated re-

ligious offices of his own invention. Wearied with his perpetual quotations from Scripture, the president of the Tribunal cried out impatiently, "We have no Bible here." "I can give you one," said Chesneau, in perfect simplicity. One of the witnesses, who said that he had been clubfooted, and been perfectly cured by the anointing of the prophet, produced, by way of proof, a crutch.

In the districts bordering upon Germany, at the present moment there is not a community without its sorceress, who performs, amongst other functions, that of confessor to the inhabitants. Not long ago in one of the most peaceable and beautiful valleys of the Rhine, the valley of Munster, a family lived together in the fashion unfortunately so common in France. It consisted of two sisters, the husband of one of them, and the avowed lover of both. The husband of the second sister was a released convict; his wife had refused to receive him. He forced himself into the house one evening, and was permitted to sleep there; the next morning the lover knocked him on the head with a club, and his sister-in-law cut his throat, as she said, "to let in the air." His wife, terrified, went some days afterwards to the sorceress for an incantation against discovery. The secret was too much for the sorceress; she spoke about the matter to several persons, and it came at last to the ears of the authorities.

The susceptibility of the peasant exposes him to freaks of imagination, upon which every kind of external action impresses its effect. A young country buck, one Buron, was in the habit of openly deriding religion; he was in the church of his parish, Prunay, one Sunday, with a knot of his companions, who all conducted themselves after the most unseemly fashion. The priest came up to Buron, and striking him on the shoulder, said—"You will repent this, my friend; the good God will punish you." Buron, seized with terror, fell incontinently ill for three years. According to his own declaration, he never slept, and roamed the fields, incapable of working. At last he met with a magnetic sorceress, who prescribed for him some enchanted remedy, and he was well in a week.

Wiesecke, mentioned above, had a house full of dupes, who kept up an establishment in fine style, waiting for

the kingdom of God, which was to come some day in a flash of lightning, and then, said one of the party, "Where will be the end of our riches." The establishment was in some respects like the Bridgewater Agapemone. The table was sumptuously served, and an ample supply kept of carriages, horses, and other luxuries. But it is doubtful if the credulity of Mr. Prince's flock would have gone as far as to persuade them to trust in incantations for making garters for going as far in eight days as others in eighty; for killing all the game one meets, without noise; and for preventing a fellow-sportsman from killing his own. Formularies for all this were in the Wiesecke repertory. Here is one of them. Take a garter composed of two thongs; put between the two thongs the blood of a hare, killed the 25th of June, before the rising of the sun; at each end of the garter put the eye of a perch, and fling it in water, holding in your hand a small stick of green oak, gathered the same day; then rouse the stick, beat the air, and pronounce the word "Amech," and you will be forthwith transported to the place to which you desire to go.

Such an incantation was proposed last year at Paris, and adopted by persons who could afford to keep carriages, horses, and a sumptuous table. The party had likewise a mysterious coffee, revealed to them out of a cloud by a girl they called Blanche, who was their celestial interpreter. This coffee had miraculous virtues, which they were willing to impart to the rest of the world, and formed a company for the sale of their celestial beverage. It cost them a large sum of money, which Wiesecke took from the party, and then informed that them St. John Baptist had expressly forbidden him to hand it to the creditors.

It is really a strange spectacle in the nineteenth century, this knot of persons, not more mad in general demeanour than the rest of the world, waiting, at one and the same time, for the revelation of the kingdom of God in a flash of lightning, and the advent of Louis XVII. to an earthly kingdom; and seasoning the whole with a speculation in revealed coffee. This Louis XVII., by the way, was a maker of fireworks in London — a very different man from the American impostor.

As usual, repeated and daily de-

votions were mingled with acts of profound immorality; and the doctor compelled his patients to read the Bible, under the influence of strong excitement, till he worked them into a state fit for anything. By this kind of regimen he irritated the nervous system until he produced the usual submission of mingled terror and attraction. His mysterious servant-maid, Blanche, shuddered when he came near her, and ran away three or four times, but her exalted imagination always compelled her to return.

The following is the card of one of the Parisian somnambulists, who was, a few months ago, and is perhaps at this moment, elucidating all the secrets of this unseen world to the first comer for a fee of four francs:—

"Madame Heurquin, Humanitarian Somnambulist.

"Jesus Christ was a great magnetiser, who condescended to bless, by the power of his spirit of love, truth, and harmony. St. John and Fourier saw the future in their ecstatic somnambulisms. The eye of the somnambulist is like the eye of God: it is everywhere; sees, feels, perceives, and comprehends all that regards the consultant, according to his sympathy."

This Madam Heurquin had a partner, who lived in the same house with one of the forty-eight principal commissaries of police, who, it was said, had his own reason for possessing near him a magnetic treasure. He fancied that he might be enabled, by this supernatural assistance, to discover crimes and secrets which baffled the penetration of the ablest of his brethren. An extra lucid commissary of police would be, it must be admitted, rather a formidable being, armed with the power both of the seen and the unseen world.

The annual drawing for the army is a source of great profit to the French sorceresses. Monsieur and Madam Robert, of Nancy, would secure any one against the chance, by saying a dozen masses at thirty-two sous each, and a prayer at three francs. The prayer is as follows:—

"Jesus, thou who sufferedst not thy divine robe to be divided by lot, grant me the grace of a good number. Glory to God. Amen."

The worthy couple clinched the matter by the demand of a general fee of forty francs. After all, this was cheaper than six hundred francs to an *agent*

de remplacement. If Madame Robert's customers chanced to be drawn in spite of prayer and masses, she promised to send them a miraculous malady, which should enable them to claim exemption.

There is a class of persons in France called *radoubours*, whose arms and legs by supernatural agency. The Vendee is the classical country for these people. It requires a regular apprenticeship. There lives at this moment a great professor of the art at a place called Ancenis; he is known everywhere; takes pupils at high premiums, and his certificates pass current on all sides. Once graduated in this school, the pupil has the free run of all the markets and fairs, and rarely fails of his half-dozen cases, at their five francs each. One of these was unfortunate a short time since: his patient had put his neck out of order, the *radoubour* twisted it three times, till he heard a loud crack, and then declared the operation successful. The patient declared the same thing. Unluckily he was seized with paralysis, and died the next day, affirming to the last that his neck was put perfectly straight.

These men still enter the towns with drum and trumpet, proclaiming to all the world their power over the mysteries of *radoubage*. They are fined five francs every now and then — the price of a single fee — and return to the charge with the sympathies of the villagers and the honour of martyrdom.

It will be seen that there exists in France an organisation and system about these things to which we have no pretence, and which contrasts curiously with their absence elsewhere. The country districts have no organised system of agriculture, but they have an organised system of *radoubage*. In the towns it is difficult to get up a company for life-insurances, and almost impossible to establish a joint-stock bank; on the other hand, it is easy to create a society for the sale of miraculous coffee, with a special recommendation from St. John the Baptist.

Another characteristic feature of continental impositions of a supernatural kind, is their practice from no desire of gain, but from the mere excitement of the thing itself. A British charlatan who should look after anything but the halfpence, would be indeed a phenomenon. It is very different abroad. Here is an instance:—

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Not long ago a traveller entered a house belonging to people called Cautigny, in the Seine Inferieure, and demanded a night's lodging. In his conversation he dwelt on the miraculous prophecies of the "old woman of the Salette," and looking his host in the face, said, "You have known many sorrows; you will know more yet." It turned out that he had put poison in the soup for no other purpose than the pleasure of making ill-omened predictions, and seeing them fulfilled. It was the excitement upon which he lived.

The Prophet Vienblè, though, like many other prophets, he has had his tribulations, is yet famous throughout Picardy. A simple shepherd, he contrived to attract the maidens of the entire department of the Somme, who brought him their half-dozen of francs, to hear tidings of their lovers. As a general rule, every girl in the north has a future husband in the army. The attraction of the conscript is irresistible, and young women who have held out for years, give up their hearts when they find their lovers drawn for the service, and spend the days of absence in sighing and consulting prophets. Vienblè, for the small sum named, would tell the month of the lover's return. If the lady paid freely he asked a further sum for telling the day. When he found a victim richer or weaker than ordinary, he paid her a visit, accompanied by his superior and controller, as he called a couple of fellow-prophets. He declared that one, two, or three treasures were concealed in the house, in old casks, or hidden china bowls. The three sung incantations at so much a-piece, until the expectants of the future treasure had no more money—asked a round sum for the final stroke, which, of course, was not forthcoming—declared that nothing could be done without it, and walked off. Vienblè unfortunately transferred his prophetic person to a less congenial district; the inhabitants called his operations by an awkward name, and he is now in the prison of Beauvais.

It will be seen that often the excited imagination which plays so large a part in superstition abroad, is not confined to the dupes, but affects almost equally the duper. The absence of the vulgarity which distinguishes the British charlatan is equally

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noticeable. The charlatan abroad is all the more dangerous on this account, and pervades every class. No charlatan there would think of confining his impositions to the ignorant, if only for the disgrace of looking no higher.

The amount of quackery in the French village is enormous. There is not a place which has not its professor of some terrible disease—who has a secret for its cure handed down from a long generation of ancestors. Hydrophobia is the favourite complaint of these people. If a dog begins to snap, they are at hand with their phial, for which, out of regard for the law, they make no charge, but leave themselves to the generosity of the public. If it stopped here, the mischief would not be great; but they undertake confirmed cases, and it is only after some terrible catastrophe that they are heard of before the judicial benches. Palsy is another favourite complaint of the quacks. The most terrible of all are the receipts for abortion. In a village near Paris (Lucenay), M. Laurent, a doctor, had planted a shrub, renowned for its virtue in this way, in the garden of one Allier, a butcher. Laurent was probably afraid to plant it in his own. Allier declared that many times in the year persons would climb by night over the walls of his garden, to gather a branch of this redoubtable shrub.

Caron, a blacksmith at Verneuil, was supposed by the whole neighbourhood to have a peculiar and personal influence with the saints in Paradise. His reputation was prodigious, and wonderful were the tales of his cures. At one time it was a hand totally crushed; at another, a club-foot fairly twisted round; at another, a broken leg, condemned to amputation by the surgeon, and which the owner, willing to do his best to save his limb, brought to Caron, who cured it miraculously in a few hours. There was not a portion of the human frame which Caron would not undertake to consolidate, as he called it, by means of a consecrated ointment. He cured the most desperate sores with a supernatural plaster. He had, as we observed, interest with all the saints, but his special interest was with St. Susanna. St. Susanna had an antique chapel near Bretéuil, called the Chapel of the Desert; and to this chapel Caron undertook pilgrimages on behalf of his customers—this part of his profession

being much the most in demand. In very desperate cases he visited the sick room with his wife. She knelt beside the bed, muttering prayers, and with a branch of blessed wood, dipped in water likewise blessed, traced certain cabalistic words on the counterpane.

Caron had an eye to the main chance, and took care of his fee. His customers were from the better classes of society, for he asked a very high price for his pilgrimages and his bedside incantations. For ordinary cases he charged from thirty to fifty francs, double or more than the price of an ordinary physician, but little enough for a man on terms of intimacy with all the saints. The strange part of the matter is, that his cures were genuine.

Two or three years ago the passage of the Eure, near Penterville, was twice a-week absolutely interrupted by carts, carriages, horses, foot-passengers, all on their way to the curé of Penterville, who cured everybody of every malady under the sun. His sole remedy was a box of pills, always the same. The ecclesiastical authorities interfered, and at last degraded him from the priesthood. The curé knew his business, packed up his pills, and commenced quack. The law against the illegal exercise of medicine is evaded in France with the utmost ease; it was so in this instance, and is in a thousand others. The quack has nothing to do but to find some needy but qualified medical practitioner, and to act ostensibly as his assistant. The pair know well enough how to manage so that the public may know their man under his disguise.

The belief in witchery attaches itself to every suffering of which the immediate cause is concealed or unintelligible. A villager of more than ordinary talent, one Feuillet, was subject to epileptic fits; he was persuaded that he was bewitched, and fancied that he could counteract the witchery by going about in women's clothes, which he did for years. At first he put them on by stealth, when he found the fit approaching, and, whether from excitement or whatever reason, the charm had its effect, and the fit beat a retreat. He married at last, but insisted on preserving his old female dress, and put it on whenever his wife was out of the way. Yet this man had acquired knowledge, both practical

and physical, far beyond that of his neighbours; altogether untaught, he made for himself the entire furniture of his house, invented machines, sculptured statues, and amassed by pure talent a decent property.

It will be seen from all this that the belief in supernatural cures rises far higher as it spreads more widely with us. The contagion not only reaches the upper classes, but even the medical practitioners themselves. We have already quoted one instance, and in the majority of others, some qualified persons are to be found in the business, making use of the magic remedies in honest faith, without doubt or scruple. It is true that some really good medicines are occasionally supplied by the charlatan.

In other parts of Europe the popular superstitions betray themselves in acts yet more absurd than in France. A few months ago the inhabitants of a village near Rovigo, in Lombardy, had built a limekiln. The fire in this kiln, which burned successfully for some days, went out all at once. The people universally attributed the cause to the incantations of Anna Gurian, the district witch. They seized this woman, led her to the kiln, gave her some holy water, and commanded her to bless it. The village priest came up, and told her that if she stayed there till the kiln lighted again, she should be well paid. The people trotted her round the kiln for some hours, threatening to throw her in and bury her alive if she attempted to escape. She ran away, but the neighbouring houses refused to admit her, and she was brought back. Her tormentors becoming tired, sent to a retired captain, known as the American, and who was supposed to be acquainted with the mode of dealing with witches. This man refused to come, fearing that Gurian would bewitch his children, but he sent his advice; and upon this advice they put the woman in a chair, made three incisions in her forehead, then three at the back of her head, and finally three in her left ear. The blood from the wounds was good, according to the American, for rekindling extinct limekilns. It failed in this instance, and Gurian escaped in the night, half dead with terror. She owed her unlucky reputation to herself, and, when thwarted, threatened her neighbours with death and misfortune, which in

the long run were sometimes fulfilled.

Yet more recently, the members of a fanatical sect called Irwingians, in Pomerania, were going through the fanatical ceremonies at one of their fetes, when all at once one of the number cried out that he was possessed by the devil. His friends forthwith threw themselves upon him, and belaboured him soundly with large sticks from head to foot, for the purpose of expelling the said devil. They began with the feet, and beat the unfortunate inch by inch, driving, as they said, the demon before them, till they reached the neck. Then the patient, who had borne his treatment manfully, called out that he felt the devil in his throat. Whereupon, to complete the expulsion, the assistants seized his throat, and squeezed it so effectually that the poor man was strangled. They carried the corpse into a room, and spent a day in singing psalms and saying prayers over it; and locked out the police, who thought proper to interfere. The police managed to force an entry at last, and were told that if they would only wait, they would see the dead man rise again. Not having either the faith or the patience, the police arrested the whole party and the miracle into the bargain.

Such are a few of the many instances of superstition and credulity furnished by the occurrences of the last few months. It is time to pass from ignorance to crime, and mark another phase of the reckless, excitable, and yet spiritual temperament of the French character, even in its brutality enthusiastic and interesting. The formalities of justice on the Continent, formidable, irritable, are sadly deficient both in dignity and gravity. The common street offender, disposed of with us by a single magistrate, attended by an unarmed policeman, is there confronted with an array of functionaries in grim inquisitorial robes and fierce black caps, with a whole army of armed *gens-d'armes* about them. The functionaries aforesaid fidget about, doff and don their caps, gesticulate, and thunder forth their questions in a manner which would stun a Londoner into silence, but which has only the effect of exciting the French culprit into a more obstinate persistence in the argument which has thus excited the ire of the court. The contrast between

the solemn country gentlemen, who look so intensely wise in an English Quarter Sessions, and a Correctional Tribunal in France, with its judges robed up to the eyes, twisting their garments into all sorts of impossible forms, in their irritability and impatience, is perhaps amongst the most striking that justice could show anywhere. The culprit, too, seems far more to feel the excitement than the danger of his position; he takes up a line of defence which no one outside a mad-house would believe to have a chance of success, makes assertions which would not deceive a Hottentot; and a mortal hour is consumed in bandying objections and answers between the accused and the judges, having no seeming use on earth but to show the ingenuity of both, until argument and answer are fairly drowned in the pother and outcry which both parties have raised about them. The upshot is, that in the confusion the culprit has a much better chance of escape than in England. Justice is made so dusty, that he sneaks off in the cloud.

We have no space for instances of this kind, which any one may find for himself by taking up the most common report of a French trial. But we have selected some instances from the annals of those tribunals, which exhibit in strong light the peculiarities both of the continental mind and the continental habits. The impressionability of the one produces crimes of an atrocity almost unknown with us, tinged, at the same time, with a romance and interest, of which the ordinary vulgar stupidity of the English criminal fortunately deprives his actions. This interest attaching to crime is one of the most serious evils of society on the other side of the water.

Few of the communes of France are without the presence of some man, who, gifted with more than ordinary strength, permits himself every sort of licence with impunity. "The terror of the neighbourhood" is almost as certain an appendage to the district as the Church, or the village gaol in England. These men usually end by attacking directly the authorities, urged at once by passion and presumption, when they get the worst of it.

One Goutier lived last year in the Vaucluse, in a populous part of the country, with a woman, whom he taught to use

fire-arms, and the two were prepared to stand a siege at any time. Their principal amusement was to terrify the neighbours by threatening to murder them. To get a debt from Goutier was more dangerous than the same feat attempted against a squire in Galway. The cantonal authorities demanded the parish tax of four francs from Goutier and the woman with whom he lived, whereupon, after giving way to the most furious passion, and threatening to shoot the whole parish, they went out—he and the woman—and actually did shoot the tax-gatherer.

Another of these "terrors of the neighbourhood," one Pingaud, roamed the Haute Saone for a twelvemonth, armed with six pistols, and levying, by his single audacity, a tribute on the country people. He would enter a house in full day, and the inhabitants would instantly leave it, abandoning the entire contents to his discretion. When he presented himself to demand work—for he had a fit of industry on him every now and then—no one ventured to refuse him. At last, pursued by two gendarmes more courageous than the rest, he shot one of them, and escaped into a wood. The gendarme, wounded almost to death, was actually refused admission into the neighbouring houses, in dread of the resentment of Pingaud. In the year 1852, in the heart of France, the agent of the law, dying in discharge of his duty, was refused succour by a whole parish, through the terror inspired by a single malefactor.

Another instance is equally striking; it likewise occurred last year in the Isere. A man called Tirard Gallier, notoriously of bad character, had been sentenced to imprisonment for the sixth or seventh time: he broke out from the prison of Grenoble, and reappeared in his own village without molestation. He had been convicted chiefly on the testimony of his relatives. He planted himself one Sunday in open day in their way as they returned from church, shot one of his cousins, and sabred his aunt. He then sauntered from house to house, sabre in hand, boasting of what he had done, and dined at a cabaret, where he entertained the company with the details. At night four cottages belonging to the family were found to be on fire; not a person went to extinguish the flames—every one suspecting Gallier, and

dreading to encounter him. He was seized nine months after at the other end of France, at Arcar. In his own country no one seems to have thought of molesting him.

Victor Marnac was last year condemned to the hulks for life: he was a man of superior education, immense force, and had scoured for years the Pays de Dome with impunity — no one daring either to attack or to resist. It was the ordinary speech to every man who went about after dark, "Take care not to meet with Marnac." When arrested at last for murder, it was with difficulty that witnesses could be found against him, so great was the terror he inspired, even when in the hands of justice. This is, in fact, quite an ordinary occurrence; the same difficulty is always found at the trials of this class of malefactors. It came out that an innkeeper—an honest man himself—was cognizant of the murder from the first, but was afraid to utter to his nearest connexion a hint of the secret which he possessed. "The hills breathe again," was the brief expression of the people on the arrest of this man.

There can be no doubt that the French law of inheritance creates strong temptations to family crime. Each addition to the number of the family is to the rest a fixed sum deducted from their future property, without appeal, and without compensation. Necessarily, amongst the unscrupulous and immoral, ideas arise which are nursed till they are carried into action. Cases of child-murder are constantly aided by the brothers and sisters, and still more often concealed, and approved as acts from which themselves derive a certain benefit. It is besides a common practice in the country, when a woman has ceased to entertain thoughts of marriage, for her to resign her part in the family inheritance, on condition of receiving an annuity. This habit leads to serious crimes. One Marie-Anne Constant, the daughter of people of position in the Aveyron, and sister of one of the first physicians in the district, had compounded in this way with another brother. This last, with his wife, absolutely besieged a woman of loose character, who had acquired some influence over their sister, with entreaties to take away her life. They offered first a bushel of potatoes,

and then the quarter of a pig. Finally, they raised their price to a round sum of money, and recommended their agent to attract their sister to the river-side, and push her in. A message from her confessor, they said, would take her anywhere, and nothing was easier than to suppose one, although the banks of the Tarn would seem a strange place for a spiritual conference. The crime was accomplished as it was arranged; yet the jury found "attenuating circumstances" in their verdict.

Last February an old man named Rouillon was found dead, with his face in the fire. It was alleged that he had fallen into a fit while sitting at his hearth. But it appeared on inquiry that he had divided his property amongst five children for a stipulated sum in money and provisions; that there were continual quarrels about this allowance; that the wine thus furnished was sent to the adjoint of the district, with the request that he would taste it, and declare if it was drinkable. A married daughter who lived close by was the chief agent in these disputes, and it was clearly proved on inquiry that she had killed her aged parent with a poker, with precautions long devised, and had thrown him into the fire.

Instances of this kind are of alarming frequency in the remote districts, and there can be no doubt that the greater number are never discovered. Nor is there less danger in the other case, when the parent has resigned his property to his children, and is supported by them as a compensation. In the following instance, the reader will not fail to remark the strange working of the law of "attenuating circumstances."

Stephen Puige lived at Perpignan in easy circumstances, with his wife, his daughter, and a son, who lived only partially in the house. He was of a singular temperament and brutal manner, often acting towards those about him with unaccountable caprice. On the other hand, he paid a sum to his children on condition that they managed the expenses. This arrangement was followed by the usual consequences—the old man was half-starved; he often begged a dinner from his neighbours, and the children, feeling every hour that they had a direct interest in his death, gave expression

sometimes to their sentiments. One morning the old man was found dead, covered with bruises. The circumstances proved a murder, and that the wife and children were the murderers; but the jury hesitated. The son was stated to have borne the insults of his father with exemplary patience; the daughter had been diligent in her attendance at church; the case presented difficulties; and the verdict was "guilty with attenuating circumstances." And thus persons who were altogether innocent, or else guilty of parricide, under all the aggravations of premeditation and hypocrisy, were only condemned to five years at the hulks; and this because the jury were not quite satisfied of their guilt. There is a legal bull of an English jury quoted in Joe Miller, where the jury recommended a criminal to mercy on the "ground of insufficient evidence." This is a joke in England, but the practice in France.

The instances under which murders are perpetrated on account of the small properties held by the country people, are endless in their variety. Sometimes, as we have seen, it is for the acquirement of the property; at others, it is on account of the partition. In August last a farmer in the Nièvre had divided his property between his two daughters. The eldest obtained by much the best share, and the father, on the complaint of the younger, proposed and intended a fresh division. All at once he disappeared. His body was found after a long search, and it turned out that he had been shot by the husband of the elder daughter, to make irrevocable his original distribution of the property.

The frequency of cases of poisoning almost carries us back to the middle ages. Often a dozen successive days will each produce their tragedy, ordinarily the counterpart of *Madame Laffarge*; a wife poisons her husband, or the husband the wife. The instances are too common even for selection. We give one or two characteristic cases.

At Lorient, in the Drome, a retired physician lived in easy circumstances and avowed concubinage with his servant, *Henriette Vincent*. He had one daughter, whom he had recently recalled from school to his house. The servant immediately proceeded to poison her young mistress. She pro-

ceeded very systematically: first made the poor girl ill with a dose of mallow, and then, having placed her under medical regimen, prepared the potions with her own hand. The victim complained to her aunt, to her friends, to her physician. This last, an excellent but timid man, made some attempts to take the preparation of the potions out of the servant's hands; the servant insisted, and the doctor, whose suspicions were roused to the highest point, gave way notwithstanding. The father remained passive and immovable. His daughter wasted before his eyes; she repeated that she was being poisoned day after day. Every one suspected the authoress of the crime, yet no one attempted to remove the mistress of the master of the house. The young lady died after four months' suffering from the combined effects of opium and arsenic; and when it was too late, shame and remorse compelled the doctor to denounce the crime which he and so many others might so easily have prevented. The clearness of the case, the cognisance of the family throughout, and the carelessness of the degraded parent, are characteristic of the facilities for crime offered by the state of the rural population, of whatever class.

In the instances, unfortunately of weekly occurrence, when the husband is poisoned by a guilty wife and her paramour, the attempts are of common notoriety long before their success. Sometimes it is the children who talk about it. "The ruin is upon us," said one little fellow to his playmates; "my mother poisons my father every day." Sometimes the wife, asked by her own domestics the reason of their master's ill health, replies coolly that "it is no wonder, for she has given him a dose of cantharides."

All these attempts are nothing in magnitude to the audacity of a small farmer in the Deux Sevres, who attempted to poison a whole village. He had quarrelled with all his neighbours, and took his revenge at first after a fashion sufficiently ludicrous: he bored holes in the trees, passed the tails of their cattle through them, and left them thus fastened to starve; he cut off the legs of their poultry, and tied up the legs of their sheep. All this ended in his becoming more and more ferocious, as the quarrels consequent upon his pranks brought him into hostile contact with the entire neighbourhood, either

as principals or witnesses. So he took a summary mode of dealing with all his foes at once, by throwing arsenic into the village fountain. Every one knows the village fountain in France; it is the resort of the evening gossips, who meet, pitcher on shoulder, to exchange scandal and salutation. Its universal use, and its universal popularity made such a deed doubly dangerous and cruel. Fortunately, the poison was noticed before it had time to mix with the water.

Akin to the practice of down-right poisoning is another well known throughout France, which consists in mixing soporific draughts for purposes of robbery and vengeance. One Virling was famous about the country for years: he carried a soporific phial, with which, and two friends, he made the tour of France. A man of address, he insinuated himself into the good grace of strangers with the facility afforded by French manners, gained admission to their repasts, and the phial did the rest.

We conclude with a few traits of the *bizarries* of crime—traits which would have occurred nowhere but in a country infected with the *furia Francese*.

In March, 1853, one Jobard arrived at Lyons, by the steam-boat of the Saône. He was a clerk in a house at Dijon; he had for three years discharged his duty punctually and faithfully; his employers declared that he never gave them cause for complaint, and that he possessed their entire esteem. One night, for no conceivable reason, he left the house, without luggage and with a few francs in his pocket. He sauntered to the railway station, and took a place to Chalons. There he stood in front of the station, with his hands in his pockets, looking about him for the next thing to do, when the omnibus belonging to the steam-boat drove up; he entered it mechanically, and arrived at Lyons. There, his money almost entirely gone, he sauntered about the quays, without object, without intention, and without the slightest notion of his own movements. At last he bought a knife, and spent his last sou in a ticket for the theatre. A young woman was before him; he had never before seen her. She gave him no offence whatever; he stabbed her to the heart! An attempt was of course made at the trial to prove his insanity. It broke down,

and Jobard was condemned to the hulks for life.

It should be observed that the foreign tribunals are very cautious of admitting the plea of insanity as an excuse for crime. They are well aware that the impulsive temperament of the population produces actions of so wild a character, that this excuse, if easily admitted, would be pleaded with perilous frequency.

Sicard, who introduced himself a few months ago into the apartment of his wife, at the Hotel de Princes, by counterfeiting the voice of their child, and then shot her, had obtained her in the first instance by means which remind one of the middle ages. She was the daughter of a chamberlain of Napoleon's; he son of a gen-d'arme. When his future wife was quite a child, Sicard had seduced her, with the assistance of her nurse, and carried her from Paris, where she then lived with her family, to Bordeaux. Her parents reclaimed her as a minor, took her away, and prevented the marriage, notwithstanding the circumstances. When the young lady had been of age eight days, Sicard came to their place of residence, then at Bezieres, stood in the middle of the market-place, and harangued the people on the misdeeds of the villainous aristocracy, who prevented the course of true affection. He collected a mob, and stormed the lady's house in full day, and in one of the most populous cities of France. Her mother, who attempted an opposition, was nearly murdered. When married, Sicard threatened his wife's life so regularly, that one of her employments was to search his pockets and secrete his pistols. To be sure, he threatened his friends in the same way, and with the same regularity.

The following case is worth notice, as illustrative of the reckless crime which the excitement of an attachment, even of the most legitimate kind, will produce under very slight temptation:—

Pradeaux, a worker in artificial flowers in the neighbourhood of Paris, fell in love with a young girl, who had herself been a foundling. He proposed to marry her. No great establishment was necessary for a foundling: the two had both their several employments, and an honest living was within their reach. But Pradeaux must dazzle his intended,

He had money he said, at the bank; he would make a lady of her. For the moment he had not enough to buy the wedding ring. He went into some shop on a trifling business, heard money jingle in the till, returned at night, murdered the guard, and took a bag of silver. With this he decked the young foundling in the gayest of dresses, and bought some furniture. His bag soon came to an end; but by this time he knew his business, and set methodically about it. An old woman kept a lodging-house that he knew; he strangled her, and found money enough to hire carriages for his wedding, pay the fees in advance, and the wedding breakfast also in advance. The morning of his marriage came; his money was gone; time pressed. He bethought himself of all the old women he knew, murdered one, upon whom he found nothing, and proceeded to another, the keeper of a wine-shop, where he was foiled and taken. In his visits to the young girl, who really liked him, he was absolutely calm and composed when he handed her the money already acquired, and talked about expenses hereafter to be paid, by such means.

If a legitimate connexion will produce such vile actions, what may not be expected from those that are illegitimate? A mere glance at the annals of the tribunals of a single day will answer the question.

In Switzerland, the comparative rarity of crime, and the independent temperament of the people, makes every grave offence the subject not only of popular interest, but of popular influence. One Ausmann was arrested in June, 1851, for a murder involving no extraordinary atrocity; but it was committed on a person generally liked, and the people were indignant accordingly. To please them, the place of trial was removed from the Town-hall at Thoun, where Ausmann was tried, to the parish church; and the place of worship of a Protestant country — that the mob might be enabled to look on — was turned into a criminal court, with more than the usual amount of excitement and disturbance. It appeared that Ausmann, while he intended to commit a theft, had no intention of committing a murder, and the Bernese law positively forbade a capital sentence. The people were so little satisfied, that a riot ensued, and

Ausmann was in danger of being lynched. They found a diary in his pocket, from which it would seem that the profits of a Swiss thief are considerable. It contained such items as the following: — "*July 14th* — Passed the night about the Aar (at Berne); not very lucky; thirteen francs, a silver spoon, and a watch. *21st* — Operated at Oberhogen; a watch, and forty-two francs. *28th* — Fished along the Aar; fifteen florins, and tolerably well in plate." This and two or three similar entries in one month. The man entered, at the same time, the name of the hotels where he lodged — they were the best in the country, yet he was a strolling thief, and had no pretension to the dignity of a swindler.

It is time to bring all these terrors to a close. We would leave the reader in good-humour, by a few instances of a brighter or a redeeming character.

A huge mendicant used to be, and probably is now, notorious in the neighbourhood of the Pont Neuf, exceedingly dirty, and of an enormous size. He used to hold his casquette to every passer-by, with the cry — "*Chimneys to sweep! chimneys to sweep!*" — *De haut en bas, messieurs*. The idea of this elephantine protuberance sweeping a chimney was too much for the gravity of most people, and the amount of halfpence the man got by tickling the fancy of the public was prodigious. He used to say that he made more money at the business than any man living.

An old man was picked up about Paris, in a state of great destitution. He had kept sheep on the same hill for sixty-seven years. The proprietor by that time found him too old for his work, and turned him off. He heard that at Paris all the world was emigrating to California. Though a shepherd, the old man was a logician, and he naturally inferred that the city would be in want of inhabitants. He only found out his mistake when he arrived.

One man picked up a purse containing fourteen francs. Not content with rushing from house to house, exhibiting his purse, and expatiating on its contents, and inviting everybody to dine with him, he ended by attaching himself to a pretty and modest workwoman, declared that he was in possession of a treasure, and offered her marriage. She consented. Parisian girls are not

difficult; and the farce would have been carried out, but that the man made so much noise with his purse that the owner heard of it, and claimed it. The facility with which these young women allow themselves to be entrapped into marriage would be ludicrous, if it were not terrible. They frequently avow, when discovering themselves on the point of union to the most infamous of rascals, that they made no inquiry into the character of their intended, because husbands must be caught when they can—that the men are touchy—and that they had a friend who did make similar inquiries, but the *particulier* was affronted, and marched off.

An important personage amongst the juvenile delinquents of the capital is the "Reine de la Guepe." The sharpest, most shrewish, and sometimes the prettiest of the female thieves is appointed to this office. Her age is usually about fifteen. She sits at the head of table, and presides over the morning's soup; she then regulates their gambols through the town where they stroll—some in search of bacon, cheese, butter, or chocolate; the boldest will lay their hands on a print or a statuette, for which the open *etelages* all along the quays at Paris offer great facilities. The campaign is terminated when the queen gives the order; and she reports on the merits and qualifications of her subjects during the day. Young as she is, she has usually a husband, about her own age, who acts as

prince consort, with a delegated authority.

Very many persons wander about the streets of Paris, who owe their mendicity to their reputation as practised workmen. They give themselves airs accordingly, and refuse all offers under a sum too high for the generality of people. Common masons will decline two francs a-day, and roam the streets three-quarters of the year, getting their three, four, or five francs for the other quarter.

Such are some of the characteristics which every one must take account of who would understand the continental character, in its political as well as in its social bearings. Their evil effects are, unfortunately, not lessening—the excitements of late times have added to the natural susceptibility of the population, causes of complaint have become more general, and lawless actions of more dangerous familiarity. The spread of knowledge—in itself not very great of late years—has done but little towards checking the mischief, and the increase of crime is a source of yearly lamentations to the continental statesmen. Nor is it easy to find a remedy, amidst the disorganisation of political uncertainty, and the opposition of the population to the authorities. The only comfort is, that both the phases and the causes of crime are so well known, that such alleviated measures as may be found will not, at least, be either devised or applied in ignorance.

THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. I.

BRUNELL—BOYLE—WILSON—BRADY—FATE—SWIFT—SOUTHERN—DAVY—CONCANN—
STIRLING—ABSTON—CONGREVE—FARQUHAR.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EVAGRIUS.

ON a general and comparative review of literature throughout its multiplied branches, whether classical, polemical, political, didactic, scientific, historical, oratorical, poetical, or ornamental, it will be readily discovered that Ireland has furnished an ample quota in every department. The names she has contributed to dramatic composition in particular, are numerous and eminent. Their extent and value can only be estimated by an exclusive compilation. Many are familiar, others less known,

a few disputed, and some forgotten. We shall therefore endeavour to supply a catalogue, which may serve as reference and authority when the subject is discussed, and which can scarcely be introduced in a more appropriate place than in the pages of our national magazine. We propose to take the series in chronological order.

It might have been expected that an imaginative and enthusiastic people, such as the Irish, who had produced bards and poets in the early ages of

Christianity, long before the invasions by the Danes and English, would have originated a drama of their own at a remote period; but this does not appear to have been the case. Something in the form of plays, whether mysteries or moralities, as they were called, were exhibited in Dublin as far back as the reign of Henry VIII., before the Earl of Ossory, at that time Lord Lieutenant, and several of the nobility, in College-green, then called Hoggin-green. John Bale, created Bishop of Ossory by Edward VI. in 1547 (generally distinguished by the appellation of *Bithous* Bale, from the acrimony of his religious controversies), wrote many dramatic pieces, of which a catalogue is furnished by Ames. Three of these were printed, and are to be found in Dodsley's "Collection of Old Plays" and in the "Harleian Miscellany." Bale's tragedies, comedies, and interludes amount to nineteen in all, principally on religious subjects. It is very probable that many of these were represented in Ireland while he held his see of Ossory, but we have no direct evidence to the fact. Bale, however, was not an Irishman, although he has often been named as one. Plays were acted in Dublin Castle towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when Blount, Lord Mountjoy, was Lord Lieutenant. The first regular theatre was built in the city of Dublin in 1635, the tenth of Charles I., and stood in Werburgh-street. It was managed by John Ogilby, historiographer to the King, and master of the revels in Ireland under the Earl of Strafford.

HENRY BURNELL is the earliest Irish dramatist respecting whom we have any certain information. He wrote a play called *Landgartha*, produced in the Werburgh-street Theatre with great applause in 1639, and afterwards printed in 1641. The piece is a tragi-comedy, founded on an incident in Swedish history, as related by Saxo-Grammaticus. Burnell had tried his hand before with ill-success, but his first attempt being a failure, the title has been lost, and no copy is known to be in existence. The actors' names are not inserted in the *dramatis persone* of *Landgartha*; the dedica-

tion runs as follows:—"To all fair, indifferent fair, virtuous that are not fair, and magnanimous ladies."* The breaking out of the great rebellion in 1641 occasioned a suspension of dramatic entertainments in Ireland as in England. The theatre in Werburgh-street was shut up by order of the lords justices, and never afterwards opened. Ogilby returned to England in very reduced circumstances, to wait patiently for a favourable opportunity of resuming his former situation. Twenty years elapsed before that desirable change took place. On the restoration of Charles II., Ogilby procured a renewal of his patent, and came back to Dublin in 1662, when a new theatre was built for him by subscription in Orange-street, commonly called Smock-alley. According to Chetwood, the street took the latter appellation from Mother Bungy of infamous memory, and was in her time a sink of debauchery; but a man being found murdered there, the miserable houses which then occupied that spot were pulled down, and handsome ones were afterwards built in their room. Yet though the place was thus purified, it still retained its old name. The theatre was so hastily built, that in 1671 part of it fell down, by which accident two persons were killed and several severely wounded. The two first plays acted there were translations of the *Pompée* and *Horace* of Corneille, by Mrs. Catherine Phillips, termed occasionally the "Matchless Orinda," and the "English Sappho." John Dauncy, or Dancer, an Irish gentleman attached to the family of the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant, also translated two plays from the French—*Nicomède* from Corneille, and *Agrippa* from Quinault, both of which were acted about this time in Dublin, and afterwards printed in London in 1671 and 1675.

ROGER BOYLE, EARL OF ORERRY, better known in public life as LORD BROGHILL, is the first name of note and rank that we find in the list of writers who have contributed to the Irish drama. He was a remarkable man, either as soldier, statesman, or scholar, and singularly fortunate in a period of great difficulty, inasmuch as

* There may have been other original plays acted in Ogilby's Theatre, but they were not printed, and no records remain to identify them.

he retained place and favour with Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II. It would be hard to call him a "trimmer" in political principles, yet he contrived to steer his vessel with credit and success through all the shifting storms and currents of the civil war, commonwealth, and restoration. This Roger Boyle was the fifth son of Richard, styled the great Earl of Cork, from whom the importance of the family was derived. Born on the 25th of April, 1621, the interest and character of his father procured his elevation to the dignity of Baron Broghill in Ireland by Charles I., when he was only seven years old. He received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself equally by assiduity and lively genius. Before he was of age he married the Lady Margaret Howard, daughter to the Earl of Suffolk; and having previously made the tour of France and Italy in company with his elder brother, returned to settle in Ireland in October, 1641, on the very day when the rebellion broke out in that kingdom. He fought stoutly in the cause of Charles I. until the death of that unfortunate monarch, when looking upon both his country and himself as irretrievably ruined, he remained in concealment until Cromwell, appreciating his merit, sought him out, and found means to win him over to the party he had hitherto so vigorously opposed. The particulars of this delicate transaction may be found at length in the "*Biographia Britannica*." Returning to Ireland, he raised a regiment of cavalry, amounting to fifteen hundred men, completely mounted and equipped, through his own personal exertions, and proved a most valuable auxiliary to Cromwell, who followed soon after, resolved in person to put an end to the Irish war. Amongst other important exploits performed by Lord Broghill, his victory at Macroom deserves to be particularly recorded: there, with two thousand horse and dragoons, he attacked and totally routed above five thousand of the rebels. He afterwards relieved Cromwell himself at Clonmel, where that active general happened to be so dangerously situated, that he confessed nothing but the seasonable relief brought by Lord Broghill could have saved him from destruction. He likewise defeated Lord Muskerry, who came against him with an army raised

by the Pope's nuncio, consisting of three times the number of his own forces, with the additional advantage of being well officered by veteran commanders from Spain.

When Cromwell reached the supreme power, he frequently invited Lord Broghill to visit him, for the sole purpose of asking his advice. It has been related by more than one chronicler of the events of that period, that soon after his coming to England, he formed a project for inducing the Protector to restore the old monarchy. The basis of the scheme was to be a match between the young king, Charles II., and Cromwell's daughter, Frances. It is supposed that, as Broghill kept up a secret correspondence with the exiled sovereign and his friends, he had ascertained that Charles was not averse to the scheme, however unlikely such connivance may appear; or he would never have gone so far as to propose it seriously to Cromwell, who at first seemed to think it not impracticable. Cromwell soon gave up the idea, however, and said, "Charles can never forgive me the death of his father." There the intrigue dropped, although Cromwell's wife and daughter had been made a party to the matter, but Lord Broghill never suffered the Protector himself to know that he had treated with Charles on the subject. Such is the story, whether true, exaggerated, or invented, as told by Oldmixon, in his "*History of the Stuarts*," by Morrice, in his "*Memoirs of Roger Earl of Orrery*," and by Budgell, in his "*Memoirs of the Family of the Boyles*."

On the death of Cromwell, Lord Broghill continued firmly attached to his son and successor, Richard, until he saw that his position had become hopeless; and having no desire to sink with a man he was unable to save, returned to Ireland, and began to busy himself in promoting the restoration. Charles considered his services so important in that great work, that he created him Earl of Orrery, by letters patent, bearing date September 5th, 1660, only a few days more than three months after he had resumed the regal authority. Soon after, he was still further promoted to be one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, and his conduct, while discharging the duties of a very important post, evinced his general capacity, and increased the

esteem in which he was held. Some years later, he was the means of reconciling a serious quarrel which had sprung up between the king and his brother, the Duke of York; but falling out himself with his old friend, the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant, a private difference between them rose to such a height that it became the subject of public inquiry. Lord Orrery was impeached of high crimes and misdemeanours, amounting even to treason; but he defended himself so well that the charges fell to the ground, and the prosecution was withdrawn. He however lost his official employments, although he retained the King's personal regard, who often consulted him on state affairs of the utmost consequence. He died on the 16th of October, 1679, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, having long suffered from gout, which, added to a somewhat free course of life, broke up his constitution earlier than might have been expected.

Lord Orrery left behind him, as evidences of his literary attainments, letters, political tracts, poems, and eight plays—six tragedies, and two comedies. The tragedies are, *Mustapha*, *Henry V.*, *The Black Prince*, *Tryphon*, *Herod*, and *Altemira*; the comedies, *Mr. Anthony*, and *Gusman*. All of these were acted (with the exception of *Herod*), and with good success. Pepys, who saw *Mustapha*, says, "To a play of my Lord Orrery's, called *Mustapha*, the cast was—Solyman the Magnificent, Betterton; *Mustapha* and *Zanger*, his sons, Harris and Smith; Cardinal, Young; *Roxalana*, Mrs. Betterton; Queen of Hungary, Mrs. Davis." *Mustapha* was gotten up with great care, and produced vast profit to the company. It is written in rhyme, and on the whole is far from a bad play." Dryden also mentions *Mustapha* in his "Essay on Dramatick Poesie," and observes, that no serious play had been more successful since the restoration—an unlooked for admission from a jealous writer in the same line.

Lord Orrery's plays were printed separately, in folio and quarto, and afterwards collected together in two volumes, 8vo, and published by Dodsley, in 1739, with a preface. In this edition *Mr. Anthony* is omitted, and

a comedy added, called *As You Find It*, written by the Hon. Charles Boyle, grandson to the earl. Such dramatic compositions as those we are now considering, cannot be estimated by a high standard. They are about on a par with the efforts of Crowne, Elkanah Settle, Rymer, Ravenscroft, D'Urfey, and many others of the same class and era. But there were great actors in those days, who could have imparted interest to the veriest common-place that ever was written. Amongst them may be enumerated Betterton, Hart, Harris, Mohun, Kynaston, Lacy, Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Marshall, and Nell Gwynne. Lord Orrery seems to have possessed a great facility of diction; he is occasionally pathetic, and always easy. Here and there we meet passages of good poetry, but he is often flat, and not unfrequently emulates the mad fustian of poor Nat. Lee. A much greater name, Dryden, has fallen into the same error, together with the licentious sentiments and manners, and all the extravagant notions of love and honour, which formed the dramatic staple in the loose days of Charles the Second. Lord Orrery is not always very polite to the ladies. In the second act of *Altemira* we find these lines:—

"Let 'em disguise their weakness as they can,
No woman yet e'er doated on one man."

His loyalty, however, is always in the extreme, whether he thinks of Cromwell or Charles as his sovereign.

In *Altemira* the king observes:—

"Whatever crimes are acted for a crown,
The gods forgive when once that crown's put on."

The same sentiment had been previously introduced in *Tryphon*:—

"Though Tryphon did by blood the crown obtain,
Yet a crown worn doth wash off every stain."

And again, in that play, on the opposite question, it is said:—

"We ought, when heaven's viceregent does a crime,
To leave to heav'n the right to punish him.
Those who for wrongs their monarch's murder act,
Worse sins than they can punish they contract."

In *Herod the Great*, Herod declares for absolute power, and says:—

"He of a throne should be unworthy held,
Who to his will makes not his subjects yield."

We have already mentioned the Hon. Charles Boyle as the author of a play. He also edited the "Epistles of Phalaris," by which he derived more credit. Before we quit the name, we

* One of the numerous favourites of Charles II.

may include Murrough Boyle, Lord Viscount Blessington, who wrote a tragedy never acted, called *The Lost Princess*, but neither the author nor his work call for any particular comment.*

JOHN WILSON, recorder of London-derry in the reign of Charles II., is the author of four plays—*Andronicus Commenius*, a tragedy; *The Projectors*, *The Cheats*, *Belphegor*, or *The Marriage of the Devil*—comedies. They were all printed, but the two last only were acted. The last is the best. The plot, which has been adopted in many shapes by playwrights, romance writers, and poets, is taken from a novel, by Machiavelli, who says—“It having been observed in hell, that the souls of such as came there generally complained that their wives sent them, the devils agreed that one of them should assume a human shape, become subject to all the conditions of humanity, marry a wife, live with her (if possible) ten years, and then return and make a true report.” The subject affords ample scope for satiric humour.

NICHOLAS BRADY and NAHUM TATE are well known and remembered, as the manufacturers of the New Version of the Psalms, which has unjustly superseded the earlier, more vigorous and faithful, though somewhat antiquated, translations of Sternhold and Hopkins. Both of the first-named authors were Irishmen, and dramatists. The former descended from Hugh Brady, the first Protestant bishop of Meath. He was the son of Major Nicholas Brady, and was born at Bandon, in the county of Cork, about the year 1659. He received his degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor in Divinity from Trinity College, Dublin, and obtained church preferment in his native county. Removing to England, he obtained some fat livings—Clapham and Richmond—and became successively chaplain to King William and Queen Mary, Queen Anne and the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline. He translated the “Æneid” of Virgil, which nobody ever reads, and few have seen; published several volumes of heavy sermons; wrote one tragedy, called *The Rupe*, or *the*

Innocent Impostors; and died in 1726. The title of Dr. Brady’s play, the subject, and the matter-of-fact manner in which it is treated, are startling, particularly when we bear in mind that it is the production of a divine; but the eccentricities of taste and imagination have sometimes led serious and otherwise well-regulated minds into even more unaccountable aberrations. Yet *The Rape* has considerable literary merit, and some poetry above the average. It was acted with fair success in London, in 1692, printed in the same year, and revived, with alterations, in 1729. The stage directions would make the licenser stare, and produce a commotion in the Lord Chamberlain’s Office, if such a specimen should be submitted for consideration in the present days of fastidious refinement.

NAHUM TATE, who succeeded Shadwell as poet-laureate, was the son of Dr. Faithful Tate, and born in Dublin in 1652. He also received his education at Trinity College, but appears to have been brought up to no profession, and to have led an erratic, extravagant life. For several years before his death, which happened on the 12th of August, 1725, he resided in the Mint, as a place of refuge from the debts he had contracted. Gildon mentions him as a man of integrity and honesty, ill qualified to advance himself in the world. Oldys describes him as a free, good-natured, fuddling companion. His person and manners appear to have been unprepossessing; and those conjoined attributes remove all surprise that he should have lived and died poor and despised. Tate wrote six original plays—*Brutus of Alba*; *The Loyal Generals*; *Cuckhold’s Haven*, or *The Alderman no Conjuror*; *A Duke and No Duke* (partly taken from Sir Aston Cockaine’s *Trappolin*); *The Island Princess*; and *Injured Love*. In addition to these, he concocted bad alterations of Shakspeare’s *Coriolanus* (under the title of *The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth*), *Richard II.* (or *The Sicilian Usurper*), and *King Lear*. The last kept the stage, to the exclusion of the genuine text, for more than one hundred and fifty years. This was the *Lear* acted by Betterton, Booth,

* Robert Boyle, the celebrated philosopher and metaphysician (who deserves to be enrolled with Bacon and Newton), born at Lismore, in Ireland, was the elder brother of the first Earl of Orrery, the dramatist of whom we have written above.

Quin, Garrick, Barry, Henderson, Kemble, and Young. Edmund Kean gave the final scene as originally written, but retained the rest of Tate's interpolations. To Mr. Macready is due the merit of being the first to restore the *Lear* of Shakspeare in its severe integrity, retaining the Fool, and omitting only such coarse passages as are repugnant to modern delicacy. Poor Tate retained the office of laureate until he died, or he would have been reduced to absolute indigence. The useless post exists still, relieved from the vapid duties, but retaining the honorarium. The laurel, the tierce of canary wine, and the salary, are time-honoured and seasonable abuses. These it would be a sin and a shame to sweep away; but the adulatory odes were an intolerable nuisance, for the abatement of which we cannot be too grateful. The writer remembers with a shudder the loyal lyrics of Pye, which he was doomed to learn by heart and recite, in his boyish days, as they appeared in rotatory monotony. The lines of Leigh Hunt written to commemorate Southey's installation, are no longer applicable in their full extent, when he speaks of the laureate as—

"Wearing bag, wig, and sword, and other gorgeous raiment;
Glory to kings his song; one hundred pounds his payment!"

Many readers may express surprise on finding Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT, the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, included, for the first time, in a list of dramatic authors. Without reference to his "Polite Conversation," which is carried on in a style almost assuming the theatrical form, it has been asserted by George Faulkner, in a note on Mr. Ford's Letter, dated December 13th, 1732, that the Dean, in 1730, wrote two acts of a comedy, which he sent to Mr. Gay to finish, called *The Player's Rehearsal*. We know not that Gay made any use of this, unless, as is possible, he might have twisted it in, in a posthumous farce, never acted, but printed in 1754, called the *Rehearsal at Goatham*. The humour of this dull attempt consists in this—Peter the Showman exhibits his puppets, and the sapient members of the corporation apply to themselves what the mechanical *dramatis personæ* say of each other. Swift's bent of mind, and caustic, biting irony, might have well fitted him to write good plays, had he turned his

thoughts that way in earnest; but more than one brilliant genius has broken down hopelessly on the drama. Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, the three leading wits of their day, clubbed their best efforts in a comedy, called *Three Hours after Marriage*, which was irretrievably damned on its production, for its utter dullness. Only that the fact is too well known to be disputed, it would be impossible to believe that the talent of such a triumvirate could have descended to that deplorable depth of imbecility.

THOMAS SOUTHERN was born in Dublin, in 1660, and received his education at the Irish University. In his eighteenth year he quitted Ireland, and entered himself in the Middle Temple, intending to pursue the study of the law; but the vivacity of his mind soon induced him to abandon Themis for Apollo and the Muses. His first play, *The Persian Prince, or Loyal Brother*, was produced on the stage in London, 1682, before he had completed his twenty-second year. The character was intended as a compliment to James Duke of York, who liberally rewarded the poet for his praises, and thus laid the foundation of the fortune which he afterwards accumulated.

The dramatic merits of Southern's first play are very slender; its political pretensions are of a higher order. Tachmas (the loyal brother) is meant, of course, for the Duke of York. He is unjustly arrested as a traitor to the state; his soldiers propose to rescue him, but he will not suffer them to do so, and says—

"I must not thus,
By disobedience to my king's command,
Rashly forego my virtue. If he think fit
To take my life, or make it yet more wretched,
My loyalty ties up my forward sword,
And teaches silently to suffer all."

Ismael, an unprincipled statesman, is intended to represent the Earl of Shaftesbury. In this character he thus expresses himself—

"I've long
March'd hand in hand with mischief; spent my days
In courts; forsworn my conscience; studied all
The knotty arts and rules of policy—
Now I'll grow popular—and seek the city."

Few votaries of literature have been more fortunate than Southern. He lived to eighty-six, without care or illness; and, between his commission in the army and the produce of his dramatic works, enjoyed a very handsome revenue, which he improved by strict

conomy and well-regulated expenditure. On the occasion of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, he entered the regiment of foot raised by Lord Ferrers, and held successively the rank of ensign, lieutenant, and captain. As he determined to live by his talents, he was neither reserved nor scrupulous in pushing the sale of his plays to the best advantage, and in extracting all the profit he could obtain from his author's nights. He was the first that ever had two benefits. On these occasions he stooped to the drudgery of personal solicitation, called upon the great and influential, and sold his tickets at an advanced price. Dryden disdained this practice, which he considered beneath the dignity of a poet.

Southern acknowledged that he received from a bookseller £150 for a play called *The Spartan Dame*,—a very unusual sum at that time. Dryden once asked him how much he got by another tragedy? to which he replied, that he was really ashamed to confess. But Dryden being determined to ascertain the point, Southern at last admitted that he had cleared £700. The inquirer was utterly confounded by this information, as he himself had never realised more than £100 by his most successful dramatic effort. Oldys speaks of Southern as a quiet and venerable old gentleman, who lived near Covent Garden, and frequented the evening prayers there, always neat and decently dressed, commonly in black, with his silver sword and silver locks. Gray, in a letter to Horace Walpole, dated from Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, September, 1737, has also the following observation concerning him—"We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory, but is as agreeable an old man as can be; or, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of *Isabella* and *Oroonoko*." Mason adds, in a note on this passage, that Mr. Gray always thought highly of his pathetic powers, at the same time that he blamed his ill-taste for mixing them so injudiciously with farce, in order to produce that monstrous species of composition, called tragicomedy. Southern himself, in the latter part of his life, was sensible of the impropriety (according to all classical rules) of this amalgamation, and used

frequently to declare his regret to Lord Cork, that he had been compelled to sacrifice his better judgment to the licentious taste of the times.

Southern's collected works were published by T. Evans, in three volumes, 12mo. He wrote in all ten plays—two we have already named. The others are, *The Disappointment*; *Sir Anthony Love, or the Rambling Lady*; *The Wife's Excuse, or Cucold's Make Themselves*; *The Maid's Last Prayer, or Anything rather than Fail*; *Money's the Mistress*—comedies; and the three tragedies of the *Fate of Capua*, *Oroonoko*, and *Isabella*. The dramatic reputation of Southern rests exclusively on the two latter, which abound in pathetic passages of great poetical beauty. *Oroonoko* is taken avowedly from a novel by Mrs. Behn, who, during her residence in Surinam, became personally acquainted with the captive prince, and his Imoinda, whose adventures she has so touchingly related. She was even accused by the ill-natured and scandalous, of a more intimate connexion with the hero of her tale, than mere friendship; but the insinuations were indignantly repelled by a female friend and advocate, in the memoirs of her life, prefixed to an edition of her novels. The practice of the fair authoress laid her open to much animadversion, but in this instance she seems to have been gratuitously slandered. *Oroonoko* was first acted at Drury-lane, in 1696, and proved very successful; but the comic scenes by which it was then disfigured being extremely indecent, were afterwards expunged. The character of Aboan, in *Oroonoko*, was the part selected by Garrick for his first essay as a public actor in the theatre of Ipswich. The play was revived, in 1817, for Edmund Kean, who produced some fine effects in the leading personage. *Isabella*, formerly called *The Fatal Marriage, or the Innocent Adultery*, is also taken from a novel by Mrs. Behn, entitled *The Nun, or the Fair Vow-breaker*. It was first acted in 1694. Garrick revived it in 1758, with the omission of the comic part, excepting only so much of the characters of the Nurse and Porter as are importantly connected with *Isabella* herself. In this form the tragedy will always keep the stage, as much from its intrinsic merit as the opportunity it affords to a great actress in

the embodiment of the heroine in whom the entire strength and interest of the drama is concentrated. Those who are old enough to remember Mrs. Siddons, and after her, Miss O'Neill, in this fine part, have witnessed the full perfection of tragic acting. In more recent days, Isabella has been ably portrayed by Miss Helen Faucit. We hope, before long, to see Mrs. C. Kean add this character to her list of signal triumphs. The story and construction of the play are simple and domestic. The incidents might happen to any one to-morrow. They belong to nature, and are not indented with any particular time, place, or manners. This class of drama is called slow and old-fashioned by the mercurial critics of modern days; but it is founded on true principles, and in many instances requires only corresponding talent to revive with the attraction of bygone times. Southern died on the 26th of May, 1746.

Amongst the correspondents of Dean Swift, we find an Irish lady, Mrs. MARY DAVYS, married to a clergyman in Cambridge, but whose maiden name we have been unable to trace. After her husband's death, she kept a coffee-house in the above-named city, and died there. She wrote two comedies—*The Northern Heiress* (acted at Lincoln's-inn Fields in 1716), and *The Self Rival*. These, with some novels, poems, and familiar letters, were published in 1725, in two volumes, under the title of "The Works of Mrs. Davys." She appears to have enjoyed some literary reputation in her day, although now totally forgotten.

The name of MATHEW CONCANEN is better known as a political writer of considerable talent. He came early to England, and having received a good education, and possessing ready wit and agreeable manners, soon recommended himself to the favour of the ministers, in whose defence he actively employed himself. Through the interest of the Duke of Newcastle he obtained the lucrative post of Attorney-General of Jamaica, where he resided for seventeen years in general esteem, and acquired an ample fortune. Returning to London, where he proposed

to pass a short time before he settled in his native country, the difference of climate between the English metropolis and the West Indies threw him into a rapid consumption, of which he died in 1749, a few weeks after his arrival. Having attacked Pope and Swift in some of his critical lucubrations, the former, from sheer spite, elevated him to a distinguished place in the *Dunciad*, which he by no means deserved. Besides his political works, he wrote poems of considerable merit, and a comedy entitled *Wexford Wells*. He was also concerned in an alteration of Richard Broome's *Jovial Crew*.

JOHN STIRLING, the intimate friend and countryman of Concanen, came over to England with him, with the hope of improving his fortune. They agreed that one should write for, and the other against, the ministry, and that the side to be taken by each should be determined by tossing up a piece of money. Stirling's lot fell to the Opposition, in which he was less successful than his friend. After various struggles with fortune, he went into orders, and became a clergyman, in Maryland.

Slight, indeed, are sometimes the accidents which determine the course and colour of men's lives. The instance before us suggests salutary reflection. Here are two youths, anxious to exert their abilities, well educated, gifted with powers to write, but so utterly unscrupulous as to the cause in which their pens are to be drawn, that they decide the question by the turn of a shilling. Neither conscience nor conviction have the slightest influence in their selection of what are usually called political principles. Is the case to be received as a type, or an exception? Stirling was the author of two tragedies, *The Rival Generals*, printed in 1722, and *The Parricide*, in 1736. The former was originally acted in Dublin; and the author, in his dedication, congratulates himself on having been the first to awake the Irish Muse to tragedy. It seems, however, likely that *Rhoderick O'Connor, King of Connaught*, on an exclusively Irish subject, was of earlier date.*

Two quaint old plays, entitled, *Ire-*

* Charles Shadwell wrote this and four other plays expressly for the Dublin theatre; but he was not an Irishman, although he resided in the metropolis of that kingdom, where he held a post in the revenue, and died in 1726.

land Preserved, or the Siege of Londonderry, and The Battle of Aughrim, or the Fall of St. Ruth, were written respectively in 1707 and 1727, and have since gone through many modifications and alterations; but the original editions are by far the most interesting and curious. Without reference to their dramatic value, they are, to a certain extent, historical documents, and detail, with minute fidelity, the events to which they refer, and the most popular anecdotes connected with the leading characters introduced.

These plays were entirely remodelled, and published anew by the Rev. John Graham, in 1841.

The Battle of Aughrim was written by WILLIAM ASHTON, of whom nothing is known but that he was eighteen at the time of the composition; and that when it first appeared, a complimentary letter, in verse, was prefixed to it, addressed to the author by Charles Usher, Esq., of Trinity College, Dublin. The play was dedicated to John, Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant. Mr. Graham says, in his preface, that no information exists respecting the author of the *Siege of Derry*;^{*} but we find it stated in "Gough's British Topography," that it was the production of JOHN MICHELBOURNE, one of the governors of the city during the operations described, and whose name figures in the list of *dramatis personæ*. He, with many others of the gallant defenders, was afterwards abandoned to poverty and distress; and being confined in the Fleet Prison for debt, composed the single dramatic piece which is thus attributed to him on good authority.

The passage from Gough will be found (vol. 2, p. 809) in a list of publications relative to the siege, and stands as follows:—

"*Ireland Preserved, or the Siege of Londonderry, together with The Troubles of the North,* written by the then Governor (Part I. London, 1707, Fol.)—Col. John Michelbourne, who jointly with Walker defended this place, wrote this tragi-comedy, in the Fleet, into which the government's neglect of him threw him. It is a kind of narrative of proceedings during the siege, in two parts, illustrated with a prospect of

King James's camp, on the plains of Kildare, and a survey and plan of the town at the time of the siege; and at the end, as a third part, the "Author's Case," by which it appears the House of Commons, on the report of a committee in 1698, voted an address to King William for some compensation to him, which the King agreed to, but which does not appear to have taken place. My copy of this singular performance (Gough wrote in 1680), which was never printed or published, has the following original MS. letter from the author to Secretary Harley:—

"Fleet, December 17, 1707.

"SIR,—During my confinement I have spent some vacant hours in writing *The Siege of Derry*, with some passages before and after; when your convenience will allow you to look into it, I presume you will find it entertaining. It is the first I have exposed to view, and what errors you may find in it I hope you will pardon, being communicated to none but yourself, and I design it shall go no further during life. And since such a subject cannot be writ without touching on some men's mismanagement,† the freedom that is taken in it will make some excuse for other faults committed by, Sir, your faithful and most humble servant,

"JOHN MICHELBOURNE."

Isaac Reed had in his library a copy of this tragi-comedy, with the above-named title, but without the case at the end, printed in Dublin in 1738, in octavo. The titlepage says it was written by a gentleman who was in the town during the whole siege.

CONGREG has been often named as an Irishman, but erroneously so. The mistake appears to have arisen because his father, who had the management of an estate belonging to the Burlington family, long resided in the south, and he himself was educated, first at Kilkenny, and afterwards in Dublin, under Dr. Ashe. Jacob, the author of the "Poetical Register," who was intimately acquainted with Congreve, says positively that he was born at a place called Bardsey, not far from Leeds, in Yorkshire. Malone afterwards corroborated the fact by examining the parish register. The question is settled beyond all dispute by the following entry, extracted from the record of Trinity College, Dublin:—"1685. Die quinto Aprilis hora die pomerid, Gulielmus Con-

* A play, called *Piety and Valour*, mentioned in "The British Theatre," and published anonymously, was, in all probability, the same as *The Siege of Derry*.

† He alludes here particularly to the treachery of Governor Lundy.

greve, pension., filius Gul. Congreve, generosi de Youghalia, annos natus sexdecim natus *Bardsagram*, in com. Eboracen.; educ. Kilkennise, sub ferula Doct. Hinton. Tutor, St. George Ashe."

The name of GEORGE FARQUHAR ranks very high in the list of comic dramatists. His wit was equal to that of Congreve; and although his plays are free and licentious in dialogue and incident, they are homilies of morality when compared with those of his brilliant contemporary. His career was very short, as he died in his thirtieth year. Farquhar was born at Londonderry in 1678. His family held highly-respectable rank in the north of Ireland; his father being a clergyman, Rector of Lissan, in Tyrone, and, according to some authorities, Dean of Armagh. This seems, however, to be a mistake; he had only a country living of £150 per annum, and, like honest Parson Adams, was a little over-burdened with a family of seven children. Being one of this numerous progeny, the only advantage George derived from his parents was that of a liberal education. After receiving the rudiments of knowledge at a school in his native city, kept by a person of the name of Wall, he entered the Dublin University as a sizar, on the 17th of July, 1694. His college tutor was Owch Lloyd, the same who is celebrated as having been the junior dean whom Swift, while a student, insulted, for which offence he was suspended from his degree, and compelled to ask publicly the dean's pardon. Farquhar by no means distinguished himself at college, but appears to have been considered dull at learning, and disagreeable as a companion. A thesis being given to him, on the miracle of our Saviour's walking on the water, he handled it *extempore*, and with very reprehensible levity, upon which he was expelled, at the next sitting of the senior fellows, in the usual form, *tantum pestilentia hujus societatis*. He then turned his thoughts to the stage, and joined the company of Joseph Ashbury, at that time manager of the Dublin theatre. His salary was twenty shillings a-week, and his first essay *Othello*. He had some requisites for his new vocation; an agreeable person, a retentive memory, correct elocution, and an easy deportment; but his voice was thin and weak, and he

laboured under a natural diffidence, which otherwise impaired his powers. An accident induced him again to change his mode of life. While playing the part of Guyomar, in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, who has to kill Vasquez, one of the Spanish generals, Farquhar, by mistake, used a real sword instead of a stage foil, and so severely wounded his brother-tragedian, Price, who acted Vasquez, that a long time elapsed before he recovered. The consideration of the fatal consequences that might have ensued wrought so strongly on Farquhar's mind, that he resolved never to tread the boards again, or submit himself to the possibility of such another mishap. At this time he was only eighteen years of age, and soon after accompanied his friend Wilks to London, who had obtained an engagement at Drury-Lane Theatre. Wilks was through life his constant friend. Farquhar soon recommended himself to the notice and patronage of the Earl of Orrery, who gave him a lieutenant's commission in his own regiment, which he held for several years; and in his military capacity behaved without reproach, eliciting, on several occasions, proofs of great bravery and conduct. Towards the close of 1700, he was present at the campaign in Holland, of some parts of which he has given vivid descriptions. At the old inn of the "Raven," in Shrewsbury, they still show the room he occupied when quartered in that town, and in which he wrote *The Recruiting Officer*. The incidents of that lively comedy are laid in the neighbourhood; Captain Plume being intended to designate his own character and adventures. Justice Balance was designed, as the author himself tells us, as a compliment to a very worthy gentleman of the vicinity, Mr. Berkely, then recorder of Shrewsbury. Wortley was a Mr. Owen, of Russas, on the borders of Shropshire. Brazen is not identified with any living personage. Melinda was a Miss Harnage, of Balsadine, near the Wrekin; and Silvia, the daughter of the Mr. Berkely above-mentioned. The story is entirely invented. An anecdote connected with this play is related of Quin, which shows that great actors, as well as subordinates, are apt to trip, and to introduce ludicrous perversions of the author's meaning. He happened to be performing the

part of Balance, with Mrs. Woffington, who represented his daughter. Quin, having perhaps taken a little more than his usual liberal allowance of wine after dinner, addressed the lady thus—"Silvia, how old were you when your mother was married?" "What, sir?" said the actress, endeavouring to suppress a titter. "Pshaw," said he, trying hopelessly to correct himself, "I mean how old were you when your mother was born?" "I regret, sir," replied the lively fair one, "I cannot answer you precisely on either of those questions; but I can tell you, if that will do as well, how old I was when my mother died."

In 1703, or 1704, Farquhar was wheedled into a marriage with a pretended heiress, who had become deeply enamoured of him, and passed herself off as a woman of large fortune. To his immortal honour it must be recorded, that when he discovered the imposition that had been practised on him, he was never known to upbraid his wife, but generously forgave a deceit which love for him alone had suggested, and ever behaved to her with all the tenderness and delicacy of a most indulgent husband.

Farquhar greatly admired Mrs. Oldfield, who performed the heroines in nearly all his plays. It was through him that this fascinating actress was introduced to the stage. Her aunt kept the Mitre Tavern in St. James's Market. Dining there one day, he heard a female voice reading a comedy behind the bar. His attention was attracted by the agreeable tone and correct emphasis, with an evident understanding of diversified characters. This led to Miss Nancy's introduction to Sir John Vanburgh, and an engagement in Christopher Rich's theatre, where she soon outstripped all the rising young performers of the day. In 1704, Farquhar revisited Dublin, where his resources being reduced to a low ebb, and failing in a subscription for his works, he obtained leave from the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant (being still an officer in the army), to perform his own *Sir Harry Wildair* for a benefit. This attempt, although it seasonably recruited his purse, by bringing him in a hundred pounds, added nothing to his theatrical reputation, while it grievously disappointed his friends. His fate seems to have been similar to that of many other

excellent dramatic authors, who are incapable of representing what they themselves compose. Not long after his return from Ireland, Farquhar found himself so straitened in circumstances by the increase of his family, that he was induced to sell his commission to supply present wants, under the advice of a hollow patron, who promised to procure him another, but treacherously deceived him. Disappointed hopes preyed on his mind, the pressure of a narrow income destroyed his happiness, and a premature decline closed his days towards the end of April, 1707, before he could be said to have run half his career. The following laconic but expressive note to his friend Wilks was found after his death, amongst his papers, by the person to whom it was addressed:—

"DEAR BOB, — I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last moment of his life, thine,

"GEORGE FARQUHAR."

Wilks paid the most punctual regard to the request of his dying friend, whom he also buried respectfully in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Assisted by Mrs. Oldfield, he obtained funds from a gratuitous benefit, by which the children were partly supported, and finally apprenticed to a mantuamaker. The widow of poor Farquhar died in circumstances of extreme indigence; one of his daughters married a small tradesman, and lived but a short time after. The other still survived in 1764, in mean and reduced circumstances, without knowledge of refinement either in sentiment or expression. She was said to take no pride in her father's literary fame, and appeared in every respect fitted and reconciled to her humble condition. Two brothers, lineal descendants of the dramatist, were living in 1837—one engaged in a profession in Dublin, the other serving in the cause of the Queen of Spain.

The names and dates of production of Farquhar's comedies are as follow:—*Love in a Bottle*, 1699; *Constant Couple*, 1700; *Sir Harry Wildair*, 1701; *Inconstant*, 1702; *Stage Coach* (a farce, assisted by Motteux), 1705; *Recruiting Officer*, 1705; *Twin Rivals*, 1706; and *Beaux Stratagem*, 1707.

Critics, judging by rule, have pronounced the *Twin Rivals* the best in the catalogue, but audiences, who decide according as they are pleased and amused, declare in favour of the *Beaux Stratagem*. This last comedy was begun and finished in about six weeks, while the author was in his last illness; and so sensible was he of the approaches of death, that he predicted what actually happened—namely, that he should die before the run of his play was over. All these comedies are too loose in moral construction, and too free in dialogue to suit the present taste, but they abound in well-drawn characters, unaffected style, and easy, flowing wit; the incidents are natural, and the plots generally well contrived. Had Farquhar lived to a more mature age, or had his poverty not excluded him from the higher circles of society, we should in all probability have found his plays more skilfully and tastefully embellished. It has been generally supposed, that like many other authors who could be readily named, he has intended, in his theatrical heroes, to present multiplied portraits of his own character. His Plumes, Archers, Mirabels, and Wildairs, are a set of young, gay, rakish sparks, overflowing with animal spirits, guilty of irregularities and follies, but, at the same time, endowed with abilities, and adorned with courage and honour; a dangerous class to set up as models, although in their dramatic masquerades they are generally made to subside into adoring, constant husbands, and respectable fathers of families. Farquhar has drawn himself with melancholy humour, and not with overweening partiality, in a light sketch which he calls “The Picture,” addressed to a lady. In this he says—“My outside is neither better nor worse than my creator made it; and the piece being drawn by so great an artist, it were presumptuous to say there are many strokes amiss. I have a body qualified to answer all the ends

of its creation, and that is sufficient. As to the mind, which in most men wears as many changes as their body, so in me it is generally dressed like my person, in black. Melancholy is its every-day apparel; and it has hitherto found few holidays to make it change its clothes. In short, my constitution is very splenetic, yet very amorous; both which I endeavour to hide, lest the former should offend others, and the latter incommode myself. And my reason is so vigilant in restraining these two feelings, that I am taken for an easy-natured man with my own sex, and an ill-natured clown by yours.

. . . I have very little estate but what lies under the circumference of my hat; and should I by mischance come to lose my head, I should not be worth a groat; but I ought to thank Providence that I can by three hours' study live one-and-twenty with satisfaction to myself, and contribute to the maintenance of more families than some who have thousands a-year. I have something in my outward behaviour which gives strangers a worse opinion of me than I deserve; but I am more than recompensed by the opinion of my acquaintance, which is as much above my desert. I have many acquaintances, very few intimates, but no friends—I mean in the old romantic way. I have no secret so mighty but what I can bear in my own breast; nor any duels to fight but what I may engage in without a second; nor can I love after the old romantic discipline. I would have my passion, if not led, at least waited on by my reason; and the greatest proof of my affection that a lady must expect is this—I would run any hazard to make us both happy, but would not for any transitory pleasure make either of us miserable. If ever, madam, you come to know the life of this portrait as well as he that drew it, you will conclude that I need not subscribe the name to the picture.”

J. W. C.

THE LICHTENSTEINERS ; OR, CONVERT-MAKERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was on Christmas Eve of the year 1628, that Katharine, the gentle loving wife of the merchant Fissel, of Schweidnitz, stood, with her baby in her arms, in her great best parlour, arranging, with womanly taste and tenderness, on the long snow-white tables before her, the customary Christmas gifts for husband, children, and inmates.

In a corner of the room sat the confidential bookkeeper of the firm, Oswald Dorn, putting the finishing touch to the beautiful model of the Nativity, which his ingenuity had constructed for the young folks of the family. He had only to place the last of his prettily painted angels beside the crib in which the holy child reposed, so as that the lights from behind might lend due transparency to the celestial visitants; and then, casting a satisfied glance on his finished performance, he stepped over to Katharine, who meanwhile had busied herself in laying out, with equal judgment and impartiality, her stores of the useful and ornamental, from articles of clothing, hard cash, new books, and gay toys from Nuremberg, to cakes, and buns, and gingerbread, and carefully equalised lots of nuts and apples.

The eye of the bookkeeper, as it roved musingly over the childish pageant, fell on two gingerbread figures, with which the bakers of Schweidnitz had sought to propitiate the public taste, viz., Tetzl and Eck, the two well-known adversaries of Luther, in full pontificals, but each with an ass's head substituted for his own, though the names, stamped at full length below, left no doubt as to their identity.

Dorn gazed long, with a dissatisfied shake of the head, on the caricatures, and then said—

“Do not give these monsters to the children! Believe me it is not good for them to learn so early to wage war against opinions they cannot understand. Scorn and insult are but unholy allies in the sacred cause of Truth; and the hand which grasps mine to

fling at an opponent, must needs first stain itself. Misery enough has already overflowed Europe from the rancour with which the struggle for religious freedom has been carried on. Oh! mingle not the poison with the pastimes of yet unconscious childhood!”

“How very seriously you do take everything,” said Katharine, smiling playfully, as she laid aside the obnoxious effigies; “and who would think, to hear you speak, that you had yourself fought for the new and better faith? That scar on your forehead tells a very different tale, methinks, from the dispassionate words on your lips!”

“You say truly,” replied Dorn, deeply moved; “I have borne arms for the Reformed creed, and under the shelter of its broad banner achieved, as a bold leader of brave brigands, many a warlike deed, for which I yet pray daily to my God that he would grant me forgiveness.”

So saying he strode hastily away: The deacon, Johannes Bur, who had entered unperceived as the conversation began, cast after him an indignant glance, and remarked to the hostess—

“For a member of your family, that youth holds strange language. Can he be a concealed papist, sent by our enemies as a spy upon this house?”

“Oh, no, no!” exclaimed Katharine, eagerly. “You are aware, good sir, that he was wounded fighting for the Augsburg Confession; and in these two years that he has passed under our roof, he has shown not only such attachment to us, but such noble indignation against the tyranny of the Pope, that I would pledge my life for his integrity.”

“Your goodness of heart leads you to judge of others by its own pure standard,” replied the deacon; “but, believe me, in this iron age we live in, one cannot be too cautious. Among the very Apostles there crept a Judas; and many a one now-a-days, who contended like Paul himself for the pure truth of the Gospel once, has reversed

the Apostle's history, and rages, a persecuting Saul, against his former brethren. The Emperor, set on by the monks, has begun a counter-reformation in Silesia; and in Glogau those fierce proselyte-makers from Moravia, the Lichtenstein regiment, are already making fearful havoc."

"Nay, my dear sir," mildly expostulated Katharine, "we invited you to share and heighten our family joys on this blessed festival; and oh! why do you sadden our festivity by such dismal tidings?"

"It is the faithful pastor's duty," replied he, "to dispel the slumber of security in which selfishness and love of ease combine to lull us. Our turn will come here in Schweidnitz. Have they not already deprived us of our lawfully purchased place of worship in the forest, and interdicted us from meeting in the Church of the Holy Spirit in town? And no doubt those of St. Stanislaus and St. Wincislaus will soon be shut against us! Nor are these the only signs of the times. Last night, as I accompanied my colleague, the hrologer, in his observation of the stars, the constellations wore a most ominous aspect; and about midnight there rose from the north a fearful meteor in the heavens. A huge blood-red fire-ball described from the edge of the horizon a bow of flame, till, in the zenith, right over the spire of the high church, it burst with a mighty crash asunder. This betokens danger, both great and imminent, to our religious liberties."

During these threatening prognostics, Katharine, with the happy instinct by which women contrive to lose the thoughts of distant evil amid the little cares of the present moment, had been kindling the innumerable wax-lights which hung from every twig of the evergreen foliage of the indispensable German Christmas-tree. A blaze of light illumined the chamber; the child sleeping on her breast awoke, and smiling, stretched its little hands towards the welcome radiance.

"See how delighted my sweet baby is!" said the mother to her moody guest; "how he enjoys the present, undisturbed by cares about futurity! And is it not written in our blessed Bible, 'Unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven'? So do leave the care of our future destiny to the wise

direction of Providence, and be for once among us to-day as a joyous, guiltless child. Above all things, not a word to Fissel of your Job's comfort! My husband, for the last few days, has been sad and cumbered enough; and I should be sorely vexed to have embittered to him the night when Christians of every denomination agree in commemorating their common ground of joy."

The door was then opened by a junior clerk of Fissel's, who put in his head, and said—

"My master bids me beg you will go on with the Christmas gifts before it grows too late, as he has still much to do in the office. Some letters of consequence have arrived to detain him, but he will be here as soon as he can."

"I don't like this," sighed Katharine, as the lad disappeared. "I never think there can be a right family feast when the head of the house is wanting. But he is right after all; for if we put off any longer my pretty carp will be spoiled, and we shall be all wrong together."

So saying, she rang a little hand-bell which stood on the table before her. A distant shout of childish jubilee responded to the longed-for summons. A second tinkle of the bell brought the chorus nearer, and the gladsome din swelled on the very threshold. The mother now set down the bell, and casting many a loving glance towards the door, outside of which the impatient band, amid much whispering, and laughing, and shuffling of tiny feet, awaited the final signal—

"They must wait a little," said she, smiling, to the deacon; "it is best to learn betimes that expectation heightens pleasure." But spite of the pastor's nodded approbation of the somewhat scholastic touch of maternal discipline, the mother's heart soon sent her hand for the third time towards the bell.

No sooner had it rung than the door, as if sprung by a petard, burst open; and clinging round, and forcing their prime favourite, the book-keeper, the four children of the house, two manly boys, and two pretty maidens, rushed into the room. Behind came clerks and apprentices, serving-men and damsels, who ranged themselves modestly near the entrance, till their places should be assigned them by the presiding power.

Like a long-pent-up stream, the children rushed towards the richly-decked, brilliantly-lighted tables, each seeking with eager glance its specially destined treasures.

"Ah! this will do to fight with Wallenstein," exclaimed the wild elder boy, Martin, as he brandished the mimic sword, his appropriate and welcome gift.

"A Bible and a bunch of pens," cried the staid little Ulrich, showing both to his friend the pastor. "With these I'll write books against the Pope, like the noble Hutten, whose namesake I am."

"Oh! the poor girls that can never be married," sighed both little maidens, bringing up to Katharine a pair of dolls dressed as nuns. "Do, dear mamma, take off these nasty dresses, and to-morrow we'll play at a wedding, and one shall be bride and the other bridesmaid."

"Well said, children," cried the deacon, hugging them all in their turn. But they broke from him on catching a glimpse of the wonderful *chef-d'œuvre* of Dorn, which called forth one universal shout of admiration and delight, and set them running like mad things against one another, now to their mother, and now to the deacon, pointing out and extolling its several beauties, and their shares in the general distribution.

"And will you not deign to look what may have fallen to your lot this Christmas, Master Dorn?" said Katharine kindly to the book-keeper, who stood silent as usual, and a little apart.

With a melancholy smile he sought the place on the table marked with his name; and after a brief glance at the costly present of a rich full-dress suit, with its every accompaniment of the finest linen in ample abundance, he walked over, deeply moved, to Katharine, who, meanwhile, was marshalling, opposite to their allotted portions, the subordinate members of the household.

"This is too much, dear lady," exclaimed he, with almost painful emotion, "thus to bestow upon a stranger the rich portion which might better befit a cherished elder son."

"A stranger!" re-echoed the evidently hurt Katharine. "To our hearts you have long ceased to be one, and we can only grieve if it be otherwise with your own. Trust me, that

in acknowledging, as best we may, the services of so invaluable a coadjutor as my husband has been fortunate enough to gain in you, we but show our sense of a deep-felt obligation."

"See there, Master Dorn," interrupted the little embryo soldier, Martin, "what you have got for a gift as well as I," brandishing, as he spoke, the sword, which, as an indispensable requisite of genteel dress at the period, lay beside Dorn's new apparel.

It was with no staid and clerkly step that the quondam soldier hastened towards the boy, and took from his hand the gallant sword, and gazed on it with a secret joy he struggled vainly to suppress. As vainly did he strive to resist his longing to draw the good blade, and prove, by a few flourishes in empty air, rather his own long-forgotten skill, than the merits of a glittering weapon.

"You don't feel it an affront, I hope," said Katharine, playfully, "to be thus indebted for your arms to a woman? But really, your old sword, with its broken hilt, and hacked and rusty blade, would have sorted but ill with holiday attire."

"You have done well and kindly, dear lady," replied Dorn, best proving the acceptableness of the gift, by trying, as he spoke, its temper, resting its point on the ground, and bending it hither and thither. "My old sword had grown dear to me, as a trusty friend who stood by me in many an hour of need and peril; but when I remembered the scenes we have shared together, I sometimes shuddered at the very sight of it! I looked on it as an evil genius which might yet beckon me on to deeds of blood, and shrank from handling it. But this bright blade is yet unstained, and thus spotless, with God's help, will I strive to keep it, even should it be drawn, as ere long may be the case, in defence of the hearth which has so warmly sheltered me against the coming foe."

"Or in defence of the holy Gospel?" added the deacon, inquiringly.

"The pure and blessed Gospel, dear sir," replied Dorn, gravely, "needs not the sword's unhallowed aid to prosper."

The churchman's dissenting reply was, perhaps, fortunately anticipated by the entrance of the master of the house, in evident discomposure, with

two open letters in his hand. With a hasty greeting to the deacon, and an unwonted shove-aside of the children, who came crowding to testify their joy and gratitude, he went straight up to his wife and gave her one of the letters. "From your mother at Sagan," said he to her; and while she read with visible alarm and uneasiness, he took the book-keeper aside in the recess of a window.

"I have a most sudden and disagreeable piece of business for you, my good friend," said Fissel. "That fearful man, Wallenstein, is carrying on in his new duchy a system of tyranny unheard of in a Christian land. Not satisfied with requiring all orphan lads of Sagan under twenty to attend his newly-founded university at Gitch-en—a requisition enforced with relentless severity in the case of those already on the spot—he holds the property and person of relatives answerable for such as happen to be absent. This, you know, applies to young Engelmann, my mother-in-law's nephew, now studying at the Gymnasium here, whose uncle and guardian yonder the raging lion of a Friedlander has thrown into prison till his ward shall be forthcoming. There is nothing for it, therefore, but to send the poor boy off as speedily as possible; and, to ensure his reaching Sagan safely in these perilous times, I must ask you to do me the kind office to take charge of him. Were there any chance of a hearing from a juster judge, you might, at the same time, do me a great piece of service yonder. I have a debt of a thousand dollars on two houses belonging to one Eckbrecht, in Sagan; but he writes me, in this letter, that they are both on the list of those the Duke is pulling down to obtain a better view for the new palace, and that without a hint of any compensation; but on the spot, perhaps, you might do, or at least hear, something about it."

"I need not say how gladly you may command my services," said Dorn, with the respect due to the head of the firm. "When would you wish me to start?"

"Were it not a sin to deprive you alike of to-morrow's church-services and your own holiday, I could wish you to set off to-night. It is a long journey to Sagan; but cold as I fear you will find it, I doubt it will fare worse with old Engelmann in the tower

of the jail, out of which I would gladly set him free."

"God holds showing mercy to our neighbour as service done to himself," replied the bookkeeper; "and a very short time will suffice for me to get ready."

So saying, escorted by the crest-fallen boys, who, in losing him, felt their Christmas mirth wofully marred, he left the room to prepare for his journey.

Meantime, Katharine, who had been weeping over the letter, which she again folded up, and gave to her husband, asked him, in her soft, gentle voice—

"And what, dearest Arnold, have you decided on?"

"That was just what I wished to consult you about, dear Kate," replied he, affectionately. "It is your nearest and dearest who claim our protection, and I cannot bear the thought of leaving them longer within reach of the fiend's claws. It is on you only that the increased cares of housekeeping will fall; and it is for you to say, dearest, whether having your mother and sister under your roof is agreeable to you."

"Oh! I know my beloved ones too well to expect anything but happiness and comfort from their society; and if I am to be the person consulted, you will fetch them home without loss of time."

Just then in came Dorn in his travelling dress, with his old rusty sword by his side, accompanied by little Martin and Ulrich, and followed by young Engelmann, whose bundle, containing his student's wardrobe, was far lighter than his heart, at the thought of leaving his beloved Schweidnitz for the stern Duke of Friedland's distant and untried seminary.

"The carriage is at the door," said the bookkeeper; "I am come to say good-bye, and to know if you have any further commands."

"Yes, I have one additional favour to beg of you, my good friend," said his principal, in a tone of grave confidence. "In my mother-in-law's house at Sagan is quartered a captain of Wallenstein's, who takes upon him, under the quiet widow's roof, to play the Duke of Friedland in miniature; he has fallen in love (for her sins) with my wife's sister, and follows up his suit after the fashion of a Khan of Tartary. Of course she spurned the fellow, who, not content with having served

under four masters, has as often changed his creed, and is now once more, for conscience sake, a papist ; but since the refusal, those only who know the annoyance of having a scoundrel billeted on one, can form an idea of the poor woman's sufferings. They are determined, in consequence, to leave all to its fate in Sagan, and take refuge here with me in Schweidnitz ; and when you have delivered over the scholar yonder, you will please bring this valuable freight on your return voyage. Your credentials are in this paper."

"Take care that you come to no harm by the way from the marauding soldiery that infest the roads, and make them so unsafe," said Katharine, anxiously.

CHAPTER II.

It was evening on the third day of the Christmas holidays. Out of doors the snow-flakes seemed pelting each other in sport, while, in her well-warmed chamber at Sagan, sat the merchant's widow, Prudentia Rosen, with her pretty daughter, Fides, both, after the laudable custom of the times, busily employed in drawing the finest of fine thread from their whirling spindles. Beyond the table, in the matron's own arm-chair, the hateful captain had taken his post, scaring the poor women with a recital of his barbarous exploits, emptying, at deep draughts, the silver goblet which stood beside him, and casting on the lovely girl, by whom it was from time to time sadly replenished, looks of love which certainly did not render him more attractive.

The servant entered and announced a stranger, who wished to speak alone with Madame Rosen ; and the widow was rising to go out to him, when the Captain insolently remarked that she could or should have no secret business to transact with strangers, and that the interview might as well take place in his presence.

With a slight shrug of her shoulders at this new proof of domineering, the widow made a sign to the maid ; and she ushered in a young man, who saluted the ladies with friendly cordiality, and the Captain with stately politeness.

"I am your son-in-law's book-keeper," said he ; "commissioned to

"I'll take my old fighting comrade with me," said Dorn, grasping his sword with a glance which betrayed the practised soldier. Keep yourself easy, Frau Katerina. We have a sharp frost, and I'll not let the bays fall asleep by the way ; and, please God, I trust to eat the carp and dumplings which I am cheated out of to-night on New-Year's Eve with you and your dear relatives."

He lifted up and kissed one after another the crying children, whom not even the wonderful crib could console under the separation, bowed hastily round, and disappeared with his charge ; and ere long the departing carriage-wheels were heard grating rapidly over the frozen snow.

re-deliver you as my voucher your own letter here, and to inform you that, if agreeable, you and your daughter can avail yourself to-morrow of my escort to Schweidnitz."

"What ! you don't think of leaving Sagan, Frau Rosen?" asked the Captain, angrily stroking his fiery red moustachios.

"Family circumstances render this journey unavoidable," replied the widow, with calm firmness.

"That is as others may please to order," grumbled the evil spirit. "Your first and most indispensable duty is to stay here, and look after the comforts of your billet."

"Pray, be easy on that score, Captain," replied the hostess ; "even in my absence all you require will be supplied."

"Well, go then, in the devil's name, when you will !" croaked he, "so as your daughter stays behind to superintend the housekeeping, and keep things as they should be for me !"

"Do not discompose yourself, Madame Rosen," said Dorn, in a soothing tone, to his alarmed hostess, but with the coolest contempt for her guest. "If you are not, indeed, by the Duke of Friedland's express command, a prisoner in your own house, the Captain will be fain to let you depart without demanding hostages."

"And pray how should that be?" asked the Captain, indignantly, measuring from head to foot the youthful speaker, who quietly returned his

piercing gaze ; while pretty Faith, who hitherto had bent timidly over her spindle, inly rejoiced at the intrepidity of the handsome stranger.

"You are a good-looking lad," said the officer, with a sly smile, "well grown and stout, and your boldness does not misbecome you ; you would make a special dragoon. Come hither, and join me in drinking a health to our gracious Emperor Ferdinand !"

"We must be better acquainted ere we drink together, Sir Captain," replied Dorn, civilly putting aside the offered goblet.

"You don't mean to insult me for my condescension," said the other, snappishly ; "or are you a rebel at heart, that you decline drinking long life to your sovereign ?"

"Drink !" beseechingly whispered the affrighted girl to the youth ; and, constrained by the glance from a bright blue eye, which sent the request yet more urgently home to his heart, he grasped the goblet, and cried, "God enlighten the Emperor, and guide him in the right course for his subjects' true welfare !"

"Bravo, comrade !" shouted the Captain, as the beaker was emptied ; "you will never repent entering the Imperial service. You'll be a corporal in a month, I give you my word."

"What in heaven's name do you mean ?" inquired the astonished Dorn. "It never so much as entered my head to engage with the Emperor."

"Nonsense !" cried the scoundrel in return ; "you have drunk his majesty's health with one of his officers, and are become one of ours, of course."

"Is it possible ?" exclaimed Dorn ; "dare you misuse, for such base purposes, the name of your monarch ?"

"Leave arguing, fellow !" said the Captain, in a threatening tone ; "you have agreed to enlist with the Emperor, and no more about it."

"I am a burgher of Schweidnitz," said Dorn, "and you can have no right over me."

"Right, right ! what signifies right ?" roared the bully, striking his sword on the floor. "Here is my right, and it is good all over Europe."

"I warn you, Captain," burst forth the now fairly-irritated Dorn, "to beware of a step which will only bring you to shame, instead of furthering your purpose."

"That we shall see," said the officer,

going towards the door, throwing it open, and bawling, "Orderly !" when a gigantic balberdier came clattering up the stairs, stepped bowing into the room, then drew himself up as upright as a ship's mast, and called out steadily, "Here !"

"Take that recruit to the main-guard," commanded the Captain, "and hand him over to the officer on duty. Let him have clothing served out to-night, that he may join the company to-morrow."

The giant stepped up to Dorn, pointed to the door, and dictatorially gave the word "March !"

Dorn, however, gave the big fellow a powerful thrust back, drew out his pocket-book, and took from it a paper with a broad seal of office, which he held before the Captain's eyes.

"My commission as a Captain in the King of Denmark's service, is sufficient protection, methinks, from the honour of serving under you. To-morrow I shall lay it before the Duke of Freidland. You owe me, however, immediate personal satisfaction for your attempted insult ; so be pleased to follow me down stairs."

The Captain, who, like many a Parolles, hid a hare's heart under a lion's skin, stood chop-fallen before the indignant youth, in whom he had so unexpectedly found more than his match. He first made signs to the orderly to abscond ; then adding—

"For to-day I am unavoidably prevented from accepting your invitation, but early to-morrow we shall speak further ;" bowed with constrained civility to Dorn, and left the room.

"This being the case, I fear it will be to-morrow afternoon before we can start," said Dorn, in a tone of annoyance. "In the meantime, however, be kind enough, Madame Rosen, to have packed up this evening whatever you hold most valuable."

"Alas ! it were but labour lost, dear sir," said the widow. "Believe me, now that the Captain's blood is up, rather than let us go, he is capable of shooting the very horses in the carriage at the door."

"We must see and find a master for him, then," said Dorn ; "and if the worst comes to the worst, I must speak myself with the Duke of Freidland."

"God preserve you from doing any such thing !" exclaimed the widow. "He is a raging, unmerciful, unrea-

sonable tyrant, who would wage war with the very swallows on the house-top! If any one displeases him in the slightest degree, he executes him instantly. He took the life of a poor apothecary's boy for disturbing him with the noise of his pestle, and a little child's because it cried in its mother's arms!"

"Methinks, nevertheless, he will be pleased to let me live," said Dorn, with a smile. "I have seen his blood pretty well up before now, at Dessau, and not been afraid of him neither. So keep yourself easy and pack up, and to-morrow, as one strikes, we will start. I have promised your daughter to be with her at Schweidnitz on New Year's Eve, and, please God, I will keep my word."

So saying, he was about to take leave, but the widow held him fast by both hands.

"Nay, nay," said she, in a tone of deep anxiety, "my letting you leave us is out of the question. I cannot be sufficiently thankful to heaven for sending me, in this emergency, a male protector. I think I must have died of fright at the thought of passing the night unguarded under the same roof with yonder rabid brute. No, no; you must stay with us. My daughter will show you the little guest-chamber, where a cup of comfort in this cold weather shall be sent after you."

"I am sorry to be troublesome to you," said Dorn, "at a time, too, when your house is filled with other guests."

"Ay, truly," sighed the widow, "uninvited and undeserved, too, God knows. But I am all the better pleased to have a welcome one to show hospitality to, just to remind me that I am mistress in my own house."

And now, in obedience to a sign from her mother, the blushing Fides took up a light, and with downcast eyes marshalled the stranger to his room. He followed her through the ancient gothic house, up one or two pair of stairs, and through sundry crooked passages, till they reached the small but curiously furnished chamber, whose snow-white bed would have invited a less weary man to repose. While Fides removed from it and laid aside the large-patterned damask counterpane, filled, from a pitcher brought with her for the purpose, the bright tin basin with fresh water, and

hung a fine napkin beside it, he had ample opportunities of observing the graces of a form, which, thus set in motion for his special accommodation, lost, of course, none of their natural attractions.

"I hope you are not annoyed at my being sent to fetch you from hence, dear young lady?" inquired Dorn, by way of breaking an awkward silence.

"How can you possibly think so?" asked she hastily in return. "I bless God and you for salvation from this hell upon earth."

"Well, there is no knowing sometimes," said Dorn playfully; "hearts are often riveted to spots which to others seem disagreeable enough."

"If I could but believe you had the captain in your eye," said Fides, angrily, "I could kill you with pleasure in this first hour of our acquaintance."

"Nay, truly," replied Dorn, "such a suitor as that may be left without much of a heart-ache; but there are tall, sightly youths, plenty, no doubt, in Sagan, who have eyes for so fair a townswoman."

"I am sure there is no one here whom I have any eyes for," answered the maiden quickly; and then blushed a little at the inference which might be drawn from the emphatic word, "here."

"Elsewhere then, perhaps?" asked Dorn, with equal quickness, taking, as he spoke, the maiden's hand.

"So you, too, have caught the habit of asking impertinent questions from your odious soldier-life," said Fides, struggling to disengage her hand. This she could only accomplish, however, finger by finger, while in the effort her sweet eyes were raised to his, not with the overpowering blaze of day, but the mild, friendly radiance of a cloudless moon.

"So you are still heart-whole, fair Fides?" ventured he once more, still holding fast in pledge for a reply, the last little rosy finger.

"What a question to ask," whispered she, turning quite away from him, "and me only just sixteen!" So saying, and jerking away in her parting bend the imprisoned finger, she bade him a hasty "good night," and the sweet vision flitted from before Dorn's eyes.

"So the first silver tone is yet to be awakened from this still undesecrated

lyre! Happy the mortal privileged to draw it forth," cried the youth, whose

slumbers the thought long banished and then haunted.

CHAPTER III.

As Dorn opened his eyes on the following morning, a corporal of the guard and six halberdiers stood beside his bed.

"Get up and dress quickly," said the former, "I have orders to bring you to the Duke."

"Dorn, well aware this was no order to be trifled with, lost no time in obeying. While following his conductors through the streets, abundant proofs met his eye of the omnipotence of the man before whom, at this period, not only Europe, but his own very Emperor trembled.

Even in the midst of the evils of war, in their most unmitigated and abject form of poverty and wretchedness, whole rows of houses had been repaired, ornamented, and gaily painted without, that the town, honoured by the residence of Friedland's duke, might show suitably in the public eye. Tended by weeping burghers, the once privileged and stately commonhood was banished beyond the gates; its nightly return to its wonted shelter being deemed inconsistent with the dignity of a royal residence. But it was in the neighbourhood of the palace itself that devastation had had its fullest sweep, and more than fifty houses already lay in ruins on the ground. To all Dorn's enquiries the laconic corporal had but one answer—

"It is his highness's will."

They had now reached the castle, and the corporal, marshalling Dorn through all the bustling throng of hickies and pages to the anteroom of the hall of audience, where fifty halberdiers mounted guard, remained to keep watch over his charge. Two Silesian noblemen, envoys from the Dukes of Leignitz and Oels-Bernstadt, waited here in patient submission till it should please the dictator to grant them admittance.

At length there came a counsellor of the Friedlander's from the audience chamber. He beckoned with insolent haughtiness to the envoy from Leignitz, and the proud knight had nothing for it but to draw near, and listen with the outward show, at least, of humble deference to the decrees of fate.

"With regard to your master's territorial pretensions," said the functionary, with cool contempt, "the Duke will make his will known at the next diet. Your complaints of the soldiery have not a foot to stand on. The troops must live, and have compensation for their toils and dangers. But my lord has on that score more serious and well-founded cause of displeasure with yours, for causing to be executed a man about to enlist in our service."

"The criminal in question was a subject of my master's, and a deliberate cold-blooded murderer," replied the envoy, "and was beheaded on the sentence and by the authority of the Council of Justice at Leignitz."

"No court of justice, whatever," interrupted the other, "may dare to touch any one claiming the protection of the Friedlander. My lord bids me say to your master, that he must send, in lieu of the executed man, two hundred foot-soldiers as substitutes, unless he wishes to see a dozen noblemon of Leignitz made shorter by the head."

Pale as a corpse, the terrified envoy withdrew, and him of Oels-Bernstadt was beckoned forward.

"Duke Wenzel," said the counsellor to him, in a yet sharper key, "has taken upon him to hang certain soldiers of Count Terzky's regiment."

"As robbers, caught in the fact," said the envoy, "in pursuance of the Generalissimo's own general orders to clear the highways of such, and punish in life and limb all convicted on the spot."

"Terzky has written to him," continued the counsellor, in insolent disregard of the proffered explanation, "that he means to hang the same number of his own special council, and that a price is already set upon their heads; on which your master thinks proper to complain direct to the Emperor, who has very properly sent back the complaint to mine to do the needful thereupon. He bids me say, he abides entirely by Count Terzky's view of the matter; and moreover, thinks it expedient to make a thorough example of the Silesian princes, by taking from them their lands and dig-

nitics, and bestowing them as rewards on meritorious soldiers. And so you have your answer."

Thus saying, and turning his back on the paralysed envoy, he left the room.

Just then another corporal ushered in two well-dressed females, wringing their hands and weeping bitterly behind their thick veils. A second halberdier followed, dragging a handcuffed soldier of Wallenstein's—whose staring eyes, blue lips, and hair erect, testified the extent of his dismay—through the anteroom into the hall of audience. The women at length looked up, and on recognising Dorn, raised their veils, and showed the countenances of his hospitable entertainers.

"Dear Fides!" he was exclaiming, in tones of the tenderest sympathy, when the corporal touched him sharply on the shoulder, and cried—

"Hush! if you value your neck! Not a breath must be heard here without my lord's permission."

A deep, fearful stillness reigned thenceforth in the apartment, broken only now and then by tones of bitter wailing, which made their way even through the double doors of the presence-chamber. Suddenly there rose above them a loud, harsh, angry voice, saying—

"Take the beast and hang him."

"That was my lord," whispered one life-guardsmen to another; and the doors opened, and the delinquent was once more hauled, more dead than alive, through the chamber.

"God be merciful to me!" he stammered, the teeth chattering in his head, as, staggering in the soldiers' arms, he disappeared.

Again there was deep silence, when once more the audience-room door was opened, and the counsellor's shrill command issued forth—

"Bring forward the Dane and the two women."

"Forward!" cried the corporals to their respective charges; and Dorn stepped firmly onward, supporting the half-fainting females, into the hall.

A tall, baggard-looking man, with deep lines of care on his sallow visage and round his small, keen, piercing eyes; a splendid plumed hat, covering his short red hair; his Spanish dress richly studded with glittering orders, and a dark purple velvet mantle, lined with ermine, over his shoulders, stood

in front of his massive gilt arm-chair, beside a table hung with red, at which sat three state counsellors and a Jesuit. Six knights and six barons had ranged themselves in reverential silence round the walls, ready to fulfil, as promptly as the thunderclap follows its precursor flash, the will of the omnipotent being before them. Behind the arm-chair stood the well-known Captain of the life-guards, eying, with a smile of diabolical triumph, the group just ushered in.

With the majesty of a sovereign of the universe, the Duke stepped towards Dorn, fixed his little dagger-eyes on him as if he would pierce through the soul within, and inquired, in a sharp, grating, repulsive tone—

"A Danish captain?"

"By this commission," replied Dorn, quietly, handing the Duke the paper.

Wallenstein cast a glance over it, gave it back, and said, dryly—

"And a prisoner of war also."

"When Count Mansfeldt," replied Dorn, "was pursued by your Highness through Silesia, I was left, severely wounded, behind at Oels. I there fell in with a humane merchant, who took charge of my cure; and, on my recovery, carried me with him to Schweidnitz, where, sick of my bloody occupation, I have lived with him these two years, as bookkeeper. Under these circumstances, it is for your justice to decide if I am to be considered as a prisoner of war."

"As a spy, rather, perhaps?" said the Duke, sharply.

"That question my passport, duly lodged at the Commandant's, may best answer."

"What brings you to head-quarters?" asked the Duke once more.

"To deliver over a scholar from Schweidnitz for your Highness's school at Gitschin, and conduct back from hence my principal's sister and mother-in-law."

"Your proofs?" cried his examiner.

"You have only to send to the merchant, Engelmann, whom my arrival last night released from arrest; and Madame Rosen here has probably about her the letter to my friends at Schweidnitz, which I had the honour of bringing back as my credentials."

"Here is the luckless letter," sobbed the trembling widow, offering it with bent knee to the Duke.

He took it, and read it, and turned to the Captain—

"Your portrait, I perceive," said he, "not flattered, but a good likeness. You knew, then, of this object for his coming?"

The Captain stammered out some unintelligible sounds.

"Ay, and he sought to prevent the ladies' departure," said Dorn.

"To know and suppress the truth is to lie," said the Duke, indignantly. Then turning to Dorn, "But you, it seems, cast insult on the Emperor."

"That is not true," cried he, with equal warmth.

"Oh! he pledged the Captain to the Emperor's health!" cried the usually timid Fides, emboldened by anxiety for her deliverer's safety. "That I can testify, and so can my mother; and for that very reason the Captain wanted to enlist him as a soldier by force."

"Shame on ye!" thundered out the Duke. "Think ye a sovereign, whose enlisting-field is all Europe, needs such paltry tricks?"

"This is a plot concocted among heretics," said the captain, rallying his spirits a little, "to achieve my ruin! Yonder widow and her daughter are concealed Lutherans; and twice have I detected them in stolen pilgrimages to the preachers at Eckersdorff. For this reason have they sent for you spy of a Mannsfelder, that he may convey them to Schweidnitz, there to carry on their apostacies at their ease; and because, from pure zeal for the right faith, I have striven to stop so heathenish a conspiracy, I am accused in revenge by these runaway women and their abettor!

"Beware of accumulating fresh outrages," cried Dorn, forgetful of the presence in which he stood, "when you know you still owe me satisfaction for those of yesterday! You were fain to promise me a meeting this morning; but it was in your view to take from me the possibility of making you answer for past misdeeds, by first robbing me of my liberty by false accusations."

"Mannsfelder! Mannsfelder!" interrupted the Duke, in a tone of warning, though with ill-suppressed approbation of the soldier's boldness, "remember we are here!" Turning then to the Captain, he asked, "and what have you to reply to this imputation?"

Reading the truth in the convicted

coward's silence, the Duke's eyes flashed with withering scorn.

"Challenged, and not forthcoming!" exclaimed he, "and yet calling yourself a Captain of Friedlanders! Deliver yourself up at the mainguard under arrest, and look for your *congé* when released from it—you can serve no longer under Wallenstein!"

"It may be proper, notwithstanding, to investigate the Captain's charge of heresy against these women," remarked the Jesuit, rising eagerly as he spoke.

"Soldiers are not papal spies!" said the Duke, indignantly. "I am the Emperor's Generalissimo, not his Inquisitor. What care I for his subjects' catechism? Let them think as they will, so as they pay what they ought. I see no cause to alter my decision."

With eyes upturned to heaven, the Jesuit, heaving a sigh of disappointment, sank back into his seat; and, in despair at the frustration of his last effort of malice, the Captain quitted the hall.

With an expression of good will, which became, far better than might have been expected, the Duke's usually iron physiognomy, he now stepped close up to Dorn, and leaning confidentially on his shoulder—

"You are brief and resolute!" said he, "and that is what I like. Surely I have seen your face before now!"

"Perhaps on the Elbe, near Dessau," replied Dorn.

"Just so!" exclaimed the Duke; "you are the officer who held out so obstinately in the last redoubt; and at the time I remember thinking you a noble fellow. Will you be a Captain in my regiment of guards? I shall make peace with the Danes immediately, so your commission there will be no obstacle."

"In the presence of a true hero," said Dorn, courteously, "Truth can have nothing to fear. I cannot take arms against my conscience."

"I am sorry it should be so," replied the Duke; "yet I would fain give you some token of my esteem. Come, ask a boon of me."

"I beseech your highness, then," said Dorn, "to let me quit this, unmolested, to-day for Schweidnitz, with yonder trembling females; and grant me farther to carry back with me the poor boy whom, in obedience to your behest, I tore from the arms of his reluctant kindred."

"Be off with the whole baggage, comrade?" said the Duke, in a friendly tone, "and good luck to you on the march! I will have the needful done to expedite it."

So saying, he nodded graciously in signal of dismissal, and Dorn led the relieved women from the hall.

"A blessed escape from the lion's den!" sighed forth the matron, with a lightened heart, as they left the palace behind them.

"What can a man not accomplish who truly deserves the name of one?" cried the excited Fides, pressing, in the exuberance of her gratitude, the hand of her deliverer to her heart.

"I don't know," said he, somewhat sadly, "whether I have any great cause to rejoice at the turn matters have taken. I have just bethought me, that with the arrest of your tormentor, his billet on your house, and probably with it your motive for

quitting home, falls to the ground; and I may thus be defrauded of the pleasure of escorting you to Schweidnitz."

"Oh! I assure you," said Fides eagerly, "we had at any rate long been wishing to pay a visit to our beloved Katharine. Besides, our house cannot escape having soldiers quartered in it, and who knows how the next might conduct himself? And though I am not half so afraid of the Captain now as I once was, and believe he has for the present had his appetite spoiled for tormenting us, yet unluckily he cannot remain for ever in the guard-house, and a bad man, let him be as insignificant as he may, has always the power to do mischief."

"My daughter's unwonted eloquence," said the matron, smiling, "saves me the trouble of expressing my similar sentiments. All that remains to be said is, that we accompany you to Schweidnitz."

CHAPTER IV.

New Year's Eve saw the whole assembled family of Fissel seated round their brilliantly-lighted, richly-covered supper-table at Schweidnitz. But the pretty, plump, well-dressed carp seemed all thrown away, for no one could relish them, from the protracted absence of the house's idol, Dorn; anxiety for whose safety, and that of the dear ones under his care, might be read in the looks of the gentle Katharine.

"Well, I did think Master Dorn would keep his word better," cried little Martin, giving an impatient shove to the empty chair which had been placed beside him for the absentee. "The carp are overdone already, and the dumplings will soon be the same, and still no tidings of him!"

"Oh, he will certainly be here yet!" said little Ulrich, consolingly.

"Would to God it were so!" sighed the hostess.

"A carriage! a carriage!" screamed both listening daughters at once; and, running to the window, joyfully exclaimed, "and ours too! There are papa's bays." While the boys, overturning, with thundering din, every chair and stool in their way, rushed out of the room, and tumbled, as if for a wager which would first break his neck, down the long, slippery stairs.

"Welcome to Schweidnitz, dear

lady mother!" cried the master of the house from the window, whither he too had flown on hearing the sound of wheels.

"My sister is with her, I hope?" asked Katharine, anxiously, and flying towards the door, at which, preceded up stairs by the noisy children, Frau Rosen and Fides soon made their appearance. The travellers' fur caps were hastily doffed, and the mother and fair daughters, forming a lovely group, soon blended in one warm embrace.

"So you are fairly released from your Assyrian bondage to yon hateful Holofernes," said Fissel, as he again saluted his mother-in-law.

"Not till it was high time," replied she, drawing a deep breath, while being disencumbered of her wraps by the careful Katharine.

"And if you had not sent us so bold a knight," said Fides, playfully, "to deliver us from the horrid giant, we might have been sitting at Sagan now listening to the unbearable roarings of the Ogre."

"And where is the valiant knight, then, that I may thank him for his good service?" asked Katharine, just as Dorn entered, leading young Engelmann by the hand, and escorted by all the four children of the house.

"What I and have you brought us back the scholar in the bargain?" asked the astonished Fissel, giving his book-keeper a hearty embrace.

"He has permission to prosecute his studies at the college here," said Dorn, producing a paper. "There is the Duke's consent in his own handwriting."

"You must surely deal in the black art," cried Fissel, laughingly. "I should sooner have expected to move the Zobtenberg from its rocky base, than the Friedlander from his iron purpose."

"I could not rescue your dollars, however, sir," said Dorn, in a tone of vexation. "The houses on which you had your mortgage are levelled to the ground, and not a jot of compensation will the Duke's courts award."

"I can ill afford to lose the capital," said Fissel, and I had a nice speculation all ready to invest it in; but since you have rescued the human beings, in God's name let the money go. In the meantime, sit ye all down to table, and let us hear, and understand if we can, how you managed to bring about the eighth wonder of the world."

And down they all sat accordingly, Dorn managing to insinuate himself next Fides; and then arose such a hum, as if of swarming bees, between questions and answers, narrations and interruptions, praises and exclamations of affright, of horror, and, finally, of delight from the children, that all thoughts of supper seemed wholly out of the question.

"God be thanked that we are here at last," was the winding-up speech of Frau Rosen, holding out her glass full of Hungary wine in friendly pledge to the book-keeper. "My best thanks and health to you," said she, with deep emotion, and making a sign to her daughter to follow her example.

"Pray, dear lady, spare your thanks," said Dorn, half mortified, as his glass rung against that of his blushing neighbour; "and believe me the service carries its own reward."

And so you are content to forego a fairer one which you had a right to claim," said Katharine, playfully; for the glances cast by the youth on the rescued maiden had not been lost upon her.

"We are all so happy to-night, dear mamma," cried little Hedwig, Fissel's youngest daughter, "you will surely

let us have the floating lights. You know you owe us something to make up for our having anything but a merry Christmas."

"Oh, yes, yes! the floating lights," exclaimed the other children, clapping their hands with delight.

"Well, then, bring the big tin tureen," said the mother, who had seldom the heart to deny her nestlings a pleasure; "but walk warily, and don't spill the water all over you."

"Charming, charming!" shrieked the young folks in full chorus; and when the proud Hedwig fled on her mission, the others ran for gay-coloured wax tapers, left over their Christmas decorations, and began to cut them into innumerable short pieces, while Fides, Dorn, and young Engelmann were enjoined to split up the walnuts from the dessert, and pick out the kernels, carefully avoiding the slightest injury to the precious shells.

"I don't know if you are acquainted with our pretty Silesian child's play," said Fissel, laughing at Dorn. "Last year it was forgotten amid the illness of my dear partner. It is in itself a mighty serious oracular affair, betokening love, matrimony, and death. But the children trouble themselves very little with these solemn auguries, quite delighted to be allowed to play with candles, and splash in the water."

Just then the door opened, and Hedwig gravely entered, bearing with measured steps the great bright tureen, full of water, and setting it in the middle of the table.

"In with the candles into the boats!" was now the word of command given by Martin. "We have plenty ready to begin." And the tapers were each firmly screwed into its destined walnut-shell canoe, over which it rose like a vessel's mast.

"Well, and who is to float first?" asked Elizabeth, lighting up as she spoke a pair of tapers.

"Papa and mamma!" cried with one voice the other three children, and the tiny craft was consigned to the clear element, on which they floated and burnt amicably side by side, till they drifted, still in company, towards the edge of the dish, and reposed quietly together.

"We have been safely anchored long ere now," said Fissel, holding out his hand to his beloved wife, "and have cumbered ourselves little, in our

secure haven of domestic joy, about the unquiet waves of the open sea."

"Ah! God grant that these stormy times may not reach us even in our quiet harbour, and dash our vessel from its steadfast anchorage!" exclaimed poor Katharine, yielding to a sad presentiment.

Just then the light in one of the two canoes flared suddenly up with a loud, hissing noise, blazed fitfully once or twice, and then sunk amid a prolonged and anxious wail from the young party.

"Well, which of us does this concern?—whose light was it?" asked Katharine, with a faint smile.

"Oh!" replied Ulrich, eagerly, "that was never settled at the beginning, so the whole goes for nothing."

"Elizabeth shook the table," said Martin, who had been investigating the cause of the disaster, "and so she managed to fill the boat half full of water."

"There happens nothing without a cause," said Fissel, more gravely than the occasion warranted; "but should the oracle betoken the extinction of one of our lives, most heartily do I pray that mine may be the first to expire."

"Do not say so," cried Katharine, tenderly. "You have children yonder, whose stay and protector you are. A mother can be far easier spared; the easier, that in troublesome times a weak, helpless woman is a sad burden to a strong, brave man."

"Who ever heard such serious, solemn talk on a New Year's Eve?" exclaimed Frau Rosen. "Come, children, get on with your game, and play it right merrily, and put these *mal-à-propos* fancies out of our heads."

"Well, who comes next?" asked Hedwig.

"Honour to whom honour is due," said Elizabeth, gravely. "Cousin Fides must swim now."

"But with whom she herself must tell," said Fissel. "It is years since I was at Sagan, and I don't know what dangerous youths may be found there now."

"I can't think of any one to name," whispered the maiden, blushing, partly perhaps, because what she said was not exactly true.

"Then, let's take Master Dorn," said the ever-forward Martin, not the less bold for having had his glass of

wine. "He is always looking sweet on Cousin Fides."

"So we will," cried Ulrich, joyfully, "and we'll look out the two smartest boats. Choose your own colours; here are red and green, white and variegated."

"Red for Fides, green for me," cried Dorn, quickly; disarming the maiden's objections as they rose to her lips by a gentle pressure of the hand beside him.

"It won't do for these two to sail from the same spot," said Ulrich, with his usual sagacity. "If they want to be together they must seek each other out: so set you the red boat right in the middle of the dish, while I launch mine here."

The two tiny vessels floated, burning merrily awhile, as if towards each other, then drifted separately towards the edge, and blazed away in solitude.

"Master Dorn is a heavy sailer," cried Martin, throwing a kernel after the green boat to push it after the red; but the green kept swinging from side to side without leaving the edge of the dish.

"This is unbearable!" cried Dorn, angrily. Just then some one gave the dish a jog, waves rose upon the water, and both boats left their solitary anchorage and sought the open sea.

"It was Fides who shook the table," called out Hedwig, whose lynx eyes nothing escaped.

"I?—nay!—I wanted to keep them asunder," stammered the disconcerted Fides.

"And did you really shake the table, dearest," asked Dorn, in a whisper, seeking anew the no longer withheld hand, while amid loud shouts from the children, and a good-humoured "so-so, daughter!" from Madame Rosen, the two long-severed canoes met in the midst of the dish, and burnt brightly and fairly out together.

The mirth of the young folks, encouraged by their grandmother's sanction, now grew fast and furious. Without either mark or aim, the lots of remaining tapers were launched promiscuously, while bits of apples and almonds flew like bombs among them, swamping at every moment some hapless craft, whose light went sputtering out in darkness.

"Enough!" cried the father, whom the confusion began to annoy, pushing aside the tureen; and the mad uproar

gave place to a dutiful silence. The obedient children stood still, and folded their hands, and Martin said grace intelligently and solemnly for all,

The kind housewife would now have fain invited her dear ones to retire, and forget the fatigues of the day in sleep; but against this the children, who had again found their voices, and were not in the least sleepy, loudly exclaimed.

"It would be a pretty thing, indeed," cried Martin, "if we were to spend New Year's Eve without writing our notes."

"Pray—pray—pray, dear mamma," entreated in her most coaxing tones the solicitor-general Hedwig. "Don't you know that you promised me if I brought up a copy-book without one mark from the master of 'bad' or 'indifferent' on it, I should have leave to write notes on New Year's Eve? Now, my last book is all 'good' from beginning to end, so you are bound to keep your promise."

"Children are the most inexorable of creditors," said Fissel, good-humouredly; and while the table was clearing, gave Ulrich leave to go to the business-room for writing-materials, not forgetting a huge pair of office scissors.

"This is another curious relic of northern superstition," said Fissel to the book-keeper, in answer to his inquiring look; "a sort of New Year's congratulation and sibylline oracle all in one. Every inmate of the family writes three notes to his neighbour, each one containing some good thing which the writer wishes the new year may bring to the reader—posts of honour and success in trade to the men; chains, and brooches, and new gowns to the women; and acceptable woovers to the girls of the house. All the three notes are laid under the pillow, and whichever comes first to hand on New Year's morning is sure to come true in the course of the ensuing twelvemonth."

"I am sure I," said Katharine to her mother, "have more reason than any one to promote this pastime; for my husband is always gallant enough to fulfil his own oracle, by giving me whichever trinket I light on of the handsome presents he gives me a chance of."

"Here comes Ulrich," exclaimed the children, as he came in, heavily

laden, and deposited his burden on the table. The slips of paper were duly cut, and ere long a board of green cloth, composed of ten busy writers, wagged their quills as incessantly as if they had found the perpetual motion; and amid the scraping of pens awkwardly handled by urchins, who kept screaming at their own blots and blunders, might be heard warnings from papa to sit straight, and from mamma not to throw the ink about, which for any good they accomplished might perhaps as well have been spared. Dorn meanwhile availed himself of the confusion to cast sidelong glances on his fair neighbour's manuscript, which she, on being aware of them, carefully covered with her little hand, whispering at the same time, "If you attempt to look over me, not a line shall you have from me." Thus reproved, he sunk smiling back in his chair, and set himself seriously to his own task of composition.

And at length papa had strewn sand over the last of his three notes, folded it up with the others, and handed the packet with a kiss to his dear Katharine. The children, their work too over, sparked the ink out of their pens, to the great disgust of their orderly grandmamma, and injury to the snow-white well-kept floor. Dorn gave his three billets fearlessly to the beautiful Fides, but she, in a sudden fit of maidenly shyness, hid her's in her bosom, protesting that she had not been able to find anything to write.

Just then the hour of midnight struck; and the ringing of all the city bells, and the sound of trumpets and horns from the town band, ushered in the new year.

"Happy new year!—happy new year!" flew from each to each, both grown-up folks and children; while the little true daughter of Eve, Hedwig, voted for opening the notes on the spot, as the year had already fairly begun. But Fissel's authoritative "Enough!" was again heard; and the impatient young fry remanded till the new year's sun should actually have risen.

Amid the tumult of mingled good-nights and good-morrows which closed the scene, Dorn once more drew near to the lovely Fides.

"Am I, then, really to enter on another year without one good wish from you, fair maiden?" asked he, sadly.

She looked at him in some embarrassment, and hesitated. Just then her mother, who was in the act of quitting the room, called to her loudly, and somewhat earnestly, to follow. The tone of the call, by flurrying her, had the effect of driving her to a decision. She hastily drew out the packet from her bosom, and putting it, with a smile and a blush, into Dorn's hand, glided away. Long did the youth hold the coveted gift, warm as it came from its fair but unquiet resting-place, to his yet warmer lips.

"Can I have deserved," said he, in deep emotion, "after the havoc I have made of human bliss, in pursuit of my iron vocation, that in the very land I helped to devastate, love should thus weave for me the fairest, freshest crown?"

That with such a treasure beneath his pillow he was late to sleep, and awoke betimes, it were superfluous to say. A very early hour found him in the parlour, leaning, at the window, over a tiny billet on which he was intently gazing. A kindred restlessness had made Fides also an early visitor to the common room; and when she there beheld him whose image had, for the first time, figured in her dreams, a lovely blush overspread her sweet face, and her beautiful blue eyes beamed with joyful emotion.

No sooner, however, did the delighted Dorn come flying towards her, with his heartfelt good wishes for a happy New-Year, than she drew herself up, and turning from him, with but a poorly-assumed show of displeasure, said—

"Get away, Captain! I am very angry with you. A pretty pair of horrors you chose to give me for suitors!"

"Before I can vindicate myself," said Dorn, "you must tell me which of them you drew?"

"The Duke of Friedland," stammered she, casting down her eyes as she spoke.

"Look me straight in the face," cried Dorn, seizing the hand of one unpractised in falsehood; "did you really not draw any other name?"

"Oh! let me go!" whispered the maiden, her embarrassment only adding fresh charms to her beauty.

"And you do not so much as ask what it fell to my lot to draw?" asked Dorn, holding up his little billet.

"How can I know that you would tell me the truth?" was the evasive reply.

"Take care," replied Dorn, gravely.

"The unworthy surmise can only make me suspect you are yourself deceiving me; and that would not be pretty of you. But I will set you a good example of open-heartedness. You thought a child of earth could not choose amiss amid three daughters of heaven, such as Hope, Faith, and Love; and my good genius made me choose the best. Love has lain deep in my heart since the first moment I beheld you; Hope waved her radiant wings around me yester evening; Faith only in my bliss was wanting to complete it, and lo! I found it in this little paper!"

"Dear me! how much a gallant hero like you can make out of the veriest trifle!" said the maiden, seeking to escape from Dorn's triumphant inference. "I just put down, in jest, the three names of Faith, Hope, and Charity, because they stood together in the calendar."

"Only for that reason?" asked the youth, in love's resistless tone, throwing his arm, as he spoke, round the maiden's slender waist.

Her efforts to release herself once more betrayed her secret, and then dropped from her bosom a billet, which Dorn, ere she could prevent him, read.

"Victoria!" exclaimed he, "here is my own name, and, doubtless, traced by the finger of Heaven. Can we hereafter doubt that we were designed for each other? Fulfil, dear maiden, the friendly oracle; and, as I am henceforth thine, so be thou mine, in life and in death."

So saying, a close embrace enfolded the sweet girl, who, yielding at once to her lover's importunity and the voice of her own heart, faltered out—

"Thine for ever!" and sunk into his arms.

CHAPTER V.

On the forenoon of the 20th of January, 1629, all was joyful bustle under

the roof of the worthy Fissels. Floors and stairs, first carefully swept, were

nicely strewn with golden-yellow sand, and adorned with green fir-boughs; in the kitchen blazed and crackled a huge fire, before which spits whirled gaily round, and on which pots and kettles merrily sung. The busy housewife, albeit ably assisted by her still active mother, had her hands more than full; all the rather, that her two little daughters, who insisted on sticking to her side, kept hindering a great deal more than they helped her; while the boys, who with Cousin Engelmann had claimed a holiday, galloped, like the wild huntsman and his train, from flight to flight of stairs, thus practically demonstrating their class's morning lesson of "Dulce est desipere in loco." In a word, it was the day of the betrothal of the fair Fides with the new partner of the firm of Fissel—Master Oswald Dorn.

As the comely pair returned from the church, where, according to ancient and laudable usage, they had sanctified their engagement before heaven with heartfelt devotion, they met on the threshold their brother-in-law elect, who had been prevented from accompanying them by an ill-timed, but peremptory summons to the Town House. Pale and abstracted, he acknowledged with unwonted brevity the lovers' friendly greeting, and slowly and wearily, as if laden with sudden asthma, toiled up the staircase before them.

"Good God, sir! what was happened to annoy you?" inquired Dorn, when he had deposited his bride with her sister, and they were left alone together.

"Clouds gather on our horizon," replied Fissel, in a tone of deep anxiety. "Colonel von Goez has come into the town, and demands free passage through it for six companies of Lichtensteins."

"Goez!" exclaimed Dorn, turning paler than his future brother, and burying, like one in despair, his face in his hands.

"What is it you would shut out?" asked the astonished Fissel. "Is the man I have named so hatefully known to you?"

"In the wars, only," replied Dorn, struggling for composure. "He is a brave soldier—ay, and a man of honour; but he cleaves to the old faith with ferocious zeal."

"We are not bound," continued the merchant, "without a special Im-

perial order, to grant admittance to troops within our walls."

"And you will surely not dream of doing so now?" said Dorn, with irrepressible anxiety. "You entail certain misery on the city, if you once open your gates to those fearful Lichtensteins. Glogau has read you a lesson of how they deal with Protestants."

"What can we do?" replied Fissel, disconsolately shrugging his shoulders. "Our worshipful councillors had small inclination to comply, and summoned hastily a few of the principal burghers to give their opinion as to the answer the Colonel was to receive. We were for giving him the same civil denial he had before received through his messengers; but he insisted that we would surely not show so little respect to the Emperor's troops as to let them make a *détour* round the city in such cruelly inclement weather. Moreover, he protested and swore that they merely entreated permission to pass through, and a brief halt to save them from perishing of cold. Nay, he even went so far as to say he was ready to forfeit his part in the kingdom of heaven, if any harm came of it to any one."

"For God's sake, place no confidence in such an oath," said Dorn, beseechingly.

"And why so, if the Colonel is, as you say, an honourable man?" inquired Fissel, in some surprise.

"Have you never, then, heard, or have you forgotten, the fearful declaration, that 'no faith is to be kept with heretics?'" cried Dorn. "There is, indeed, need for our instant exertions, if we would yet avert the evil. The Council is doubtless still assembled; I will accompany you this moment to the Town House, and entreat to be heard on the subject. The gates of Schweidnitz must never be thrown open to yonder horde of brigands. In refusing, you disobey no direct Imperial mandate; and if it comes to the worst, we have walls and ditches, and stout burgher hearts, and hands not unused to warfare, with which to defend our dearest treasure—religious freedom!"

While yet speaking, the impetuous Dorn had dragged his new partner towards the threshold of the house, whence might be heard in the distance the drums and trumpets of a military march; while from the market-place rose tumultuous sounds of mingled alarm and anxiety.

"We come too late!" sighed Fissel. "That music comes from within the Striegauer Gate! The Lichtensteins are in Schweidnitz!"

"Then may God work a miracle to belie my fears, and Goes keep faith with you!" said Dorn; "but I dread unheard-of horrors."

Fissel now opened the window, and listened to the march, as it first drew evidently nearer, and then, as palpably, became more and more distant.

"Do you hear?" said he to his despairing brother-in-law. "You will have to beg the worthy Colonel's pardon yet. The troops are marching right out at the nether gate."

"God grant it may be so!" sighed forth Dorn, leaning to hearken beside Fissel at the window; "but I have my doubts." And both stood listening to the tones of the march, as they died away in the distance.

"How one's ears deceive one!" exclaimed Fissel. "I could half fancy I heard the music drawing near again."

"Would that I could think your ears were playing you false," said Dorn, emphatically. And at the very moment there arose a fresh cry of alarm and distress from the main street, and a city officer was seen running by, out of breath, towards the Town House.

"Whither in such haste?" cried Fissel, from above.

"The Lord have mercy on us!" shrieked he, in return. "The soldiers have made a halt outside of the nether gate, wheeled about again, overpowered the burgher guard, and are now in full march up the High-street!"

"This is no right of passage," sighed the merchant, and shut the window. "It bodes a fearful quartering on us!"

"And all its attendant ills," ejaculated Dorn, in a tone of desperation. "God grant me his forgiveness; but if these fiends attempt to touch our women, I have little chance to die a natural death."

So saying, he ran out, while Fissel remained standing by the window, in sorrowful anticipation of what might happen next. And nearer and nearer was heard the march of the Lichtensteins; and ere long their banners streamed, and their muskets and halberds came flashing along the High-street, as in closely-serried files they took possession of the market-place.

"Halt! ground your arms!" was the too significant word of command given forth by the leaders, and pikes and muskets rung with hollow sound on the stone pavement. The martial music ceased, and breathless and motionless stood the soldiers behind their weapons. Ominous smiles alone, flitting for a moment over darkling iron visages, and stolen mutual glances passing from fiery eye to eye, gave token that there was life in those fearful-looking statues.

Pale as two lovely recent corpses, rushed Katharine and Fides into the room, followed by their worthy mother with upward folded hands. In streamed the children after them, eager, as usual, to know and be in the midst of all that was going on.

"Have the Lichtensteins marched back?" screamed, rather than inquired, the three despairing women at once; while Fissel was spared the pain of answering by pointing to the long iron wall by which the peaceful market-place was now encircled.

"This will be my death!" faltered the aged mother, and sank into a seat; while the children gazed from the windows, in happy unconsciousness and eager curiosity, on the soldiers, and their gay banners and glancing pikes.

"Children," said Fissel, after a pause, in a composed tone to the elder young people, "tears and complaints can here do no good. By the blessing of God let us not lose our senses—the greatest loss that in any calamity can possibly befall one. While I step to the office, to put in safety what might there be in jeopardy, my Katharine will provide for the worst by packing up and stowing away in the back cellar such valuables as time permits, in which I hope to assist her ere long. Our mother and sister, meanwhile, must kindly see to the expected billets;—as a wealthy merchant, and known member of an evangelical church, my share of fellows at free quarters will doubtless be large and unruly enough."

"'Tis lucky we have dinner ready for them," sighed Katharine, feeling disconsolately among the bunch of keys at her girdle for that of the plate chest.

"Ay, the meal so differently designed, for the betrothal of our darling sister," said Fissel sadly, stroking as he spoke the maiden's ice-cold cheek; "to celebrate that we shall, methinks, have our hands too full to-day."

"See!" exclaimed Hedwig from the window, "the officers are all gathering round one tall stately gentleman; and the head of the council, Herr Newmann, is standing before him, with his hat off, and both hands full of bits of paper."

"The tall officer is the Colonel," said Fissel, as if to himself, "and they are distributing the men's billets."

"Merciful God!" shrieked out Fides, who had joined the children at the window, and fled to the farthest end of the room.

"What ails thee, sister?" asked Katharine, hastening in tender sympathy after her.

"'Tis over now," sighed the maiden, pressing her wildly beating heart with her small hand. "But one of the captains cast such a wild glance up at our house, while—though I only got a glimpse of his face under his plumed beaver—I fancied I had but too much cause to know him, that I could not help screaming out. It was childish of me; pray forgive me for giving you all such a fright. How should that man be coming here just now? I was a little fool to fancy the worst."

"And what was the worst you fancied, daughter?" the widow was anxiously inquiring; but ere Fides could reply, Dorn burst impetuously into the chamber.

"Save yourself!" exclaimed he, with a voice of thunder and eyes flashing fire, "your accursed suitor, the cashiered captain, is at the head of a company of Lichtensteins, and has got himself quartered in your brother-in-law's house, with what hellish designs there cannot be a doubt; and ere many minutes pass he will be here."

"Then it is all over with us," wailed the desponding mother.

"Nay, nay!" said Katharine, whose presence of mind and composure rose with the occasion, "listen to my advice. The soldiers cannot remain here for ever: let my mother and sister conceal themselves in the dry, snug vault behind the hindmost cellar, with air-loops to the garden quite hidden beneath the thick holly hedge. The door we will barricade with a pile of chests and barrels; and can easily supply them during the night with food and comfort."

"God reward you for the thought, dear Katharine!" said the delighted Dorn. "The captain must be taught to believe that they fled this very day

from Schweidnitz, on learning the advance of the Lichtensteins."

"But you will go with us into our hiding place?" said Fides to her beloved sister.

"Would you have me stow away my husband and children in that tiny closet?" was the half smiling counter inquiry of Katharine; "or, to speak more seriously, could you wish, or expect me to forsake what is dearest to me on earth? and without a reason why, too? You have but too good cause to hide yourself, having had the misfortune to attract a wicked man, who might cruelly revenge himself for your disdain. I am threatened only with the ills common to our whole unhappy town, which, with the help of God, I must endeavour to bear."

"She is right, as she ever is," said the mother's approving voice.

"My noble wife!" exclaimed Fissel, straining her, in overflowing admiration of her fortitude, warmly to his breast.

But Hedwig crying out from her post at the window, "Here comes a frightful red-bearded officer straight to our house, with a whole troop of soldiers at his heels—"

"Not a moment is to be lost then," cried Dorn, dragging mother and daughter out of the room with him."

"God grant us a happy meeting!" were the last words exchanged by the women.

"God's angel go with you!" prayed Fissel, as he turned to go down to the vainly barred door, at which the Lichtenstein storm was already thundering.

At the gaily decked table, set out for the sadly marred bridal-feast, presided, in awful majesty, the terrible red-bearded Captain. For a while, however, it seemed his pleasure to affect courtesy; and, in compliance with his not-to-be-evaded behests, Fissel, with his wife and children, sat down, unwilling guests at their own board. It was not to be expected, however, that much of conviviality would be felt or expressed by those whose place as entertainers was thus unblushingly usurped. The children, to do despite to the hateful red-beard, heroically resolved not to taste a morsel. Fissel sat moodily gazing on vacancy; while the true heroine, Kate, with all a woman's wit and bravery, forced herself

to keep up conversation, lest *ennui* should give scope for evil thoughts and purposes in her brutal inmate's breast. Four pikemen guarded the door of the apartment ; while above and below the house rang with the shouts and songs of the proselyte-makers (as the Lichtensteins piqued themselves on being called), revelling, in drunken riot, among the choicest contents of the wealthy burgher's cellar.

"Enough!" exclaimed the sated brute, striking as he spoke his well-lined paunch, emptying his last goblet, taking off his hat to cross himself, and insolently sticking it again firmly on his head, and inquiring as he did so, with suspicious friendliness, "So your mother-in-law thought it necessary to decamp last night, Herr Fissel?" and on this being assented to, putting this further interrogatory, "and I presume has taken with her little Fides, her fair daughter?"

"Of course," stammered Fissel, whom this minute cross-examination rendered very uncomfortable.

"Astonishing!" exclaimed the Captain, holding out his goblet to be refilled by the hostess, "how people can be deceived in likenesses. As, some three hours ago, I stood in the marketplace, with other officers, I would have sworn that I saw little Fides in this very house, at the window."

"It was probably myself, Captain," hastily interposed Katharine; "you must be aware of a strong family resemblance."

"Possibly!" said the Captain, with a yet more detestable smile; "you then wore a rose-coloured ribbon, amid flaxen locks, and now dark tresses flow from beneath your black matronly head-dress; but strange metamorphoses take place now a-days in ladies' toilets—stranger than even this."

At this moment arose from without a cry of murder. Fissel rushed out, and soon returned with his senior clerk, bleeding profusely from a deep cut in the head.

"What is the matter?" asked the Captain roughly of the wounded man. "How came you to dare to disturb me at table?"

"By your leave, Captain," said the clerk, meekly, "one of your men squeezed from me all the money I had upon me; and when I had no more to give him, began to hack my head with his sword. I could not but bring my

complaint before you, that your martial law might deal with him as he deserves."

"You could not have known how to conduct yourself properly, my son," said the mocking superior; "when folks are civil to my people, and give them all that they have, they are as gentle as very lambs. Go and get your wounds dressed, and be wiser another time."

"And is this all the satisfaction I am to receive for the outrage I have suffered?" asked the clerk, exasperated by the smart of his wounds, and indignant at the scoffing reply to his appeal.

On this the Captain's eyes began to shoot flames like two ominous meteors.

"Satisfaction—outrage! How dare you venture such words in my presence, accursed heretic?" exclaimed he, springing up from his seat. "Thank God, that my man did not split your skull for you; and pack off directly, if you have not a mind that I should finish what he left undone."

So saying, he grasped his sword, the clerk rushed out, and Katharine, in her softest tones of entreaty, endeavoured to pacify the madman; but the last fetter of decorum had been burst, the brute predominated over the man, and raged untameably, regardless of the voice of the charmer.

"Think ye, wretches," roared the wild beast, "that we have marched back hither tamely to await what it may please you to give us of your own free will? We are come to punish you for your heresy, which is rank rebellion both against God and the Emperor. We are here to conduct you to the true faith; and as, owing to your stiffneckedness, this cannot be done by fair means, you are delivered over to us, body and soul, life and goods, to be chastened at our own pleasure, till you repent and forswear your wickedness, or tumble into the pit of perdition."

"Nay, Captain," cried Fissel, with manly boldness, "that is not, and cannot be the will of our noble Emperor; and I should deem myself a traitor could I lend credit to your calumnious words. Neither were such the conditions under which we admitted you within our walls. From your very Colonel's lips I heard a different tale, and I will go and ask him if his words may be stigmatised as lies."

"You will go, in the meantime, under arrest to your chamber," cried the Captain, with a hellish laugh of derision, "till I can have you condemned for your rebellious speech. Take him away," he commanded the pikemen in attendance; "lock him up, and guard him strictly; and if he offers to give you the slip, shoot him dead!"

"May eternal justice judge and avenge!" exclaimed the pious burgher, with a glance towards heaven, as the soldiers dragged him forth.

"Mercy!" implored the faithful wife, embracing, as she pleaded, the knees of the hateful captain.

But he shook her off, and flinging out at the door the screaming children clustering round their mother, drew her into a window, and thus, in a low voice, addressed her—

"You see I can be gentle or harsh, just according to what people make me; on you alone it depends how I shall hereafter comport myself. Answer me, therefore, truly and conscientiously, where is your sister?"

"Gone," answered Katharine, with

calm steadfastness, "to escape the cruelties with which we were threatened; but whither, I do not hold myself at liberty to disclose."

"Tis well," said the Captain, with the grin of a tiger, whose keeper excites him to show his teeth. "I always like when people let me see at once how matters stand between us. I shall now go to my Colonel, and ere long you will hear from me."

So saying, he stalked forth, and the excluded children once more ran in, waiting to embrace their mother. Katharine sank on her knees, with her dear ones round her, each eye and hand upraised towards heaven, while the pious woman prayed, in the words of the royal Psalmist—

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Trust in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the light of my countenance, and my God." And the speechless anguish of the group gave way to gentle weeping, and from every lip rose the heartfelt, well-nigh hopeful, "Amen."

EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENTS IN IRELAND.*

In devising a system of education for Ireland, or in forming a correct estimate of the system which has been devised, it is of moment to understand the dispositions of the people for whose use it is intended; and for this purpose retrospect is necessary.

In the year 1812, the number of schools in Ireland, "exclusive of the charitable institutions" (amounting to about sixty), was estimated by the Commissioners of Education at four thousand six hundred. "In these schools," according to the Commissioners, "the instruction, except in a few instances, extended no farther than reading, writing, and the common rules of arithmetic; and the prices paid were, on an average, 10s. per annum for reading; 17s. 4d. where writing; and

£1 6s. where arithmetic was added."

"The poverty of the lower classes of the people," the Report proceeds, "which limits the recompense of the masters to the low rates above-mentioned, and thus holds out no temptation to a better class to undertake the office of instructors, produces effects, if possible still worse, by incapacitating them from purchasing such books as are fit for children to read; whence it frequently happens, that, instead of being improved by religious and moral instruction, their minds are corrupted by books calculated to incite to lawless and profligate adventures, to cherish superstition, and to lead to dissension or disloyalty."

The Commissioners "expressed themselves confident that more than

* Report of Commissioners in 1812
Reports of Commission appointed in 1824.
Reports of Parliamentary Committees, 1828, 1837.
Minutes of Evidence, &c., 1854.

200,000 children of the poorer classes received annually such sort of instruction as these schools afforded." They "conceived it clearly to appear, that the lower class of the people in Ireland are extremely anxious to obtain instruction for their children, even at an expense which, though small, very many of them could ill afford; and there is a circumstance," they add, "to which we beg leave to call your Grace's attention (the Lord Lieutenant's), that puts this desire in a still stronger point of view, we mean the existence of evening schools, established (and in one parish there are eleven of them) for the instruction of those children whose services during the day their parents could not afford to lose."*

Such were the statistics of education, so far as the Irish poor were concerned, in the year 1812. Exclusively of evening schools, which, we believe, were numerous, they supported 4,600 teachers, remunerating them on a scale which, at the lowest rate named, would have assigned to each teacher £21 10s. per annum; at the highest rate would have afforded £58 13s.; and at the medium, which probably would be the correct average, £37 5s. Thus it would appear that, exclusively of the cost of evening schools, of books, such as they were, and other requisites, the poorer classes in Ireland, contributed, out of their poverty, towards the education of their children, £171,350 per annum.

In the year 1824, a Royal Commission was issued to inquire into the state of education in Ireland. The first report bears date May 30, 1825, and represents the Irish schools to have greatly increased in number:—

"In the year 1812, it appears by the Fourteenth Report of the Commissioners of Education, to which we have so often had occasion to refer, that at that time the number of schools in Ireland might be estimated at 4,600, containing about 200,000 pupils. It follows that, during the last twelve years, the number both of schools and pupils has considerably more than doubled."†

The sequence thus declared is in conformity with a statement found in a preceding page of the Report:—

"According to the returns made by members of the Established Church, the total number of schools in Ireland (Sunday Schools excepted) is 10,387, and they contain 498,641 pupils. According to the Roman Catholic returns, the number of the schools is 10,453, and the number of pupils 522,016."

The Commissioners, while noticing the increased number of schools and pupils, call attention to an important fact:—

"It must not be forgotten, however, that this education is still in a great degree administered in the *pay schools* of the country, unconnected with societies, and, generally speaking, not subjected to any particular control or superintendence. The number of these pay schools, as stated by the Commissioners in their Second Report,‡ was 9,352 (a little more than double that for the year 1812); and the number of scholars appears to have held something like the same proportion—being, according to the returns of the Protestant, amended by that of the Roman Catholic clergy, 394,732; according to the returns of the Roman Catholic, amended by the Protestant clergy, 408,774."

In 1812, it will be remembered, the number was estimated at 200,000. Thus, in 1826, it is found that the Irish people (the Irish *poor*, it might almost be said exclusively) were supporting, voluntarily, at their own cost, more than 9,000 schools, in which 400,000 children received instruction. There was no abatement, it is plain, in the desire for education.

At this latter period, exclusively of the ordinary pay-schools, and of schools under the patronage of independent societies and individuals, there was a system of education in activity to which the State afforded countenance and aid, and which was conducted on principles agreed on by the Government and the society which had accepted the direction of it. This was known as the system of the Kildare-Place Society: it had its origin in the desire to conciliate the Roman Catholic people, and it was abandoned by the State in submission to the will of the Roman Catholic priests.

The Kildare-place system was adopted as a measure of compromise between conflicting difficulties. In order

* Fourteenth Report; 1812.

† *Ibid*, page 102.

‡ Page 18.

to remedy the evils arising out of a state of education, confused and un-governed, the Commissioners, who reported in 1812, recommended that the State should take upon itself to provide for and direct a system of national instruction. Arrangements should be made to increase the number and improve the character of the parochial schools, so that there should be 2,500 schools in which religious and Scriptural instruction was given, and that, independently of these, there should be supplementary schools, number not limited, under the control of well-chosen Commissioners, in which moral education should be given, and extracts from the Holy Scriptures read; "an early acquaintance with which," the Commissioners said, "we deem of the utmost importance, and, indeed, indispensable in forming the mind to just notions of duty, and sound principles of conduct."

The Government of the day adopted, partially, the Commissioners' recommendations. Instead of supporting or countenancing parochial and supplementary schools, the one class Protestant, and the other open to all creeds, the State adopted the Kildare-place system, as combining, so far as was attainable, the advantages of the two systems commended to its favour, and as free from the objections which might have been advanced against either. In the Kildare-place system, teachers might be Roman Catholic or Protestant, Scripture might be read in either the Authorised or the Douay version, and no catechism or books of human composition, containing *peculiar* religious instruction, could be used at all. Thus, it was conceived, ground for apprehension of proselytism was removed, and religious influences were not absolutely interdicted. The society for some time made successful progress. Many of the clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic, gave it their countenance, and it had support not only from the State, but from the people. At length the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy set themselves in array against it; their opposition was, probably, rendered more vehement and determined by the indecision of the Government; and the result (as avowed by Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley) was, that, in concession to the hostile exertions of the Roman Catholic clergy, the experiment of edu-

cation through the medium of the Kildare-place Society was abandoned.

The terms in which this deference to the will or power of the Roman Catholic clergy is avowed, were somewhat startling, and such as deserved even more attention than they met with. The passage in which they occur, although its substance is very generally remembered, has not, perhaps, been accurately understood, and certainly, however interpreted, demands very heedful consideration:—

"While they do full justice to the liberal views with which that society was originally instituted, as well as to the fairness with which they have, in most instances, endeavoured to carry their views into effect, they cannot be but sensible that one of the leading principles of that society was calculated to defeat its avowed objects, as experience has subsequently proved that it has. The determination to enforce in all their schools the reading of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment, was undoubtedly taken with the purest motives; with the wish at once to connect religious with moral and literary education, and, at the same time, not to run the risk of wounding the peculiar feelings of any sect, by catechetical instructions, or comments which might tend to subjects of polemical controversy. But it seems to have been overlooked, that the principles of the Roman Catholic Church (to which, in any system intended for general diffusion throughout Ireland, the bulk of the pupils must necessarily belong) were totally at variance with this principle; and that the reading of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment, by children, must be peculiarly obnoxious to a Church, which denies, even to adults, the right of unaided private interpretation of the Sacred Volume in articles of religious belief.

"Shortly after its institution, although the society prospered and extended its operations under the fostering care of the legislature, this vital defect began to be noticed, and the Roman Catholic clergy began to exert themselves with energy and success, against a system to which they were in principle opposed, and which they feared might lead in its results to proselytism, even although no such object were contemplated by its promoters. When this opposition arose, founded on such grounds, it soon became manifest that the system could not become one of National Education."

The *vital defect* of the Kildare-place Society was, it is here pronounced, the determination to *enforce* in all their schools the reading of the Holy Scriptures without "note or comment." This is regarded as a vital

defect; because "the principles of the Roman Catholic Church were totally at variance" with it; and the system is pronounced impracticable, because it was opposed, "on such grounds," by the Roman Catholic clergy.

It would be injustice to the noble writer to suppose that, even in his youthful days, and in the ardours of reform, he contemplated the utter abandonment of education to the discretion of the Roman Catholic clergy, not only renouncing the system of which they complained, but declaring that their opposition must prove fatal to *any system*. This is not the meaning of the passage we have cited, nor can such a meaning be extracted legitimately from the unhappy and well-remembered letter in which it is found. The system to which the opposition of Roman Catholic priests must prove fatal, so far, at least, as to prevent its becoming truly national, was that of the Kildare-place Society; and the "vital defect" which was to ensure its overthrow, was "the determination to enforce in all its schools the reading of the Holy Scriptures without "note or comment." Conceiving a rule to this effect, "totally at variance with the principles of the Roman Catholic Church," and giving the clergy of that church no more than due credit for fidelity to their cause, Mr. Stanley, or the Government of which he was an organ, may have concluded, naturally, that the rule of the Kildare-place Society, respecting Holy Scripture, was a "vital defect" in any system designed to embrace the Roman Catholic population; and that it should be enlarged and rendered more comprehensive, in order to adapt it to the circumstances of Ireland. For the present we do not question the grounds on which this conclusion was based. Whether Mr. Stanley had or had not authority for his assertion respecting "the principles of the Roman Catholic Church," we shall in due time inquire. We are now concerned only with the conclusion to which his premises conducted—namely, that the rule of the Kildare-place Society was too exclusive. It had not due respect to the supposed principles of the Church of Rome. In a National system of education aid should be given to the members of each Church for which it was designed, on terms which they could conscientiously adopt; and if the principles of

the Roman Catholic Church laid restraints on Scripture-reading, aid should be given to Roman Catholic patrons, without requiring of them to offend against the principles of their religion.

If this be so far a just view of Mr. Stanley's reasoning, the change which it contemplated in the obnoxious rule of the Kildare-place Society was such as had already been wrought in the legislature by the Act of 1829. Previously to that year no person could sit in the House of Lords or of Commons as a member of parliament who did not consent to make certain declarations "at variance with the principles of the Roman Catholic Church." The Act for the removal of civil disabilities relieved Roman Catholics from the necessity of making any such declarations. After the passing of that Act, a member—professing himself a Roman Catholic—took his seat in virtue of an oath accommodated to the principles of his religion, while Protestant members declared their allegiance in those terms with which the Constitution had been familiar. Such was the change which the reasoning in Mr. Stanley's letter would naturally have suggested. The rule to read Scripture was in conformity with the principles of every Protestant communion; therefore there were schools to which it might be applied. *It was said to be at variance with Roman Catholic principles, and, therefore, there could be imagined schools in which it should be relaxed.* In a word, Mr. Stanley's reasoning demanded that Commissioners of National Education in Ireland should be free to grant aid to the schools of Roman Catholic patrons, within which the Bible was not read without note or comment. It is not clear that similar freedom was given them in the case of Protestant patrons. In their schools it would admit of question whether the Commissioners should not insist still on the reading of Holy Scripture; but it is indisputably certain that the terms in which Lord Derby's argument was expressed imposed no restriction on Scriptural instruction, abridged no right of Protestant patrons to persevere in what had been the practice in their schools, and assigned no such duty to Commissioners as that of obstructing this sacred freedom. Carried out into its legitimate consequences, the argument would have

sanctioned a system of education in which there were certain schools in which the Scriptures *were not read*, in concession to Roman Catholic principles or fears, and other schools in which, whether according to the rules of the system, or by the voluntary choice of patrons, *Protestant principle was asserted and the Bible read*. Thus might the schools under the Kildare-place Society continue to receive Government sanction and support, and clergy of the Church of Rome, without compromise of what were said to be principles of their Church, could be aided in their endeavours to promote education. The argument of Lord Derby, fairly interpreted, had "this extent, no more."

But the rule which was called its vital defect was not the only imperfection of the Kildare-place Society. *The constitution of the society* furnished another ground of objection. "His Majesty's present Government," Mr. Stanley wrote, "are of opinion that no private society, deriving a part, however small, of their annual income from private sources, and only made the channel of the munificence of the legislature, without being subject to any direct responsibility, could adequately and satisfactorily accomplish the end proposed." This opinion seems not indefensible or groundless. A society receiving income from private sources will naturally, and indeed necessarily, feel deference to the donors. "If the institution," said Mr. Sergeant Warren,* "had been supported exclusively by parliamentary grants, the committee might not, perhaps, think that they were violating any engagement if they were to depart from this rule with the sanction of Parliament; but the secretary has received donations, subscriptions, and bequests from individuals, and although such contributions are inconsiderable in amount, when compared with the parliamentary grants, yet they are very considerable with reference to the individuals from whom they have been received; and the committee having accepted those contributions upon the pledge which they had given to the public of adhering to the fundamental principle of the society, they would feel that they had forfeited their

pledge if they did not insist upon the Scriptures being read in all their schools." It was rational that Government should object to the constitution of a National Board which might have become involved in conflicting responsibilities.

There were other incidents also desired by the Government, and not found in the Kildare-place Society. "It appeared essential"† that the Board should include "individuals of exalted station in the Church," and "that it should consist of persons professing different religious opinions." Such distinctions were not considered *essential* in the Kildare-place system.

A Board characterised by the attributes declared essential was soon formed, and his Grace the Duke of Leinster nominated president. "It was Lord Anglesey's desire," writes Lord Cloncurry, "to place my name at the head of the Commission‡. . . I thought it prudent to decline. I had been too prominently selected for the attack of the traders in civil strife to render it likely that they would miss the opportunity of fastening upon my appointment as president of the new Board a Protestant grievance; and, accordingly, at my instance, my friend the Duke of Leinster was induced to take the post of danger." With the Duke were associated Dr. Whately, newly-appointed Archbishop of Dublin, who, we believe, was personally unacquainted with Ireland, and Dr. Sadleir, then a senior fellow in the University. To these Commissioners the case of the Church of England would seem confided. On the part of dissenting Protestants were named the Rev. J. Carlile and Robert Holmes, Esq. The Church of Rome had as its delegates, Dr. Murray, Archbishop in Dublin, and the Right Hon. A. R. Blake. Such was the guarantee given to the people that the system of education should be faithfully and discreetly administered; such the Commissioners chosen by the State, entrusted with the distribution of public funds on principles very clearly stated, and responsible to the Crown and Legislature for the due exercise of their functions.

* First Report on Education in Ireland. Appendix. 1825. Page 451.

† Letter to the Duke of Leinster.

‡ "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry."—pp. 390, 391.

It is matter of regret that the Commissioners found it expedient to deviate from the letter (at least) of their instructions, and that they considered the deviation justifiable. They were expressly and emphatically enjoined to refuse all applications for aid, "in which" certain specified "objects were not locally provided for," and they entertained the applications although they knew that the required provision was not made. The Commissioners have acknowledged this divergence from the paths of vulgar duty, and have excused it on the plea that it was necessary and good. Parliamentary committees have been repeatedly apprised of this irregularity, public attention has been drawn to it, and yet, we are strongly persuaded, a correct idea has not yet been formed of the case for and against the Commissioners arising out of its financial disbursements. We are also of opinion that their conduct, and the plea in its defence, suggest thoughts, of which the importance can hardly be exaggerated, and which have been wholly set aside or overlooked.

In the resolutions of the Parliamentary Committee which reported in the year 1828, it was declared that pecuniary aid to schools from the State should be made dependant on local contributions—

"Resolved—That it is the opinion of this Committee that the following objects should be provided for by local contributions, upon which all aid from Parliamentary funds is to be made strictly dependant."

The objects are then enumerated, the sixth being a permanent salary for the master or mistress, not less than *ten pounds*, which may be augmented by a gratuity of *five pounds* from the State.

Thus, a Parliamentary Committee, after much deliberation, and after hearing much evidence, declared, as their conviction, that the business of the State was *to aid* in the support of a system of education, of which the cost should be mainly defrayed by local contributions. Three years after these resolutions were framed, after, it may be presumed, still more mature reflection,

Mr. Stanley's letter re-affirms them—"They" (Commissioners) "will invariably require, *as a condition not to be departed from*, that local funds shall be raised, upon which any aid from the public will be dependant. They will *refuse all applications* in which the following objects are not locally provided for." The objects follow, as they had been previously detailed in the Parliamentary resolutions. What they were may be understood from questions addressed to two of the Commissioners of Education by Lord Stanley, in a Parliamentary Committee appointed in the year 1837 :—

"148.* Have you always taken security that, when the school was put in operation, there was a local fund provided sufficient to keep it in good repair?—I think not.

"149. Have you required, in point of fact, that a fund should be provided for the salary of the master?—We have not," &c.

"150. Is it required, as a necessary condition for acceding to applications, that there should be a fund sufficient for the annual repairs of the school house, a permanent salary for the master, and a sum sufficient to purchase books and school requisites at half-price?—No.

"157. Are you not required to refuse all applications in which they are not locally provided for?—We are to see that they are locally provided for *to the extent that circumstances will authorise*."

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the qualification in italics is a device of the Commissioners, for which neither the instructions of Mr. Stanley nor the resolutions of the Parliamentary Committee afforded the slightest ground or excuse. In the following extract from their reported examination, the plea by which they desired to justify themselves is given in evidence :—

"818.† You say," observed Lord Stanley, "you have had a large proportion of the expense of the salaries thrown upon you, and that the teachers, in consequence, *have been of a lower class than you desire them to be*?—We have no security against that; all we can secure is that the teacher does not receive more from the public *than the instruction he gives is worth*; but we have been able to do little towards raising the class of teachers by increasing the amount of their remuneration."

* Com. Com. 1837. Examination of Rev. J. Carlile and Right Honorable A. R. Blake.

† *Ibid*.

"821. May it not happen that by this not being done, the whole expense of the salary may be thrown upon the public?—We give so little, that the teachers *must have something more.*

"822. But you take no steps to insure his having that provided?—We take no steps further than *giving only a part.*"

Lord Stanley persevered—

"823. Would not the provision, that a permanent salary should be paid to the master, remove the inconveniences to which they are now subject?—I cannot conceive where that salary could be got from, *except the children's fees.* I cannot conceive that we should find any individuals who would secure to him his salary. *I do not believe there are twenty schools in Ireland where we could get that done.*"

The best comment upon this answer of Mr. Carlile is his own report to the Commissioners after a tour of inspection through parts of Leinster and Munster:—

"The great obvious defect," he writes, "in the system in regard to teachers is the too small remuneration that the Commissioners are able to give, and the almost total absence of the hope of promotion; the consequence is, *the greater part of them* are poor and dispirited, and their manners and address scarcely elevated above the poorest classes of society; by many of them the office of a private of police, or a door-keeper in any public office, would be regarded as a promotion. In many instances the salary paid to them by the Board *has little, if at all, benefited their circumstances,* because the people, when they hear of a salary being given by Government, expect that the instruction of their children is to be free, and *refuse to give anything* to the teacher."

Thus is Mr. Carlile his own interpreter. Royal Commissions and parliamentary committees had enumerated three sources of income for teachers in their projected schools—patrons were to ensure a permanent salary by local contribution—pupils were to pay fees—and the State was to bestow gratuities. The National Commissioners, as Mr. Carlile intimates, converted these gratuities into permanent salaries, and, at the same time, took care that the salaries were not such as the teachers could live upon. The indispensable supplement to this inadequate

provision, they had learned, could not be obtained in the manner looked for by the State in so many as twenty instances. They, therefore, determined that it should be looked for from the children's fees, and had to learn the mortifying truth, that in this hope, also, disappointment awaited them, parents refusing "*to give anything to the teachers*" who became their stipendiaries.

Thus was Lord Stanley's question respecting the salaries of teachers in the National System correctly answered. The parents of children and the patrons of schools exonerated themselves from all share in this part of the burden, and threw the whole cost and charge upon the State. The excuse advanced by the Commissioners for acting contrary to their instructions was, as it has been already observed, necessity, real or imagined. Lord Stanley, examining Mr. Carlile on the confession, in his letter, of what the witness acknowledged to be "a case that required remedying," asked:—

"838. Would that have arisen if the regulation in the original letter, of providing a permanent salary on the spot, had been made the condition of giving assistance?" The answer was this:—"It might have been avoided, but it would have been attended with the effect of leaving the children in those districts without any education whatever. I do not think in those districts *there would have been any education whatever* if that had been enforced."

The plea thus boldly advanced challenges a notice. The reader will not think comment ill-bestowed upon it, when he remembers that the witness, the Rev. J. Carlile, was a *paid Commissioner* in the National Board, and that he had, officially and by request, visited personally the districts described in his Report, lying in the counties of Westmeath,* King's County, Tipperary, Limerick, Clare, and Cork, and consisting of the principal towns in these counties, and the neighbourhood of them. Such were the districts in which the Commissioners could find no such support as the State had pronounced indispensable, and in which "there would not have been any education whatever," had not the Commissioners established some wretched apologies for schools, con-

* Report of Com. Com. 1837. Appendix No. 2.

trary to their instructions. It is much to be regretted that the examination of the witness on this very important subject was not continued further. It would have been of moment to ascertain what he meant when he said that there would have been no education in the districts he had visited, if National schools had not been established in them. The committee before whom he was examined had ample topics and guidance provided in the Report of a Royal Commission, bearing date September, 1826. By the Appendix to that Report, it appears that schools in the counties visited by Mr. Carlile were considerable, at least in number. There were, for example, in

	Free Schools.	Pay Schools.	Total.
Westmeath	21	196	217
King's County	15	237	254
Tipperary	57	613	670
Clare	40	275	315
Limerick	31	428	459
Cork, County	102	947	1049
Cork, City	40	275	315

So far as numbers can give assurance, the provision for education thus certified was by no means despicable. Compared with the condition of National schoolmasters, unaided by patrons, and having no remuneration from pupils, the circumstances of many of the teachers named in the Report of 1826 gave proof that, to the people, at least, their instructions were not valueless. In many instances the income of the teacher was not ascertained; but inferring it from the rate of fees and number of pupils, it would, perhaps, exceed considerably £20 per annum. In many instances the income was stated, and the following table will show the result:—

	Not Ascertained.	At or above £20.
Westmeath	21	65
King's County	37	70
Tipperary	146	174
Clare	66	64
Limerick	144	106
Cork, County	195	357
Cork, City	66	64

Thus, in the counties containing the districts described by Mr. Carlile as so destitute of provision for instruction, it appears that there were 3279 schools, in 1318 of which the teacher's income might be computed at, to say the least, £20 per annum, in very many of which it exceeded £100; and

the free schools were in number 366. But the districts for which Mr. Carlile made himself answerable were those which consisted of the *principal towns, and their neighbourhoods*. Let it be so. How were these districts provided?

	Schools.
In Westmeath — Mullingar	17
King's County { Parsonstown	30
{ Tullamore	15
Tipperary { Clonmel	42
{ Nenagh	12
Clare Ennis	17
Limerick, City of	128
Cork, City of	315

In very many instances the incomes of these several schools have not been ascertained; but it may be confidently asserted that, on an average, all exceeded £20 per annum. It would be well to have learned from Dr. Carlile in what respects the schools of the National Board so far exceeded the schools which it found in those districts, as to justify his statement respecting them. Had he described the schoolmasters appointed by the Board as men of attainments and competency, it would be understood that his complaint of *no* provision meant in reality an *inferior* provision for education. But it is not easy to reconcile the Report of 1826 with Dr. Carlile's representation of the districts he visited, and with his avowed estimate of teachers in the National Schools. In truth, we are persuaded his plea of necessity would *not* be admitted before any well constituted tribunal. The want did not exist for which he professed to make provision by means prohibited.

There was another aspect under which the evidence of this gentleman ought to have been considered, and to which we are sorry to say public attention has not been earnestly directed. There were "not twenty schools in Ireland," Dr. Carlile declared, "which the Commissioners could have established, agreeably to the conditions on which the State had directed them to insist; not twenty instances in which they could procure friends whose attachment to their system was strong enough to prove itself by a guarantee of £10 per annum, as a permanent salary to their teacher." Indisposition to give such a guarantee *may admit* of many explanations. One naturally suggests itself as probable—disapproval of the National System; others

may be conceived, but this is certainly not undeserving of consideration.

So far as unpopularity attaching to the National System might be ascribed to political bias or feeling, there would be a counterpoise in the antagonism of parties in Ireland; and, in the counties through which Dr. Carlile made his tour of inspection there would be a preponderance in favour of the National Board. Among those, however, who prove their interest in education by exertions to promote it, the National System had no supporters. There were many who would accept it, accompanied or recommended by a grant of public money — that is to say, many who could be bought or bribed to give it an interested welcome; — there were none — that is, “there were not in Ireland twenty” individuals or associations *who would become responsible for the payment of ten pounds per annum* to aid the State in establishing its novel system. Such a result is suggestive of very grave reflections, and may justify an inference, that the National System in Ireland had no friends among the friends of education — that it was condemned in the judgment of those whose qualities were best calculated to give authority to their decisions.

Another inference, we are aware, has been drawn. It has been said, that poverty, not indisposition, explains that want of support of which the National Commissioners had to complain. This cannot be received as truth, when the districts are remembered on which Dr. Carlile reported. Who would say of those districts, when famine and poor-laws had not yet made them desolate, that their poverty was such as to account for a seeming indifference to the cause of National education? Could this be said of Cork, or Limerick, or Clonmel — of any of the districts to which the National Board proffered that system, which was to be their panacea for all the evils of the country? No, nor could political bias be assigned to account for the niggard response which was returned to the call for help. Politics, adverse to what is called Conservatism, were in the ascendant, in every county where Dr. Carlile exercised his mission, and nowhere was his advocacy effectual. To refuse the conditions on which alone the Commissioners were empowered to aid schools, was to re-

ject their system; to establish the system on other conditions, was to take to themselves a power which had been denied them, and to set an example which high station and office served but to render more perilously misleading. No plea of necessity ought to be admitted in their behalf, because no necessity was laid upon them to make provision for the difficulty of their imagining. They were employed, *not to establish a system, but to preside over an experiment.* They had it in charge *to offer a boon* from the State, *not to compel or purchase a submission* from the people. And when the answer of the people was to the effect that they would not have the proffered boon, the obvious duty of the Commissioners was to report progress (or no progress), and to resign their trust.

But it has been said, the Commissioners did better than they would have done, had they acted with the vulgar sense of duty by which little minds are guided. They provided an education for the poor, and they have prevailed on the State to sanction their darings, and to support the system they irregularly establish. We grieve to say we have listened to the expression of sentiments like these from personages by whom we did not expect to find them entertained. *Provided an education for the poor* — how is this proved? Perhaps it might be said, *marred and corrupted education for the poor.* Perhaps it might be said, prepared an education, not for, but against the poor. We do not deny that the National Board has circulated good books, and introduced improvements into the machinery of instruction; but neither do we hesitate to express our fixed conviction that it has done more evil by its one rule respecting the reading of Holy Scripture than all its services to the cause of education can remove or remedy. The Commissioners have been industrious in framing, and liberal in distributing, what they hold to be useful and agreeable lessons; but, in relation to the Word which God hath commanded to be written for our learning, they are known only by their prohibition of it — a prohibition uncompensated by any counterbalancing provision. The Bible *must not* be read in their schools, whenever the children *are required* to be in attendance. This is the edict

and act of the Commissioners. There is no act or edict on their part to make compensation for it. It may be, and it will have their sanction, that the Bible is *never read* within their schools. There are circumstances in which they will not tolerate the reading of Scripture, and there are no circumstances in which they extend to such an exercise more than toleration. Thus do they make themselves responsible for the exclusion of the written Word of God, and the consequences which may follow from it. Irreverence, unconsciously contracted for the volume of revelation in early life (contracted, perhaps, through the malign influence of a prohibition which seems to proclaim the Bible a book of secondary importance), may fatally indispose the heart in after years to receive its saving truths and counsel.

But it is said the Commissioners merely yielded to necessity in their interdiction or disparagement of the Bible. They had to choose between two evils—abandonment of the children of the poor to utter ignorance, or the compromise into which they entered respecting Scripture. Such is the plea hazarded in their defence. We have proceeded one stage in the argument by which this plea can be disproved. We ask the reader's attention while we advance a second. It has already been shown that, so far as numbers can furnish ground for argument, there were schools enough in existence to discredit that part of the Commissioners' defence which rested on the extreme want of such schools as they established. We proceed to consider evidence as to the plea of necessity for their rule respecting Scripture.

Dr. Carlile's report, from which we have cited, gives the result of his personal inspection of six districts named by him, and in which he visited seventy-five National schools. These districts were the principal towns, with their neighbourhoods, of six counties. He has not named the towns, but we can scarcely be astray in selecting the principal towns of each county visited, as those to which the strictures of this *chosen and paid* Commissioner of National Education are applicable. We have taken some pains to ascertain the prospects of Scriptural education in these districts, at the time when the National System was introduced into

the country, and we lay the result of our inquiries before the reader.

When the Royal Commission of 1824 entered on its course of inspection, one of the subjects on which it was especially bound to inquire was, how far the Scriptures could, with propriety, be introduced into a course of general and united education. A party, it is well known, pronounced against the feasibility of having the Bible read in the schools; and in this party, with but few exceptions, the Roman Catholic clergy were, at the time we speak of, to be numbered. Another party, professing to ground their convictions on experience as well as principle, affirmed the contrary; declaring that a fair trial would prove the correctness of their assertions, and would show that the Roman Catholic people of Ireland were not opposed to the reading of Scripture. Between allegations thus adverse, facts should, at least, assist in deciding; and the Commissioners issued circulars, inquiring whether, in each several school in Ireland, the Scriptures were, or were not, read. To these questions the answers were in duplicate, from Protestant and from Roman Catholic respondents. In a majority of instances, the answers were direct—in some they were evasive, or were declined; and thus, in the returns published by the Commissioners, the column which should show whether the Scriptures were or were not read in each school, had also the neutral entry, "not stated"—an entry best interpreted, it has been said, as indicating unwillingness on the part of teacher or patron to expose his school to the inconveniences which might follow on a too candid avowal. It is from these returns our evidences shall be extracted:—

"In compliance with the request of the Board," writes Dr. Carlile, "I have visited schools in various parts of the following counties—namely, Westmeath, King's County, Tipperary, Limerick, Clare, and Cork. I visited in all seventy-five schools in operation, besides several schoolhouses not yet occupied. The schools which I visited were chiefly those in the principal towns, in the counties respectively, and in the neighbourhood of them."

We adopt this selection, and seek evidence as to the state of Scriptural education in the assize towns of the coun-

ties named by the Rev. Commissioner. They are—Mullingar, Tullamore, Clonmel, Limerick, Ennis, and Cork. We shall be select, too, in our citations of evidence, taking them exclusively from the Roman Catholic returns, and even from these with a reservation. There are returns to the effect that the Scriptures are read in Greek; we will not take them. There are returns of Scriptural schools, in which Protestants only read the Bible; these, too, we leave uncited. There are discrepancies between Protestant and Roman Catholic returns; we shall either omit the conflicting statements, or give a preference to the Roman Catholic. From the Roman Catholic returns alone our statistics shall be selected, showing the number of schools in which Scripture was read, and Roman Catholic pupils in attendance; and the number in which the question, whether Scripture was, or was not, read, had not been answered. These are headed by the title "not stated":—

	Not stated.	Read.	R. C. in attendance.
Mullingar	6	10	656
Tullamore	10	6	127
Clonmel	7	9	230
Limerick City	84	28	34
Ennis	15	4	133
Cork City	40	79	2991
	112	136	4171

Thus it appears that in the districts where the National Board planted seventy-five schools, from which, in condescension to the imagined prejudice of Roman Catholics, Holy Scripture was interdicted, more than 4,000 Roman Catholic children were attending in 136 *avowedly* Scriptural schools, and perhaps nearly as many more were reading the Bible in the 112 schools, in which this wholesome practice was neither affirmed nor denied.

Such was the state of education in the districts visited by Dr. Carile (at least such it had been in 1826), when the Commissioners of 1831 forced upon them without encouragement from the people, and in violation of their engagements to the State, the seventy-five schools, in which Holy Scripture was interdicted, and Scriptural Ex-

tracts strongly recommended. A single instance of the ill success of their interference may be not inaptly noticed. In the town of Mullingar there were ten Scriptural schools in operation. The Commissioners established two National Schools, in which, as appears from their Report,* their strongly-recommended Extracts did not appear to have found a single reader. 695 Roman Catholic children are found to read the Scriptures, which the Board, professedly on their behalf, inhibit. Not one will read the Extracts which they recommend. The contrast is marked, and ought to prove instructive.

Perhaps it may be imagined that the state of the districts to which we have called attention, was so unlike that of Ireland in general, that it ought not to have been adduced in an argument on the question of education. The conjecture would be erroneous. We have merely followed in the track of the Commissioners in our remarks. The districts were of our adoption, not our choice. We prefer basing our argument on a statement respecting the country at large. We will do so.

There is appended to the Ninth Report of the Commissioners of Education Inquiry,† a letter, containing two statements, of which the truth could not be denied, although the Commissioners seem to have differed as to their importance. They are these:—

"About twenty years ago the Scriptures, as we are led to believe, were not read in so many as 600 schools in Ireland; while at present, as we have ascertained, and stated in our second Report, they have found their way into 6,058 daily schools, independent of 1,945 Sunday schools—in all into above 8,000 schools," &c. &c.

"It is further very worthy of remark, that of the 6,058 daily schools, in which the Scriptures are now read, only 1,879 are connected with any societies whatever, whether those aided by the Government, or those supported by individual contributions. In the remaining 4,179 schools the Scriptures have, of late years, been adopted by the voluntary choice of conductors and teachers, dependant for their livelihood upon the pleasure of the parents of their pupils," &c. &c.

"This great amelioration in the education of the Irish peasantry is still in progress,

* Report of Com. Com., 1837. App. 598.

† Ninth Report, 1837, "Correspondence," &c.

and perhaps can now be checked by no means less powerful than such an interference on the part of the State as would be calculated to counteract it."

Two of the Commissioners, Baron Foster and Mr. Glassford, thought the circumstances here noticed important enough to have a place in the body of the Report, so that public attention should be strongly called to them. Three Commissioners decided against them, but consented to publish the correspondence in which the memorable progress of Scriptural education was stated. It ought not to be disregarded. While schools in which, *avowedly*, Scripture was not read, were fewer in number in 1827 than they had been in 1812, Scriptural Daily Schools had increased *tenfold*; adding Sunday-schools, had increased *thirteen fold*; and, if credit were to be taken for half the schools in which the rule respecting Scripture was "not stated," had increased from 600 to nearly 10,000: "so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed."

To counteract progress such as this, demanded, it was truly observed, powerful interference "on the part of the State." Had it engaged the attention of statesmen as it ought, the deprecated interference, in all probability, would not have been hazarded. That state paper, which furnished occasion for so great changes, the well-known letter of Mr. Stanley to the Duke of Leinster, was framed without adequate knowledge of the fact, that Scriptural education had made so memorable advances. Had its progress for twenty years, in the face of unremitting but ineffectual opposition, been duly remembered, the power of the Roman Catholic clergy to effect its overthrow would not have been so confidently asserted.

But let Mr. Stanley's letter have justice: it is not chargeable with the evil most complained of in the National System. Assuming that the noble lord who subscribed it was its author, and, consequently, that its misrepresentations were misconceptions, while it betrayed errors of youth and imperfect knowledge of its subject, it propounded, apart from these defects, and notwithstanding them, a scheme which, considering the circumstances of this country, was entitled to serious attention, and was certainly far less objectionable

than that which, in its abused name, has been established as the National System for Ireland. The rule which has given to this system its worst characteristic, was a device of the Commissioners; to them alone it is ascribable.

There may be among our readers some who will regard the incident to which we have here adverted, as unimportant and inconsequential. The state, they say, has acquiesced in the procedures of the National Board, and may, therefore, be regarded as having approved them. To what purpose, therefore, is it to inquire with whom the alleged evils have originated? We think the purpose of such inquiry obvious and good. The National System was, avowedly, on the part of Government, a system not to be established, except on certain specified conditions. The Commissioners were instructed that, unless these conditions were complied with, they were to refuse all applications from patrons of schools. It was soon found that the country would not accept their system on the only terms on which they were permitted to offer it. It has been recently acknowledged that the indisposition of which they were made aware, in the early stages of their official exertions, remains still unabated. Is it not material to ascertain whether this inveterate antipathy is to the system originally propounded by Government, or is not caused, in a very great number of instances, by adulterations introduced into it by the National Board.

There is another aspect of the question, in which it seems worthy of attention. The Church Education Society has been accused of contumacy to the State, for holding itself estranged from a system which the Government framed—for what it conceived the best interests of the country. Is it not due to the accused body to ascertain whether the charge of contumacy should not properly be laid against the Board, which has altered the character of the Government scheme, and be withdrawn from a society which objects only to the unjustifiable alteration? This is, assuredly, no impertinent inquiry.

Notices, we believe, have been given of resolutions to be moved in the Houses of Lords and Commons, during the present Session of Parliament, on

the subject of education in Ireland; and it has been proposed that changes shall be made in the rules of the National System, by which it may be adapted to the circumstances of the country, and the views and principles of the people at large. Is it not important to ascertain whether the desired end may not be attained by expunging from that system interpolations with which it is vitiated, and thus restoring it to the condition in which it was confided by Government to the original Commissioners?

Of these Commissioners, not one is now found among the members of the National Board. Four of those who subscribed the first four annual reports (ending with that for the year 1837), have been removed by death; the surviving three have, at various periods, ceased to be members. The Most Rev. Dr. Murray, and Dr. Sadleir, Dr. Carlile, and the Right Hon. A. R. Blake were Commissioners, we believe, during their respective lives. The Duke of Leinster and Robert Holmes, Esq., resigned office some years since. The Archbishop of Dublin ceased to be a member in 1853, and in that year two other distinguished personages—Mr. Blackburne and Baron Green—also sent in their resignations. These three latter withdrawals from the Board furnished the occasion, and, we apprehend, constituted the reason, for the appointment of that Committee in the House of Lords which prosecuted an inquiry into the National System of Education for Ireland during the Sessions of Parliament held in the spring and summer of last year.

Two of the seceders were examined before the Committee, and we have their explanation. Mr. Blackburne connected himself with the Board under an impression that "it would afford a large and valuable amount of religious, combined with secular instruction,"* and that, in the withdrawal of part of this element, "faith was broken with him." Originally, according to Mr. Blackburne's† representation, on evidence of which he had ascertained the truth, the National System was designed to be a system in which religious and secular instruction were to

be separated, so that each should be exclusive of the other. To this some of the Commissioners objected, and, in consequence, the Government of the day allowed of a modification in the projected rules, and of the introduction into Mr. Stanley's letter of a clause, purporting that it was "not designed to exclude from the list of books for the combined instruction such portions of Sacred History, or of religious or moral teaching, as may be approved of by the Board." This concession to the scruples of the Commissioners, Dr. Carlile described in his evidence before a Parliamentary Committee in 1837, and in a letter published in the Minutes of Evidence for 1854,‡ as owing mainly to his exertions. He intimates, also, in the latter document, that to him was confided, also, the "solution of the problem which was then before the Commissioners," the problem, we suppose, of adapting a system of united instruction to the circumstances of Ireland.

The data of the great problem assigned to Commissioner Carlile, were these:—Roman Catholics, he said, were willing to co-operate with their Protestant fellow-countrymen, "as far as was at all consistent with the principles of their church." Protestants he does not seem to think so favourably disposed. So, at least, we would interpret the expression, "I need not remind you of the spirit in which Protestants, north and south, received these overtures of peace." The Commissioners had power to introduce into the schools any religious book which they should be unanimous in adopting—the Bible itself not excluded. This, then, was the problem. In a country where Protestants were zealous for the Bible, and Roman Catholics willing to co-operate in any scheme of education not incompatible with the principles of their church, what ought to be the decision of Commissioners who have obtained absolute authority, if their determination be unanimous, to make the reading of Scripture part of their arrangements for combined instruction? In the elements we have stated as necessary to be considered in the solution of this problem, there is only one which could be regarded as

* *Min. of Ev.*, 1854, p. 128, q. 916.

† *Ibid.*, q. 867.

‡ pp. 5-6.

liable to the doubt which is attendant on an unknown quantity. The doubt, as concerned the Commissioners, was that which might be entertained respecting the *principles* of the Church of Rome. If the rules of the Kildare-place Society, for example, were found to be *compatible* with those principles, the task of the National Board would be simplified. It would be no difficult matter to devise a scheme on which Protestants and Roman Catholics (of such dispositions as Dr. Carlile ascribed to them) could agree. Dr. Carlile made no inquiry into those *principles* on which so important results were dependant. He seems to have assumed that they were adverse to the principle adopted in the Kildare-place Society, and, having obtained the sanction of Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop, entered on the solution of the problem, by offering to Protestants, for hours of combined instruction, in lieu of the Bible, Lessons arranged by him, approved of by the Commissioners, and conceding to Roman Catholics that these Lessons should not be enforced, although earnestly recommended. The history of these "Lessons," had we space for its details, would be not uninteresting. We must content ourselves with the brief notice that they were first recommended, earnestly, by the Commissioners; secondly, that they were recommended by inspectors of schools; thirdly, that a time arose when the memoranda of inspectors, respecting them, gave offence to, we apprehend, Roman Catholic priests; fourthly, that inspectors were ordered to desist from making such obnoxious observations; and fifthly, that it became a rule of the Board, that if the parent of any child objected to the reading of the Scripture Lessons, the reading of the book should be discontinued during the hours of united, and postponed to the hours of separate, instruction, when the patron might, as he pleased, have them read or leave them unread. To this rule, acted upon by a majority of the National Board in a sense different from that in which the minority (including the Archbishop of Dublin) understood it, the recent separation is ascribable. Mr. Blackburne considers

the decision he complains of as tantamount to a breach of faith, and his Grace the Archbishop* affirms that he knows it "to be the design of certain Commissioners, to have everything expunged, bit by bit, that had any reference to religion." Such has been the downward progress of the National System in the department of religious instruction. The original Commissioners, by one of their own rules, excluded Scripture from their schools during hours of combined instruction, and earnestly recommended their own Scriptural Lessons. Commissioners more recently appointed have taken to themselves, with respect to these Lessons, the power which their seniors arrogated over the Word of God, and have subjected "religious" works, approved by the original Board, to the same indignity with which *they* visited Scripture. This was the natural result of a rash compromise.

Changes not less objectionable had been wrought, while some of the original Commissioners remained members of the Board; for example, the alteration in the rule respecting parental authority. It may be observed by any reader of Mr. Stanley's letter, that it makes no provision for this great principle. The opposition of clergy, and the wishes of clergy, are the agencies and influences to which it ascribes authority. It was not until some time after the appearance of the letter, that the National Board asserted the supremacy of the parent. The evidence of Mr. Blake, delivered in 1837, was given to prove that no child could be permitted to receive instruction in Holy Scripture, unless the parent *expressly* approved. "The Commissioners consider there ought to be an *affirmative*† assent, and not merely a *tacit* assent, by the parents," &c. &c. Such was the rule, as understood during the life-time of Mr. Blake. What is it now? Hear the Archbishop of Dublin.‡ His Grace is asked, in the course of a most interesting examination, by the Lord Bishop of Ossory, "if complaint were made by the parent to the Board, that, contrary to the express communication of his wishes to the patron and to the master, the child had remained for religious instruction,

* Min. of Ev., p. 144, qq. 1,095-1096.

† Com. Report, 1837, q. 1475.

‡ Min. of Ev., 1854.

does your Grace say that the Board would say, 'That is no concern of ours?' The answer of the Archbishop is affirmative—"The case has never actually occurred, *but I have no doubt they would*. They would say: You must make your child obey you better—it is your own look out. We should certainly not interfere, at least so far as my judgment goes. But the case having never occurred, I am speaking hypothetically." Thus it appears that, even before his Grace separated from the Board, the rule respecting parental authority, by which the system was governed up to the year 1837, had altogether changed its character. More recent decisions of the Board have proved the accuracy of the Archbishop's representation. In the case of the Youghal school,* a Protestant child received instruction in the Roman Catholic religion, and because the parent, who was, we believe, absent, had entered no protest, the Board ruled that no irregularity had been committed.

"The Board would say, 'You must make your child obey you better—it is your own look-out.'"
Discomfortable tidings! unmeet to be uttered by a governing body, who have undertaken the duty of imparting *moral* instruction to the poor of Ireland—a body which, that it may be the better able to inculcate the morals of the second table, seems to exonerate itself from all concern with the first. This body pronounces, and through its most eminent members, that the great law of morals, which has authority in the most momentous of all natural relations, "is no concern of theirs." We do not hesitate to affirm, that if the National Board disconnect themselves from all concern in "the first commandment with promise" they cannot be looked upon as *moral teachers*, and may thus be regarded as having abdicated what they regarded as their most important function and office.

In thus expressing ourselves respecting the National Board, do we censure the Church Education Society also? The members of that Society could obtain aid from the National Board if they would consent to leave the Holy Scriptures unknown to those children (or unread by them) whose parents

disapprove of their receiving Scriptural instruction. Is it equally objectionable to hear with favour the patron of a Scriptural school insisting on the reading of Scripture by the child of an opposing or a reluctant parent, as it is to favour the patron who insists that the child of a Protestant, notwithstanding his father's objections, may be instructed in the religion of Rome? The cases do not appear to us analogous. We believe it to be *our* plain duty to assist a parent in the discharge of *his*. We believe it be the duty of every parent to assist rather than obstruct his child in acquiring knowledge of the Scripture. We believe it our duty not to be accessories, before or after the fact, in the sin of any parent who would withhold the Scriptures from his child. And we believe it would be sinful to promise that we will withhold from children, whose education we undertake, because their misguided parents so desire us, the only book of which it has been pronounced with divine authority, that it can make wise unto salvation. But, it is asked, how can the parent be governed except by his own conscience? And if his conscience teach him that his child should not be permitted to read the Bible, why should not we concede to him what his conscientious scruples demand? Why? Because we too have a conscience—because we believe his to be erroneous—and we feel it *our duty* to deliver him, if we can, from error, but certainly not to act so as to confirm him in it. Why not measure the duties of others as we measure our own? The nuns in the Youghal convent may have thought "Butler's Catechism" and the "Angelus," of the same authority and moment as we hold the Bible—why should not they be at liberty to impart their theology to the child on the same conditions and under the same circumstances as we teach the Scriptures? Simply because they are in error, in error which the indisputable testimony of the world they and we live in can expose. There are, perhaps, six millions of human beings in Ireland, distributed into various classes and creeds. All in these great multitudes whose words have authority, agree in professing that the

* This case has been clearly stated in the *Morning Herald* for November.

Holy Scriptures contain the written Word of God, and are pure from error. There may be differences as to the versions in which these divine writings are provided for the unlearned, but this is a difference which admits of easy adjustment. None but the members and votaries of each several sect, are agreed in attributing to the human writings received in their several communions, authority equal or approaching to what all recognise in the Bible.

We would be impartial. We would have no part with a misguided parent in defrauding his child of *God's Word*, but we would concede much to his impressions, or prejudices, where only the word of man was concerned. Let a parent say, "I will send my child to your school to acquire secular knowledge, and I will consent to his being instructed in the Scriptures; only let his principles and his belief be safe from the proselytism which may be exercised upon him by your catechisms, your formularies, and your Protestant annotations. We would accept the trust on the terms, and for the sake of a great good would acquiesce in subjecting the catechisms and formularies of the Church of England to the same restrictions with those of the Church of Rome. It is only to the daring claim that Holy Scripture be profaned to the condition of either class of formularies our repugnance is invincible.

But, say some persevering partisans of the National system (and this brings us back from a seeming digression to the main point at issue), if the principles of the Roman Catholic religion demand that "Reily's Catechism" shall have equal freedom with the Bible, or if they interdict the reading of Holy Scripture without note or comment, on the conditions in which it was read in the Kildare-place Schools, ought there not to be restraint on such an exercise in the schools under the National Board? We reply, that such hypothetical questions ought not to be proposed; and that it is not creditable to the Commissioners of Education, after their twenty years' tenure of office to have left room for them—"If the principles of the Roman Catholic religion." Why "if?" What are those

principles? Have the Commissioners assented to the disparagement of Holy Scripture in ignorance of them? It is assumed in Mr. Stanley's letter that they are adverse to the principle of the Kildare-place system. Were the Commissioners satisfied with the assumption? Did they adopt it as of sufficient authority? If they did, we believe they erred grievously, and we regard their error as far more censurable than that of the very able but youthful politician who led them astray. We have no hesitation to affirm that among the first inquiries instituted by the Commissioners of Education, one should be, What are the *principles* of the Church of Rome respecting Holy Scripture, and the right and duty of men to read it? We have, further, strong reason to believe, that, had such an inquiry been faithfully prosecuted, the result would be the very contrary of what Mr. Stanley had asserted.

In truth, the assumption in his letter might be regarded as having been disallowed before it was expressed. The first document to which the Commissioners appointed in 1824 appear to have turned their attention, was, "A Petition from the Prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland," presented to the House of Commons immediately before their appointment, "praying the House to adopt such measures as might promote the education of the Roman Catholic poor of Ireland, in the most effectual manner." It is important to compare the allegation in this petition against the great rule of the Kildare-Place system, with Mr. Stanley's description of it. According to the noble Lord, "the *PRINCIPLES* of the Roman Catholic Church were totally at variance with the determination to enforce, in all their schools, the reading of Scripture without note or comment." In the petition the prelates complain, that "the trustees of the former grant give aid *only* to schools wherein the Sacred Scriptures, without note or comment, are read by the children; a regulation WHICH DOES NOT ACCORD WITH THE DISCIPLINE of the Roman Catholic Church." "Does not accord with the DISCIPLINE," &c. It would not be irrational to apply a well-known maxim to the interpretation of these two

* First Report, page 1-2.

statements, and to argue that, under the circumstances, the choice made by the Roman Catholic prelates of the word "discipline," condemned, by anticipation, Lord Stanley's use of "principles." But, not to attach too ponderous an inference to the premises, it is undeniable, that, of the representations made respecting the Church of Rome, the representation of her own Bishops ought to have been preferred. The distinction between the two was of great moment. The *principles* of a Church are, or should be, unbending and immutable; its *discipline* should admit of accommodation and compromise. *Principles* should have the stability of "*the Faith*;"—*discipline* in the Church of Rome has ever possessed the elastic capabilities of its changing and subtle *policy*. The *principles* of the Church of Rome are those of *Roman Catholics at large*—the *discipline* is dictated and governed by the *policy of its clergy*. To make concession to a *principle* might have the excuse of necessity; and the principle to which it is yielded would assign the measure of its extent. To surrender at discretion before a *policy*, is to yield where there is no sufficient excuse for submission—to encourage the prevailing party to more daring enterprise, and to create a necessity for further and more injurious concession. The Commissioners of the National System appear to have been unobservant of those important distinctions. They conceded to the well-known *policy* of Roman Catholic priests, as if it were the same with the principles of the people and the Church. Hence, we are persuaded, the failure of their experiment, and the progressive debasement of their system. Had they, before enacting the rule by which Scripture was partially interdicted, ascertained from the Roman Catholic members of the Board what were the *principles* of their Church, we are persuaded the results would have been different. Dr. Murray and Mr. Blake might have advised arrangements which would ensure aid to patrons who would not have Scripture read in the schools; but we can hardly think they would have ventured to ask, or the body of which they were members to grant, that the reading of Scripture should be a disqualification for Government aid, and that the policy of Roman Catholic priests should

determine the principle of National Education. The Commissioners might have acquiesced from necessity in the thralldom to which the Roman Catholic poor were in some instances reduced, but they would take care that Protestants should remain free. The result has been unhappily very different. The old jest—"jest to be remembered with a sad brow"—describes it: We cannot, the Commissioners seem to have thought, raise the poor Roman Catholics out of the slough of an education without Scripture, but we will compromise matters; Protestants shall lie down in it with them.

Our space has closed, while our subject has been little more than opened. In our concluding remarks we must be more than ordinarily studious of brevity and condensation. The National system, we are told, is to become again the subject of a Parliamentary inquiry. We suggest a list of topics:—

I. The National Board were commissioned to offer a system of education to Ireland, and were empowered to grant aid, within certain limits, on certain conditions. The limits were not defined in the Letter to the Duke of Leinster, but the Parliamentary resolutions, which that letter proposed to carry into effect, were more specific and precise. Commissioners were empowered to bestow a gratuity of £5 where a permanent salary of £10 was locally provided. Thus, it may be said, that when 5,000, or nearly 5,000, schools were in operation in 1852—(see 19th Report)—the State might be taxed for gratuities to the amount of £25,000, provided permanent salaries were locally provided, to the amount of £50,000. The fact appears to have been, that in that year the Commissioners granted, as salaries and gratuities, £82,449; while it is probable that the amount provided locally for salaries was insignificant or nothing: the whole composite produce of contribution and school fees being under £25,000. It is worth inquiry how the fees alone should not amount to much more. The number of children on the rolls was 540,310. Were they to pay but four shillings per annum, each, less than one penny per week, the school fees would amount to £108,061, while the Commissioners report the combined amount of school

fees and local contributions for salary as less than £25,000. May it not be worth inquiry, whether in this very niggard disbursement, the patrons of National Schools, and the poor, whom the Commissioners would render dependant on them, do not pronounce condemnation on the system?

II. The Commissioners were pledged to exercise the most entire control over all books to be used in the schools, &c. (Letter of Mr. Stanley), and it was one of their rules that, "if any other books than the Holy Scriptures or standard books of the Church to which the children using them belong, are employed in communicating religious instruction, the title of each is to be made known to the Commissioners." To this rule the Lord Bishop of Ossory called the attention of M. Cross, Esq., Secretary to the Board, asking him, "For what purpose is the title to be made known to the Commissioners?" The answer is, "It never has been made known since my connexion with the Board, in 1838. That rule is a dead letter. The Commissioners do not require a list of such books."—Min. of Ev., 1854, q. 262.

It is known to all who have inquired into the subject, that books, not only superstitious, but uncharitable, rancorous, tending to promote strife, hatred, and sedition, may thus find their way (indeed, have found their way) unchecked into the National Schools, under the plea of religion.

A further advantage is given to those who will abuse their opportunities by the violation on the part of the National Board of another pledge, as follows:—

III. By an official document annexed to their first report, the Commissioners undertake that "liberty is to be secured to them" (the pastors of the children) "to assemble the children of their respective flocks in the schoolroom, if they see fit." There are now under the National Board 3,196 schools in which this liberty is not assured, and the pledge which guaranteed it is broken. (Min. of Ev. 1854, q. 1322. Returns of the Commissioners). In these *non-vested* schools patrons may now forbid all religious instruction except their own.

IV. The Commissioners were bound to provide adequate inspection for their schools, and have not respected

the obligation. Their schools are too many, and their inspectors too few. W. M'Creedy, Esq., an inspector under the Board states, as "an undoubted fact," that "in some localities there are too many National Schools." His reasons, and they are proofs, may be found in Min. of Ev., 1854, in his answer to question 3,203. For the defective superintendence of schools his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin is the best witness.

"There has always been a deficient inspection of our schools. The circumstance of the paucity of inspectors was one of the difficulties we have always had to struggle against. Their salary is so low (I believe not above one-third of what they have in England) that it has always been a wonder to me that we can have had even men as respectable as we have. But, of course, it must be expected that they will be of an inferior class to what could be commanded by a better salary." (Min. of Ev., 1854, q. 1453.) The Archbishop intimates that clergy and other gentry who might consider themselves invited, and Government which was directly solicited, to aid the Commissioners in their struggle, declined to give their services. For the species of encouragement the clergy had, to undertake the duty assigned to them by his Grace, we would ask our parliamentary readers to consult the narrative of the Rev. Wm. Lloyd, given—sworn, we believe—before a parliamentary committee in 1837. As to the refusal of Government, the explanation is clear; Lord Derby's question (Min. 1854, q. 1455) will suggest it. By the terms of their trust, Commissioners were bound to make provision for inspection *before* providing gratuities for masters. They disabled themselves from securing the services of a *sufficient number of qualified* inspectors, because they *exhausted the funds* out of which they were *directed* to pay these officers (see Mr. Stanley's Letter) in making grants which they were *strictly prohibited from making*.

Under such circumstances, what assurance has the State that such practices as Lord Elliot detected in one of the schools, may not prevail unobserved in most of them? The copy-book headed, "Hurrah for Repeal" (Min. of Ev., 1854, q. 2017) may be in harmony with the system. A confession that "inspection is deficient"

is in itself condemnatory of the National Board.

V. The Commissioners were instructed as to the grounds on which applications for aid were to be preferred—1. "Applications from the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy of the parish. 2. One of the parsonages and a certain number of persons professing the respective creed. 3. *Parsonages of both denominations.*" Such were the expressions in Mr Stanley's Letter. It was a very remarkable and a very suspicious act on the part of the Commissioners that they limited the references to particular schools when they invited applications. This Dr. Currie admitted in his examination before the Select Committee in 1871. "When we drew out our first rules upon examination we were conversant with the world's history as we went along. I cannot say that we do not whether or not there was a communication with Government previous to our rules being drawn up, but our rules as it drawn up, were submitted to Government, approved of, and embodied in that form." "Thus was the Government at which Mr Stanley was the organ was a severe and unrelenting the National Board was not at all the advantage which would be derived from introduction of persons who may have had no connection with the school. In fact it was the measure of two clerical subscribers to an application for a school in London was was that of a party meeting on the Continent; the wish of one who desired that he ever contributed to the application or command to it."

VI. Notwithstanding all the condemnations and aberrations here enumerated and many more, the National system has failed of attaining its great end—universal education. Evidence in proof of this failure is abundant in the Minutes of 1856, and one great fact is obvious. Nearly five thousand National Schools are in operation; the number under the joint management of Roman Catholics and Protestants is forty-eight. Min., pp. 21, 22; q. 120.

All this wrong, and the failure by which it is so signally punished, is "the result of a single error"—the error into which the Commissioners were betrayed in their first practices on the National system. They were certainly not authorised to "enforce the Scripture in all the schools

under their charge; they were required to receive the applications of patrons who would have the Scriptures excluded from their schools, but they were not required to refuse applications from patrons who would introduce them. They were free to give aid to both classes of patrons, on certain specified conditions; they took upon them to frame a condition of their own, and to release themselves from the obligations by which the Government had bound them. Mr. Stanley's letter, after he had assented to the desire of the Commissioners that religious education might be combined with secular, was to be understood as directing that patrons were at liberty to have the Scriptures open or closed in their schools, but that, in order to the attainment of Government aid, their *papers must be opened*. In the law of the Commissioners this principle was inverted. Patrons, as they pleased, might open their papers or keep them shut, but they must *close the Bible*, and keep it closed so long as the Commissioners required that the children should be present.

The justification or excuse for this decision of the National Board is grounded, we believe, on the alleged poverty of the Irish people. Suppose the allegation true, the conclusion should be different from what has been drawn by or for the Commissioners. If an Irish child can have no education unless the State provide it, the State should not constrain him to receive an education deplorably inferior to that which it provides for children in all other parts of the empire. If it do not make provision for Scriptural instruction in all its schools, it should be favourable to the having such provision made as would secure to children and their parents the power of having admission to schools in which Scriptural instruction was given. If a child be left ignorant of the Bible, the ignorance should not be a dread penalty visited upon poverty by the State; it should be the voluntary choice of child or parent. In the three thousand non-vested schools which Government favours and supports, the child has no protection against utter irreligion or against any form of superstition which the patron approves. If the National System were to achieve the fatal success which its partisans desire, the light of Scriptural instruction might

be wholly extinguished. Poverty, therefore, would be a plea which might be urged with at least equal effect in favour of leaving patrons free to teach Scripture, as it has been urged in advocacy of a contrary principle.

But it is not truth, that the destitution to which patrons and people abandon the National schools is to be accounted for by the plea of poverty. The four thousand Scriptural schools maintained by the voluntary good-will of the people, before the ponderous weight of public money was flung into the scale against the Bible — the state of the Church Education Society at this day — discountenance the idea, that it is merely because the people are poor the National schools are left by them unsupported. One part of this allegation has been considered in the preceding pages; we shall conclude with a brief notice of the other.

The Church Education Society, supported wholly by voluntary contributions, numbers about eighteen hundred schools, a hundred thousand scholars, and, among them, twenty thousand Roman Catholics. In the year, probably, when Dr. Carile made his tour of inspection, and complained that Ireland would not accept even twenty National schools on the conditions demanded by the State, there was a memorable meeting in one of

the districts which the Commissioner visited. Government had announced its purpose to withdraw aid from Scriptural schools, and a meeting was called in Cork, to devise means by which the withdrawal of the Government grant could be compensated.* At that meeting three persons attended — the Rev. C. Leslie, who has since gone to his rest; the Rev. Horace Newman, now the loved and respected Dean of Cork; and the Earl of Bandon. It was, apparently, a discouraging answer to an appeal; but there are hearts that never despair when good is to be done. "We must make a beginning," said Lord Bandon; "accept my subscription;" and he handed to the Dean a bank-note for fifty pounds. The beginning was thus made in, we believe, the year 1832; progress followed. There are now nearly three hundred Church Education schools, and eight thousand scholars, in the county and city of Cork; and there has been recently established in Bandon† a Model School, so well organised and directed, that it is likely to prove of great and lasting benefit. In the year 1839, the schools of Cork, as well as of other parts of Ireland, were gathered into one system — that of the Church Education Society. They numbered then eight hundred — they have grown to eighteen; and, notwithstanding the

* About the same time, the then Archbishop of Tuam and the late Dean of Ardagh exerted themselves in the same cause, in the diocese of Tuam.

† With all the safeguards which may surround the proceedings of a Parliamentary Committee, it is not found practicable to fence it against imperfect and inaccurate evidence. The Rev. Dominick Murphy, a Roman Catholic clergyman, examined before the Committee on Education of last session, was asked, "Have you any idea of the number of schools which Lord Bandon has supported at his own expense in that parish?" His answer was, "Only one that I am aware of." This answer the rev. gentleman explained as applicable only to his own parish; and added (*ques.* 6618), that the noble Lord "assisted him most munificently, and contributed to the erection of all the schools on his property."

Such testimony might seem to intimate that there was inadequate provision for education in the parish to which the witness referred, and in which the town of Bandon is situate. It may not be amiss to correct this error. The town of Bandon, divided by the river, belongs to two parishes in the Church of England, although but one according to the arrangements of the Church of Rome. The south part of Bandon is in the parish of Ballymoden; the north in that of Kilbrogan. The Earl of Bandon resides in the south; and his son, the Hon. C. B. Bernard, is resident Rector of Kilbrogan. There are in the town of Bandon, parish of Ballymoden, three schools — infant, male, and female — supported principally by the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Bandon, to which the latter nobleman subscribes £100 per annum. In the country part of the parish there are two schools — one supported altogether by Lady Bandon, and one by the Irish Church Missions. In the north, Kilbrogan, there are in the town an infant, a female, and a male, now a Model School, to which the Rector, Mr. Bernard, subscribes £80 per annum, and to one of which the Duke of Devonshire also subscribes, as he does to a school in the neighbourhood also. And there is a Ragged School, supported by the Hon. Mrs. C. B. Bernard, aided by some subscriptions. These two constitute the one parish referred to by the Rev. Mr. Murphy, and they contain ten schools.

fluctuations and trials of adverse years, the pupils have grown from twenty, to one hundred thousand, among whom are included twenty thousand children whose parents are members of the Church of Rome.

The patrons of these schools are willing to acquire a title to the aid of Government, by making the provisions on which (according to the tenor of Mr. Stanley's letter, and the resolutions of a Parliamentary Committee in 1828) "all Government aid was to be made strictly dependant." The National Commissioners pronounce this title invalid, and employ the funds confided to them for the benefit of parties, whose applications, if they respected the letter of their engagements to the State, they should have peremptorily rejected. More than the letter of their engagements has thus been violated. In what they have left undone, as well as in what they have been daring

enough to do, their course has been the very opposite of that which the State appears to have had in contemplation. The design of the State was, manifestly, not to support a system of education, but to give completeness, efficacy, and safety to a system voluntarily supported by the country. Where local contributions made provision for salaries of teachers and permanence of schools, the State would give inspection and encouragement. The Commissioners "have changed all this;" and, having lavished on objects with which they were forbidden to charge themselves, the funds confided to them for the purposes in which their concern properly lay, they have succeeded in calling into action, at the cost of the State, a very formidable power, and have disabled themselves for the execution of the only duty assigned to them—that of rendering the activity of this force safe and *salutary*.

AN ANTIQUE DREAM.

PART I.

NYMPH AND SATYR.

I.

On the blue summer hills, under a vine,
 Leave us to dream of the forms that around them
 Piped leafy melodies, pressed the red wine,
 And garlanded lutes for the Satyrs to sound them.

II.

Up from the gloom of the forested valley,
 Where the first planet is glimmering paley,
 Leaving the nymph-group to dance and to dally,
 One through the flowers comes wandering gaily.

III.

White-bearded, rosy-eyed, hoof'd at the limb,
 Under one hairy-arm clutching a cymbal;
 While on his slender horns, pointed and prim,
 He settles the ivy-wreath airily nimble.

IV.

Now to a plat of acanthus he's come,
 And, stretching at length, on the low gloaming gazes;
 While, like the blue heat-mist that films on the plum,
 A drowsy web over his glossy eye hazes.

V.

By a clear forest well, dim in the droop
Of pendulous summer fruit, crimson and yellow,
Pressing the deep moss, repose the nymph-group,
Mid slips of the leafy lights wavering mellow.

VI.

Over their slender waists, draped in furred skin,
Fruitage-stained bosoms are balmily heaving ;
While o'er the pool, amid flowers peeping in,
Their wild glowing ringlets are falling and weaving.

VII.

Now swooning along through the star-lighted boughs,
The wind lifts the leaves into whispers, and passes ;
As, lapt in low slumbers, their small snowy brows
Are silkily touched by the long, slender grasses.

VIII.

But hark ! as the tempest swoons up from the sea,
Start they awake by that sweet well of quiet ;
Their being is bound with each dark groaning tree,
And each wails in the wind as she shelters anigh it.

IX.

Their sweet eyes are raised as the great shadows move
Through the awed depth of heaven in a radiant trance ;
Where the lion-brow'd monarch, majestic Jove,
Takes the breadth of the world in his sovereign glance.

X.

Redly the forked fire splits on each bough—
Gusts the great rain in a tempested volley !
'Tis past, and the sound of their song rises now
'Mid the plash from the drippings of myrtle and holly.

XI.

But as the rare dawn o'er the ivy-trailed mound
Comes glimmering goldenly into their tresses,
They scatter the olive leaves over the ground ;
While one with a garland the green altar dresses.

XII.

Sweetly their low-dittied music is heard,
As through the ray'd harp-strings their white fingers quiver ;
Clear as the voice of the passion-tongued bird,
That sings on a tree on some moon-lighted river.

XIII.

And now in the green of the oak's glooming eaves
Spread they the food for the feast of the morn ;
Wine-vase and honey-cup lie in the leaves,
As Satyrs come dancing with fruits on each horn.

XIV.

One from a snowy Nymph snatches the lyre ;
While round him his brothers, half-jocund, half-fawning,
With dim, sultry glances steal nigher and nigher,
As they chime their loud chant through the depths of the dawning.

SATYR'S SONG.

I.

O 'tis sweet to be a god,
 Dancing on the dainty sod;
 Sleeping by the twisted vines,
 Singing where the large moon shines.
 Earth is heaven to the spirits
 Who can spy its rosy merits:
 Passes day in joyous moving—
 Passes night in feast and loving!
 Follow us—follow us—
 Where the fruited woods are bending—
 Where the sunny stream is tending;
 Where the life-sounds, faint retreating,
 Let us hear our bosoms beating—
 Follow us—follow us.

II.

In a forest far away,
 Peeps a fountain, plashing spray:
 There, amid the trailers looping,
 Fig, and gourd, and grape are drooping;
 There the honey-dews are shedding—
 There the violet-beds are spreading—
 Follow us—follow us—
 There are flowers to weave your tresses—
 Flowers to answer love's sweet guesses:
 Stars the scented sky enchanting,
 Pulsing to our bosoms' panting—
 Follow us—follow us.

PART II.

A HANLEY EVENING OF OLD.

I.

Broad spreads the plain to the mountains that surge,
 Based on the pastures, and spired in the snow—
 Billows that hang on the world's weary verge,
 And heave their white crests in the clear, level glow.

II.

Speckled with villages, yellow'd with corn,
 Spaces the lowland with rivers that run
 Eastward, and flash in the fires of the morn,
 Like pathways of gods leading up to the sun.

III.

Summer is fled, and the last golden days
 Of Autumn look silently back o'er the plain,
 And, brooding with hazy and lingering rays,
 Perfume the deep grape and the dry, ruddy grain.

IV.

And now, o'er the shores of the forest that lie
 Lapped in the mist of the mouldering leaves,
 Glitters the slender crook'd moon in the sky,
 Like a sickle of light o'er the dim harvest sheaves!

V.

Here, from the log-built hamlet, this even',
 Drifts the sweet altar-smoke over the tillage ;
 Here the sweet altar-songs, rising to heaven,
 Bear in their music the prayers of the village.

VI.

Wheat, rose, and apple-bloom scatter the ground,
 As gifts to the gods in the season of drought ;
 While husbandmen, dusk with the sun, kneel around,
 And pray for the soft, sifting rains of the south.

VII.

Lo ! as the fruit in the sacrifice-fire
 Is hissing in crumpled and smouldering ashes,
 With solemn-timed paces the white priest draws nigher,
 And pours the pure wine on the wavering flashes.

VIII.

The folk who have circled the shrine veer away,
 As their orisons soar the pale heaven afar,
 And cast timid looks in the lapae of the day
 To the god-peopled distance of silence and star.

IX.

Still by the barns, where the yellow goats lie,
 The children are stretched on the grain-loosened sheaves,
 And in the rude street, as their fathers pass by,
 Stand feeding the mild bull with handfuls of leaves.

X.

From dusk apple-orchards the girls issue forth ;
 Their baskets are crowned from the crimsoning heap—
 And they guess by the stars shooting over the north
 Of the swain who shall bring each a cottage and sheep.

XI.

Now, o'er the low valley wide, silence and dark
 Fall slowly ; scarce heard are the leaf-hidden rills ;
 And the vague night-winds rise with the stars' misty spark,
 And mournfully sing in the ears of the hills.

XII.

The bleak hazels rustle, the flocks dimly bleat,
 The shepherds are gone till the streak of the morn ;
 And the blue rushy river, o'erhazed with the heat,
 Flows low toward the moon in a stillness forlorn.

XIII.

Now sails the black crow-line along the dim verge
 Of the still-lighted west, that will darken full soon ;
 Now the crone culls the herbs by the river's dead marge,
 Where the white poplar looms like a ghost in the moon.

XIV.

And wearily plodding along the dark road
 The brown woodman comes—see his worn hatchet shines !
 While the dusk air around, as he heaves down his load,
 Is heavy with scent of the fresh-cloven pines.

XV.

Now spits the green bough in the smoke-blended flame,
 As he murmurs old tales of the gods of the earth;
 While his fear-palid urchin and wonder-eyed dame
 Are huddled together beside the bright hearth.

XVI.

Soon the olive and milk of the feast are laid by,
 And shines his rude face in the crimsoning heat,
 As his child gazes up at his labour-dim eye,
 And plays with his languid hand, stretched at his feet.

XVII.

But when the deep midnight is awesome around,
 And sets in the sick mist the low weary moon,
 And deep meteors fall, and sleep breathes from the ground—
 Hark! they sing to the night-god an old slumbrous tune.

HEARTY SONG.

I.

Spirit of the half-closed eyes,
 Pacing to a drowsy tune,
 Come to me ere midnight wanes—
 Come with all thy dreamy trains,
 Scattering o'er me poppy rains;
 Dropping me, 'mid weary sighs,
 Deep into a feather'd swoon.
 Leave thy odorous bed an hour—
 Leave thy ebon-curtain'd bower—
 Leave thy cavern to the moon.
 Lowly burns the whiten'd hearth—
 Slowly moves the quiet earth.
 Now that woods and skies are dumb
 In the dizzy midnight hum,
 Come to me, sweet Phantom, come.

II.

Hidden in a fold away
 Of thy garment, bear the urn
 Full of Lethe's unsunn'd streams;
 Bring the flowers that live in dreams—
 Bring the Boy* who often seems
 On the earth with me to stray,
 When the weary planets burn,
 In a cloud of shifting light,
 Through the hollow life of night,
 Mimicking the scene of day:
 Ye are coming nigher, nigher,
 With my song I seem to tire;
 I can hear thy pinion's hymn
 Round my faint ear's closing rim—
 Ye are coming, phantoms dim!

T. IRWIN.

* Morpheus, represented by the ancients as a Boy.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF DUGALD STEWART, ESQ.*

CHARLES LAMB had no liking for Scotchmen. He does not say they are not to be liked, but only that he had no liking for them. The reason of this is given in his essay on "Imperfect Sympathies." It is the antithesis of dispositions. But strong in justice and quaint in eccentricity, he presents only the facts of antagonism, showing thereby that he means only to explain, and not to justify the opposition of character which he describes with so much quaint humour. Extremes differ. So do Charles Lamb and North Britons—that is all.

"I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and, in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure, and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waving and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath, but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers,

and would be e'en more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth, if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clockwork. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unloads his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you, before he knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *hætes* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but brings. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian. You never see the first dawn, the early streaks. He has no falterings of self-suspicion, surmises, guesses, misgivings, half intuitions, semi-consciousness, partial illuminations, dim instincts; embryo conceptions have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never dawns upon him. Is he orthodox?—he has no doubts; is he an infidel?—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him, for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates; his morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book; his affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him; he stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. 'A healthy book!' said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to John Bunde. 'Did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book.' Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extingisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath."

* "The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq." Edited by Sir Wm. Hamilton, Bart. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1854.

It is true there is commonly little sympathy between that cast of mind called "matter-of-fact" and the disposition to revel in odd and exquisite conceits. Yet people who most differ in character are sometimes the best, as they are often the most favourable judges of each other's excellencies. Charles Lamb was very different from Dr. Reid, yet it is easy to see, amid the humour of his description, the depth of his discernment; and "deuce Davie" may, after all, be well satisfied with the candour of his phrenographist, though he be the only man on earth whose intense quaintness would have thought of applying Milton's lines—

"—— did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining to the night,"

to the sooty lips which, in a young sweep's mirthfulness, reveal "the white wonder" of his dazzling teeth.

Little as this quaint and "quiet clerk" liked Scotchmen, and much as, in all probability, he disliked metaphysics, we are greatly mistaken if he has not gone far to explain the character, and show the value of Scotch metaphysics.

There is about Scotchmen a cast of rugged and stubborn truthfulness too much impressed with the importance of realities to be caught by the attraction of abstractions. They have, in their national temperament, a hardy homeliness and sturdy vigour of intellect which rarely substitutes ornament for use, or grace for strength, though it often unites them all. Practical and observant, patient and discriminating, this cast of mind is eminently useful in sciences; where the complexity of phenomena makes it a matter of difficulty to ascertain facts, and where, because of the irksomeness of laborious observation, there is a temptation and a tendency to theorise prematurely. Sciences of enlarged observation and discernment are, with men of such mould, of steady, though not of rapid advancement; exposed to none of those recoils against premature generalisations, which not only lose the ground which they seem to have gained, but, by exciting prejudice, delay the efforts to regain and extend it. Mental science has peculiar impediments, from the character of its phenomena; it is as important as it is difficult to ascertain them.

It is certainly most creditable to our

Northern neighbours, that they, long since, have raised a noble school of "Scotch Philosophy." Let us honour the men whom we have not equalled. They have made the most of their intellects, as well as of their soil. With this difference, however: That while the products of the latter in their hands have been often and truly urged as an evidence of what is to be effected by energy, skill, and the sustained desire for advancement under circumstances of some relative natural difficulties, the same indispensable agents of enlarged production have been also applied to mental culture and improvement, under no such comparative disadvantages. In their cultivation of both soils they have set us an example, of which our best acknowledgment would be our imitation.

What is termed "Scotch Philosophy," or "the Scotch School of Metaphysics," by the continental writers, is, perhaps, properly confined to the writings of Dr. Reid, and their results. The cast of his mind and of his school can be best shown by stating some of the objections urged against them by less patient, and therefore by less sober writers. It is a matter of great importance, that the editorship of Reid's; as well as of Stewart's works, should have been entrusted to the abilities and care of Sir William Hamilton—a man of the most enlarged erudition and singular precision of mind—who has been as just, as determined in the defence of his countryman. He has truly stated, and clearly refuted, the four following objections against the philosophy of Dr. Reid:—

1. That he (Reid) has assumed gratuitously, in all his reasonings, that theory concerning the human soul which the scheme of materialism calls in question.

2. That his views tend to damp the ardour of philosophical curiosity, by stating as ultimate facts phenomena which may be resolved into principles more simple and general.

3. That by an unnecessary multiplication of original or instinctive principles, he has brought the science of mind into a state more perplexed and unsatisfactory than that in which it was left by Locke and his successors.

4. That his philosophy, by sanctioning an appeal from the decisions of the learned to the voice of the multitude, is unfavourable to a spirit of free in-

quity, and lends additional stability to popular errors.

We do not mention these objections for the purpose of showing their entire unsoundness, but simply because they are good evidences of the general character of Dr. Reid's philosophy. They show its cautionary and practical tendency; and hence establish one element at least of its value. Too sober to be speculative, it shows the deep and solemn thinker, who fears to peril the progress of truth by the hazard of brilliant and attractive; though unsound generalisation, "contrasting the modesty and caution resulting from habits of profound thought with that theoretical intrepidity which a blindness to insuperable difficulties has a tendency to inspire:"—

"In examining these principles" (intellectual and active), says Dr. Reid's able editor, "he had chiefly in view a vindication of those fundamental laws of belief which form the ground-work of human knowledge, against the attacks made on their authority in some modern systems of scepticism, leaving to his successors the agreeable task of applying the philosophy of the mind to its practical uses.

"His leading design was evidently to overthrow the modern system of scepticism; and, at every successive step of his progress, new and unexpected lights break in on his fundamental principles."

Our early impressions of the value and character of Dr. Reid's works were just those stated by Sir William Hamilton: subsequent years and study have confirmed them. Some variation of judgment with respect to them seems to have existed in this country. We cannot but regard it as a fortunate circumstance, or, we should rather say, a most wise selection, that their latest editor is a man who, having an established reputation, is likely to influence opinion by weight of authority; though it is much more to be desired, he should determine wavering judgments through the power of his arguments.

"Vigorous efforts of the conservative power of philosophy to expel the mortal poison of scepticism." Thus speaks Sir James Mackintosh of Reid; with whom, in this eulogy, he associates Kant. The criticism is just; the great — for it is great — praise which it conveys, is well deserved. All honour be from lovers of truth to the men who have earned it at their hands.

In contrast with the sterling worth of the Scotch philosophy, let us adduce two short passages from one who professes to be dissatisfied with the "sage and timid doctrines of Edinburgh," and who would have us to accept his own in their stead. The extracts are made from Henry's translation of Cousin, because it is a work of much circulation in this country. The author, not the translator, is responsible for the statements:—

"If every fact of consciousness contains all the human faculties, sensibility, free activity, and reason, the me, the not me, and their absolute identity; and if every fact of consciousness be equal to itself, it follows that every man who has the consciousness of himself possesses, and cannot but possess, all the ideas that are necessarily contained in consciousness. Thus every man, if he knows himself, knows all the rest, nature and God at the same time with himself. Every man believes in his own existence; every man, therefore, believes in the existence of the world and of God. Every man thinks; every man, therefore, thinks God, if we may so express it [the apology, at least, was well thought of]. Every human proposition reflecting the consciousness, reflects the idea of unity and of being that is essential to consciousness; every human proposition, therefore, contains God. Every man who speaks, speaks of God, and every word is an act of faith and a hymn. Atheism is a barren formula, a negation without reality, an abstraction of the mind which cannot assert itself without self-destruction; for every assertion, even though negative, is a judgment which contains the ideas of being, and, consequently, God in his fullness."

Again—

"Reason then is literally a revelation, a necessary and universal revelation, which is wanting to no man, and which enlightens every man on his coming into the world — *illuminat omnem hominem venientem in hunc mundum*. Reason is the necessary mediator between God and man, the *logos* of Pythagoras and Plato — the Word made flesh, which serves as the interpreter of God and the teacher of man, divine and human, at the same time. It is not, indeed, the absolute God in his majestic individuality [we should have supposed that any theory which even suggested such an idea, and made this caution necessary, carried evidence enough of its error and danger], but his manifestation in spirit and in truth; it is not the Being of beings, but it is the revealed God of the human race. As God is never wanting to the human race, and never abandons it, so the human race believes in God with an irresistible and unalterable faith, and this unity of faith is its own highest unity."

Thus an Atheist, while using arguments against the existence of God, is really not only proving the fact which he determinately denies, but to be understood, as expressing an act of belief in the act of denial: The Deist's blasphemy is a hymn of praise.

This surely is terrible destruction of the essential distinctions between truth and falsehood, between right and wrong. No doubt this author was a brilliant writer, and an accomplished man. But the Christian shudders at the levity or the unbelief which thus tampers with the sanctities of revelation, and feels pain and dread lest the susceptible mind of generous youth be familiarised with a mode of procedure, which identifies in language, and unites in association, some of the most important truths of revelation with pagan error, and neo-Platonic chaos. Every student of ethics has felt in after life, every man of anxious observation sees, how important it is to give the young mind "a proper set"—to preoccupy it with vigorous, healthful, and fructifying principles, which not only pre-dispose the mind to value truth, but enable it to discern and embrace it.

"A bonny terrier that, sir; and a fell chield at the vermin, I warrant him—that is, if he's been well entered, for it a' lies in that."

"The lips of the wise drop pearls." Dandie Dinmont's here dropped one, which for practical value may rank with the proverbs of sages. The *set* which the young mind gets, the early training, it "a' lies in that"—

"Quo semel est imbuta recens."

Nothing can destroy its tenacious hold—

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

To our view of the matter, our youth are more likely to be "well entered" through sound Scotch philosophy than by showy French, or "cloudcapt" and subversive German metaphysics.

We have been led to these remarks by an issue of the works of the eloquent and excellent Dugald Stewart, published by Messrs. Constable and Co., Edinburgh, edited by Sir William Hamilton. This is doing things in the proper way. Publishers deserve success who make every effort to secure it. Stewart, edited by Sir W. Hamil-

ton, is, perhaps, one of the most opportune publications which could be issued. The author was worthy of the editor, and the publisher, of both. We don't like the economy of bad print and worse paper, which test our eyes, while the subjects try our understanding. Either is enough—the union an abomination. Above all things, we relish "reading made easy," when our brains are at work. There is a sort of gentlemanly deference in it to one's indolence, which is irresistibly suasive. If we must read metaphysics, let us by all means have them, as children their powders, in a spoonful of jam. We should refuse a request to a man who came to ask it in his dressing-gown. Fine clear type, and fair smooth paper touch the reader in a very sensitive way; it is like proof that a man is in earnest when he is "soliciting the honour of your acquaintance." He puts you in good humour with yourself, and therefore with him. It is like soft flattery from the lip of respect—you can't stand it—the gentle unction is too much for you. It is the fine varnish which brings out, but never obscures, the beauties of a picture. You are under an obligation before you are aware of it. The publisher is a fine fellow; a reciprocity treaty springs up between us. In short, we have nothing for it but to read.

Some of Stewart's writings have been for a long time out of print, and have, in consequence of their scarcity and value, brought large prices, when they could be at all procured. It was a very serious evil, that one of the best popular treatises on ethics should have been practically unattainable, especially as works on ethical science, which unite sound instruction with the attractions of a graceful style, are not easily found. Perhaps the very best book we have is Stewart's philosophy of the active and moral powers of man; yet, through a copyright difficulty, it has not been republished. As a book of elementary instruction it is most valuable. In our University we are obliged to have recourse to a mere handbook of Stewart's ethics, which he had drawn up for his classes. The want of the larger work has been supplied, as well as it could be, by the efficiency of the valuable system of University catechetical lectures upon the manual as a text-book. But as this work was intended only as

a guide to those students who had heard, or should hear, the lectures of Mr. Stewart, it is suited rather for suggestion to them than for instruction to others; and is better adapted to be a help to memory than a medium of wide information. Subjects of interest are stated and alluded to, but not sufficiently discussed and explained for those entering on the study of moral science. There can be no doubt, then, that the present publication is most opportune. It has supplied a want long existing, and very seriously felt. Stewart's writings have peculiar excellencies, though, certainly, some faults. We cannot wholly subscribe to Madame de Stael's remarkable eulogy—"The works of Dugald Stewart contain so perfect a theory of the intellectual faculties, that they may be considered as the natural history of a moral being." But we yield our whole assent to this noble and well-earned encomium—"Those who have had the good fortune to be initiated by the writings of Mr. Stewart, will be delighted to add that they are blended with so many lessons of gentle and ennobling virtue—so many striking precepts and bright examples of liberality, high-mindedness, and pure taste, as to be calculated in an eminent degree to make men love goodness and aspire to elegance, and to improve at once the understanding, the imagination, and the heart."

This judgment is just, and points out with truth and eloquence, the special characteristics of Mr. Stewart's writings. In them appeared the presiding object of his heart, and the constant end of his exertions. He sought to elevate, while he endeavoured to instruct. The lives of many eminent pupils are happy testimonies to the grandeur of his object, and the success of his efforts. He never forgot that it is vain to sow the seed without labouring on the soil, or lost sight of the great moral fact, that the reception of truth depends on the receptivity of the mind. To educate was not, with him, merely to impart knowledge; but, by raising youth above the love of low pursuits, to fit it for a manhood of usefulness and honour.

Paley is very popular; but, happily for his reputation, not because of his ethics—we wish we could say, notwithstanding them. His principles of morality can never ennoble—they may

be, indeed, those which commonly influence men, but they are not those which should influence them. The experience of the world may flatter them as being the ordinary principles of conduct; for the prevalence of selfishness is both a fact of man's history and a witness to his shame—but moralists should never lower their requirements to the level of their expectations, or be content to describe where they should endeavour to improve. When practice ordinarily falls short of principle, the system which is content to accommodate, must be powerless to amend. Faithful only to the fact of man's declension, it is fatal to any hope, through it, of his moral improvement, because false to the means of effecting it. Paley's system of ethics is not an examination of man's constitution, but an inferring of his principles from his conduct, regardless of the fact, that just (because not confined to external) observation would show man as he is, to be very different from man as he ought to be. It is true that such systems are evidences of the motives and principles which ordinarily influence mankind. But their value is mainly this—that, by thus establishing the prevalence of low motives, they prove the necessity of inculcating higher. It is one thing to describe man as he commonly is; but it is another, and a far different thing to frame from such description, a system of ethics which serves to justify the principles it ought to condemn; and to perpetuate the declension which it reveals, and should endeavour to repair. It is, no doubt, of great importance that we should know by experience the actual principles of human conduct. It is more important we should ascertain, from observation of our internal constitution, what these regulating principles ought to be. The value of that former knowledge is mainly that it proves the need of seeking a remedy for the evils which it has ascertained to exist; the value of the latter this—it shows where we may, at least in part, find it. Experience proves that there is a tendency towards a standard of action which is below the indications of man's moral nature. That fact should not be made the basis of a moral code framed in accommodation to it, but rather be urged as a proof of the necessity for improvement, and as a prelude towards its achievement. If,

because men act as though they had really no moral nature, we should infer that they really had none, this would be false philosophy. Since it would be to substitute man's conduct for his constitution. In physical matters it is true to say, *natura vincitur parendo*; because we are unable to guide, and must obey. Here the use of knowledge is, that it enables us to apply the facts and laws we cannot alter, and which neither admit nor require amendment. In moral matters it is otherwise. Nature in its indications is different from nature in its development. Conscience does direct, but cannot control. It has authority, but not power. Bishop Butler, with Stewart, who adopts his views, distinguishes two senses of the word "nature." In one of these, man is a law to himself; in the other, not. Paley and his followers, by denying the distinction, destroy the foundations of morality. If by "nature" be meant the aggregate of those passions which are the strongest, and most influence actions, then, as these are vicious ones, mankind is, in this sense, vicious by nature. But if we mean by the word "nature," man's conscience, or moral constitution, then the reverse obtains—man is, in this sense, a law to himself.

Some, whose judgment is entitled to respect, have here objected—that by such distinction Butler contravenes the great Scriptural testimony to the wide sinfulness of man's nature; because representing it, it is urged in a more favourable light than the representations of revelation. The charge is grave, and fatal, if true. With all becoming respect for men and their judgments, we feel assured that such objections are not either just towards Butler, or attentive to the peculiar and powerful mode in which the Scripture proves the evil of man's nature, and shows wherein it consists. It never does this by proving that man has no moral nature, and thus annihilating his responsibility; but it establishes his sin, and his sinful tendency, by this most decisive of all testimonies to his declension—that "knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." The sin of human nature is never, and can never be shown, by denying a sense of right. But it is manifestly evidenced in contra-

dicting the sense of right. It is in this—that man goes against his convictions, and defies them. It is that the power of evil prevails over the authority of right; and it is precisely by awakening this strife to a higher, far higher degree, that the Spirit of God quickens the Christian to the true knowledge of the real amount of the sin, which alienates him from Holiness. The indwelling sin of the man is carried home to him thus, that he transgresses against the measure of moral intelligence which he naturally possesses—not only violates, but corrupts it. He would have had no sin, assuredly no knowledge of sin, and therefore no responsibility, had he no law. But the distinct and just ground of his condemnation, the clear and unanswerable evidence of his sin is, that yielding to the power of evil, he sets at naught the authority of conscience, not only so yielding to evil, but taking pleasure in it, notwithstanding the conviction of just and impending judgment. Manifestly this is the Scriptural proof of human corruption in minds uninfluenced by the Spirit of God. And in those who are, the same fact—namely, the power of sin to prevail against conviction of its sinfulness and apprehension of its consequences—testifies to the Christian the same truth with far higher and clearer evidence, because he is taught both the knowledge of sin and the power of sin, to an extent unknown naturally to the mind. For Heathen and Christian, the proof that man is evil by nature reposes on a common fact—the strife between knowledge of law, and violation of it. This fact is forgotten by those who impugn Butler's theory of human nature. They have overlooked the circumstance that he distinguishes between two senses of the word nature—between "power" and "authority;" and is so far from contradicting Scripture, that he is sound in beautiful and striking harmony with it.

Butler and Stewart would, we apprehend, give this answer to the objection. The former, it is certain, makes the distinction between the two senses of the word "nature," to be a capital fact of his system; and it is equally sure that such distinction, which he repeatedly makes, shows that he is not only not in opposition to the Scriptures, but in strict accordance with them.

Paley and his school discard this distinction. He denies the existence of a moral faculty, proving, as Stewart judiciously shows, by his attempt, not only that he did not disprove the fact, but that he did not even understand the question. The omission determined Paley's system. It is its peculiarity and its refutation. A system of ethics defaced by an omission of such magnitude, is but a code of rules drawn from partial observation, generalising into principles the motives which ordinarily prevail. It is a description, but not a guide; an accommodation, not an emendation. Far beyond Paley, whose sinewy vigour of style can never make amends for the depreciated cast of his ethical principles, we value the severe and majestic faithfulness of Butler, and the tempered fire of the eloquent Stewart—men who, in the healthful vigour of their sentiments, give a testimony to their value, and by the reverence and love of truth which they exhibit and produce, contribute to the instruction and moral advancement of their race.

There have been men of higher genius and deeper analytic discriminativeness than Mr. Stewart; for he was one more likely to form a taste than found a school. The utility and attractiveness of his writings strike us more than their originality. He rarely fixes the attention by a powerful stroke, or indicates the possession of that cast of mind which constructs its own system. We get hold of his ideas by their constant presentation through repetitions, which sometimes weary, though they often please. He seldom places a truth before us as a lucid whole, or unfolds a principle or system with the masterly seizure of their salencies of development. He seemed better adapted to diffuse the knowledge, and generate the love of science, by the irresistible propagandism of truthful eloquence and illustrious example, than to extend their bounds by contributions of his own. There are men who can create systems, but cannot create a taste for them. Science is unable to dispense with either auxiliary. It is perhaps not easy to say to which of the two, the direct or indirect promovent of her progress, she really owes the most. Stewart could scarcely achieve the first; he was nearly without rival in the second. Effecting perhaps less by positive contributions of new truth

towards enlarging the domain of the moral and metaphysical sciences, he has done more for their progress, by diffusing knowledge, by producing, directing, and sustaining desire and taste for them, than any other philosopher of like wide and well-earned reputation. It is not even improbable that his fame had been less had his originality been greater, since, in all likelihood, it would have been at the cost of his singular usefulness.

A brief sketch of his early life will show that he was a man of that great and varied ability which constitutes the large and useful cast of mind, rather than of special determination towards any one department of knowledge, which evinces peculiar aptitude, and occasions special excellence in it. Dugald Stewart was born at Edinburgh on the 22nd of November, 1753. He was son of the celebrated Dr. Matthew Stewart, Professor of Mathematics in the College of Edinburgh. By his father he was early initiated into geometry and algebra; but the peculiar bias of his mind was exhibited during his attendance on the lectures of Dr. Stephenson, then Professor of Logic, and of the celebrated Dr. Adam Ferguson, who filled with so much talent the chair of Moral Philosophy. At the age of eighteen he went to the University of Glasgow, to attend the lectures of Dr. Reid, who was then sustaining, single-handed, the honour of that seat of learning, which had, in the course of a few years, been deprived of the services of Dr. Robert Simpson, Dr. Adam Smith, and Dr. Black. In the session of 1771-1772, he attended a course of Dr. Reid's lectures, and was thus enabled to prosecute, under his great master, that important science which he was destined to illustrate and extend. The progress which he here made in his metaphysical studies was proportioned to the ardour with which he devoted himself to the subject; and not content with listening merely to the instructions of his master, he showed the bias of his mind, gave evidence of his aptitude for such subjects, and indications of his future celebrity, by composing during that session, at the early age of eighteen, his admirable *Essay on Dreaming*, which he subsequently published in the first volume of his "*Philosophy of the Human Mind*."

In the autumn of 1771, the declining state of his father's health made it necessary that Mr. Stewart should undertake the teaching of the mathematical classes during the ensuing session. He was then but nineteen; and notwithstanding the high reputation of his father, the great success of the son brought an additional number of students to the class. In 1774, he was appointed assistant and successor to his father. This office* he continued to fill until 1785, when his father died. In 1778, when Dr. Adam Ferguson was appointed Secretary to the Commissioners for quieting the disorders which had broken out in America, Mr. Stewart undertook to supply his place during the session of that year. This occupation was the more severe, as he had previously pledged himself to deliver a course of lectures on astronomy, in addition to the usual labours of his two mathematical courses. Three days after he had undertaken this difficult task, he commenced his course of ethics; and with no other preparation but that which he was able to make in the morning, he delivered a series of extempore lectures, which displayed in a remarkable degree the vigour of his mind and the extent of his general information.

Thus, at the age of twenty-five years, Mr. Stewart was an efficient public lecturer in mathematics, astronomy, and ethics. His assiduity, which seriously impaired his health, was equal to his ability; for he delivered his lectures in these three courses during the same session. His reputation became so great that several of the English and Scotch nobility were desirous of placing their sons under his superintendence. In 1784, in consequence of the failure of Dr. Ferguson's health, Mr. Stewart was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the College of Edinburgh. This office he continued until 1810, when, upon his resignation, he was reappointed joint professor with the amiable and excellent Dr. Thomas Browne, whose early death in 1820 was a serious loss to the science which he so commended.—

"Magno docetudine argumentorum."

His death was followed by Mr. Stewart's resignation of the chair of Moral Philosophy, in which he was succeeded by Professor Wilson, a man of varied attainments and powerful intellect, admired as a poet and distinguished as an orator. — *Breuster's Ed. Journal of Science.*

We do not for the present propose to enter on any examination of Mr. Stewart's works. But the following judgment of their merits, and description of their author's peculiar excellencies is so just, that we give it with pleasure:—

"If anything," says an able writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "could counteract the effect of those and some other causes, and revive in England that taste for abstract speculation for which it was once so distinguished, we should have expected this to be accomplished by the publications of the author before us. The great celebrity of his name, and the uniform clearness, simplicity, and good sense of his statements, might indeed have failed to attract those whom similar merits had never tempted to look into the pages of Locke or of Berkeley. But the singular eloquence with which Mr. Stewart has contrived to adorn the most unpromising parts of his subject—the rich light which his imagination has everywhere thrown in with such inimitable judgment and effect—the warm glow of moral enthusiasm which he has spread over the whole of his composition, and the tone of mildness, dignity, and animation which he has uniformly sustained in controversy as well as in instruction, are merits which we do not remember to have seen united in any other philosophical writer, and which might have recommended to general notice topics far less engaging than those on which they were employed. His former work on the 'Philosophy of the Human Mind,' has accordingly been more read than any other modern book on such subjects; and the volume before us ('*Philosophical Essays*'), we think, is calculated to be still more popular."—*Ed. Rev.*, xvii., 170.

And again, as truly, and more minutely—

"This discourse is the most splendid of Mr. Stewart's works, and places the author at the head of the elegant writers on philosophy in our language. The discourse is, on the whole, a composition which no other living writer of English prose has ever

* Mr. Stewart's eminence as a mathematician is shown by the honourable mention made of him "as a distinguished writer in the higher departments of mathematics," in the Annual Address (Oct. 1, 1828) before the Royal Society of London, by its distinguished President, Mr. Gilbert Davis.

equalled. Few writers rise with more grace from a plain groundwork to the passages which require more animation or embellishment. He gives to his narrative, according to the precept of Bacon, the colour of the time, by a selection of happy expressions from original writers. The frequent allusions to the ancient literature of the East and the West are becoming ornaments of a history of letters. Among the secret arts by which he diffuses elegance over his diction, it may be more useful to remark the skill which, by deepening or brightening a shade in a secondary term, or by opening partial and preparatory glimpses of a thought to be afterwards unfolded, unobservedly heightens the import of a word, and gives it a new meaning without any offence against old use. It is in this manner that philosophic originality may be reconciled to literary stability, and that we may avoid new terms, which are generally the easy resource of the unskilful or the indolent, and often a characteristic mark of writers who neither know nor love their language.

"He reminds us of the character given by Cicero of one of his contemporaries, who expressed 'refined and profound thought in soft and transparent diction.' He is another

proof that the mild sentiments have their eloquence as well as the vehement passions. It will be difficult to name a work in which so much refined philosophy is joined with so fine a fancy, and so much elegant literature with such a delicate perception of the distinguishing excellencies of great writers, and with an estimate, in general so just, of the service rendered to knowledge by a succession of philosophers. It is pervaded by a philosophical benevolence which keeps up the ardour of his genius, without disturbing the serenity of his mind. It is felt in his reverence for knowledge, in the generosity of his praise, and the tenderness of his censure. It is still more sensible in the general tone with which he relates the successful progress of the human understanding among many formidable enemies. Those readers are not to be envied who limit their admiration to particular parts, or to excellencies merely literary, without being warmed by the glow of that honest triumph in the advancement of knowledge, and of that assured faith in the final prevalence of truth and justice, which breathe through every page, and give the unity and dignity of a moral purpose to the whole of this classical work."—*Ed. Rev.*, vol. xxvii. p. 191.

HOW SHALL WE DEAL WITH THE WAR ?

To trace the windings of German intrigue in the great events which now occupy the attention of the world, would be a task as wearisome for the writer as the reader, and to the full as unprofitable to both. Unceasing interchange of notes, vague propositions, often withdrawn before formally offered for acceptance, explanations, suggestions, and demands have been banded back and forward from Berlin to Vienna, with a degree of craft and subtlety that have given an air of serious deliberation to a course of policy the most false and treacherous it is possible to conceive.

We do not now advert to Prussia. That country has unmistakably avowed her policy, and thrown in her lot with Russia. We may dispute the wisdom of such a course; we may doubt how far the nation itself is a concurrent party to this act of its rulers; but we cannot accuse of duplicity those who have frankly declared they feel no sympathy in our cause, and that their hopes and wishes are for our enemy.

Not so Austria. Whatever might be the result of Russian supremacy in the East, there is not a country in Europe upon which this domination would press so heavily and so fatally as the Austrian empire. It is not alone that the great river which forms the high-road of her commerce, would be entirely in the possession of a powerful and despotic neighbour. It is not that a weak and unprotected frontier would be exposed to the aggressions of a State eminently given to follow the dictates of an ambitious will; but in the very character and constitution of her motley population, where the Slavach element so largely predominates, Austria would experience a peril that no other danger could vie with. The aspects of this question are far too various to permit us to enter upon their consideration here. Fortunately there is little occasion to insist upon a point which, in all the discussions the question has undergone, has never yet been disputed—viz., that to Austria there is no such danger from any quar-

ter as from Russian supremacy, and that all her interests and all her policy dictate the most energetic resistance to Muscovite domination.

That this impression has been the guiding instinct of some of the first statesmen of Austria, we can ourselves vouch for. That a dread of Russian influence—an almost superstitious terror of its approach—has occupied their minds for years past, is no secret to any one who has mingled in the political society of Vienna. With this sentiment, no man has been more thoroughly penetrated than the veteran politician whose wise counsels were for so many years the directing genius of Austrian policy. Metternich himself, to whom ignorance has so often reproached the stain of a despotic policy, has long been sensible of the hateful consequences of this Russian influence; and poor Haction, one of the ablest and honestest of Austrian statesmen, paid the terrible penalty of his reason, by an ineffectual struggle against the growing ascendancy of the Czar.

This is not the place, nor is now the time, to enter upon the question of the Hungarian revolution. That the reproaches Austria would heap upon us for furthering that movement are baseless and unsupported; by no means secures us against their being perfectly believed. Take an Austrian of any rank, and ask his opinion of English policy during that period, and you will have but the one answer. The question, indeed, will not always be a safe one for those who like calm discussion. We have heard it argued with a degree of angry warmth, that scarcely condescended to measure its expressions, and even went so far as the indulgence of a hope, that a day of retribution for such wrongs might yet arise. It is no small penalty an Englishman pays for the unfettered freedom of the press at home, that all its statements are received abroad as authentic avowals of English policy and English feeling. To endeavour to explain that these are but matters of opinion, which each man is at liberty to express in his own way, would be the most hopeless of all tasks. An Austrian could as soon believe that the law of the land could be administered at the dictation of popular will, as that the question of State policy could be canvassed and arraigned by public journalism.

There was, indeed, in England, a very strong feeling of sympathy felt for the Hungarians—some of this was false, some exaggerated. The language of many of our journals was intemperate, and unfair, as regarded the general character of Austrian rule; but so far as we know, that is, so far as Blue-books will teach us, there is no just ground for arraigning the Government for any furtherance of this great struggle, nor is there a single well-founded accusation to be brought against the much-maligned Lord Palmerston.

It matters little, however, that the charge is unprovable. The nation has already adopted it; the nobles have acted upon the conviction, in every event of a social nature; the army have made it a watchword; and the people cling to the assurance as their one solitary gleam of hope, in the synpathising interest of the British nation. Hence we see, that while the national interests of Austria should decide her against any alliance with Russia, all her instincts of feeling, and all her pride as a nation, point diametrically in an opposite direction. Should the alternative of adoption between these two influences arise in countries with popular institutions, freedom of speech and liberty of discussion would weigh well the balance, and determine on the course of action; but in a state like Austria, where the people are unrecognised—where their will, their passions, their hopes and fears go for nothing—all is left to the unfettered impulses of Government, and the consequence is, that halting, undecided, doubtful policy, pressed by the contending and opposite forces of material advantage, and smouldering, but deep resentment.

That Austria should ever have been supposed true to our cause and a well-wisher to our arms, was an opinion which few Englishmen with the advantages of personal knowledge could concur in; and yet it seems to have been the cherished notion of our Government at home. Lord Clarendon, with all the sources of peculiar information at his command, unhesitatingly proclaimed this conviction. Lord John Russell himself declared his firmest reliance on Austrian co-operation. Where they discovered the signs of this satisfying belief—whence they drew this comfortable assurance—it is

very difficult to say. Assuredly, not from the recognised declarations of the Austrian Government; as little from the candour and openness of their officials. Perhaps it was from the palpable tone of society at Vienna, where to be English was to be proscribed; perhaps from the treatment experienced by every traveller of our nation unfortunate enough to be at the mercy of Austrian petty despotism; perhaps in the insulting language and demeanour of the Austrian army, unmeasured in the offensive criticisms of our troops; or perhaps it was in the friendly columns of a press that depreciated our successes with the same ingenuity that it exalted any petty advantages Russia had obtained over us. If these were not the inspirations of the pleasant doctrine, we know not where to seek for them!

Of the general temper and tone in which Austrians treated our quarrel with Russia, we can speak confidently, and as confidently declare, that we never met with one of any rank in the service, or any position in the State, who did not frankly proclaim, that however little he liked Russia, he liked us still less; and that he deemed the question at issue was not the possible supremacy of the Czar in Turkey, but the great struggle between monarchy on one hand, and democracy and its results on the other.

As it has not unfrequently happened in our history, that out of our wars have grown combinations and events which have mainly tended to our national greatness, there is a pretty general disposition on the part of all foreigners to attribute to us a far more prophetic policy than we really pursue. Ascribing to our foresight the casualties that have redounded to our benefit, they harass their ingenuity to divine what new device of craft and subtlety we have fallen upon, and by what new artifice "*La Perfide Albion*" is about to impose upon Europe. Some of the solutions of our present policy in the East are striking illustrations of these strange imaginings. Wearied of supposing that it is our dread of Russian invasion in the north of India that has suggested our sudden affection for Turkey, the Austrians have now discovered the true cause of our policy. England, they say, aspires to maritime supremacy; in this her only real rival in Russia; when once, then, by the

aid of France, she has succeeded in annihilating the Russian navy, she has no longer anything to fear, and can, at her own fitting opportunity, fall upon her late ally, and thus attain to the undisputed mastery of the ocean. It might possibly occur to less ingenious intelligences, that Great Britain has not so much to dread from the fleets that lie chained under the protecting guns of Cronstadt, and are sunk many a fathom beneath the waters of Sebastopol. Commoner minds might discover that a navy that dares not venture out to sea can scarcely contest a maritime supremacy; but gifted faculties discern through these apparent signs of weakness the evidences of power, and boldly proclaim that the Russian of 1854 is the same unconquerable foe as he was found to be in the year 1812.

Puerile and unsupported by even the shadow of a proof as this supposition is, we have heard it, we dare not say how many times, gravely alleged and as gravely admitted. Indeed, the less possible an assumption is the more readily will it be believed as the explanation of that cunning policy by which Perfidious Britain always accomplishes her ends. One success, also, generally attends these absurd theories—they are too great insults to reason to admit of calm denial, they are too gross outrages on intelligence to suggest a patient refutation.

Our only object in alluding to these things here is, to show that no possible doubt need ever have existed in any reasonable mind as to the feeling entertained by Austria towards us. The score of the grievances, although dating from a very recent date, is sufficiently long. The reception extended to Kossuth and his followers, the assault on Marshal Haynau, went probably farther to embitter this sentiment than any grave political act could have done. In fact, it was palpable that in no country of Europe did the name of Englishman suggest such measures of severity, and even insult, as in the dominions of the Austrian Emperor. Nor was the practice of these annoyances unknown to our Government. The vexatious exactions of custom-house officers and passport-people formed no small share of the work of our legations abroad; and ministers and secretaries of our different missions well know the pleasures

of corresponding with the officials of the most stubborn of all bureaucracies.

The measures of severity extended to our countrymen in Tuscany are well known, and equally well understood is their source in the hatred of Austria. Now, remembering all these things, and well weighing their importance, it is curious to see why our Government should ever have confided in Austria, and why we should have accepted the most equivocal and evasive promises as good and safe assurances of her co-operation and alliance.

From the very day and hour the Russians crossed the Pruth, her conduct has been false and treacherous. Always projecting a line of action to be taken under certain eventualities, she has as constantly evaded the performance when these eventualities arose, by the pretext that meanwhile new combinations had occurred, and new circumstances taken place. Now it was a confidential communication from Russia, that nothing was intended by her beyond a mere "demonstration;" now it was simply a mode of hastening negotiations by the assumption of a "material guarantee." Later on, it was a grave complaint that the Western Powers had entered the Bosphorus. In fact, subterfuge and deception at every step marked the course of negotiations which none but a Lord Westmoreland could have conducted without frankly declaring them an insult to his nation, and an outrage to common sense.

It is well known that our ally, France, never concurred in these delusions. It is even said, that the only coldness in our relations with her arose on this very point—the degree of trust to be reposed in Austria; the Emperor Napoleon urgently insisting on the necessity of some distinct pledge of her future intentions, and a categorical assurance of what her scene of action would be.

By what arguments this opinion was overruled, we are at a loss to conceive. They could scarcely have been founded in any confidence in Austrian friendship. Every despatch that reached Downing-street might have aided in dispelling such an illusion. They may then have reposed on some imaginary necessity to temporise with this power, and possibly by the force of eventualities to draw her over to our side. With this view, perhaps, too, we dis-

couraged the employment of refugees in the Turkish army, and rejected the services of some of the most distinguished leaders of the Hungarian Revolution. We even condescended to hold stern language to Italy, and gave Lombardy to understand that we no longer looked with such abhorrence on the Austrian rule in the north of Italy. It was, doubtless, but fair dealing not to disturb the peaceful state of an ally's dominions—but was she an ally?—there is the entire question. Has Austria played any other part, throughout these negotiations and the war that followed them, than that of a Russian agent? Where was her friendship for the Western Powers, when the Russians crossed the Danube, and might have been taken in the flank by an Austrian army, and thus strategically checkmated? Where, when the Greek insurrection was hatching at Munich, at the very moment of the young Emperor's marriage with a Bavarian princess? Where, again, was her friendship—where even her honesty, when from the port of Leghorn—garrisoned by Austrian soldiers, and still in state of siege—armed followers of the Greek revolt sailed forth to join the insurgents? These are very troublesome facts to reconcile with friendship and good-will to our cause. We speak not of the tone maintained towards all our legations abroad by the Ministers of Austria—a tone of cold distrust, sufficient to show that, in our hopes, our fears, and our expectations, they had neither part nor sympathy.

It would almost appear as if misconception and mistake were destined to preside over every step in this unhappy struggle, and that we only escaped from one illusion to find ourselves in conflict with another. We by no means desire to raise the oft-mooted question of whether the war was necessary, or at least inevitable. The quarrels of nations, like those of individuals, occasionally involve matters of "*amour propre*" to an extent that retreat is impossible without dishonour, and each party addresses himself to a combat that in secret he knows to have been evitable. That an earlier demonstration of firmness on our part would have prevented the war, there are few now to dispute. The Russian Emperor totally miscalculated the spirit of our country, in supposing that any amount of its material interests would have

blinded Englishmen when a question of personal honour was in view. He disbelieved also the possibility of a French alliance, or clung to the hope that such a union could never be lasting nor solid.

But were we, on our side, free of similar, or even greater errors? Is not every estimate we have formed of Russia a gross blunder? We have measured her by a European standard, and calculated every eventuality that might befall her by the gauge of European interests. We have persuaded ourselves that the same means of attack that succeed elsewhere must necessarily prevail against *her*, totally forgetting that there is not a single question of her polity, her trade, her finances, and her social condition, that is not diametrically the reverse of our own.

Newspaper writers have grown pathetic over the sad serfdom that is drafted into the ranks of the Czar's armies, torn from their homes and families to perish in some far away land; but they have forgotten to commemorate the burning fanaticism of these simple peasants, the holy zeal for their Church, and their devotion to their Emperor. They have overlooked the fact, that this war has been popularised by every appeal to Russian nationality. To this enthusiasm we have nothing to oppose, save the splendid heroism of our troops, who really know nothing of the cause for which they combat—the Allies are fighting the Russians because the Russian guns and squadrons are drawn up against them. What do, or what by possibility could, our soldiers know of Muscovite ambition, the balance of power, and the rest of it! Now, doubtless, the bravery of such forces is a fund upon which we may draw at will! There is not an effort of human endurance, there is not an action or an exploit of human daring and energy, that cannot be accomplished by such men. Still let us not undervalue the sentiment that pervades our enemy, and makes him fancy himself a holy martyr in the great cause of his Church. It would be a fatal error to imagine that we owe this war to the mere ambition of the Czar: we owe it to the instincts, the passions, and the hopes of the old Russian party—the strongest and most cohesive element of the nation. By them and by the priesthood has this

struggle been suggested; the Emperor is but the head of a movement, too powerful even for him to resist, were he so inclined. Another mistake have we made, and by no means an unimportant one—it is in supposing that our blockade of the northern ports has greatly damaged the commerce of Russia; the real fact being, that we have but thrown their trade into new channels, and directed landwise what formerly went seaward, to the inconceivable benefit of Prussia, who assuredly is not over-zealous for our interests. Everything in this land of snows and serfdom is strange, anomalous, and unlike all the rest of the world: even her greatness has been accomplished by reverses and defeats, and not by victories. Peter the Great capitulated on the Pruth; Catherine effected the conquest of the Crimea by a long series of disasters. How was Poland subdued—the French army of 1812 annihilated—but by the steady and persistent endurance of misfortune, a power to survive the calamities that enfold both the conqueror and the conquered! This is the real strength of Russia; this is an element of resistance that will always make aggressive war upon her the most harassing and exhausting of all undertakings.

Let us manfully confront this question, and ask ourselves, what have we done, if Sebastopol should fall to-morrow? We have, doubtless, inflicted a great blow on the Imperial power, and destroyed the naval supremacy of Russia in the Black Sea. But are we the nearer to a Peace? Are we more likely to find the Emperor more tractable in his reverses, than when deeming himself all powerful? Assuredly not; and still less should we expect the Russian people disposed to accept, as an inevitable evidence of their inferiority, the fall of a fortress, of whose very whereabouts they are ignorant. To understand the conflict we are engaged in, let us bear in mind, that public opinion, at least as understood in our country, has no existence in Russia. The word of the Czar is the first article of their creed; the bulletin of his lieutenant an incontrovertible document. We need go no farther back than to the *Te Deums* celebrated to commemorate the victory on the Alma, to show us how far truth and fact are likely to influence the public mind of that people.

Let us not for a moment be misunderstood, nor supposed, while thus enumerating the difficulties of our position, to be the advocates of any submissive policy. We are at war, now; the question is no longer whether the war was a wise or an unwise one — whether evitable or the reverse. The point to be considered alone is, how best to meet our enemy. We live in a land of free discussion, and where each is at liberty to arraign the acts of our rulers, the wisdom of their measures, nay, even to criticise the achievements of our gallant soldiers. Opposed to us we have a nation actuated by one impulse, directed by one will, neither daring to question nor inquire. With us a war will be always a battleground for rival parties; and to men whose patriotism or policy may shame them from disputing the justice of our cause, a hundred questions will arise as to the conduct of operations, the skill, the energy, and the promptitude that have guided them. Let us march shoulder to shoulder against the enemy in the House as we could do in the field! Let us prove that the spirit of that liberty, of which we boast so proudly, is no impediment to our patriotism — let us discuss freely, but never hamper the action of our Government. Such a struggle as we are engaged in will, necessarily, demand great sacrifices; and there is little doubt that the nation will make them. The real difficulty will be, to make those smaller sacrifices of personal feeling and individual opinion, which make of each bystander a critic of passing events. Petty differences of opinion; the most trivial discrepancies of judgment, are seized upon by the Russian press as evidences of a divided state of public opinion on the war; and such a letter as Mr. Bright wrote a short time since is calculated to cause irreparable damage to the cause of truth.

There are but two methods in which a war with Russia can be conducted. The invasion of the interior, and the destruction of her strongholds is one; to array against her the liberal force of European feeling, is the other. The experience of the great Napoleon should be final as to the possible success of the first of these. The same policy, the same resources, the same snows and ice that overthrew the grand army are yet in waiting for its succe-

sor. Let us not adventure upon so hopeless an enterprise. The conquest of the Crimea, the occupation of St. Petersburg, would be fatal events to countries constituted like our own; but in Russia such defeats would be as nothing. Should we lay Sebastopol in ruins, the Czar would point to it as an evidence that we dared not rebuild it. Should we date a despatch from the Neva, an imperial ukase from Moscow would proclaim that city the capital of the empire. Heu! sirs, let us hope to weary out our enemy. This policy is his own. It is in the protraction of the war, its terrible sacrifices, the wounds it inflicts on home-happiness and family affection, the injuries to the cause of civilisation; — it is on these he builds his hopes of subduing us! and here, indeed, is the one solitary point in which barbarism is an overmatch for civilisation. Aggressive war on Russia must always prove unrewarding, even where its success has been complete. The wealth of the country is not of a kind to be assailable by forced conscription, nor are the material resources such as could be profitably employed by the conqueror. Our true hope in such a struggle as we are now engaged in must lie in arraying against our enemy the whole force and strength of liberal opinion in Europe; banding together in a holy league the States who cherish the sentiments of liberty and thoughts of civilisation; evoking the extinct nationalities of Finland and Poland; and raising, if need be, the vast populations of dissatisfied Germany to assert their freedom. But first of all, let us categorically demand from Austria a declaration of her intentions. They are already more than doubtful, and even in their hesitation they are acting injuriously on our interests. To this wavering policy is it owing that the Turkish forces under Omar Pasha have been held inactive for weeks, and, in consequence, the Russians have been at liberty to reinforce the army in the Crimea, without dread of an attack elsewhere. How long are we to accept of such an alliance as this? How long are we to tamper with a treachery that has cost us the lives of some of our best and most gallant defenders? The difficulties of Austria — the phrase has become stereotyped in diplomacy — have hitherto exempted her from the stern demand of what she means to do:

But can we delay the question any longer? Can she hesitate about it when we see the lines of her policy on the Danubian provinces, where every effort is being made to disparage the Turkish rule, and substitute the stern discipline by which she governs Lombardy? Are we still to preserve silence, while the cross-fire of diplomatic notes goes on with Berlin, suggesting the conditions upon which a peace can be made — a peace in which the great powers of the West have made no pledge to concur?

We know that it is a fashionable doctrine, and especially in diplomatic circles, that Austria should not be pushed to a declaration—that the peculiarities of her position are such as should exempt her from a peremptory demand of her intentions. But has not this delicacy been extended far enough? Has it not been pursued from the very commencement of the present struggle to the very hour we live in? Above all, are we to persist in it in the face of demonstrations the reverse of friendly to us, and conduct positively and unquestionably injurious?

It has been said that Austria is only waiting to see to which side the balance of victory inclines, to decide upon her alliance, and that the result of the siege of Sebastopol will determine her policy. Little complimentary as this interpretation may be to her good faith, we do not believe it; nay, we go further, and say, that our success in the Crimea would almost as certainly be the signal for her adhesion to Russia. There is nothing which that empire dreads so much as the possibility of English, or even French supremacy, on the eastern frontiers of her own states. All her dread of Russia is inferior to this; since it is not the force of armies — horse, foot, and dragoons—to which she could oppose her own, and wait the chances of war, that she has to fear, but the overwhelming power of those notions of liberty that will flow over her states — the influence of opinions which at once would strike at the root of her whole sovereignty. What would become of all her possessions along the Adriatic?— what of Hungary itself, exposed to such a neighbourhood? They who think that Austria must be with us know little, indeed, of the spirit that guides her counsels. The greater, therefore, this fear on her part, the

more imminently necessary is it that we should press her as to her decision. It is, doubtless, a bold and daring step, but happily it is one of which, to a certain extent, we can count the cost. Should she openly declare for our alliance, and guarantee that policy by prompt and efficient aid, the war must soon terminate. The large army which could suddenly act on the frontiers of Galicia and Bessarabia would be sufficient to close the campaign. Should she incline to Russia, let there be no longer any hesitation in our policy. Rally round our standard—that of Liberty—the scattered fragments of her dissatisfied states. With Hungary in open revolt, Lombardy in arms, the Herzegovine supplied by our coasts with means and munitions of war, she will have enough on her hands to occupy her without lending squadrons to the Czar. Without the aid of Russia in '48, Hungary had overpowered her. What will not that brave people be capable of, when aided by the sympathies of all western Europe? In the last struggle, too, the revolutions of Hungary and Italy were not contemporaneous. Austria had subdued the former before the latter broke out. A concerted movement would as certainly overwhelm her. From the hour that Hungary cries to Freedom, Austria is stripped of the flower of her army. The most splendid light cavalry in the world, seventeen regiments of hussars, each from twelve to fifteen hundred strong, twenty battalions of infantry, such troops as the French Zouaves, are arrayed against her. With the French in occupation at Rome, and an English squadron in the Adriatic, Italy will not present such a struggle as in the year '48; nor will Venice have to sustain an hour of that siege which her gallantry supported for months long.

Such events as these are doubtless terrible to contemplate; nor can any man foresee the consequences. Who is to write the boundaries of Europe after the first five years of such a struggle? Who can predicate the destinies of humanity when such a conflict has once begun? Happily, the eventuality is not so certain. The peremptory demand upon Austria, if only accompanied by some demonstration of our future policy, may exact from her fears what we could never hope from her affection. They who know her

best describe her policy as ever dictated by a view to the permanence of her present institutions, unchanged and unmodified. Perhaps she may see that an alliance with the Western Powers is the safest guarantee of this. At all events, we shall know upon what and whom we have to reckon. The folly of regarding a secret foe as a friend will be eradicated, and we shall address ourselves to the wider conflict before us with only the more manly consciousness that a more worthy task is before us than the emancipation of the Turk, and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

There will be despondency on the Stock Exchange, and a fall in the funds, when the answer comes from Vienna. Very likely! There are many in England credulous enough to pin their faith on Austria; but the spirit of the nation, fully roused as to her great duties, and the gigantic resources then available for her purpose — the whole

force and power of liberal Europe — will soon restore courage to the money-market; and with England and France at the head of such a movement, the cause of civilisation is assured, and the dread of the Cossack exterminated for ever in Europe.

[It will be manifest to the reader that the foregoing observations were written before the Austrian treaty was laid upon the table of Parliament. Nevertheless the views it puts forward are, we regret to say, by no means put out of date by the revelations of that remarkable document. A treaty offensive and defensive, which admits of the description given to it by Lord John Russell, "certainly not containing anything very precise," is not worth the paper upon which it is written. This treaty may bind France and England to sustain Austria if she should be at war with Russia: it in no way pledges Austria to enter into such a war.]

GOSSIPING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD CRYSTAL PALACE:

PERILS OF PREPPING.

THE *habitués* of the Great Exhibition will not have forgotten the collection of anatomical "preparations" displayed at the angle of one of the avenues leading to the French department. It was the contribution to the world's wonders of Dr. Azoux — a gentleman of great clinical celebrity on the Continent. His representative, whose name I do not recollect, was a most efficient expounder of the clever fac-similes of organic life committed to his charge; and, in addition to the impromptu explanations afforded by him to the large groups — chiefly ladies — who constantly thronged his stall, he favoured the more zealous of his disciples with an able course of lectures on the human "subject," and was followed daily by an eager crowd to an enclosure in one of the galleries, where, by the aid of a monster-model he developed the marvellous structure of the horse.

I used to take great pleasure in this gentleman's conversation, as remarkable for modesty as it was for intelligence, and being officially engaged at

the "Palace" my spare moments were often spent in his society.

One morning, before the influx of the million, I found him as usual near his station. He was chatting to a French gentleman, about sixty years of age, and of prepossessing appearance. With true English discretion I indicated by my reserved salute, *en passant*, that I did not wish to intrude; but, ignoring this "cut polite," my friend brought me up with a cordial hail, and forthwith presented me to his principal, Dr. Azoux. Being himself presently called away, he left us *tête-à-tête*.

I gladly seized the opportunity of applying Burke's golden rule of intercourse, by drawing out the doctor on his speciality; and, with this view, offered him my arm and proposed a turn through the building. I led him to that part of the great aisle where the sculpture most abounds; and speedily descending from the higher spheres of criticism, I contrived to elicit his remarks on the evidence afforded by the

works before us of the degree of anatomical skill possessed by their authors. The doctor unconsciously mounted his hobby, and went off at a pleasant amble, unmistakably showing that he was on favourite and familiar ground. Beginning with the celebrated group of Kiss, and passing on through all the intermediate stages to the Americo-Medicean *chef d'œuvre* of the "Greek slave," he did not omit to point out, in every individual instance, startling proofs of anatomical blundering. It would be, perhaps, invidious to record his strictures, and a thankless office to disenchant the bliss of ignorance; but I admit that my own estimate of the charms of many of the "unprotected females" in marble, whom we surveyed, was wofully diminished, when, in one case, it was demonstrated that the lady in question was in an impossible attitude; in another that her goddessship, however she might—"jure divino"—fly, could not—"de facto"—without an obvious miracle, walk; and that the dorso-costal developments of a certain plump nymph, evidently intended by the artist as stunning proofs of elaborate "treatment," and conscientious adherence to nature, were due to nothing but the compound influence on his imagination of a bustle and a pair of stays.

"See," cried the doctor, growing animated, "to what a '*reductio ad absurdum*' modern stone-cutting—miscalled sculpture—has brought the noblest of Arts! To embody character in the Epic, or 'hold the mirror up to Nature' in the Drama, it has ever been held that a profound knowledge of the most secret workings of the human heart was indispensable; and the immeasurable superiority of your Shakspeare is due to the divine instinct, which enabled him, above all other men, to produce external manifestations of life in exact accordance with the spiritual mechanism within. He had deeply studied and knew well the subtle springs of that mysterious mechanism, and the marvellous creations of his genius are, therefore, embodiments of a real and palpable existence. So—a *fortiori*—should it be with sculpture, the very essence of which is the transfusion of mimic life into the 'breathing marble;' whether in repose, in action, or in thought (three conditions so wonderfully expressed by the statue of *Æschines*, as

viewed from three different points in the Gallery of Naples), the sculptor's representation of the human form should be such as to impress the beholder with the idea that if the Promethean breath were suddenly infused, it would descend from its pedestal in all the pride of perfect organisation. How can such a feat as this be achieved without a profound intelligence of the uses and functions of every—the minutest—portion of the animal economy; in a word, without that *anatomical science*, in which modern artists are so deficient, and the ancients so excelled?"

"And yet, Doctor," said I, "is it not strange that in this particular point we should not far surpass the Greeks, seeing that, however less gifted than they in the faculties of intuitive perception and imitative power, we possess—what they did not—the *surgical* skill, which has brought in aid of Art the immense auxiliary of *dissection*?"

"Dissection!" cried he; "and do you mean to assert that the ancients did not with knife and scalpel explore as minutely as ever did our Larreys and Hunters the human subject? What, then, I should be glad to know, was Apelles doing for three whole years in Egypt?"

Quite taken aback by this challenge, I admitted that I could not for the life of me answer the question, and begged him to explain.

"It is a well-ascertained fact," proceeded the doctor, "that, like most of his eminent cotemporaries, Apelles did not consider his education complete, until—as we visit Rome or Florence—he had studied his art at Thebes. And, as a French or English artist would do well, while in Italy, to be on good terms with the heads of the Church, so Apelles took care to ingratiate himself with the Magi, and became such a favourite, that he obtained permission to take up his quarters within the precincts of one of their temples. To this temple was attached a spacious cemetery, in an angle of which, we are told, Apelles constructed a rude dwelling, which he made his studio, and where he remained three years. Now, what do you suppose he was doing all that time?"

"Probably painting," I suggested.

"*Pardonnez moi, Monsieur*," replied the doctor; "that he could have done

as well anywhere else. No, sir; he was dissecting."

Seeing that I was unable to repress a smile, the doctor — no doubt pitying my ignorance — went on to amplify his very startling anecdote. Where he had obtained his information, I am not learned enough to say; but, with all the gravity of "one who ought to know," he proceeded to acquaint me that, by the laws of Egypt, the bodies of all who made up the obituary list within the bills of mortality at Thebes, were, as soon as life was extinct, handed over to the priests, who took charge of them to superintend the process of embalming, for which purpose they had the custody — and no questions asked — of the remains for three weeks or a month. Here was a rich harvest of subjects! What young surgical student would not envy Apelles — lucky dog — to have full scope for saw, probe, and forceps, upon every possible variety of *materiel*, without having occasion to resort to the vulgar expedient and ungentlemanly hazard of body-snatching! Here, according to my authority, Apelles worked away to his heart's content, until he became qualified as a first-rate demonstrator.

It was not, however, without considerable caution that he conducted his proceedings. People, it seems, in Egypt — like the general run of mankind in our day — had no fancy to allow the dead bodies of their blood-relations to be cut up for the benefit of art; and there was something so suspicious in the circumstance of a Greek gentleman of Apelles's figure and condition locating himself in such a queer way — instead of putting up at a hotel, or boarding with some respectable family in Thebes — that by degrees some of the ancestors, probably, of Paul Pry — a race that goes quite back to the Pharaohs — began to peer about the hermitage of our painter, and to incommode him by their impertinent curiosity. The artist, who, by the doctor's account, must have been of a choleric temperament, became savage at these encroachments on his privacy; and, providing himself with a stout cudgel, bolted out one evening on the reconnoitring party, and laid about him so vigorously, that after making mummy — if not mummies — of a round dozen, he struck such terror into the whole Pry connexion, that not one of

the family ever dared to molest him afterwards.

At this climax of the doctor's story, which I shall be very much obliged to any of my classical readers to deny or confirm, I could no longer contain myself, but burst out in so vociferous a laugh, that I got a hint from Mr. Pierce, the police inspector, that her Majesty had just entered the building. Off in a twinkling darted the doctor, eager, as all his countrymen remarkably were, to catch a glimpse of Royalty. I had barely time to take a hurried leave, and hastened back to my department.

Not all the gravity of official duty could banish the recollection of my morning adventure. The image of Apelles brandishing his cudgel, like an Irishman at a faction-fight, among the rabble-rout of flying Egyptians, haunted my imagination in such ludicrous forms, that I could not help, again and again, indulging in the relief of laughter. Indeed I never shall forget the pangs I suffered in endeavouring to repress this explosive tendency, while explaining to the Queen of the French some of the models of English machinery; and being, I suppose, exhausted by this effort, I fairly broke down in a circle of foreign savans, when, upon an observation from Baron von Stiffenbach in favour of decimal coinage, I went off in such a roar, that I had nothing for it but to beat a hasty retreat, leaving them to settle it among them where lay the point of the joke.

This effort of nature brought on a crisis; but I felt strong symptoms of relapse when, later in the day, I was joined by two or three friends, who were wont occasionally to favour me with their lively society. Of this clique, Harry Templeton was decidedly the Coryphæus. Gay, accomplished, perfectly costumed, and remarkably, though perhaps not unconsciously, good-looking, he was a general favourite, and never failed to brighten the dulllest circle into which he might chance to be thrown. His exuberant health, his buoyant spirits, and his kindly nature, all bespoke the possession of that diffusive happiness which, like charity, is "twice blessed," making a social sunshine, in which it is so delightful to bask. His forte was conversation — the familiar form, by the way, in which so much wit and wisdom have been bequeathed to mankind.

Quick perception, fluent elocution, and that agreeable spice of vanity which implies the value set on the appreciation of others' compliments, and conciliates an audience, formed his natural qualifications for excellence in this accomplishment, in the display of which he could farther draw on the resources of an university education, and the experience of a brilliant juniorship of three years on the Home Circuit. His weak point was an amusing ambition to shine upon all subjects. Politics, science, classics, literature, anecdote—all were alike to him. Whoever started a topic, however abstruse, was sure to find Harry ready, as he phrased it, "to go into deep water." And as he had a fertile imagination, a good memory, and great humour, he was never known to fail in improvising a quotation, or in eclipsing, by a happy impromptu, the last importation of the marvellous from Germany, or of editorial waggery from "down east." What a god-send to me under these circumstances was my interview with Dr. Azoux! "For once," thought I, "I shall be too much for Templeton." So, not to delay my triumph, I insidiously turned the conversation into the direction of my intended vantage ground, and proposed a turn among the statuary. We soon got fully into the subject of Art, and my eloquent friend was in his element. Little, however, did he calculate on finding in me so tough a customer. Some of my observations evidently struck him with surprise—my remarks on anatomy in particular excited his astonishment; and when I wound all up with the anecdote of Apelles, the day, for the nonce, seemed mine.

"Come, Templeton," said I, already assuming the honours of victory, "admit that you never heard *that*; and that, for once, I have taken you out of your depth."

I could perceive, by a certain humorous twinkle of his eye, that he was bent on mischief; and, when the merriment produced by my story had subsided—

"Sellinger," cried he, with great solemnity, "I am astonished at your ignorance! But before I proceed to enlighten it, let me beg of you, as a friend, never again to narrate that wretched anecdote. In the first place, it is apocryphal, having been clearly traced, by Josephus Von Muller, in

his 'Risibilia,' a scarce tract of the fifteenth century, to a waggish monk of Subraco, whose 'Facatix Veterum,' is preserved among the Colonna MSS. He is generally called by the old humorists, 'Fra Charivari,' but this was a sobriquet. His real name was Andrea Merivale, shortened by popular usage to Andrea Meri; and, as he was frequently quoted under the latter cognomen only, some of the copyists, to distinguish him from his brother Bartholomeo, have introduced the Christian name *after* the Patronymic (a common practice with ourselves, as when we say, Bacon Roger, Kembled John), writing it thus, Meri Andrea—whence, by-the-bye, our English buff term, Merry Andrew. So you see by what a miserable hoax you have been imposed upon. But the bad taste of the invention lies in the mean opinion it is calculated to convey of the divine Apelles. Granting, that when intruded on, as you nonsensically represent, he was engaged as Fra Charivari pretends, do you—does any man of common sense, suppose that he would have acted as described? Could a man of his unquestionable genius have so committed himself to all posterity, and proved himself so ineffably inferior to Surgeon O'Rafferty under precisely similar circumstances?"

The extravagant oddity of the appeal, made in Templeton's best manner, drew shouts of laughter from the whole party, including myself; and though I plainly saw that I was to be victimised, I could not help joining in the general call for the story of Surgeon O'Rafferty.

"Be it known to you, then," said Templeton, "that early in the first week of January, 1839, Surgeon O'Rafferty, of St. Malachy's Hospital, Dublin, having after breakfast one morning been looking over his unpaid Christmas bills, felt a sudden wish to rusticate, and was overjoyed at receiving at the same moment a letter from his friend, Dr. Brannigan, lately appointed to the dispensary of Ballyclash, on the coast of Kerry, inviting him to his house.

"The very next evening saw the two friends luxuriantly lolling in two old-fashioned easy chairs, by a blazing turf fire in the dispensary parlour of that ilk, interchanging such chat over their reeking tumbler as the liveliest of medical practitioners might be supposed,

under such circumstances, to indulge in. Not that their conviviality was of the vulgar order. On the contrary, they were both talented and enthusiastic lovers of their profession. Indeed, Brannigan had been a distinguished student under Colles, Crampton, and the other Dublin celebrities; and O'Rafferty being much his junior, promised himself great advantage from the opportunity of "cramming" under his friendly direction for his next ensuing and last medical examination. Dire, however, was his disappointment on learning that, in that part of the country, "subjects" were not to be procured. Ballyclash, to a man, was hostile to dissection, and the last occupant of the dispensary had to leave, under an escort of police, in consequence of the unpopularity arising from an unfounded rumour of his having tampered with the remains of farmer Rooney, lately deceased.

"Further discussion on this, or any other topic, was interrupted by a sudden gust down the chimney, which scattered the embers about the room, and unmistakably told of a coming storm. Fearful was the gale of that night, and awful the havoc it made on sea and land. Whole villages were laid in ruins; and to the terrors of the tempest were added the horrors of conflagration; for the incendiary wind, as if sped on a mission of wrath, literally swept, in its wild career, every hearth on its track, and seemed to league with its kindred element for wholesale destruction. The coast was strewn with wrecks. Ballyclash, in the recess of a sheltered cove, and under the lee of a bluff headland, escaped with little damage; but disasters were rife in the immediate vicinity. A West Indiaman had foundered in the offing during the night, and every soul on board had perished. Fragments of the wreck were washed up by every wave—the entire population crowded to the beach, and all was trepidation, curiosity, and excitement.

"A postern in the dispensary garden opened on the strand, where the doctor kept, for his own amusement, a four-oared gig; and as it fell dead calm towards evening, the two friends agreed to embark alone, and pull round the headland in quest of adventures. They prolonged their excursion till late, O'Rafferty taking a school-boy's delight in the exercise of rowing. The

moon rose, and accurately defined not only the rocky indentations of the coast, but the sublime outline of mountains that bounded the horizon, and framed in a marine picture of rare beauty. Not a figure was to be seen on the lately crowded beach—all was profound silence; and the gleaming lights of the village showed that the inhabitants had retired for the night.

"Our two medical friends struck out boldly; but just as they were nearing their destination, O'Rafferty's oar got entangled in some obstruction that brought the boat to a stand-still. A very slight examination proved that the floating mass was a human form; and the sailor costume left no doubt that the drowned man was one of the crew of the ill-fated West Indiaman. By great exertion, the two doctors lifted the body into the boat, and on the shadow of the chance of restoring animation, determined to convey it to the dispensary; but with such precaution as to keep the incident a profound secret. This, you will say, was 'humanity with ulterior views;' and I don't care to deny it; for if unfortunately the poor sailor could not be brought to, what objection could there be to make him a posthumous contributor to science? Most of our best actions may be traced to mixed motives; and so, perhaps, it was in this case. At all events, the poor mariner was stealthily conveyed through the postern, and safely lodged in a large room on the first floor, always kept under lock by the proprietor, and containing some of the 'arcana' of his craft, such as a skeleton in a glass-case—a hideous papier-mâché model of the human figure—some horrible-looking fossils, a galvanic apparatus, and sundry other articles suggestive of the black art, in which it was firmly believed the late incumbent had practised in that same apartment. No inmate, therefore, of the house would, after dusk, so much as venture into the corridor leading to this chamber; and all notion of the possibility of resuscitating poor Jack being out of the question, the scientific alternative was irresistible; and O'Rafferty, enchanted at having secured so valuable a waif, determined to commence his anatomical operations the following morning.

"For some days all went on delightfully. Brannigan attended to his usual avocations, with the pleasant conscious-

ness that his guest was enjoying himself to the top of his bent, and each evening was devoted to the discussion of the day's practice. There is a fascination in dissection, of which the uninitiated can form no notion. It is akin to, but decidedly inferior, I can hold, in point of excitement, to the pleasurable emotions with which Mr. Calcraft is said to discharge the executive part of his profession. Be this as it may, O'Rafferty was in high spirits, and going a-head merrily with the sailor, for whose fate there was the less reason to mourn, that, in the course of nature, he must have soon died of a liver complaint, that organ being enlarged to an unusual size, and exhibiting such phenomena of disease that O'Rafferty, in his professional enthusiasm, pronounced it 'a perfect gem!'

"In the meantime Ballyclash was not insensible to the unusual fact of a stranger being quartered at the Dispensary. For some days after his arrival he had circulated sufficiently to become an object of general notice and fair speculative gossip; but his disappearance had been so sudden and complete, that it was commonly supposed he had taken his departure—when, to the astonishment of the natives, it transpired one evening at the tap of the 'Kenmare Arms,' through the indiscretion of Larry Gaff, the porter of the hospital, not only that Mr. O'Rafferty was 'to the fore,' but that he was 'closeted all alone by himself in the Devil's den'—the name usually given by the initiated to the apartment of his preference.

"There happened to be, at that moment, within earshot of Mr. Gaff, an individual who, though apparently absorbed in a game of cribbage, in the snuggery, as it was called, of the tap, made a very particular note of his statement. This was no other than Mr. Rodolphus, alias Rhode, or, as he was still more significantly, and, by way of climax, called Buck Hickey—a youth, who for some time had been earning a discreditable notoriety by his precocious talents for every species of mischief. He was the lowest type of the genus *Fast*—a fraternity of which, under various but unmistakable forms, specimens are to be found in every grade of society. It was as great a mystery to explain how Buck Hickey contrived to ruffle it at wake,

fair, and horse-race, as it is to divine how some of the best dressed men 'about town' eke out the ways and means of fashionable existence. In a financial point of view, fast men are positively inscrutable; and it is a corroborative fact that, without any visible source of income, Buck Hickey never seemed in want of small coin. He might, indeed, have improved his circumstances by attending to the little farm held by his widowed mother; but he was so 'assiduous,' as the sarcastic exciseman observed, 'in sowing his wild oats,' that he was not likely to cultivate or reap any other crop. His rollicking genius was in full swing at the period of this narrative; and there was not an anonymous hoax or a vicious escapade within twelve miles round of which he did not get the credit. In a word, he was the terror of the sober-minded of every age and sex; and the said exciseman was wont drily to predict, that "Buck Hickey would never die in a horizontal posture.

"One of his marked propensities was a rabid curiosity, and this instinct was inflamed to the highest pitch by Larry Gaff's report. He instantly, therefore, formed the resolution of investigating, in his own fashion, the mystery of the Dispensary, and of countermining, for the sheer love of mischief, whatever plot might, as he suspected, be under the surreptitious proceedings of Surgeon O'Rafferty. In the popular tumult that had expelled the late practitioner, he had been a leader; and as he had given the name of 'The Devil's den' to the very room now under consideration, he felt it his especial duty to explore the locality, and, as he phrased it, to 'unkennel the fox.' It was an adventure of some difficulty, and one which he was resolved to attempt alone. Accordingly, towards nightfall, he proceeded to reconnoitre.

"About the same hour, O'Rafferty being alone, in consequence of Dr. Brannigan's absence on a distant call, made up his mind to spend a scientific evening in his favourite studio, more particularly as it was highly expedient to close, without farther delay, his learned investigations. Indeed, nothing but his inveterate love of his pursuit could have made him hitherto insensible to the urgent necessity of forthwith procuring Christian burial for what remained of the defunct ma-

riners, whose longer detention above ground involved serious sanitary considerations. To 'the den,' accordingly, he proceeded; but such even upon his nerves were the effects of the atmosphere of the apartment, that he was forced to avail himself of a step-ladder to open the large window—about six feet from the floor—which served to light and ventilate the room. He took advantage of the same convenience to remove to a shelf near the window a large wooden bowl containing that indescribable mass already mentioned as 'the gem.' These arrangements made, he lighted his lamp and commenced his operations.

"In the meantime, Buck Hickey had decided on his plan of attack. The large window of the 'den' overlooked the garden, and, though ten or twelve feet from the ground, was accessible by means of a ruined penthouse immediately under it. He took up a favourable position, under shelter of a yew hedge, and kept his eye fixed on the well-known spot, when, to his great delight, a glare from that single window of the whole range not only satisfied him that the tenants of the 'den' were at their unholy rites, but showed that the sash was thrown up to its full height, thereby offering a temptation for a peep, not to be resisted. Stealthily and noiselessly approaching, he contrived to establish a precarious footing on the broken rafters of the penthouse, and, by slow degrees, edged on his advance, till by standing on tip-toe, he could place both hands on the sill above. With all his caution, however, he could not prevent a slight noise from some falling mortar, which caused him to pause, and hold his breath; while the effect of the same accident was to give O'Rafferty a little start, and put him on the *qui vive* for an explanation. It at once flashed across his mind that curiosity had something to do with the matter; and this suspicion was the next minute confirmed by the apparition on the opposite wall of a head and face, as clearly defined as if they had been projected by a magic lantern. Before he could turn round to verify the original, the shadow had disappeared. The fact was, that in his eagerness for the first peep, Buck Hickey had not sufficiently secured his foot-hold of the rough-cast wall, and a portion of it giving way, he had suddenly subsided, to his own

great alarm, before he could realise anything like the intended survey. He had caught, however, a sufficient glimpse, as well as perfume, to stimulate his ardour; and all being apparently quiet within, he prepared more effectually to repeat his experiment. Little did the unlucky wight dream of the reception that awaited him. O'Rafferty, anticipating his advent, and determined to administer to the intruder, whoever he might be, not only an adequate, but an appropriate and characteristic punishment, raised himself on the stepladder to the level of the sill, and seizing, by a sudden inspiration of genius, the bowl containing all the precious illustrations of liver-complaint—and the potency of which as a missile may be more easily conceived than described—stood ready for action, feeling, when thus armed, superior to any emergency, and more than a match for the devil himself, if he came within reach of a salute. He had not long to wait. Buck Hickey, renewing his gripe of the sill, again made a vigorous effort, and was most successfully raising himself to the proper elevation, when—horror of horrors! the 'GEM,' with all its ghastly and gory accompaniments, was, by a back-handed feat of O'Rafferty, launched with such dire effect full in the face of the delinquent that, as if shot by a bolt from heaven, he fell back with a stifled groan, and rolled, to all appearance, a corpse, into the garden.

"O'Rafferty hastened out with a lantern, and found him in a dead swoon! He was joined at the moment by Brannigan, to whom he related the adventure; and the two doctors took advantage of his unconscious state to remove him through the postern of the garden to the beach, where, after giving him a vigorous ablution of seawater, they left him, on the first signs of returning animation, to realise, as best he might, when he came to his senses, the events of the night.

"'Tis a problem which, from that hour to this, he has never been able to solve, nor could it ever be accounted for, except by the two doctors, why, from that time forward, Buck Hickey was an altered man, and, in less than a month, emigrated to America."

When the laughter and applause with which the story was received had ceased—

"Sollenger," continued Templeton,

"I leave you to your own reflection. You have been sadly imposed upon; but I hold it to be impossible that even your *quantum* of sagacity can fail to detect the utter fatuity of supposing that Appelles, with such a supply as he must have had under the given circumstances, of Egyptian gems, would have so outraged the *To Πεισιν*, as to have employed a stick."

Before I could rally for a reply, a peal from the great French organ, precluding one of Mr. Best's astounding fugues, caused such a rush to the spot where we were lounging, that we were forced to adjourn; not, however, without agreeing to meet at seven, for an experimental dinner at Monsieur Soy-er's Symposium of all Nations.

WINTER LIFE AND SCENERY.

Bare Winter owns the earth at last,
The white sun rises late and slow,
With scatter'd fires, and breathes the blast
Bitterly from the hills of snow;
The world is dumb, the stream is dead,
The dim shrubs shiver by the pane,
And sounds, as from some aged brain,
Swoon from the poplar overhead.
Yet, though chill clouds of morning grey,
Around our lonely roof are rolled,
From winter day we'll turn away,
Nor heed, by yonder hearth, the cold.

Come, Mary, close beside me rest
While flames the cheery crackling hearth;
The while our pleasant morning guest
Shall gossip stories of the earth;
Here shall we read of mighty wars
That tyrants glory to renew,
Great struggles of the good and true,
Wild voyages under foreign stars.
The world has still its faery tale;
Still new Alladins search for gold,
Hark! it is but the wandering gale,
Tapping the pane with fingers cold.

A walk? — yes, through the clear-aired day,
Still facing southward let us go,
Where spreads the quiet sky away
In slips, like blue lakes in the snow.
The land is dark, the forests sigh—
See yonder branch all ledged with alest,
The numb bird clasps with tiny feet,
And chirps a little shivering cry.
Ah! bleakly breathes the bitter air,
Come, Mary, by the woods we'll hold:
The woods shall yield, though gray and bare,
A kindly shelter from the cold.

All day beneath the silken sky
Some mighty presence labours round,
The sunlight glimmers dolefully,
The leaves are starched along the ground:

Blank sounds the gunshot through the air
In frosted fields and fens beyond,
And, dumb beside the harden'd pond,
The cattle stand with piteous stare ;—
But though the season, wild and bleak,
Swathes earth in many a snowy fold,
Yet, Mary, sweet, your chilly cheek
It only rosies o'er with cold.

Hark ! now from yonder bosky mounds
Echoes the clear hilarious horn !
In circles yelp the spotted hounds
In empty fields all stubble-shorn :
The jocund huntsmen gallop forth
'Mid slanting drifts of pelting hail,
And, bending, breast the icy gale
Set in with noon from the blue north :—
Press closer, closer to my side ;
In muffling mist the sun has rolled,
The frost-ghost wanders far and wide,
The sky is dark, the world is cold.

Yet oft we paced o'er this old walk,
With summer moss beneath our feet,
When o'er the moor the shepherd's flock
Drowns in the heavy evening heat ;
And drifted past the cottage eaves
As crimson dusk crept o'er the flood,
From the red bonfire in the wood
The sweet faint scent of burning leaves :
Oft then as through the quiet trees
The sunset streamed in shafts of gold,
We sighed for one sweet temperate breeze
To freshen earth with norland cold.

Now turn we, as the sun aloof
Strikes o'er the level earth the while,
And on our distant cottage roof
Burns with a parting yellow smile.
The numb wind warders in a swoon
From the far cloud line puffed with snow,
And coldly, coldly breathes below
The thin light of the dim day-moon.
Pace quick—the stars look icy bright ;
Pace quick, and close the mantle fold,
For lo ! our little window's light
Beacons us homeward from the cold.

Night rises o'er the desolate scene,
The crows push through the darkness blind ;
The children play on the village-green,
Their voices lost in whirls of wind.
List !—how the wintry storm-march hums
Along the space of shadowing floods ;
In the hollow clouds beyond the woods
We hear them beat their dolorous drums :
Ah ! this shall be a piteous night
For wanderers over sea and wold ;—
Our little porch is hooded white,
The ice-drops glitter in the cold.

Come, pile the fire, bring forth the books,
 Gay song, and southern sweet romance;
 Let harvest-groups with joyous looks
 Beneath the walnut's shadows dance.
 In this old tome a wand we've found,
 To change to youth the winter's age;—
 As thy light fingers turn the page,
 The heavy world shall roll around;
 So read me tales of tropic days,
 By some brown, bright-eyed traveller told,
 Till o'er the palms we seem to gaze
 Beneath some sultry curtain's fold.

Still here, through winter white and bleak,
 By this lone cottage-hearth we'll dwell,
 While round the shores the surges break,
 While tolls at night the tempest-bell.
 Dear home affection, pure and true,
 Shall light the little space we're given,—
 And though Love's world is wide as heaven,
 My Mary, yet it holds but two;
 So, pillowed heart to heart, we'll sing,
 While beats the rain and blows the cold—
 Till crocus playmates of the spring
 In shelter'd corners bloom in gold.

STRIKE BY THE DARRO.

Down the street, like gathered torrent, swept the little Christian band,
 And the turbaned crowd before them fell aside on either hand;
 Down the street, and thro' the gate, beyond the city walls they passed,
 Nor paused to raise a levelled spear, nor draw the rein, nor backward cast
 A hurried glance, till, by the Darro, panting, they drew rein at last.
 "Are they men?" cried Alan Rede; "would they had the heart of men,
 We had had some strokes of mettle, we had had some music then.
 Gods! the hot sun but engenders spirits colder than the pole,
 And the blood of tropic heat but insulates a frozen soul.
 In the north, where I was born, the cold and barren mountain land,
 Men have fiery souls within them, fearless heart and ready hand;
 Though the wintry hills are lying deep beneath their load of snow,
 And along the rock-ribbed valleys cold the northern breezes blow,
 Yet their tameless hearts would never quail before a coming foe.
 I have seen them, I have seen them, each a little targe to breast,
 That their only armour save the keen claymore they wield best,
 Wait the coming of the Saxons, sheathed in steel and lance in rest!
 I have seen them, I have seen them, I have heard the slogan yell;
 I have heard the stormy bagpipe 'mid the bursts of battle fell!
 Seen them rush with naked bosom full upon the iron ranks,
 Break them down and overleap them, as a torrent bursts its banks;
 But the Moors have feeble spirits, and they draw a feeble brand—
 'Gainst a swiftly coming steed and levelled lance they cannot stand;
 Courage lives in northern regions, saints and fails in sultry land."
 "What think ye of this, my comrades," thus a sneering soldier said,
 "Is he not, this alien boaster, braver than the mighty Cid?"
 Opened not his lips to answer — not a word spake Alan Rede;
 Swift he hurried — with a buffet struck the scoffer from his steed;
 Swift they sprang, and, foot to foot, stood prepared for bloody deed.

"Hold! ye hasty-blooded fools!" loudly called Sir Ronaleyn;
 "See ye not the gleam of armour thro' the pauses of the vine!
 See ye not the turbaned helmets — see ye not the pennons fly?
 Heavens! is it time to wrangle when Granada's knights are nigh?
 Up! to horse, and be your quarrel with the infidel to-day;
 To-morrow — if ye live to see it — ye may have your weapon-play."
 Thus he cried, nor cried in vain; each again to saddle clomb;
 Soon they saw the dusky warriors from behind the covert come.
 "Strange!" he pondered, as their ranks rapidly he numbered o'er,
 "That our number should be equal — neither less and neither more!"
 Then each Spaniard, then each Moor, clashed his spear into its rest,
 Struck the rowels in his horse, and forward leant his mailed breast;
 Then the distance narrowed swiftly, till they met in tumult dire,
 And splintered spears were tost aloft, like burning parchment from the fire!
 Twenty steeds without their burden galloped wild across the plain;
 Twenty warriors, saddle fast, rained their clanging blows amain;
 Fell as Lucifer the charge — desperate the after strife.
 This was not a glory-battle — 'twas a battle for the life.
 Lives were ebbing, blood was flowing, when the Moslem turned to flee;
 Drumly dark the sky was growing — night was dropping suddenly;
 Hot the chase across the plain — the city gates received the foe;
 Back the victors turned their horses, pacing silently and slow.

CALEDONIAN.

THE SESSION EXTRAORDINARY.

THE proverb tells us, there is a time for all things, and the time for the annual opening of the session of Parliament has been so long, and so unvaryingly appointed by custom for the first days of the first month of spring, that a royal speech in February has come to be looked for as regularly as was, in old times, a white world at Christmas, or a dancing sun on Easter morn. What circumstance determined the choice of that eccentric month as the proper season for the celebration of the great constitutional solemnity, we do not pretend to be able to explain; but chosen it has been, and the arrangement has become so familiar to men's minds, that a departure from it, even by a precession of a few wintry days, becomes matter of interest or wonder to subordinate factionaries and quidnuncs. The normal wording of the Queen's proclamation assumes in the eyes of men an unusual significance, when occasionally and rarely it summons Lords and Commons to assemble at Westminster so early as the 31st of January, and even that brief anticipation is sufficient to add the grandeur of mystery to those "divers urgent and important affairs"

which her Majesty invites her well-beloved cousins and faithful counsellors then and there to despatch. When such is the habit of men's thoughts as to the proper seasons for the sleeping and waking of Parliament, it is a matter of course that so great a violation of custom as the calling together of the great council of the nation twelve days before Christmas, should be considered as a portent of strange augury — the sign of some unusual danger impending over the commonwealth, or the harbinger of some grand stroke of policy contemplated for the advancement of the national interests or honour. This is the third time (as well as we can recollect) during the last seven years that Parliament has been twice opened in the same year. Once, the awful necessity of the potato famine explained and justified the holding of an autumnal session. Secondly, those powerful affinities for office, that resulted in the anomalous combinations of the Coalition Cabinet, forced a similar necessity upon the weakness of Lord Derby. Upon neither of those occasions, however, did the measure assume the extraordinary features that distinguish the *coup d'état* we

are at present reviewing. In the former case, the sudden occurrence of a great national calamity, developed during the recess of Parliament, manifestly called for the adoption of measures requiring legislative sanction. Again, in 1852, there was long public notice given that the urgency of certain gentlemen's desire for office would not be repressed beyond the period for which, in the difficulties of their own position, they had agreed to stay it. A bargain was made with Lord Derby, that he should be suffered to carry on the public business until the close of the first session of 1852 should allow of the dissolution of Parliament, and that bargain was rigidly enforced. That it would be so the nation knew and expected, and the autumnal session of that year was looked upon by the public rather with the curiosity felt in the casual spectacle of a duel between combatants to whom the spectator is equally indifferent, than with the real interest that belongs to a battle of political principles. The meeting between the parties was regularly arranged long beforehand, and as regularly fought out. The worst drilled and least effective troops were beaten, and the victors, having seized the spoil, proceeded in the ordinary course to distribute it. Very different from either of these precedents of an irregular session is that of 1854, both as to the mode of its convention, the nature of its proceedings, and the indications afforded by the circumstances belonging to it.

It will be recollected by most of our readers that, towards the close of the last session, a pledge tendered to ministers to bind them to call Parliament together in autumn, with a view to the probable eventualities of the war, was by them peremptorily rejected. That they were justified in that course we do not mean to deny. It is unquestionably the duty and the privilege of the Executive Government to judge of the circumstances requiring the extraordinary action of the legislature; and if action were not needed, to impose an obligation to assemble the houses as mere debating

clubs would be mischievous and ridiculous. Reflecting and independent men did not, therefore, feel surprise or disappointment, either at the refusal of the ministers to promise to convene Parliament in autumn, or at their suffering that season to elapse without calling for its aid. When prorogations in the usual form were proclaimed from time to time, men felt satisfied that whatever might be the apparent difficulties in public affairs, those who had the means of possessing the fullest information respecting them had not lost confidence, and as yet felt no pressing want of extraordinary support from the nation. At length when, upon the 16th of November, Parliament was prorogued to the 14th of the succeeding month, in the form which denotes that it was intended then further to postpone its actual meeting, every one felt assured that the ordinary powers of the Executive Government were still found to be sufficient for the exigencies of the occasion. What, then, was the public surprise and consternation when, just eleven days after that tranquillising event, the nation was informed, in the same breath that told them of some of the gloomiest casualties of the war, that the instant assistance of Parliament was required, and that in such hot haste, that the extraordinary powers conferred by a special statute were invoked in order to enable the Queen to rally the lieges around her throne some forty-eight hours before the day fixed at the prorogation. On the 16th of November, Parliament was prorogued to the 14th of December. The first saddening rumours of the losses at Inkermann began shortly afterwards to arrive, and were speedily succeeded by the bloody details of that glorious but perilous victory. Then came the terrible announcements of the shipwrecks of the 14th of November, and hard upon the earliest whisperings of these disasters followed, on the 27th of the same month, her Majesty's proclamation, summoning Parliament to meet on the 12th of December,* just two days before the time to which it stood formally prorogued, and

* When Parliament stands prorogued to a certain day, the Queen is empowered by 37 Geo. III., c. 127, to issue a proclamation, giving notice of her intention that Parliament shall meet and be holden for the despatch of business, on any day not less than fourteen days distant.

at the earliest possible hour in which the law permitted it to be assembled. Is it matter of wonder, we again ask, that this proceeding should have surprised and alarmed the nation? Nor was the alarm diminished, although, in the minds of those who had carefully observed the progress of affairs, the surprise was not increased, when unmistakable indications shortly appeared that this sudden call for Parliamentary support was, in all probability, no more than the unpremeditated shriek of a paroxysm of delirious fear. Scarcely had the proclamation appeared in the Gazette, when the most trusted and confidential organs of the ministers, in their squabbles, disclosed the secret that no scheme of policy was, at all events, known to them as being prepared for submission to the legislature. The *Times* announced with alarming circumstantiality that the army in the Crimea was reduced by disease and the sword to the lowest point of efficiency at which it could maintain a defensive position; that to save it from extinction it must be immediately reinforced; and that the Exchequer being empty, reinforcements could not be provided without the sanction of Parliament to new financial measures—without another increase of the income tax, or a loan, or both.

In twenty-four hours after the publication of these announcements, they were contradicted in the same columns "by authority;" and the contradiction was enforced by another ministerial organ with assurances that neither men nor funds were wanting; that Lord Raglan's army was strong enough; the Exchequer overflowing; and that neither taxes nor loan were required or would be proposed. For what purpose, then, was the extraordinary step taken of summoning Parliament at the unusual time and with the unprecedented incidents we have mentioned? It was plain the organs of the Government could not satisfactorily answer the question. Could the ministers themselves solve it? That was a problem which remained undetermined even when her Majesty's opening speech was spoken to Lords and Commons. Its solution is now, however, patent to the world. Three measures, none of which were specified in the Royal programme, have been brought before the great council of the nation; and of these, two could in no sense be de-

scribed as urgent, while the third was, in its essence, opposed to the constitution and policy of England; in its moral effect encouraging to the enemy, degrading and insulting to the army and nation; and in its probable operation almost certain to be a total failure. Parliament standing prorogued to the 14th of December, was summoned by special proclamation to meet on the 12th, in order to pass

A Militia Bill,

A Foreign Enlistment Bill, and

A vote of thanks to the army and navy, and to our French allies.

A very few words will, we hope, suffice to maintain the opinions we have expressed as to the urgency and character of these propositions.

The object of the Militia Bill was to enable Her Majesty to accept offers made by whole regiments or portions of regiments of militia to serve out of the United Kingdom. Government, said Lord Palmerston, in introducing the bill, have been accused of entering on the war without a reserve; to that he answered, that the reserve is the British nation. The bill was designed to bring forward so much of that grand reserve as is formed by the militia for service in Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Islands, possibly in North America. It was not intended to enforce such extension by any species of compulsion, actual or moral, but simply to enable the Government to use the services of volunteers. Into the principle of this measure we need not now enter, although we are by no means convinced that it is free from objections upon that score. Admitting, however, that it would be prudent to break up the nursery for recruits, for which the county militia regiments have upon other occasions so effectively served; and waiving the objection that might reasonably be offered to the disservice of the local aristocracy from the militia service, which the employment of the regiments in garrisons abroad would necessarily bring about—we may still ask, what was the urgency of this bill? There was then, thanks to the pertinacity with which the ministers so long continued to disbelieve in the war! but sixteen regiments of militia embodied in England. In Scotland and Ireland there is not one embodied—not one even yet enrolled. Where, then, are the regiments which, in whole or in part, are to be accepted

by her Majesty for service in our colonial garrisons? Could not the ardour of those gallant corps—if any there be—who have volunteered in mass for foreign service be kept warm for six short weeks? Nay, they must yet longer restrain their noble impatience, for the Government, which could not suffer a delay of forty-eight hours in calling Parliament together to pass this bill, have actually agreed to an amendment limiting the proportion of men to be permitted to volunteer in any regiment to three-fourths of its whole strength. But, in truth, the volunteering of militiamen for service, not merely in garrisons, but at the seat of war, was going on daily, with as much vigour as could have been desired, at the very time when the bill was laid upon the table of the House of Commons. The regular army was not losing a single recruit, nor would it have lost one in the six or seven weeks that would have elapsed before the usual time for the meeting of Parliament had this bill never been thought of. As to the relief of line regiments, by garrisoning Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands with militia corps, it surely would be time enough to have the legal power of doing so when these latter corps should be embodied, and drilled, and organised sufficiently to make it safe to employ them in such service. In that work six weeks could have been profitably employed. A Parliament of emergency was certainly not needed for the passing of the Militia Bill between the 12th of December, 1854, and the 23rd of January, 1855, to which latter day the session has been adjourned.

The second task marked out for performance in this truly extraordinary session, was a Foreign Enlistment Bill, the provisions of which appear at this day so remarkable and noteworthy, that we think it right to put the principal clauses of the original draft on record for the information of our readers. In its passage through the House of Lords, where it was introduced, the bill was materially modified; but here are its first three clauses as they were laid upon the table by the Secretary for War, and read a first and second time through what we cannot but designate as the very unpatriotic complaisance of that Right Hon. Assembly:—

“1. It shall be lawful for her Majesty to

cause to be enlisted as soldiers into her service persons not being natural-born subjects, or entitled to the privileges of natural-born subjects of her Majesty, who may voluntarily enter themselves for such service, and to grant commissions or letters of service to any such persons to serve as officers, the persons so enlisted and commissioned to be formed into separate regiments, battalions, and corps, and to be employed within or out of the United Kingdom as her Majesty may deem expedient for her service; and such enlistment, commission, and the service thereunder, shall be as lawful as if such persons were natural-born subjects of her Majesty.

“2. Provided always, that there shall not be within the United Kingdom more in the whole than fifteen thousand men serving under this Act at any one time.

“3. Every person enlisted as a soldier under the authority of this Act shall be *attested in such manner as her Majesty shall direct*, and not otherwise; and all officers, non-commissioned officers, drummers, and private soldiers enlisting or commissioned under this Act, shall take such oath for their fidelity during their continuance in her Majesty's service as her Majesty shall direct, and no other.”

Fifteen thousand Hessians, permanently quartered in the barracks of the United Kingdom, or, mayhap, billeted judiciously throughout its chief towns, might afford the means of making practical Government easy, indeed, within the realm of England. But we have heard a whisper, that the too familiar name of Hessian might not turn out to be strictly applicable to these new Pretorian guards. The equally notorious adjective, “Swiss,” was whispered by the noble Secretary as suggestive of the probable site of the proposed levy; and this, too, is commonly thought to be but a delusion. Saxe-Coburg is believed, by some well-informed persons, to be the land of promise, which is to overflow with this modern tide of servile emigration. That fortunate principality is to be in future the *officina sicariorum*, as it has been the *officina genitorum regalium* of the nations. We shall be curious respecting the form in which her Majesty shall frame the attestation of these gallant Coburgers.

It would appear, from certain expressions let fall during the discussion of this measure, that Lord Derby had been so incautious as to suffer himself to be entrapped into an engagement to abstain from opposition to its principle. Assent to the princi-

ple would have included a concession of the details; for if the employment of foreign mercenaries to maintain "law and order" in this free land were once sanctioned, no item of particular mischief would be longer impossible. Fortunately for liberty, within and without these realms, the House of Lords contained one independent and able man, who had entered into no unwary bargain, and who, free to oppose principle and details, sounded a timely alarm, and awoke both Lord Derby and the country from a slumber which might have been fatal. The Earl of Ellenborough thoroughly exposed the deformities of the Foreign Enlistment Bill; and as we could not hope to make the case plainer in words of our own, we shall borrow a few illustrations of its nature from the noble Lord's eloquent and luminous discourses.

The bill unconstitutional:—

"When I read this bill this morning," said Lord Ellenborough, "I was completely astonished; for, taking this bill in connexion with the bill brought into the other House to enable her Majesty to accept the services of certain regiments of militia for the declared purpose of garrisoning fortresses in the Mediterranean, the practical object of this measure is, to substitute in this country 15,000 foreigners for 15,000 British militiamen who are to be employed abroad ('No, no,' from the Government). I take a perfectly legitimate, Parliamentary, and constitutional view of the effect of this measure, and if the measure gives that power, I am entitled to consider that the power will be exercised. I say, then, to that exercise of the power of substituting in this country 15,000 Germans or Swiss for 15,000 English soldiers I absolutely object. . . . It is contrary to all the constitutional principles which obtained in the very best times of what was called 'Whig Administration.' Its origin is to be found in those times when a Ministry succumbed to the German disposition and prejudices of the first George. It is not in accordance with the more recent feelings of the people of this country. I object to it altogether, and it will be my duty throughout to offer to it every opposition."

Degrading to the army, and insulting to the nation:—

"I do not think there has been anything in the conduct of the people of this country since the commencement of the war which would justify the Government in assuming that they are either unable or unwilling to

maintain their own national interests by their own national arms. On the contrary, the people have submitted with perfect readiness to the sacrifices demanded from them, and are willing to submit to further sacrifices for the prosecution of the war. But at the commencement of this popular and national war we are desired to go back to old times, to hire Hessians, instead of employing the constitutional force of this country. My lords, I must say that it appears to me that of all the measures which I recollect, under any circumstances, produced at any time, by any Government, this is the most ungracious towards a generous and a confiding people."

And to what end was this violation of constitutional principle, and offence to a whole people to conduce? Plainly and confessedly, it was to tell the Czar that, without mercenary foreign aid, England is unable to maintain her honour. In a speech, fitly characterised by the Earl of Hardwicke as "cringing, debasing, and degrading," Lord Wodehouse, one of her Majesty's ministers, advocated the employment of foreign troops as a necessity disagreeable, indeed, but to which "we were obliged to have recourse; when we found ourselves engaged in a great war." Nor could any one promise that the disagreeable and degrading necessity having been revealed to the enemy, the expedient recurred to would relieve it:—

"Who (asked Lord Ellenborough) are those foreigners whom the noble duke allows her Majesty to bring to this country? We are told that it would be indecorous to mention the names of those German princes or others until the bill has passed, as no regular communications can be made with them until that time. But, I ask, is there any understanding with any of those princes, or is there not? Can we not be told what understanding there is, and what reasonable anticipations Ministers have? Are they going to take this leap in the dark? Will any one of those German princes dare to join with the allies, and declare against Russia? No; they dare do no such thing; and if they will not join you openly, you must have recourse to the petty, disgraceful course of conniving at the desertion of their troops. I can see no other mode in which the assistance of foreign soldiers can be obtained."

The measure, so far as its expressed object would be concerned, would fail; but the degradation would be certain:—

"So (to use the eloquent words of Lord Derby) it has been, from the earliest days—from the decline and fall of the Roman empire, down to the period to which Alfieri refers, when he says of Italy:—

"——Dil non suo ferro cinta
Pagar con traccia di stranieri genti."

In all time and in all countries has this been the first mark of the weakness of nations, and the sure sign of their approaching decay."

The third proposal of the Government was a vote of thanks to the army and navy, and to our French allies; and in the advocacy of this they were cordially assisted by the Opposition leaders, and unanimously responded to by the entire of both Houses. The thanks of Parliament were unquestionably due to the brave men, English and French, who have so nobly sustained the military reputation of western Europe upon the bloody fields of the Crimea, and they were cheerfully and heartily given. The manner in which the proposal was advanced was, indeed, deformed by some puerilities, and the truth contained in the copy-book maxim, that "Praise in excess is satire in disguise," was, perhaps, somewhat lost sight of; nevertheless, in its broad effect, the measure was an honest, spirit-stirring British cheer; and as such, no doubt, it has gone home to the hearts of those to whose ears it was directed. But was it necessary to call Parliament together twelve days before Christmas, and forty-eight hours before the time to which it stood prorogued, in order to vent this hurrah?

Voilà tout! This is absolutely all that has come of the Session Extraordinary of 1854; and the nation has to look in three weeks more to the commencement of the ordinary session of 1855. It is with a view to this approaching event that we have devoted a few pages to a consideration of the broad bearings and results of its brief harbinger. With mere details we, of course, do not meddle, leaving those to the sufficient care of our cotemporaries of the newspaper press; but the lesson deducible from this strange and unprecedented proceeding has an application in advance of the date of the daily chronicle of passing news. We have already seen, and the Ministers themselves have,

with sufficient candour, owned to the mischiefs that have flowed from that unhappy policy which has characterised the conduct of the war, even from the time of its first threatenings. "Too late," is the explanation of the failure of those wonderful tricks of treaty-making and diplomacy which, eighteen months ago, in vigorous and ready hands, might have established at least a temporary peace. The formula, "too late," accounts for the massacre of Sinope, for the carnage of Inkermann, for the weeks of the 14th of November, for the horrors of the hospitals of Balaklava and Scutari, and for the sufferings in the lines of Sebastopol. But who is so likely to run himself out of breath as the habitual sluggard, suddenly aroused to a perception of the opportunity that is passing from him? The man who, being too late, misses his place in the journey of life, seldom fails to stumble when, at the last moment, he overtakes his powers in a desperate effort to recover time lost. The summoning of the extraordinary session of last month was precisely such an effort as this, and it has, in like manner, failed. The Coalition Ministry has lost wind in its desperate exertions to show speed and bottom to the nation. It has but exposed itself, panting and exhausted, before the country, the Czar, and the world. Finding itself in that desperate strait in which something must be done, the Government could see no more promising expedient than to call Parliament together for an extraordinary session. When Parliament was assembled, they could invent no more effective measures to lay before it than the Militia Volunteering Bill, the Foreign Enlistment Bill, and the Vote of Thanks. We have shown that two of these were not of urgency, and were incapable of affording present relief in the national difficulties, and that the third was at once ineffective, unconstitutional, injurious to the public spirit of the country, and encouraging to the enemy. The result has been divisions in both Houses of Parliament, in which a narrow majority saved the Government from immediate overthrow, but forced them to admit essential modifications of their measures. They have adjourned the session to the 23rd of the present month, under these evil auspices; and to them and to the country there now remain three weeks

wherein to reflect upon the past, and to consider the future. In the meantime, our brave troops are enduring nearly all extremities, and may well be excused should they lose all hope when they learn that the utmost the united wisdom of the Government and Legislature of England could do for their immediate relief was in truth but to pass a barren vote of thanks. But let us hope that the lesson taught by the Session Extraordinary will not be wasted on Government, or Parliament, or people, and that the completeness of the failure of that hasty and ill-considered attempt to do something may be a sure pledge that actual business will be approached at the ordinary time in a different spirit, and with

more satisfactory results. To the Government and to the Opposition, the moral we would point from this tale is, that the crisis requires a subjection of all party feeling in the minds of both. The Government will be supported by the country, if, eschewing jobs and clap-trap, they will throw themselves heartily into the work of carrying on the war to the utmost damage of the enemy, irrespective of theories of free trade, economy, or mock humanity. The Opposition will be raised into the place of the Government, if the latter should still be thought to fall short of this standard, and if reasonable ground shall be shown for believing that the earnestness wanting in the one party is to be found in the other.

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DUBLIN

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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VOL. XLV.

THE BOUNDARY MAP OF EUROPE.

It is now close upon forty years since the last complete edition of the Boundary Map of Europe was issued from the imperial and royal press of Vienna. During the eventful period which has since elapsed, many changes of ownership have occurred, and many important alterations have been traced in from time to time; yet the original survey of 1814-15 continues to be held as of authority in the high court of international public opinion, and the ambition of princes and the rights of nationalities are still brought to judgment on a reference to its shewing of facts, perhaps no longer in existence. The memory of mankind is, indeed, short; but if all experience did not testify to the ease with which nations forget, it would be truly surprising to find the settlement made at Vienna, in 1815, appealed to and relied upon at the close of a generation that has witnessed the creation of the kingdoms of Belgium and Greece, the conclusion of the treaty of Adrianople, the abolition of the Duchy of Warsaw, and the extinction of the freedom of Hungary. Nevertheless, that *opus magnum* of the Holy Alliance fixes landmarks in the annals of Europe, which the student of philosophic history can never disregard, and whose whereabouts may interest casual readers, at a moment like the present, when it seems so likely that a new edition of the boundary map of this quarter of the world is on the eve of publication. We are therefore induced to hope, that a rapid sketch of the operations of the Congress of Vienna in political geodesy, and of the changes that have since been made in this work, may not be unacceptable to the public.

VOL. XLV.—NO CCLXVI.

On the 30th of March, 1814, the united armies of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, stormed the heights that command Paris; and after a battle, in which the loss of the allies amounted to 9,093 men, that celebrated capitulation was agreed to, which resulted in the abdication of Napoleon, and the obliteration of the territorial landmarks of his career from the face of Europe. Upon that very day twelvemonth (the 30th of March, 1813) that extraordinary man, exasperated but not humbled by the disasters of Moscow, had addressed his senate in these remarkable words—"If the allies were encamped on the heights of Montmartre, I would not surrender one village in the thirty-second military division." We feel now as if we recalled the creation of a dream rather than an historical fact, when we state, that the thirty-second military division of France then embraced the free city of Hamburgh. Such, nevertheless, was, in reality, the vastness of the empire into which France had grown in the few years that had elapsed from the abolition of monarchy, in 1792. From the Elbe to the Pyrennees; from the straits of Dover to Rome, the modern Charlemagne laid claim to dominion, and asserted it by arms, even to the hour of his abdication. His garrisons in Germany, the low countries, Italy, and Spain, surrendered by the convention of Paris, concluded on the 23rd of April, 1814, numbered upwards of 90,000 men, and were armed with 12,000 pieces of cannon. The territories immediately or mediately connected with his empire, and then severed from it, contained populations amounting to more than thirty millions

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of souls. It was truly a great spoil that fell to the disposal of the conquerors, and that was divided by them at the Congress of Vienna. In the distribution, nearly the entire of continental Europe was, directly or indirectly, interested. Everywhere the ancient landmarks had been removed; in many instances their place was remembered no more. Simple restoration was found to be impracticable or thought to be inexpedient. The work in hand necessarily involved, at the same time, provisions for remunerating and gratifying friends, for punishing and restraining enemies or traitors, and for preventing future disruptions of the public peace. Considering, then, the vast magnitude of the interests to be dealt with, and the extreme littleness of many of the dealers, it can be no matter of wonder that this momentous conference was protracted during nine months; or that it was upon the point of referring the many knotty questions before it to the arbitrament of the sword, when, on the 7th of March, 1815, the news of the evasion of Bonaparte from Elba quickened the process of deliberation, and the congress was finally brought to an end upon the 9th of June, just nine days before the battle of Waterloo. In those three months the new boundary lines of Europe were really settled; and under the sanction of the crowning event of the renewed struggle, the map was finally adopted in the second treaty of Paris, concluded in the ensuing November.

The prominent feature in the settlement was the reduction of France to its original limits, as they stood generally on the 1st of January, 1792; but in the accomplishment of this primary object were involved many novel arrangements of constitutions and states throughout the entire continent, from the North Cape to the Gulf of Torontum.

The agents who undertook the performance of this task were a motley host of emperors, kings, and princes, such as, perhaps, never before assembled together, and their meeting, a sort of saturnalia of regained kingly liberty, was marked by peculiarities that, no doubt, were not without influence upon passing events. A notion of this grotesque jubilee may be helpful towards an understanding of the various and complicated machinery of vanities, in-

terests and passions that was at work, and it cannot be conveyed in a more lively manner than in the following description of one of the convivial meetings of the Congress from the pen of an eyewitness:—

“Never was an assembly less ceremonious; every one wore his hat; many, till the room became heated, their great-coats; and no one pretended to appear in an evening dress, except a few Englishmen, who, from the habits of our country and some little vanity, generally attempt to distinguish themselves by an attention to outward appearance. Around the whole circumference of the room were four or five rows of benches, occupied, for the most part, by well-dressed females; while the other parts presented a moving multitude, many of whom were in masks or in dominoes, and were busily engaged in talking and laughing, or dancing to the music of a powerful orchestra. My companion squeezed my arm, as we passed a thin figure with fallow, shrunken features, of mild expression, with a neck stiff, bending a little forwards, and walking badly. ‘That is our Emperor,’ I shook my head and smiled. He was alone, and dressed like the rest. ‘Pray, allow me to doubt a little till I have some further proof.’ ‘There, do you see that little man, with white hair, a pale face, and aquiline nose? he was almost pushed down as he passed the corner—that is the King of Denmark.’ Again I shook my head in disbelief. ‘Here the Emperor of Russia approaches.’ I looked up, and found the information true. His fine manly form, his round and smiling countenance, and his neat morning dress, were not to be mistaken; they were the same which, some months before, I had seen enter the church at Haarlem, to the thundering peals of the grand organ. I soon recognised the tall form, the solemn and grave features of the King of Prussia; and afterwards, seeing these two in familiar conversation with the two monarchs, whose pretensions I had disputed, was satisfied their claims were just. ‘That short, thick old gentleman is the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar; that young man near him, the Crown Prince of Wirtemberg. Here, turn your eyes to that seat; the large elderly man, with a full face—he looks like an Englishman—he is the King of Bavaria.’ ‘Pardon,’ I exclaimed, stepping quickly aside. ‘That was the Grand Duke of Baden,’ said my monitor, ‘whose toe you trod upon; he was talking to Prince William of Prussia. Here, fall back a little, to let these gentlemen pass; they seem very anxious to go on; one, two, three, four, five—these are all archdukes of Austria. There seems a little press towards that end of the room. See, three women in masks have beset the King of Prussia; he seems not a little puzzled what he shall do with them.

Now a party of waltzers draws the attention of the crowd, and the King is left to dispose of his fair assailants as he thinks fit. Do you see that stout tall man, who looks at the dance? — he is the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; and by his side, not so stout as himself, is his brother, the Prince Leopold. 'Who is this young man next to us, marked with the small-pox, who is speaking broken English?' 'It is the Crown Prince of Bavaria; he is said to be very fond of your nation. And here,' giving me another hearty squeeze with his elbow, 'is an English milord.' He had upon his head a remarkably flat cocked hat; two ladies in dominoes leaned upon his arm; the hat, unique of its kind, rather excited a smile in my companion. After a little more pushing — for the room was now become very full — we encountered a fine dark, military-looking man, not in uniform, of course, but with mustachioes. 'This was Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy.'"

It is little to be wondered at that the numbers and density of this distinguished crowd should render dissension a necessity, and the progress of business all but impossible. A preliminary question as to precedence was followed speedily by a graver dispute as to the method of conducting the deliberations. There were present at Vienna in person, on the 25th of September, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the Kings of Prussia, Bavaria, Denmark, and Wirtemberg, with a host of lesser princes. England was represented by Lord Castlereagh, France by M. Talleyrand, and the Pope by Cardinal Gonsalvi; while Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Murat, King of Naples, Sicily, Holland, Saxony, Switzerland, Genoa, and Venice, each had plenipotentiaries or ministers present to claim their share of spoil, or to resist spoliation. In such an assemblage, the primary obstacle to which we have alluded was sure to present itself; and it was only by acting upon a suggestion of the Emperor of Russia, that the question of precedence was settled upon the principle of the alphabet — the states were to rank *pro hac vice*, in the order of the initial letters of their respective names. But was the entire of this mob of purple-born or purple-invested beggars to join in the discussion of their own claims and counter-claims? The idea was manifestly absurd; and at length, after much disputation, a committee of business was nominated, to which all

questions before the Congress should be submitted. In accordance with this arrangement, the actual work was done by the ministers of England, Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden, with whom was associated, upon the special intercession of the Prince Regent of England, Cardinal Gonsalvi, as the representative of Pope Pius VII. The addition was of evil omen — it foreshadowed the operation of those influences that converted that grand opportunity for the adjustment of the balance of power between the extremes of political principle, into a triumph of Absolutism. The elevation of the Pope into a high contracting party at the Congress of Vienna, was an indication to the world, that the result of that conference would surely be, not a league of nations, but a conspiracy of despots. We do not, indeed, mean to intimate that the intrigues of that solitary priest materially affected the determinations of the Congress; but assuredly his presence was a pledge and a sign of the predominance among its leading members of the spirit whose operations led to the revolution in the Netherlands, to the chronic anarchy that has spoiled the fair kingdoms of the Peninsula, which have protracted the misery of Poland and of Italy, and have led to the oppression of Hungary, and to the recent disturbance of the peace of the world by the aggressive ambition of Russia. It was in this apparently trivial concession, as it seems to us, that the interests of England, considered as the metropolis of constitutional liberty, were really sacrificed by her representatives, in the winding-up of the affairs of the world at the close of the war. Lord Castlereagh has been often blamed for his easy surrender of conquered colonies, and for the softness or corruption (as it has been variously designated) with which he abandoned the pecuniary interests of England to the rapine of her allies; but of his policy in these respects, it would not, we conceive, be difficult to offer a valid and satisfactory explanation. Then or now a donation of five millions sterling — the sum to which England was entitled out of the ransom of France, and which was given towards the reconstruction of the bar-

* Dr. Bright's "Travels from Vienna," &c.

rier fortresses of the Netherlands—could be fairly considered as but a trifling addition to an outlay of seven hundred millions, expended with the same design of securing the peace of Europe. Now, still less than then, a reflecting mind can see little cause for regret in the abstraction of some two or three West Indian plantations from the vast colonial empire of Britain. The restoration of the secular sovereignty of the Pope was a political anachronism. Forced upon Rome, in contemptuous disregard of the opinion of the nobles and people, who petitioned the Allies to incorporate the states of the Church with one of the secular powers, its result for Italy has been forty years of smouldering civil war. The simple fact—offspring, as it unquestionably was, of the will of the English Government—was the outward and visible sign of the thorough adhesion of England to the Holy Alliance of princes against peoples, out of which has grown the monstrous power for mischief of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The time had long passed away when the moral supremacy of the sovereign Pontiff could control and regulate the ambition of the chiefs of the family of Christendom. The seal of the fisherman was no longer the test of international law: the shadow of that great name, not again to be successfully invoked as the guardian of order, became thenceforward but a cover for the designs of despots upon the universal happiness of mankind. Italy, disintegrated by the reconstruction of the Papacy, became a geographical expression: Italy, formed into a federation of constitutional states, would have balanced Europe on the south. An Italian confederation would have facilitated, nay, would have necessitated, an adjustment of the balance in the North and East, by the preservation of the independence of Poland; and, with Poland independent, and Hungary bound to Austria by the firm links of her ancient constitution, who supposes that the nineteenth century would have witnessed a necessity for an armed intervention of England between Russia and the world? But we are, perhaps, anticipating conclusions to which a narrative of the facts developed at the Congress of Vienna would naturally lead the minds of our readers.

Among the claimants for restitution

out of the spoils of France, the Princes of Germany were the most pressing, as their losses had been the greatest, and were attended with the utmost disturbance of social and political relations. By a succession of acts of pillage, the Holy Roman Empire had been torn asunder, and its federation of many hundred princes, dukes, counts of every degree (grafs, mark-grafs, land-grafs, psalz-grafs, and burgrafs), bishops, and abbots, free lords, and free cities, after undergoing various modifications, had, in 1809, ceased, even nominally, to exist. The advance of the French frontier to the Rhine had previously absorbed one of the ten circles of the empire; and the subsequent incorporation of the coasts of the German Ocean with France had changed the allegiance of more than a million of souls. All this territory was, in 1814–15, taken from the restored French monarchy. So much had been achieved by the allied arms, the feat having been rendered possible by the mad obstinacy of Bonaparte, in refusing the terms offered to him at Frankfort, towards the close of the previous year. The enforcing of that vast disorgement was a weighty task, and scarcely less so was the distribution of the proceeds among the many importunate claimants, whose ancient rights but too frequently were opposed to public convenience or justice. But more formidable still was the difficulty created by the necessity, which we now know was strongly felt by the representatives of England, of curbing the ambition and raising a barrier against the power of the Czar. The game, since carried on by Nicholas, was then played with infinitely more discretion, and with very considerable success, by his brother and predecessor. Then, as now, Western Europe was opposed to Russia and Prussia; and Austria, after long faltering between her fears and her interests, was, in 1815 as in 1854, forced to the conclusion of a secret treaty of contingent alliance with France and England. It is curious to observe how firmly the purpose of Alexander was then held to and worked out, and how it prevailed in the struggle with the strength of Castlereagh, the honesty of Wellington, and the diplomatic craft of Metternich and Talleyrand. That the vigilance of the English plenipotentiaries was actively awakened, is manifested in every line of the official correspondence re-

lating to the subject, which has since been brought to light. The conduct of Lord Castlereagh throughout these intricate negotiations seems, indeed, to have been in honest accordance with the policy he avowed in Parliament, in a speech upon the question of the annexation of Norway to Sweden, which was strongly opposed by Lord Grey and his friends, at the commencement of the session of 1814. "The great evil of modern Europe (he then said), which has hitherto led to such frequent wars of ambition by the greater powers, has been the number of lesser states with which they are surrounded, at once a field for their hostility, and a prey to their cupidity. It is our wisdom, therefore, so to strengthen the second-rate powers as may render the balance more even, and prevent their dominions from becoming, as heretofore, the mere battlefield in which the greater powers find an arena for their contests, and the prize of their hostility." This was the idea constantly present in the minds of the representatives of England during these transactions; and although imperial France was the *bête noir* of the day, it is manifest that Russia was the real object of the dread of the wisest and most farseeing of these statesmen. Nor was any very extraordinary degree of acuteness necessary to penetrate into the designs of the Czar of that day, magnanimous and courteous, and lofty of bearing as he undoubtedly was. He expressed, it is true, his hopes that "the time was come when it would be found that the power of Russia might be useful to the rest of Europe, but not dangerous to it," and then whispered an aspiration for "a larger subsidy;" but he appears really to have taken little pains to conceal his design to constitute himself the Protector of Europe, and his schemes for furthering the gratification of his ambition were worked openly enough, and in all directions. From the moment of his triumphal entry into Paris, after its capitulation, his undisguised object was to establish an influence in France that should be predominant over that of England. "Gentlemen (said he, when the Municipality of Paris waited upon him at four o'clock

in the evening of the 31st of March, in order to pray his clemency towards the capital), "gentlemen, I am not the enemy of the French nation; I am so only of a single man, whom I once admired and long loved, but who, devoured by ambition and filled with bad faith, came into the heart of my dominions, and left me no alternative but to seek for my future safety in the liberation of Europe. The allied sovereigns have come here, neither to conquer nor to rule France, but to learn and support what France itself deems most suitable for its own welfare; and they only await, before undertaking the task, to ascertain, in the declared wish of Paris, the probable wish of France." He followed up this general declaration of good-will by a special promise to take under his protection the museums, monuments, and public property of all kinds; and, as a pledge of his sincerity, acceded to the request of the magistrates that the National Guard should not be disbanded. He was received, accordingly, as the saviour and liberator, rather than as the conqueror, of France. The people kissed his boots; ladies entreated the gentlemen of his suite to lift them upon their horses, in order that they might enjoy a glimpse of their deliverer. "I have been (says Sir A. Alison) assured of this fact by both Lord Cathcart and Lord Burghersh, now the Earl of Westmoreland, who took a part in the procession, and themselves had a fair Parisian, sometimes *en croupe*, at others on the pommel of their saddles, at the Place Louis XV." During these scenes, the King of Prussia was present; but Alexander, by his manner and words, claimed the homage undivided for himself. "We have been long expecting you," said one. "We should have been here sooner, but for the bravery of your troops," was the happy answer of the Czar. "I come not," he repeatedly said, as your enemy; regard me as your friend."† At that time he was the Protector of France, imperial, royal, or republican: a year later his design was to establish himself as the guardian and tutor of the Bourbon dynasty. Under either character, he hoped, through his influence over the great nation, to overtop the political

* "Castlereagh Correspondence." Second Series, ii. 850.

† Alison, x. 466.

pre-eminence of England, and thus to protect and rule Europe. Prussia was then, as now, the vassal of Russia; Austria was scarcely more taken into account in the intrigues of the Czar Alexander, than she has since been in those of his autocratic brother. The establishment of a superior influence over England and France was the means mainly trusted to for the attainment of the great end; but none other was neglected. Even a Spanish marriage was projected, and an offer was made to purchase the alliance of the imbecile bigot, Ferdinand, with the hand of a Russian archduchess, who should be willing to qualify for a seat upon the throne of Spain by an *outward* conformity in religion.* While Alexander thus, undisguisedly indeed, but courteously and quietly, approached the couch of the "sick man" of his day, he too, it would appear, had his Menschikoffs who, whether according to cue or not, were at hand to throw out intimations plain enough that, should it be found that fair words would not do, he would, like the old man in the fable, try what virtue there lay in stones. "Oh!" said a Russian officer of high rank, observing upon diplomatic difficulties supposed to stand in the way of his master's designs—"Oh! pour cela avec 600,000 hommes, on ne négocie beaucoup."† Thus, evidence enough was before our ministers of the nature of the designs entertained by the Czar, and we have now before us abundant proof that it was not lost upon them. Their letters are filled with expressions that leave no doubt upon this point. "It is quite astonishing (wrote Lord Liverpool to the Duke of Wellington) how little interest is taken [in England] in what is going on at Vienna."‡ Again, warnings are given by various ministers and diplomatic agents not to "assist the credit of a Calmuck Prince to overrun Europe;"§ "not to suffer Russia to acquire any establishment in the Ionian Islands, to the hazard of the internal tranquillity of Greece and Hungary;"|| and so on throughout.

It was in the presence of designs, suspicions, and convictions, such as we have indicated, that the business com-

mittee of the Congress set to work at the re-arrangement of the German empire, and at the attempt to carve out of the spoils of France compensations for the territorial losses of a host of princes. There had been certain principles laid down in the treaty of Paris, signed on the 30th of May, 1814, by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, and France, which were now reverted to, and which being acknowledged, rendered the first steps of the settlement comparatively easy. The kingdom of the Netherlands was constituted as a barrier state, and its crown conferred upon the House of Orange-Nassau, which was at the same time included in the German Bund by virtue of the acquisition of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. To form that new monarchy, the Low Countries were yielded by Austria and annexed to Holland; and, in the course of the transaction, England, in what Alison denominates "one of the greatest errors ever committed by her government," ceded to the new-made King the island of Java, the most valuable of her trophies of the war. She was also saddled with a debt of £4,200,000, which has since become famous under the name of the Russo-Dutch loan. In some sort to balance these losses, the Prince Regent was gratified by the addition to Hanover (of small value to the English nation) of a considerable portion of territory taken from the kingdom of Westphalia, and by the elevation of the electorate to the style and title of a kingdom. Austria was compensated by the cession of Lombardy. The Swiss cantons, augmented by the Valais, Geneva, and the principality of Neuchâtel—over the latter of which an absurd claim of suzerainty was reserved to the King of Prussia—were united into an independent federal republic, and Savoy was annexed to Piedmont, thenceforward to be known as the kingdom of Sardinia. Thus far the partition of the booty seems to have gone on smoothly, notwithstanding the violence of some of the divorce-ments, and the unnatural character of some of the unions, which the mere names avouch. Where was the justice of separating the north of Italy from

* "Castlereagh Correspondence." Second Series, ii. 179.

† Ibid. p. 242.

§ Ibid. p. 200.

‡ Ibid. p. 36.

|| Ibid. p. 224.

the middle and southern parts of that peninsula? Why should the allied powers join Lombardy and Austria, which nature had sundered? or Holland and Belgium, between which diversity of language and of habits, religious, social, and commercial, rendered continued union impossible? What was the prospect of a happy result to that double *mariage de convenance*, which joined the old Low Country fortress and county of Luxemburg to the King of Holland with one hand, and to the Germanic Confederation with the other? Both unions and separations, however, happened at a time when no one was at hand able to forbid the banns in the one case, or to maintain old connexions in the other. It was otherwise when Poland, Saxony, and the remainder of Italy, came to be parcelled out.

There are few more curious facts in the history of mankind, than the inextinguishable vitality of nationhood, so remarkably exemplified in the instance of Poland. For ages, the common prey of wayfaring ambition, that unhappy state had been hewn into pieces; yet it remained an object of temptation or of fear at the period of the fall of Bonaparte; and at the present moment it still remains dismembered and crushed, yet with somewhat of sensibility at least, if not of life, remaining in its disjointed limbs. Who will say that in the shock of political elements now at hand, the spark may not be kindled into activity, and the name of Poland again become the hope of the oppressed, and the terror of the oppressor? To us, indeed, so far from being impossible does such a consummation seem, that did time permit, we would gladly recall to the memories of our readers the sorrows and the glories of the Polish nation, in such a sketch of its modern history as might be useful in the event of an organised body of Poles being called upon to strike in in the approaching *mêlée*. At another time, perhaps, we may make the attempt; it must content us now to bring to mind the fact that Poland, partitioned by piecemeal between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, was finally obliterated from the map of Europe, in 1795. A shabby and halting attempt to restore it was made by Bonaparte, when he established the grand duchy of Warsaw, in 1807; and the whole of this duchy was demanded by Alex-

ander at the Congress of Vienna. The charge of the effects of the "sick" Pole was claimed upon a pretence very analogous to that by which the attempt to assume the executorship of the "sick" Turk has been recently justified. The change was to be all for the benefit of the Poles who expected nationality, which was to be revived in a union with the Russian Empire, or in their regeneration in a separate kingdom, under a prince of Russia. In the advancement of these pretensions, the Czar was warmly supported by his vassal-ally, the King of Prussia. That monarch agreed to accommodate his patron by ceding to him the southern provinces of Poland, the Prussian portion of the spoil of the old kingdom, and to accept in lieu thereof the entire of Saxony, and the provinces on the left bank of the Rhine which were rendered disposable by the reduction of France to its ancient limits. The attempt went to accomplish in the west an object analogous to that which the western powers are now engaged in resisting in the east. Practically, it would have advanced the frontier of Russia to the Rhine and the Elbe, for, with Poland as a basis of the Czar's operations, and the command of the Vistula in his hands, Prussia would have been placed in a position perfectly analogous to that of the Danubian Principalities at the commencement of the present war. Once possessed of these advantages to the full extent to which he endeavoured to obtain them, Alexander would have been in a condition to dictate terms to western Europe. The incomplete success he did attain, has led to the most perilous complications of the struggle which France and England are now maintaining against the aggressions of his successor. At this moment, Memel is virtually a Russian port; and while Poland, instead of being a barrier state, as it would have been, were it independent, is now a base from which Russia can move upon the eastern and southern coasts of the Baltic; the Prussian Rhine-provinces are practically a Russian barrier intervening, with great advantage to the Czar, between the sympathies of Germany and France, which would naturally concur in resisting a barbarian invasion from the north. It is due to the memory of Lord Castlereagh to admit that he saw, with perfect clearness,

both the danger of these designs, and the proper counterplan. He resisted with all his force the demands of Russia, and he advocated with earnestness a restoration of the independence of Poland. In a memorial dated on the 16th of December, 1814, Lord Castlereagh declared, "that he opposed firmly, and with all the force in his power, in the name of England, the erection of a kingdom in Poland, the crown of which should be placed in the same hand with, or which should form an integral part of the Empire of Russia; that the wish of his government was to see an independent power, more or less extensive, established there, under a distinct dynasty, and as an intermediate state between the three great monarchies."* The absorption of Saxony into Prussia, was also strongly resisted by the English minister, as well as by Talleyrand and Metternich, on the part of France and Austria, and so much were all parties in earnest, that a new war was upon the point of breaking out. The good humour of Alexander, thus crossed in his ambition, at once disappeared. "He openly charged Louis XVIII. with black ingratitude, and his displeasure was manifested without disguise to M. Talleyrand; at the same time, he contracted close relations with Eugene Beauharnais, who was at Vienna at the time, openly espoused the cause of Murat, in opposition to the Bourbon family, in the contest for the throne of Naples, and spoke of the unfitness of the elder branch of the Bourbons for the throne, and the probability of a revolution similar to that of 1688, which might put the sceptre in the hands of the House of Orleans."†

While Alexander thus threatened France with a revolution, his brother Constantine, acting in his name, menaced Austria with the vengeance of a restored Poland. "The Emperor (said the Grand Duke, in a proclamation addressed to the Poles), your powerful protector, invokes your aid; rally round his standard. Let your arms be raised for the defence of your country and your political existence."‡ On the part of Prussia, Prince Hardenberg declared that his King "would not abandon Saxony; that he had conquered it, and would keep it, with-

out either the intention or the inclination of restoration." These stout words were supported by acts. The Czar halted his army of 280,000 men, on their return to Russia; and the whole force of Prussia was called out and armed. On the other side, England began to concentrate a large force in Belgium, Austria rearmied, "and (says Alison) in the midst of a congress assembled for the general pacification of the world, a million of armed men were retained round their banners ready for mutual slaughter."

On the 3rd of February, 1815, a secret treaty was concluded at Vienna, between Austria, France, and England, by which those powers agreed mutually to support each other, if attacked, and for that purpose to maintain a hundred and fifty thousand men each. A plan of operations was even determined upon, and it is a fact significant, when viewed in connexion with the halting terms of the analogous Treaty of 1854, that the scheme of tactics proposed was founded upon a supposition that the Russian armies would invade Moravia, and move upon Vienna. By retiring behind the Pruth, last autumn, the Czar Nicholas withheld a stimulus, the absence of which is sufficient to account for the uncertainty observable in the stipulations of the more recent treaty. At the earlier period the peril in which Austria was placed had nothing in it of an uncertain or problematical character; and, seeing in the demonstrations against Poland and Saxony, and in the intimations conveyed in the Czar's show of friendship for Eugene Beauharnais, the ex-Viceroy of Italy, that danger was imminent from all sides, the Emperor was only too glad to form an alliance with the Western Powers, the offensive as well as the defensive nature of which admitted of no doubt. The measure was one of vigour, and no sooner was it observed that the bandying of idle words was likely to be superseded by an exchange of shrewd blows, than the Czar and his minion showed signs of an inclination to moderate their tone. Protocolling was recommenced in a lower key. During the month of February a great number of notes were interchanged, in which many professions of pacific intentions

* Capéfigue, *Cent Jours*, i. 86

† Alison, x. 828.

‡ Capéfigue, i. 86.

were advanced by Russia and Prussia, and some pretence was made of abatement of their former claims. In short, a game was played, precisely similar to that which was carried on in 1853-4, after the passage of the Dardanelles by the French and English fleets; and, but for an accident, it would probably have similarly ended in the outbreak of a general war. Lord Castlereagh had been obliged to leave Vienna in order to attend to his parliamentary duties at home. The Duke of Wellington, his successor, as representative of England at the Congress, was, perhaps, less strongly impressed with a sense of the danger of augmenting the power of Russia, and the negotiation, suffered to fall back into its old train of intrigue and counter-intrigue, was becoming a laughing-stock to Europe, when, on the 7th of March, Metternich, while assisting at a grand ball, whereat the whole Congress was disporting itself, was suddenly informed that Napoleon had broken bounds and sailed from Elba.

It was this momentous news, in all human likelihood, which postponed the struggle of Western Europe against Russia for forty years. Experience told against foresight. Fear of the highly civilised French soldier overcame prospective dread of the barbarian strength of the fierce Muscovite. There was no more disputing in the business committee of the Congress. The terms of Russia and Prussia, as they were offered after the conclusion of the secret treaty of February, somewhat curtailed of their original proportions, were at once acceded to, and on the very day after the ball, the Duke of Wellington, accompanied by MM. Metternich and Talleyrand, went to Presburg to acquaint the King of Saxony that they had stripped him of a large portion of his dominions, and reduced him to what he now is, a subservient of the Czar. The further division of the spoil was then quickly wound up. Saxony was forced to yield to Prussia territory, containing 1,100,000 souls, and which included within it memorials of the grandeur of the old Electors — some of them, as Wittenberg and Wartburg, monuments of the obligations laid upon mankind by those illustrious champions of the liberty of human thought. For Hanover a portion, with a population of 250,000, was carved out from the body

of the same victim. Prussia also got the fortress of Thorn and a portion of Poland, containing 810,000 souls, together with the Rhine provinces. To the Czar was awarded the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, erected into a kingdom, conditions being made that it should not be incorporated with Russia, but governed under its own laws, and in accordance with its own institutions, and that the Polish town of Cracow should be formed into a separate republic. The exigencies of the crisis probably rendered these concessions to Russia unavoidable; the utter futility of the semblance of limitations imposed upon the Czar was shown to the world within a few years.

The questions which gave rise to really grave discussions, in the course of the partition arrangements of 1814-15 were, as we have seen, those bearing upon the growth and aggrandisement of Russia, and the secret history of the period proves that the storm which has recently burst upon our heads was clearly foreseen by the statesmen of that day. They were not, indeed, able to destroy the elements of danger, nor to raise an effectual barrier against the irruption of which they saw the signs; but it would be uncandid to deny that in the face of many difficulties the representatives of England then attempted much for the national honour and interest. In the straightforward opposition offered by Lord Castlereagh to the encroachments of Russia, he clearly designated the danger that threatened Europe, and recorded the principles of the policy by which it could and ought to be met. Had these principles been adopted as the guiding rule of that great minister's successors, the collision might have been, even at this moment, a matter of the distant future. The foundation of the little republic of Cracow, with its memories of the past, and the security (so far as security could be attained by treaties) of a separate nationality in a portion of Poland, were not indeed sufficient checks upon the power of Russia: but, we believe, they were all that it was possible, at the crisis, to impose; and they were, in their nature, at once a practical protest against the aggressive ambition of the Czar, and an indication of the manner in which it might be successfully resisted. It is certainly in nowise chargeable as a fault of Lord Castlereagh's, either that follies

and crimes committed in the name of liberty should have checked the growth and expansion of a Polish constitution out of the seeds he planted; or that heirs of his place of guardian of the honour of England should have tamely suffered the young plant to be torn out of the soil by the ruthless hands of despots.

The other distributions of territory, made by the Congress, were regulated pretty closely upon the principle laid down by Lord Castlereagh—that second-rate states should be so strengthened as to render the balance of power more even, and so to check the ambition of the greater powers.

In Italy the kingdom of Sardinia was constituted a barrier against France and a balance to Austria's Lombardo-Venetian acquisitions, by adding to it the republic of Genoa, notwithstanding the utmost earnestness of remonstrance with which the union was deprecated by the Genoese. The States of the Church (by an error, we should perhaps say a crime, for which the world is still under penance) were again forced back, under the stupid and debasing despotism of the Pope. Murat, in possession of his Neapolitan kingdom, was at first a great stumbling-block in the way both of legitimacy and of peaceable spoliation. Having joined the Grand Alliance against his patron and brother-in-law, Napoleon, he had earned claims to forbearance, while his own wild ambition led him to form designs extending far beyond the mere retention of the continental segment of the Bourbon kingdom of the two Sicilies. He coveted the Papal territories; kept possession of the church provinces of Bologna, Ferrara, and Ravenna; and even dreamed of an Italian monarchy, to reach from the summit of the Alps to the extremity of Sicily, of which he should be the Sovereign. *Le beau Sabreur*, however, took himself out of the way by again changing sides. "Murat," said Napoleon, "ruined me by laying down his arms; he will now ruin himself by taking them up;" and so he did. His defection from the cause of the allies left no obstacle in the way of the restoration to the Bourbon family of the throne of Naples, and thus obviated another difficulty that was beginning to press in the claims of that house to be compensated if not restored. The remnant of the Italian

peninsula was disposed of chiefly in appanages for members of the house of Austria. Tuscany was given to an Austrian archduke; Modena to a collateral branch of the same family; and Parma was the jointure of the archduchess, Marie Louise, driven with her husband from the imperial throne of France. The little republic of San Marino, respected even by Buonaparte, was suffered to remain undisturbed amid the crags and clouds of its mountain territory—perhaps beyond the recollection or beneath the cupidity of the sovereign spoliators.

Carrying our eye from Italy eastward, into the Mediterranean, we arrive at the limit of the operations of the Congress in the south of Europe—the Ionian republic of the seven islands. These islands, acquired for a second time by France, under the treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, were formed into a republic in 1814, and placed under the protection of Great Britain, with the view, as is shown by expressions in the Castlereagh correspondence, of balancing the influence of Russia among her co-religionists in that quarter. Malta had been, by the treaty of Paris, absolutely and definitively ceded to England.

Let us now complete our survey by a glance up the map to the extreme north. When Napoleon was threatening Russia, in 1812, a treaty was concluded between Alexander and Bernadotte, who, two years previously, had been elected Crown Prince of Sweden. By a secret article of this convention of Abo it was stipulated as the price of the assistance of Sweden in the common cause against France, and as an indemnity for Finland, seized by the Czar, in 1809, that the kingdom of Norway should be annexed to Sweden. The article ran thus—"His Majesty the Emperor of Russia engages, either by negotiation or by military co-operation, to unite the kingdom of Norway to Sweden. He engages, moreover, to guarantee the peaceable possession of it to his Swedish Majesty." Norway, it will be remembered, had been united with Denmark for nearly five centuries, and was altogether unwilling to dissolve the union. The convention of Abo was, therefore, so far as relates to this particular, a league of pillage; and unfortunately it was acceded to by England, in a treaty concluded with Sweden and Russia, in the ensuing year,

1813. By this discreditable act, his Britannic Majesty agreed, "not only not to oppose any obstacle to the annexation and union in perpetuity of the kingdom of Norway as an integral part of the kingdom of Sweden, but also to assist the views of his Majesty the King of Sweden to that effect, either by his good offices, or by employing, if it should be necessary, his naval co-operation in concert with the Swedish or Russian forces." His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, in short, agreed to wheedle or bully the King of Denmark out of a kingdom, and the Norwegian nation out of their ancient constitution; and at the end of the war, in 1814, England was called upon to fulfil the agreement. The complication became one of great difficulty; resisted, as the armed intervention was, by the Opposition of the day, and defended by the ministers (in the only possible manner) as a bargain made, which could not be justified except by transparent sophisms, but which once made must be held to. It was held to; and the brave Norwegians, after a campaign of a few months, were forced to accept the King of Sweden as their sovereign; not, however, without obtaining the most ample recognition of their legislative independence—conditions which, to the honour of the House of Bernadotte be it said, have been scrupulously adhered to. To the King of Denmark indemnification was made in hard cash, and by a gift of the Duchy of Lauenburg, a spoil of Saxony.

The shattered fragments of Europe having been thus composed into a sort of order, a coincident necessity required that some form and consistency should be given to the Germanic states themselves—representing, as from their position they do, the body of the European organism of nations. The old Holy Roman Empire, long since worn out, perished amid the storms of the French revolution; and the confederation of the Rhine, erected by Bonaparte in its stead, was not endowed with vitality sufficient to enable it to survive the fall of its creator. In lieu of both, the German Confederation or *Bund* was formed on the 8th of June, 1815; and a sort of complex nationality was thus given to a union of thirty-four sovereigns and four free cities, into which were absorbed the three colleges of the empire that, in 1789, contained 161

independent members. At that period, when the French revolution broke out, the Diet comprised eight electors in the first college; in the second, thirty-six clerical and sixty-three secular princes; and in the third, fifty-four free imperial cities. They were all reduced from the state of sovereigns to that of subjects, with the exception, as we have stated, of thirty-four princes and four cities; and the selection was made rather with regard to the existing connexions of the individuals than to any principles of justice, or recollections of former position. The King of Denmark was included in the confederation for his Duchy of Holstein, and the King of the Netherlands for that of Luxemburg. Austria and Prussia were also invested with double political characters, in right of their German territories, and of possessions held outside of the limits of the old Empire. Thus these four sovereigns were invested with the right of acting, in war or peace, independent of the *Bund*, while the practical government of the Diet was made the object of contention or partition by Austria and Prussia, to whom the largest share of influence necessarily belonged, and whose trailing intrigues or open violence have accordingly, for forty years, made the Germanic Confederation a laughing-stock and a nuisance to Christendom. The professed object of the league was the maintenance of the security of Germany within and without. It has been converted into an engine for repressing popular institutions in its own states, and into an instrument of the aggressive ambition of foreign princes. Pledged to secure representative constitutions for the states within it, the confederation has been successfully used by Austria and Prussia to coerce both sovereigns and peoples, whose inclination led them to act together for the advancement of constitutional freedom. Recently, the Czar has skilfully availed himself of the same agency to foil the western powers in their attempts to prevent an irruption of his barbarian force. The *Bund* has neither contented the German nation, nor formed a strong barrier in defence of the tranquillity of Europe.

Continental Europe, constituted and apportioned at the Congress of Vienna, manifestly consisted of four great powers—Russia, Austria, Prussia, and

France; with whom, and England, the control of the entire system lay, and with whom, notwithstanding many changes, according to the theory and practice of diplomatists, it still lies. The Abbe de Pradt, writing in 1819,* excluded even France from the number of active states, and circumscribed the field of the great game of European policy to the square formed by the Alps, the Rhine, the Baltic, and the Vistula: but it is, at all events, evident enough, that the diplomatists who have undertaken the management of the play now going on, have considered Spain, Italy, the Low Countries, and even Denmark and Sweden, as of little account in a calculation of strength, and that practically they have disregarded the principles which Lord Castlereagh advocated, though he was unable usefully to carry them out. The result of the Congress was, in fact, the opposite of that which Lord Castlereagh professed to desire. Russia was so greatly strengthened, and her frontier so skilfully chosen by herself, that Austria and Prussia were reduced to the condition of second-rate powers, as regarded her, and only retained the semblance of strength and independence when acting as outworks of the great northern fortress of despotism, or as the advance of the Czar's army of aggression. The case, as it must now appear to all the world, was plainly stated, in October, 1814, in a note addressed by the Duke of Saxe Coburg Saalfeld to Lord Castlereagh:—

"You would divide Russia and Prussia (wrote the Duke); you cannot accomplish it. There are personal relations between the two that it is not in the power of anyone to interrupt. Affection apart, you unite their interests when you think to separate them; for Prussia will be supported by Russia in her projects of aggrandisement in Germany, and she will, on her side, support the designs of Russia on the Ottoman Empire."

We should be inclined to consider this warning as a true prophecy (seeing how completely it has been fulfilled), were it not in truth the obvious inference from events then passing before the eyes of all, and which all reflecting men interpreted alike:—"Europe," says M. de Pradt, "has only changed its yoke, and taken that of Russia in place of that of France: it was to the benefit of Europe rather than his own, that Napoleon assailed Russia; let us take care that one day we do not weep for his defeat. . . . To reunite the three great divisions of Poland, would have been to accomplish the work sketched by Napoleon, and his conquerors could not constitute themselves his testamentary executors." On the other hand, none of the second-rate states were so strengthened as to give them any influence in the regulation of the balance of power, and some of them were infinitely weakened in their relations with the dominant and menacing sovereignties. By the confirmation of Finland to Russia, the Scandinavian kingdoms were all but handed over to the Czar; and now, after forty years of subjection, Denmark and Sweden dare not join with England and France to strike a blow for their own liberation. Saxony was annihilated; and divided Italy, notwithstanding the likeness of independent government set up in Sardinia, Naples, and the Papal States, was in reality but a province of Austria.† The extensive territory in the south-east of Europe, beyond the frontiers of the great powers, in which were made the first moves of the game of European policy now in course of being played, was then in the hands, or under the control of, Turkey, which at that time was excluded from the comity of nations. Thus the suzerainty of Europe virtually fell into the hands of Russia, as the sequence of the military operations of the great league, whose power

* "L'Europe après le Congrès d'Aix-la-Chapelle."

† On the 12th of June, 1815, a treaty was signed at Vienna between Austria and Naples, in which the following secret article was included:—"It is understood by the high contracting parties that His Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies, in re-establishing the government of his kingdom, will not admit any changes irreconcilable either with ancient monarchical institutions, or with the principles adopted by His Imperial and Apostolic Majesty for the interior government of his Italian provinces." Thus the right of internal reform was forbidden to the Neapolitan King and people, and provision made to preserve all abuses in strict conformity with the Austrian model.

brought the interlude of the French Revolution to a close in the catastrophe of Bonaparte. In the accomplishment of the catastrophe, England took the leading part. In the subsequent settlement of European affairs, it is now manifest that she exerted no controlling influence. Her representatives intermeddled successfully in small matters, protested in great affairs, the nation was flattered, British money was paid out liberally, but the territorial arrangements that have since ruled the politics of Europe were settled, as we have seen, in opposition to her remonstrances, and notwithstanding the clearest views of her great minister as to their dangerous character. We do not concur with those—and they were at the time, nay, perhaps, they are well nigh the entire nation—who laid the whole blame of this failure at the door of Lord Castlereagh. We have already shown that he saw the dangers ahead, but he was borne along by a current which his utmost efforts were unable to stem; and as his greatest difficulties were the necessary consequences of the reckless profusion of his predecessors, so probably the worst results of his actual work might be traced to the abandonment of his policy by his successors. In both directions there is a useful lesson for English statesmen of the present day, to which we hope to draw attention before we conclude, though we confess with small hope that experience forty years old will much influence ministers or people. In the meantime, it is curious and instructive to trace the accurate foreshadowing of recent and passing events in the opinions of the cotemporary politicians of the day. The relations of Russia, Austria, and Prussia with each other, and with the rest of Europe, are thus described by M. de Pradt, with a fidelity which must arrest the attention of a reader of the public journals during the past year. “*La Russie*,” he says, “est donc aujourd’hui la puissance dominante sur le Continent, la puissance menaçante pour les autres, donc l’état d’atteindre les autres, hors de toute atteinte de leur part, et par conséquent d’un danger toujours imminent.

“D’après le Congrès de Vienne *la Prusse* a l’un de ses bras à la porte de Thionville sur la Moselle, et l’autre à Memel sur le Niemen, frontière de Russie: on cherche le corps qui unit

ces deux membres. Il y a trois Prusses; la première en Pologne, la seconde en Allemagne, la troisième entre Meuse et Rhine.” Thus situated, M. de Pradt argues that Prussia is at the mercy of any one of the three powers her neighbours. Her Rhine provinces are exposed unsupported to attacks from France. Prussian Silesia is open to Austria; while Russia, almost without waging actual war, could strike off the Polish limb, and press upon the body of the Prussian monarchy:—“*La Prusse* ne peut plus faire que des guerres d’alliance, 1°, avec le reste de l’Europe contre la Russie, 2°, avec le Royaume de Pays-Bas contre la France, 3°, avec la Russie contre l’Autriche; mais alors quel serait le plus dangereux, de l’allié ou de l’ennemi?”

Austria, when M. de Pradt wrote, had not by an act of voluntary folly recognised the suzerainty of Russia, by calling in her aid to quell a quarrel with her own subject provinces; but he thus graphically depicts the situation of the three powers, as it is at the moment when we write:—“*Seule elle* (Prussia) ne peut rien contre l’Autriche: s’allierait elle avec la Russie? mais cette énorme faute ne serait elle pas punie sur le champ par l’abandon, comme par les reproches de toute l’Allemagne et du reste de l’Europe, qui lui demanderait compte, et avec bien de raison, de l’affaiblissement qui serait la suite de cette désertion des intérêts généraux en faveur de l’ennemi commun! Il n’en faut pas douter, à l’avenir toute liaison avec la Russie portera avec elle une teinte de conspiration contre la reste de l’Europe; et si jamais la Prusse s’unissait avec la Russie contre l’Autriche, ce rapprochement serait attribué aux plus funestes souvenirs, et aux plus sinistres projets.”

At this moment the result of the great crime of the partition of Poland, and the consequent removal of the barrier between Russia and Germany, is manifested in the fact, that Prussia daring neither to commit the “enormous fault” of allying herself openly with Russia, nor yet to brave the anger of that common enemy by taking part against her, has by her pretence of neutrality practically entered into a conspiracy against the rest of Europe. On the other hand, Austria, really weakened by the boon of a chronic re-

bellion, conferred upon her with her Italian provinces, hesitates to draw close the bonds of alliance with the Western Powers, lest she might thereby draw attention to *her* weak Polish side, and perhaps force on that desertion of the general interests which alone could enable Prussia to compete for the supremacy in Germany, which has long been the object of her ambition.

No long period elapsed after the settlement of Vienna, until abundant evidence was afforded, both of the uneasiness with which the nations endured the new order, and of the determination of Russia and her vassal monarchs to maintain it. Scarcely had the work of pacification been completed and the spoil distributed, when the League, at once terrible and ridiculous, known under the name of the Holy Alliance, was formed between the sovereigns, and against the peoples. By the terms of this convention a unity of design and action for the maintenance of the divine right of kings was formally proclaimed:—

“The three allied Powers, looking on themselves as merely delegated by Providence to govern three branches of *the one family*—namely, Austria, Prussia, and Russia; thus confessing that the Christian nation, of which they form a part, has in reality no other sovereign than Him to whom alone power really belongs, because in Him alone are found all the treasures of love, science, and infinite wisdom; that is to say, God, our divine Saviour, the Word of the Most High, the Word of Life.”

This precaution was not unnecessary, nor was it taken in vain. Before five years had elapsed, revolutions broke out in Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont; and their occurrence was made the occasion of a Congress of the Holy Alliance at Troppau, from whence the monarchs issued a manifesto, declaring their “right to take, in common, general measures of precaution against those states whose reforms, engendered by rebellion, are opposed to legitimate government.” They further announced that they had “concerted together the measures required by circumstances, and had communicated to the courts of London and Paris their intention of attaining the end desired, either by mediation or force.” In Italy the triumph of these principles was complete; but at length, in 1830, revolution was legitimised in a form too strong for the direct inter-

ference of the Holy Alliance, by the elevation to the throne of France of Louis Philippe of Orleans. The immediate result was an outburst of nationalities, which resulted in several modifications of the Vienna map. Among the earliest and most successful of these, was the disruption of the composite kingdom of the Netherlands, whereby Belgium was divorced from Holland, and a throne provided for a prince of the king-producing House of Coburg. This event, which occurred also in 1830, is chiefly remarkable as having been signalled by a formal and active repudiation, by England and France, of the principles of the Holy Alliance. The war between the separated portions of the Vienna-made kingdom of the Netherlands, was put down with a strong hand, and an English fleet co-operated with the French army that besieged and captured Antwerp. The union between Holland and Belgium had been, from the first, forbidden by diversity of religion and language, incompatibility of manners, and variance of commercial customs; yet it was so far fortunate, inasmuch as it was the necessary preparation for the erection of the latter into an independent state. If the combined kingdom of the Netherlands had not been instituted, the separate kingdom of Belgium would never have been set up; and yet the existence of this latter appears now to be of unquestionable public advantage to Europe. Under the wise administration of King Leopold, it has become an example to the nations of the practicability of constitutional government being consolidated upon the substructure of a popular revolution, and of security and prosperity waiting upon commercial industry and civil and religious freedom. Fears, excited by the family relations of the King, and the apprehension of their involving him in the schemes of dynastic ambition that were the bane of Louis Philippe, have subsided under the influence of the last French Revolution; and, we sincerely hope, not to be revived by any results of a more recent connexion with another house, which has supplied the bride in so many fatal marriages of rulers of Europe. *Absit omen!* yet it is difficult to contemplate the contrast between the positions of the first and third Napoleons, without the reflection being suggested to the mind, that while the downward career

of the one followed hard upon his matrimonial connexion with the imperial house of Austria, the star of the other has shot upwards, from the moment when, overcoming the promptings of the vulgar ambition that seemed at first to influence his desires, he gave a pledge of undivided allegiance to France by his union with Eugénie de Montijo. The King of the Barricades of Brussels acted with less than his usual prudence, when he sought a prop for his popular throne by obtaining for the young Duke of Brabant a wife from among the princesses of the legitimate and effete house of Hapsburg.

Coincidentally with the revolutions of France and the Netherlands, Poland, driven to desperation by the brutality of the Grand Duke Constantine, who exercised the authority of the Czar in that kingdom, rose prematurely in arms, and notwithstanding a gallant struggle, the unfortunate Poles were once more subjugated. The nominal independence of the Polish kingdom set up by the Congress of Vienna was then finally destroyed; the privileges of the people, which Alexander bound himself to respect, were annihilated, and the territory was incorporated, as a province, with the Russian Empire. A few years earlier, in 1826, the little republic of Cracow had been occupied by Austrian soldiers; and a few years later, in 1846, it was incorporated with Austria. Thus the frail barrier which Lord Castlereagh's efforts raised between Russia and Germany was finally and completely prostrated.

Both before and after the remarkable year 1830, some changes were made in the eastern section of the map of Europe, the importance of which has now been made visible to the most careless observer of political events. A struggle for independence, begun in Greece in 1821, was protracted with various success and great ferocity during six years, until at length the chain of their Turkish master was broken by the complete destruction of the Turco-Egyptian navy by the combined fleets of England, France, and Russia. This important event took place on the 20th of October, 1827, in the bay of Navarino, already, as the ancient Pylos, made famous by the naval battle in which the Spartans were defeated by the Athenians, led by Demosthenes, in the Peloponnesian war. The blow was a heavy one; and, like most blows

struck at random, it recoiled upon those who gave it. From the date of the battle of Navarino Greece was practically independent, though very little competent to govern herself, until, in 1832, the turbulence of the demagogues having reached a climax, the allies who liberated her found themselves obliged to re-impose the chains of a monarchy, the throne of which was conferred upon the present king—a scion of the house of Bavaria. Greece has thriven but poorly under the change; but so complete was the prostration of Turkey under the events of the struggle, that, in the next year after the Western powers had assisted in inflicting the final blow, the Czar Nicholas thought the time had come for re-establishing the cross on St. Sophia, and for fixing his own throne in the seat of the old Eastern empire. Accordingly, in 1828, a quarrel having been duly and diplomatically picked, the Russian armies crossed the Pruth, and in November of the ensuing year, the treaty of Adrianople was concluded, by which the protectorate of the Danubian principalities, and the custody of the mouth of the Danube, were yielded to the Czar. Out of these concessions has grown the present war; and there are few, we believe, who now doubt that they were really the fruit of the fears of the British ambassador at the Porte, rather than the offspring of the actual necessity of the occasion. While the Sultan, with tears in his eyes, was succumbing to the threats and entreaties of Sir Robert Gordon and his colleagues at Constantinople, it is said that Count Diebitsch, the Crosser of the Balkan, lay prostrate before a picture of the Virgin, imploring her aid to rescue him from the abyss of ruin, to the verge of which his gallant precipitancy had hurried him. By these changes Russia advanced another stage on her progress of aggression, and established, in the zeal of her co-religionists of the new kingdom, an important outwork of moral force. On the other hand, the Western powers, outwitted in diplomacy, had been led on, from an active participation in the warlike measures against Turkey which prepared the way for the success of the Czar's policy, to a position in which they were exhibited as if willingly gracing his triumph. A weak protest of the English Government against the hard terms

imposed at Adrianople was but a mockery in the eyes of the Turk, who saw the British uniform in the field side by side with the invaders.* The intervention of the British ambassador, in procuring the acceptance of those terms, must have assumed the appearance of treachery, when the obscurity that concealed the true situation of the Russian army was removed. But worst effect of all, these striking successes of barbarian force and craft well nigh established the Russian power as irresistible, in the opinion of both the eastern and western world.

A quarter of a century has since passed away without any further considerable alteration being made in the boundaries of Europe. Yet during the interval almost the entire Continent has been convulsed with revolutions. France has expelled a dynasty, and changed her form of government from a monarchy to a republic, and from a republic to an empire. Spain and Portugal have existed in a condition of chronic anarchy. Italy, Germany, and the eastern provinces of Austria, have revolted against their rulers. Throughout, society has been disturbed from its lowest depths: but the principles and the arms of the Holy Alliance have again prevailed. Russia, Austria, and Prussia, powerfully aided by the follies and the crimes of the enthusiasts and demagogues who roused or guided the peoples, have once more crushed justice and constitutional liberty under the weight of grape-shot, and exalted despotism upon the bayonets of their mercenaries. The hour seems the very darkest in the night of oppression that has so long overshadowed Europe; yet there are glimmerings of returning light discernible in the horizon. The very extremity of danger has given birth to the spirit of resistance. England, driven to the wall, has at last turned to bay; and, fortunately, the circumstances of France have favoured a cordial union between the two nations. But it cannot be denied that it is to the obstinacy of the Porte, and the skill and valour of Omar Pacha and his Ottoman troops that, in all human probability, the merit is due of giving such form and substance to the policy

of the Western Powers as may render their resistance something more than the occasion of a new moral victory for the Czar. It was the acute perception of the Turkish ministers, and their dogged resolution that, in 1853, prevented the patching up of a disgraceful peace upon the terms of the Vienna note, which would have been as ineffectual as the protest against the treaty of Adrianople in arresting the Russian march eastward. It was the gallant defence of Silistria that forced the allied troops to advance from a position, the mere fact of taking up which, in, as it were, the last ditch in front of Constantinople, was a virtual surrender of European Turkey to the enemy. Now, however, that the standard of civilization has been set up, and the sword has been drawn in defence of public right, and late and faltering though the beginning of the work has been, it would be treason to doubt that it will be wrought out manfully to the end. A hasty recapitulatory survey of the boundaries may help us to form an opinion as to what that end shall be, and how it may be made or marred.

Whatever may be thought of the manner in which the present ruler of France has advanced to his position, it can scarcely be doubted that he is, in fact, the choice of the French people, and that his policy, directed by an enlightened selfishness, is at once the expression of the national will and the plan most conducive to the security and consolidation of the throne. Constitutional liberty, after our model, has never thriven in France; yet the end arrived at here by the way of self-government and representative institutions, is to a considerable extent attained there by means of public opinion. Notwithstanding a chained press and a mock senate of hired officials, the Government of Louis Napoleon is no autocracy; and even though it were his personal interest (as most assuredly it is not) to hold back from the western league of national freedom, the public opinion would force him to join it. To France, therefore, the world may look for such effectual co-operation in this great struggle as the generous nature and military spirit of her people,

* The Earl of Lucan, who so well sustained the credit of the British arms at Balaklava, is decorated with the cross of St. Anne of Russia, thus won. He had a horse shot under him when in the suite of the Czar, during the campaign of 1828.

and the vastness and elasticity of her resources promise. And truly, with France alone for an ally, there would be no reason for despairing of ultimate and complete success. But we are not alone with France; and even while we write, another name has been spontaneously affixed to the treaty of April 10th, 1854, which brings with it pledges of hope for the future of Europe, such as have not been tendered for many a weary year and age. In the King, Parliament, and people of Piedmont, we sincerely believe, the only chance of rational freedom and constitutional government for Italy now dwells; and on the success of the experiment in course of trial there hangs, we are equally convinced, the surest hope of the political reformation of Germany and of the religious liberation of the Roman Catholic world. In joining the Western Alliance, Sardinia has given a guarantee for the honesty of her domestic policy, and has also, we trust, exacted a pledge of effectual support against the many dangers that threaten her from without. In the accession of Sardinia to the league against Russia, we see the application of the power which must eventually liberalise Austria, or drive her for shelter back into the arms of the Holy Alliance. With Sardinia successful, as we trust she may be, in the effort she is now making to cast off the burden of ecclesiastical supremacy, and firmly united with England and France, it will be equally impossible for Austria and her dependent sovereigns to persevere in baleful tyranny in Italy; or, should she terminate her hesitation by joining her own Russian suzerain, to retain the domination of those fair provinces. With Sardinia strong within, in the union of a constitutional king and free legislature, and strong without in her western alliance, hope of a future would soon spring up throughout the whole peninsula; and in such wholesome strength—we venture to breathe a wish—as may overcome the weeds of honest enthusiasm, as well as the thorns of guilty folly.

What a clear perception of both the right and the expedient has influenced Sardinia to do in the south, is recommended by the same motive to Denmark and Sweden in the north. There are, indeed, other influences in operation, which may well impress the necessity for caution upon those nations,

but which, when justly appreciated, ought, we conceive, to teach that in their case valour is the better part of discretion. The northern kingdoms are, from their geographical position, altogether at the mercy of Russia, if the power of Russia be not "made to cease" in the Baltic as well as in the Black Sea. Should Denmark and Sweden join the Western Alliance, and fail in effecting the common object, they will doubtless be sacrificed to the vengeance of their neighbour; but should the object of the Western Alliance be lost, or be imperfectly attained in consequence of the neutrality of Denmark and Sweden, they will then, with equal certainty, be sacrificed to the necessity he will feel of advancing and strengthening his frontier on the Baltic. Out of this dilemma we hope the clear-sighted people of the north may see the safe and honourable course of escape, and that they, too, like the Sardinians, may acquire an undeniable claim to the fullest guarantee for their independence and security from England and France.

Of the part which Austria, Prussia, and the German Confederation may ultimately take in this struggle, there need be little doubt. They will side with the strongest; or, should circumstances force them to hang out their colours before that point shall be determined, they will choose that side which seems the strongest. The position of the two first powers is a very delicate one; and we have already pretty fully described it. They have during forty years been bound to Russia by the ties of fear—fear of Russian vengeance, and fear of losing Russian protection against the vengeance of their own subjects. It would be equally distasteful to both, were Russia made so much more powerful, as that their feudal relation to the Czar should be rendered more stringent; or were she to be made so much less powerful as that the Czar's utility as minister of police for Hungary and Prussian Poland should be diminished. It was perfect waste of time to attempt to influence, by negotiation with either of these powers, purposes which circumstances alone can determine. Up to this moment the only apparent end of two weary years of protocolling is a treaty, of which no man can certainly predicate the meaning, and which has accomplished nothing but to afford an

opportunity to the enemy to prosecute further intrigues, and to the ally an excuse for awaiting still longer the demonstration of the side where strength lies. The German states will, of course, follow Austria and Prussia, or either of them, should they take different courses; but always, in the end, they will surely be found upon the strongest side. Of the Low Country kingdoms, and of those of the Spanish Peninsula, we may say as much; at all events, it is unlikely that any of them will take an active part in the struggle, or that they will figure in it in any other character than as depôts for smuggling contraband of war to the enemy.

The struggle is probably only beginning, and it cannot end without heavy damage to one party or the other. Russia, on the one hand, or England and France, on the other, must be humbled. If a peace be patched up, without a "material guarantee" being taken for the limitation of the influence of Russia in the Black Sea, and for the freedom of the mouth of the Danube, the victory, moral and material, will remain with Russia. If something more be not accomplished, the peace, though not disgraceful, will be but a suspension of arms. The situation is, in fact, similar to that in which imperial France and the allies were placed in 1815—or rather it will be similar, if Russia shall be brought to terms by the successes of her enemies. In 1813, Austria, playing the same two-handed game she is now engaged in, undertook the office of mediator; and in November of that year, communications, opened by the Emperor with his daughter, Marie Louise, were followed by an offer of peace, on the terms that France was to be secured "her natural limits between the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees." Napoleon madly, but fortunately for his country and the world, evaded the offer, and the result, as to the fixing of the boundaries of France, we have already described. The work specially in hand in 1815, was the permanent limitation of the preponderance of French power, and it was accomplished effectually and in a workmanlike manner. But in the course of the operation, another and

infinitely more dangerous preponderance was called into existence. Here is a model to imitate, and an example to warn, which it gravely concerns our statesmen to study and comprehend. The vast booty in land, money, and invaluable works of art, accumulated by France in five-and-twenty years of pillage, she was mercilessly forced to disgorge, not, indeed, always for the benefit of the right owners; and a pecuniary fine, the weight of which it now seems wonderful she could have sustained, was imposed as a penalty for past offences, and a security against their repetition. Indemnities for their losses were obtained by the allies to the amount of £81,500,000 sterling; a hostile host of 900,000 men was quartered upon her soil for many months, at a cost of £112,000 daily;* and an army of occupation of 150,000 foreign troops was placed in her garrisons, and at her charge, for three years. Thus France was deprived of the power of doing mischief, and yet left with the means of developing her great resources, for the benefit of civilisation, and the best interests of herself and of Europe. In the process Russia was exalted into the position of dangerous eminence she now occupies. Lord Castlereagh appears to have perfectly understood the "situation" in both its relations; the errors of his predecessors, persisted in by himself, prevented him from mastering it, and the departure of his successors from his policy undid the little he was able to effect. The reckless profusion of expense with which the war had been carried on, had brought England to the verge of bankruptcy,† and the lavish distribution of subsidies had corrupted the minor states of the grand alliance, while it enabled Russia to take the leading place she has ever since kept. We find the Czar asking, and obtaining, a subsidy‡ at the very time when his army was kept in hand to enforce the demand of territory suggested by his ambition. "We shall be bankrupts,"§ wrote the British minister, in 1815; at the same time paying five millions sterling to the three great powers, (Russia, Austria, and Prussia,) two and a-half millions in lieu of the defi-

* Castlereagh Correspondence, vol. II., 486.

† *Ibid.*, 850.

‡ *Ibid.*, 476-480.

§ *Ibid.*, 286.

ciency in the British contingent, and *one million more* to Russia. In hard cash, £8,500,000 was paid down by England in that year, and £5,000,000 more (her share of the ransom of France) was *generously* given up to build the barrier fortresses of the Netherlands; and then we find Prince Hardenberg begging for another million "à être partagé entre les Souverains et les Princes d'Allemagne."

"I beg (at last Lord Castlereagh wrote to Lord Bathurst) you will not give any money at present to any of the continental powers. The poorer they are kept the better, to prevent them from quarrelling."* Thus, what should have been merely a war of defence for England, was converted, by her habit of foreign enlistment, and her facility in parting with money, into a war of ambition, and a highly successful war for Russia; and thus, when the contest was over, armies brought into the field, in the pay of England, seized and distributed the spoil in the interest of the most formidable enemy of the power of England that has ever appeared. The application of the lesson, at this stage of the present war, will probably not be admitted:—the profit of every lesson is for warning, not for censure. And such, also, is the bearing of the instruction conveyed in the results of the departure of the successors of Lord Castlereagh from the practice of the doctrine he preached. The climax of power and presumption to which Russia has attained, has been gained by a systematic violation of the treaties of Vienna, and of the principle, that to preserve the balance of power the strength of second-rate states should be maintained and increased. In the absorption of the kingdom of Poland; in the overthrow of the republic of Cracow, by Austria; in the Danish succession treaties; in the *pacification* of Hungary and Transylvania, barrier states were weakened or destroyed, and Russia alone was aggrandised. There was not one of those acts that would not have justified a declaration of war; yet their criminality was approved by England, or condoned in a feeble and formal protest.

But again we say, it is for instruc-

tion, not for reproof, we refer to these lessons of history, and recommend them to the study of those in whose power it may be to influence the crisis. That their gist has not been clearly perceived by many of them, is proved to our mind by several signs of greater or lesser significance. The Foreign Enlistment Bill seems to us to be but the beginning of a system of subsidisation. The extreme anxiety shown to secure the alliance of Austria and Prussia, was a proclamation of weakness to the enemy; and, to reflecting observers, an indication that the true position and relations of those states were not apprehended by our diplomatists. Now, as in the last war, it is events alone that can shape the course of those powers; and by events they have been and will be shaped and re-shaped in perfect independence of the letter of treaties, or even of the inclinations of their governments. To talk of England being influenced by no desire to dismember Russia, or to separate from her any portion of her territory, is, in truth, to forget what Russia has been, is, and desires to be. It amounts to a confession in words, that we have gone to war upon a mere point of honour, and are willing to make peace without acquiring any security for our future safety; and yet such has been the talk of British ministers.

One other point, and one of extreme delicacy, we shall merely allude to, and then have done. "It is not," (writes an independent observer,†) "without something like humiliation that an Englishman finds how small a part his country fills, in comparison with its ally, and how universally this struggle is spoken of by the people of the country as a war between France and Russia. When the first bayonets of the allies came into the Bosphorus, it was England that caused the mouth of wonder to open in Stamboul and Scutari. But now all is changed. The superiority of the French military system, the evident earnestness of the Emperor's policy, and his great resources, the skill of his officers, and the general effectiveness of the forces he has sent out, afford sufficient points of evident contrast to strike even such isolated and ignorant races as inhabit

* Castlereagh Correspondence, vol. ii., 248.

† Constantinople Correspondent, in *Times* of Jan. 18, 1855.

this land. If anything was wanting to lessen the consideration in which we are held, it has been supplied by the Foreign Enlistment Bill—a measure which was received here with surprise, and is the common subject of conversation.”

Fully concurring with this able and candid writer, in the desire he expresses to avoid any word that could tend to corrupt into ill-will the generous rivalry that now exists between France and England, we cannot conclude this somewhat too long article in words that more fitly convey our opinion, than those which we borrow from him:—“If Great Britain will

make the exertions which the time demands, she has now an opportunity to regulate for ever the position of the East [and the boundaries of Europe], in concert with allies who will respect her because they know her power, and that she is ready at all times to put it forth. But should she continue so small a policy, as depends on the troops of allies which she may clothe or transport, she may depend that her influence, which has done so much, will shortly wane; that the struggle with Russia will not be the last in which she will have to engage, and that the end for which she has made many sacrifices will not be attained.”

THE LICHTENSTEINERS; OR, CONVERT-MAKERS.—PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

Two or three days had elapsed, and Katharine was sitting, surrounded by her children, in the twilight, striving to decipher, by the evening's latest ray, a few lines of comfort from her imprisoned husband, which he had thrown from a window to little Ulrica, when the door was gently opened, and a soldier, in the Lichtenstein uniform, came slipping in.

“Hush! don't be alarmed!” whispered he to the panic-stricken group. “I am Dorn, and have defiled myself with this garb to glide unsuspected into the house, to see how it goes with you all, and be the bearer of words of consolation. Your mother and sister are safe in their concealment, in good health, and send you the tenderest greetings. About your husband, also, you may keep your mind at ease, for I had rather have him in prison than at liberty in times when the outrages which every day witnesses might provoke him to act rashly, and thus make matters worse instead of better. Should danger impend over him, however, depend on my being at hand to avert it.”

“But in heaven's name, Herr Dorn,” asked Katharine, anxiously, “how or where is all this to end?”

“In a town full of Catholics, and that soon,” answered Dorn, smiling bitterly. “Count von Dohna has arrived to-day, and that is enough to

forbode the very worst. From an apostate, who hopes by tyrannic rage to win for himself the Principality of Breslau, there is little to be hoped for in the way of mercy.”

“God be our defender!” sighed Katharine, folding her hands in earnest supplication.

“And by our own right hand, if other means are denied us,” added Dorn firmly. “I have hitherto studiously avoided a *rencontre* with your worthy guest, well knowing that one of us would not leave the spot alive, and that in either event much good could not arise from it to you. But if the monster comes to extremities, I have resolved to give him his quietus, and rid you of him.”

“Nay, nay!” cried Katharine imploringly—“no murder upon our account.”

“Oh, that is a man's affair, deaf lady,” answered Dorn, “and one in which women can have nought to say. Besides, one's own conscience must be the guide in fearful times like these. 'Twill be well for him and me, if he allows it to be otherwise.”

Here a light knock, more loudly repeated a second time, was heard at the door, and a voice asking, “Are you alone, Frau Fissel?” and the not only pale, but bleeding visage of the Deacon Bear appeared on the threshold.

“Good God! what has befallen you,

that you look thus, reverend sir?" inquired the appalled Katharine.

"My countenance bears the marks of the converting zeal of the Emperor's apostles," said the minister, with suppressed wrath. "Cruelly have these soldiers wreaked their rage on the servants of the Lord. Myself have they misused, and savagely beaten with the butt-end of their muskets, while preaching the truth, as the spirit irresistibly moved me to do. Of this I recked little—nay, exulted in the blows, any one of which, more vitally directed, would have exalted me into a martyr. But my worthy brother Barch has endured at their hands such unheard of indignities as make my blood boil when I even think on them. To vex, and torture, and plunder the man of God was the least of their wickedness; but in their hellish sport they compelled him, at the bayonet's point, to dance before them, with his wife and children, like the deluded Israelites before the golden calf, a deed which they will doubtless expiate in the fire prepared for their master the devil and his angels."

"How goes it with the hapless burghers?" asked Dorn, to give another turn to the indignant pastor's thoughts.

"Right badly, as you may suppose," replied Beer. "It is only since the arrival of the terrible Dohna that the counter-reformation may have been said fairly to begin. The soldiers who are quartered on the Protestants have orders to tell them, 'The very moment you go and confess to the Dominicans or Franciscans, and produce us their certificate to that effect, you shall be rid of us, and we will go elsewhere.' And when the unfortunate creatures, whom they have driven to distraction by their long extortions and outrages, comply in their madness, and bring the certificate, they adjourn to the already overloaded neighbours, who remain steadfast in the faith; and when these can endure the double burden no longer, they, too, are induced, like Peter, to deny their Lord and Master. By this accumulation, we ministers have no less than sixty soldiers billeted on us, and the councillors a like number. The head of the Council, Junge, has above an hundred men to provide for, and if the Apostasy holds on its way as at present, the last Protestant Christian in Schweidnitz bids fair to have the whole seven companies of

Lichtensteins assembled under his roof."

"Wherefore, then, do the unhappy citizens not fly?" asked Dorn sharply, "and leave house and home, and goods and chattels, behind them?"

"They tried to escape in flocks," answered the pastor, "but the proselyte-makers would not allow it. Not only the Council are prisoners in their city, but every man in his own house. The doors are kept locked, and every family confined within them. In vain did some rich burghers appear in their very shirts, to testify that if permitted to depart they would carry nothing with them; in vain did others court death, and offer their very lives in pure weariness of existence. It availed them nothing; the cry was still, 'Ye must be ours!'"

"I have heard enough!" exclaimed Dorn, wildly; "if you tell me more, I shall never be able to restrain my wrath, but knock down a parcel of the hounds, to get myself made away with. Farewell, Frau Katharina. I return into my secret corner, but always nigh at hand, and ever ready to count my life as nothing, and set it on a cast, for the welfare and safety of your house."

So saying, he rushed out, and the Deacon stepped to the window, through which the moon was brightly shining; and gazing upward, and pressing his folded hands tightly to his breast, he thus prayed with fearful earnestness—

"Thy right hand will find thine enemies, even them which hate thee. Thou wilt make them as an oven; fire shall consume them. Their fruit wilt thou remove from the earth, and their name from among the children of men."

"God preserve us, sir!" cried Katharine, interrupting him, "how can you put up such awful prayers? Should we not rather remember our blessed Saviour's petition, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

"'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,'" stammered after her the deeply-moved pastor, who, his wrath giving way before the god-like sentiment, cast a reconciled glance upward toward the Fountain of love and forgiveness.

Next morning Katharine sat in her closet, with her nursing in her arms,

on whose rosy, sleeping cheek fast rolled her tears. While, like chickens taking refuge under their mother's wing, the other children clustered trembling round, as they listened to the varied cry of anguish, as it arose from neighbouring dwellings, where day had awoken the tormentors to their cruel work.

The clank of spurs was heard, the door was burst open, and the Captain rushed in, accompanied by the soldiers.

"Now I have found you out!" exclaimed he. "I have had a strict watch kept over your kitchen, and more food is cooked than the house requires. Full dishes are secretly carried out, and return empty, whence I conclude that your relations are not gone, as you pretended, but are concealed in the city, if not in this very house; and my duty requires of me to order them to be produced immediately, to have their share in the purification of religion we are carrying on in this benighted town."

"I can give you no further answer about them," said Katharine, with composure.

"None!" asked he, gnashing his teeth on her; "and you won't go and get a certificate of confession?"

"It is not every one who is able to change his creed with the suddenness which the pressure of the times demands," said Katharine, with a bitterness extorted from her gentle lips by the deep infamy of the renegade before her.

"So you can scorn as well as deny," roared the tyrant; "that drop makes the cup overflow. To the cellar with the heretic spawn!" thundered he out to his satellites, who caught up the four helpless children, and carried them off.

"My little ones!" screamed Katharine, and sought to rush after them, but the Captain seized and detained the wretched mother.

"The last sand of the hour of grace has run out," cried he, in her very ear, "and that of vengeance approaches. The question is no longer about the runaway girl. I have wrenched from my heart my sinful love for the heretic, and have henceforth to do only with yourself, and your own religious errors. I give you one hour for reflection, whether you will return to the arms of our holy mother Church. If you

persist in your contumacy, I have ways and means of reaching your hard heart; and I swear to you by all that is holy that I will get at it."

"God shield me from despair!" murmured Katharine, and sank fainting on the ground.

When she came to herself, she was again seated, her still slumbering infant at her breast, and before her stood, with overflowing eyes, an old monk from the Franciscan convent, gazing wildly on her.

"Calm your agitation, dear lady, I beseech you," said the old man, tenderly. "Doubly hateful as must now seem to you the robe which I wear, it covers a heart which means you nothing but good. I have heard how ill it goes with you, and come to bring you help. Never have I forgotten the friendly succour I received in your house, when, six years ago, I fell, a wandering lay brother from Breslau, fainting at your threshold. There were not wanting hard-hearted Lutherans who blamed you for troubling yourself with the papistical beggar, but your noble answer was, that it was your Christian duty to help Christians. That was indeed a noble word, which I have treasured from that day in my heart, daily praying that God might reward you for it, here and hereafter. It may be that the Lord in his compassion will yet, were it only on her death-bed, bring back so good a lady to the bosom of his only saving Church."

"God reward you for your charity, worthy father," said Katharine, faintly. "A loving heart remains deserving of honour and praise, even should it be found apart from the way of truth."

"I came not hither," replied the monk, gently raising his hand in warning, "to hold a controversy with you. I will only remind you, in all kindness, of what necessity urges, and what must needs be complied with, if you would save your mortal body, not to speak of your immortal soul. It is the irrevocable decree of the Emperor that all his subjects everywhere return to the true faith, and for this purpose alone has he sent his troops hither. Far be it from me to approve, as no right Catholic can, the way in which these so-called proselyte-makers have set about their task; and so if any of them stray into my confessional, they shall not fail to learn. But so it is. And what

can I, a poor, weak, powerless monk do in a matter, which the Jesuits, in whose hands the Emperor's conscience lies, have on their shoulders? It was they who first kindled the flame, and who daily feed it with fresh oil, and we can only say as it is written. Without a certificate of confession, the tormentors will neither let you go free, nor dare they if they would. So I bring you the needful passport to liberty. The pressure of the times gives no leisure for formal confession, so your mere signature to the paper will suffice. You have then only to send it to the Court, and receive in return another, which will relieve you and your household from all billets in future."

"Excuse me," exclaimed Katharine. "In the faith I have lived in will I die. I cannot and will not sign."

"Ay, ay, so gentle and yet so obstinate!" said the father. "Do but read over at least what you are to sign. You will still be at liberty to comply or refuse. Surely, methinks, the force of truth must prove like the rod of Moses, to unlock the clear stream of conviction in the hardest heart."

Katharine ran her eye rapidly over the paper. As she came to its close she murmured audibly—

"I swear that, through the intercession of the Holy One, I have been converted to the Catholic faith."

"Lay your hand on your heart, father," exclaimed she, rising indignantly; "answer by your sacred priestly vows, should I not be deeply perjured were I to ascribe what I might do through fear of man to the spiritual working of grace from on high?"

The friar silently folded up his paper.

"You see," continued Katharine, giving way to softer emotions, "that there is no help for me. Leave me, then, to my fate, but take with you my heartfelt thanks for your goodness."

"You are a provoking, naughty woman, with your positiveness," said the monk, gazing long and deeply on her; and the longer he gazed on her pale, meek, suffering countenance, becoming himself more deeply affected, till, bursting at length into irrepressible tears, he said—

"I know that I am committing a deadly sin, but, God help me, I cannot

do otherwise. Take the paper, and rid yourself of your martyrdom."

"What! without either confession or signature?" asked the astonished Katharine.

"I have dedicated to God a long life," said the old man, "full of hard self-denial, and harder struggles. Per-adventure, then, he will for once be a merciful Judge to me, and after long, painful penances, forgive me for having been false in my holy calling. But should he even visit me in his everlasting wrath, I cannot do otherwise; I cannot let her who saved my life be tortured into losing her own. Should I even have to depart from it myself, unabsolved — There, take the paper."

"God forbid!" cried Katharine, tearing the certificate, "that I should rob you of your soul's salvation, or even embitter your dying hour. Any possible use I could make of this paper (even would my conscience allow me to accept it) would be a tacit, and as such even more criminal, apostasy from my faith. Be not deceived, father, God is not mocked."

"Woman, thou art more righteous than we!" cried the monk, with a faltering voice, as he buried his head in his cowl, and fled weeping from the room.

The baby slumbered once more on Katharine's bosom, when the door burst suddenly open, and the Captain entered, this time unaccompanied, and bolting the door behind him.

"The hour has elapsed," said he, with diabolical coolness, "have you the confession-certificate?"

"No!" was her calm reply; and as the babe, rudely awakened by the intrusion, sought weeping for its natural nourishment and caress, failed to find it, she was withdrawing to afford it, within the alcove where stood the bed—

"Whither bound?" sternly cried the Captain, seizing her arm, as if about to crush it in his savage grasp.

"To pacify my child," said Katharine, meekly. "You would not have me fulfil a mother's duty in the presence of a stranger soldier."

"Neither here nor elsewhere!" shouted the demon, forcibly snatching from her the child. "He shall not imbibe heresy with his mother's milk!"

"What will you do to my child, cruel man?" exclaimed Katharine,

rushing despairingly after him. But the incarnate fiend had already laid the infant on the ground in a corner of the room; and this done, he enclosed the mother's hands in a bear-like grips of his own, and forced her down on a seat in a distant part of it.

"Yonder lies your child," said he, "and here you sit until you consent to confess."

And the babe meanwhile, what with the rough handling, and hard lair, so unlike his wonted tending, screamed pitiifully for terror and thirst.

"For the love of God let me to my infant," besought Katharine; "he will die!"

"Well, and if he does, I shall have rescued a soul from perdition," was the barbarous reply.

"No! you cannot be a man!" shrieked the unhappy mother, casting on him a wild, half-frantic glance. "'Tis Satan's self in human shape, come to seduce me from my faith. Get thee hence, tempter, and leave me."

Her lips were locked with death-like spasms, and already putting on its deadly hue, her eyes fast closing, and her limbs becoming rigid. The barbarian smiled in silent enjoyment as he gazed on the dying mother's brow, and listened to the wail of the sinking babe. A loud knock was heard at the door, and—

"Are you here Frau Katharine?" resounded from a well-known voice, which sent terror to the Captain's heart.

"Back!" cried a pikeman stationed outside, "the Captain is with the lady."

"The Captain! and you answer me not, and the child wails as if in distress?" again, in increasing anxiety, inquired the familiar voice, while thundering blows assailed the massy door.

"Back!" once more threatened the sentry, but his next and last words were a cry on heaven for mercy, and a heavy body fell against the door, now flying in splinters into the room. Over the wounded and writhing body of the Lichtensteiner strode in Dorn, his drawn sword in his hand. Tardily from its sheath came the cut-throat, as he stepped forward to meet the intruder, and pale grew his cheek as he recognised him.

One glance sufficed to show the avenger the extent of the enormity which was perpetrating, and his eyes flashed fire on the cowardly assassin.

"Seize on him from behind!" cried the villain to his soldiers, who now pressed into the room.

"Betake thee to hell!" exclaimed Dorn, as his sword smote the craven, and he sank to the earth with a hideous cry, while the reluctant executioner flung his bloody weapon on the body of the justly doomed.

"I am your prisoner," said he, with almost a tone of command to the soldiers; "but," stooping as he spoke, to raise from the ground the all but exhausted infant, "first call her maidens to their cruelly-tried mistress, and then conduct me to your Colonel, to whom I have important matters to reveal."

Scarcely aware why they did so, the rough men-at-arms unhesitatingly obeyed the bold youth's behest. In rushed the sobbing damsels to tend their beloved mistress, and revive the drooping child. Dorn kissed once more the hand of his sister-friend, then giving, himself, the word of command to march forward, as if leading on attached followers to conquest and victory, strode proudly and calmly before the astonished soldiery.

CHAPTER VII.

In the quarters of Colonel Von Goes sat the Generalissimo of the self-styled "Saviours," Count Charles Hannibal Dohna, with the Seneschal, Baron Von Bibran, the Jesuit Lamormain, and other leading persons, at a table, on which lay in admired disorder, significantly scattered, amid flasks and drinking-glasses, and the mail gloves and swords of the party, some yet unappropriated billets, giving li-

cense for the former, and to be enforced, if resisted, by the latter. A crucifix, placed for the exigencies of the moment among those heterogeneous elements, seemed as though it contemplated with deeply-saddened aspect the atrocities carried on under its sanction. At the door stood the Colonel, to whom a deputation of the inhabitants of the suburbs were meekly and tremblingly complaining that his quarter-

masters, after exacting from every householder two dollars, as exemption-money, had billeted two companies on them notwithstanding, who by every species of cruel usage extorted farther supplies of gold.

"If the quarter-masters have cheated you," replied the rough soldier, "they shall not escape their punishment. But as for the billets, they can only be taken off by your conversion to the true faith; so pack off to your homes."

Sadly sighing, the complainants slunk away.

"Inquire into this rascality," called the Colonel to one of his captains; "and if you catch any fellow concerned in it shoot him at once, and report to me."

The Captain had no sooner departed on his errand than Goes seated himself among the rest, and hastily swallowing a goblet of wine, and striking on the table with his clenched fist, exclaimed—

"Accursed be this whole expedition!"

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Bibran and Lamormain, crossing themselves in a breath; and Dohna asked him in a tone of surprise, what he meant by saying so?

"Because of the thousand base-nesses, Count," replied Goes proudly, "which are perpetrated in the name of, and disgrace our sacred cause! It needs but a glance at our fellows to convince one that they have an eye to the burghers' money-bags, rather than to their souls; and there is not a plundering thief in the regiment who does not reckon on something rich in Schweidnitz. So that at last, one feels ashamed of the name of Lichtensteiner, and I have a hundred times repented having shown these harpies the way into this wretched town."

"It were indeed to have been wished," said the Jesuit, in a conciliatory tone, "that the whole undertaking had been carried on with a little less noise and violence; and it is not the first time I have hinted so to the Count. Cooler and quieter proceedings would have obviated open scandal, and as dropping water wears even stones at last, by gentle pressure, skilfully administered, I would have converted all Silesia within the year."

"That is always your fashion, you gentlemen with the cowl," cried the

Count, with a burst of ferocious laughter; "'tis your nature to walk softly, and when you have an end to gain, you shoe yourselves with felt! My motto is very different—break or bend—and I have found it answer successfully. A year to convert Silesia! Give me only men enough, and I'll engage to bring in all Europe to the Pope by that time."

"Sudden convulsions are seldom lasting," muttered the Jesuit, shrugging his shoulders, as Count Dohna's adjutant entered the hall. "The rich burgher Heing," whispered he to his commander, "is willing to make over to you, if left unmolested in his faith, the magnificent cabinet you wot of, for which the Duke of Leignitz offered four thousand crowns. You know the *chef-d'œuvre*; it stands below at your orders."

"I'll come down," exclaimed Dohna, snatching a ticket of exemption from among the billets on the table, and rushing out.

During this brief parley, a tumult without had drawn the others to the window. "Do you know anything of what is going on yonder?" asked Goes of the adjutant.

"Oh! a clerk cut down Captain Hinka in his own quarters, and the guard are bringing him to jail, that's all."

"That Hinka certainly studied the art of tormenting under Satan himself," muttered the Colonel. "And why did he do it?"

"They say," replied the adjutant, "that the Captain, to compel his landlady to confess, tore her nursing from her breast, and flung it into a corner to perish."

A shudder ran through the assembly, eased as were the hearts of the men composing it in triple iron; and Lamormain exclaimed impatiently, "this is the way to make heretics, and not to convert them!"

"This is a case for pardon, instead of severity," remarked even the bigotted Bibram; "the act was too horrible, and would lead to unheard-of crimes."

"Summon the murderer hither," said Goes, in a subdued tone, "I would speak with him."

The adjutant went out and returned almost immediately, followed by the fettered and guarded Dorn. Goes cast one glance on him, recoiled back—

ward, as if shot, and stammered out, "Good God! how fearfully like!"

Calm and tranquil stood the young man, his eyes riveted on the Colonel, who, recovering himself with difficulty, put the question—

"Are you aware what sentence military law awards to the assassination of an Imperial officer?"

"I am no assassin," replied Dorn calmly, "but the executioner, in the presence of his soldiery, of a wretch taken in the act of trampling on the holiest laws of nature."

"That voice, too," muttered Goes to himself—then aloud to Dorn, "Their vindication lies not in private hands; that plea will not avert your doom."

"Well, then, let the law have its course upon your son!" cried Dorn, at length giving way to emotion.

"Son!" exclaimed the bystanders, full of astonishment and horror, while Goes, sinking back in his seat, sighed forth, "I feared as much!"

With deep filial emotion did Dorn gaze on his parent, and gently his tears flowed at sight of the prostrated old man. At length he bent on his knees before him, stretched out his hands, and said—

"My head is forfeit to your justice, and that I well know. Give me, then, your blessing, and quickly speak the fatal word, which can alone bring to my troubled heart eternal rest."

"Oswald! Oswald!" faltered Goes, "what a dreadful meeting, after a ten years' parting! Why, cruel one, why didst thou fly thy father's house?"

"'Twas the same cause which Germany groans under," replied the youth, "which rent a fearful gulf betwixt our paths. Shrinking from the mere thought of forcing conscience with the sword, incapable of taking part in your proceedings, shuddering at your bigoted zeal, I left you that no unnatural strife might arise between father and son."

"And where hast thou been since?" inquired the Colonel with eagerness, yet fearing the reply.

"In the Danish service," replied Oswald, "until here, at length, within the last two years, I sought and found repose in the bosom of quiet burgher life."

"The Danish service!" echoed Goes indignantly — "fighting for heresy against your mother Church."

Pure anguish fairly overpowered the

unhappy parent; but summoning all his strength to rise above it, he asked in a harsher and more unmoved tone, "How could you so far forget yourself as to commit the mad action of murdering an officer in the very town in possession of his comrades?"

"Eternal shame be to the man," cried Oswald, rising from his filial prostration, "who could behold an exemplary wife, a tender mother, a sharer of his faith, tortured, and for that faith, by a villain, and not strike home, regardless of consequences, like Peter, when they sought to seize his Lord!"

"Of the same faith!" exclaimed the yet more horrified Goes; "Art thou, too, then, become a heretic?"

"I neither can nor will deny," replied the youth respectfully, but firmly, "that I profess the reformed creed of Zwinglius."

"That blow sank deep," murmured the Colonel; and then summoning a last hope—" 'Tis to be seen if you will yet acknowledge and recant your errors, the sole way left to you to redeem your forfeited life."

"What! I renounce the truths I hold, from coward fear of death?" asked Oswald proudly. "Father, you cannot think so meanly of your son!"

And now burst forth the long pent rage of the furious commander of the persecuting host, bearing down in its headlong course each barrier of parental ties. Seizing the crucifix from the table, and drawing his sword from the scabbard, he held both forth to his son, and almost shrieking—

"Better childless than heretical offspring!" — bade him choose upon the spot. "Abjure!" he cried, "thy lying creed, or die by mine own hand!"

"'Twas you who gave me life," said Oswald; "be it yours to take it from me! I stand steadfast in the faith — despatch me, then, in God's name."

"Strengthen me, God of Abraham," exclaimed Goes, grasping, with wildly-rolling eyes, the fatal weapon. But Bibram and Lamormaim both seized him by the arm—

"God sanctions not child-murder," interposed the Governor.

"Will you bring down a curse upon our holy faith from every heretic's lip, by your mad frenzy?" cried the Jesuit, reprovingly.

"To prison with him, guards!" commanded Dohna, who, meantime,

had re-entered the hall, "there to reflect until to-morrow, whether he will recant or no. If morning finds him hardened in his errors, I shall put martial law in force against the murderer of my Captain."

"God grant thee light and peace, unhappy father! and then shall we meet again above," cried Oswald, in tenderest filial accents to the wretched parent, who, exhausted by his previous fury, now gazed around him in imbecile unconsciousness; and without vouchsafing an answer to the haughty Count, rushed, staggering, from the room.

Racked with anguish by his father's insane wrath, and with anxiety for the fate of his beloved, over whose safety he could now no longer watch, poor Oswald sat in the lock-up room of the guard-house, gazing through the narrow, barred window on the snow-covered market-place. It was a calm, cold night; the stars twinkled with doubled rays through the clear ether. Tormentor and tormented forgot, at length, alike in sleep, their crimes and sufferings. Just then the hour of midnight pealed forth, with clear, yet solemn sound, from the town-clock; the guard turned out, the sentries were relieved; then all sunk once more into silence, and Oswald, unable to endure the wild vicissitudes of thought which chased each other whirling through his brain, laid down his weary head on the table, and tried, though vainly, to slumber. Ere long the door was gently tried, and the bolts drawn back. A corporal of Lichtensteins, with a dark lantern, stepped within, attended by a couple of soldiers; and loosing the prisoner's fetters, gave the word, "Follow me to Count Dohna."

"Is sentence passed already?" asked Oswald bitterly; "and am I to be despatched under cloud of night? Sad proof, methinks, that your deeds shun the light."

"Hush!" said the corporal, and gave the sign to march.

"In God's name!" said the victim, throwing his cloak around him, and following with the escort.

The guard once more turned out, snatching their pikes. The officer, however, had fallen asleep in the warm inner room over his wine-flask, and the half-frozen sentries nodded without, as they leaned upon their halberds.

They roused themselves, however, on hearing the approaching footsteps; their corporal brandished his pike, and asked, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied the brother functionary boldly, and whispering in his ear the password—"Our orders are to bring the prisoner to the General's quarters."

"All's well!" rang forth the satisfied sentry, and lowered his pike.

Swiftly proceeded the silent quartette. A sharp gust of wind now shifted over the market-place, and a raven, disturbed by the belated passengers, rose on his swarthy pinions, and fluttered, hoarsely croaking through the air. A chill, as of the grave, crossed the shuddering young man's frame, and drawing his cloak still tighter, he kept following his leader, without thinking of, or missing the two other soldiers, who first lingered behind, and then, at the turning of a street, suddenly disappeared.

"Here we are," now said the corporal hastily, turning towards Oswald, who, startled out of his death-dream, gazed wildly around. They stood amid the graves of the Protestant churchyard.

"So they intend to bury me at once," said Oswald, throwing off his cloak. "Tell me where to kneel, and be sure you take a good aim."

"Ay, kneel you may, and shall, my good young gentleman," cried the corporal, joyfully, "and thank God for your rescue, when once fairly beyond danger; but as for being shot, that is all quite at an end—you are free."

"Free!" exclaimed Oswald, now for the first time remarking the absence of the other soldiers.

"And don't you really remember your old Florian?" asked the annoyed corporal, turning the light side of his lantern on a countenance, amid whose wrinkles Oswald recognised the familiar features of a friend.

"Old, faithful one!" he cried, embracing his deliverer with heartfelt gratitude; "anxiously did you ward off from the boy the petty perils of childhood, and now it is yours to save the life of the full-grown man. But dare I accept the freedom thus tendered to me?" added he, with unselfish solicitude. "By martial law your head may be forfeited to save mine; and ere I should expose you to that hazard,

from which you have just rescued me, I would return this moment to my prison."

"Keep yourself easy," replied the corporal. "The two men who accompanied us are concealed Lutherans, and intended deserting to-night. As for me, your father believes me already beyond the mountains, and I have my discharge from him in my pocket. For, good Catholic as I am, I never could accustom myself to such ways of making converts, and thought it best to be off in time, lest I should forget to be a man. As soon as the gates open I quit this unhappy town, to return to my peaceful home. If you will accompany me, I can furnish you with a disguise, and will pass you for my son."

"No! kind old man, and friend of my youth," said Oswald. "Ties of the strongest nature bind me to these walls; they enclose what is dearest to me on earth, and I must here remain to watch and to defend, either till deliverance comes, or till I perish at my post."

"A wilful man will have his way," said the old man. "However, they may now not hunt you up so eagerly, seeing that Captain Hinka happens not to be dead."

"Hinka not dead!" repeated Oswald, with a strange mixture of rejoicing and regret.

"Ill weeds are harder to extirpate than better plants," said the old man, jestingly; "yet your blow was a right well-aimed one, splitting the very iron cross-plates of the villain's helmet. But it somehow did not reach deep enough into the rascally skull, and he had been chiefly stunned, when his long swoon made all about him conclude him killed."

"Ay, and now the devil will once more rage," exclaimed Oswald, in mingled anxiety and indignation.

"Don't be uneasy about that," said the old man, soothingly. "At present he lies hard and fast on a sick bed, and your good father has administered him a pretty tough reprimand to chew the cud on. And the merchant Fissel, too, is released from his confinement, and so are his children."

"How goes it, then, with his sweet wife?" asked Oswald, sorrowfully.

"She will be laid in her quiet grave to-morrow," faltered the old man, hesitating to inflict the blow.

"Eternal God!" cried Oswald, in tones of frantic grief, "vice saved from death, and virtue laid low in the tomb, were well-nigh enough to drive men from belief in Providence."

"Nay, speak not thus, my son," was the old man's rebuke of the hasty outburst. "Man should discern and acknowledge the fatherly hand of the Almighty, not only in the sunshine of the teeming harvest, but in the tempest that lays waste the husbandman's hope, else is his faith no right one. Treasure this maxim, though it comes to you from the lips of an unlearned follower of the ancient creed. It has been a friendly light to my path through life's long, weary way, and will still shed its bright radiance on my downward course to the grave. And now, my dear young master, farewell. The morning breeze wakes already among these tombs, and I must wend upon my way. Should we meet never more upon this earth, God grant us a blissful meeting in that world where the true Shepherd all his lambs (ay, even those who may have wandered from the fold) shall gather beneath his mild and tender staff."

The solemn twilight hour of evening was the one appointed for the funeral. Round the parish churchyard groups of hollow-eyed, haggard, famine-stricken people are scattered, silently awaiting the arrival of the procession, while beside the open grave the very diggers leaned on their spades with overflowing eyes.

The *cortège* at length approached.

"For God's sake, be composed," whispered a young Franciscan monk, over whose head his cowl was closely drawn, to an elderly peasant woman, and a pretty boy of the same rank, both drowned in tears, and whom he forcibly drew aside towards a grassy hillock not far from the grave. A soldier of Lichtenstein's who mingled in the crowd, no sharer evidently in its sympathies, surveyed with lynx-like scrutiny the trio, and hovered in its neighbourhood.

Now swelled upon the ear the mournful dirge of the nearing choristers. High soared aloft the crucifix, casting its silvery light on the fast deepening darkness; while scholars and students joined silently their double circle round the grave. Behind them came in their vestments the Lutheran

preachers, their venerable heads bowed down with grief. But when the sable pall at length appeared, and the dark coffin, swaying on the shoulders of its tottering bearers, came in view, one loud and simultaneous sob burst forth from the assembled multitude, and the mourners on the hillock, in despite of the monk's warning, despairingly wrung their hands. Behind the coffin followed the clerks of the firm and the household retainers, weeping loudly and unrestrainedly, while the widower appeared, pale and tearless, leading in each hand a little daughter, supported each again by a sad, silent boy. But last, and most affecting sight of all, came a nurse, bearing the lovely infant who had cost his poor mother her life, and whose serene, angelic countenance, and happy unconsciousness of all that had befallen him, more deeply moved the sympathising crowd on whom he smiled, than the aspect of the father and older children, fully alive as they were to the loss of all they held dearest upon earth.

The procession was closed by an innumerable line of burghers and their wives, whose tears and sighs, while they bore testimony to the worth of the departed one on whom the grave was closing, well atoned to her memory for the absence of the tolling bell and strains of funeral music, denied by the new tyranny to members of a heretic Church.

Just as the grave received its precious deposit, while yet it rested on the brink, the bearers removed the coffin-lid, and one loud cry of anguish filled the air at the sight of the suffering one. But the kiss of the angel of death had breathed away from the features the pangs of the last sad hours. With gently-closed eyes and friendly smile upon her lips she lay, as if slumbering in joyful expectation of that blissful morning, whose dawn had shone forth on her living aspect here below.

With hard-won outward composure the bereaved husband drew near to the coffin, pressed the folded hands of the sleeper, and whispering — "Farewell, faithful one! We meet, I hope, ere

long," he quietly retired. The shrieking children clung around the coffin; but the Deacon Bear, bidding the servants gently remove them, and bespeaking silence from the spectators, spoke thus in firm though mournful accents—

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"These words of Christ, in which he prayed for his murderers, are the last I ever heard from the lips of the sainted one, whose mortal part we have consigned to earth to-day. My wrath was kindled at the atrocities here committed under the cloak of religion, and I would have called down the fire of heaven upon our persecutors. But ere she put off mortality, our departed one recalled to my heart and memory the prayer of our Lord, and taught me to say after her—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. Amen.'"

So saying, he stepped back from the coffin. The lid was replaced and nailed down, and the corpse was gently lowered into the dark depths, whose loosened clods rolled after it with hollow sound. Then, according to old and pious usage, the widower and orphans, in token of farewell, threw handfuls of earth into the grave; and the poor husband walked forth, tearless as he had come, while the happier children found vent and comfort in their sorrow in loud and clamorous weeping.

All the spectators next drew nigh to pay their last honour to the dear departed, and from an hundred hands the earth was showered upon the coffin. Even the young Franciscan forced himself a passage through the crowd to add his tribute, and then seizing hastily hold of the peasant woman and boy, and crying, "Now let us begone—moments are precious!" he dragged rather than drew them away.

"Pray, what should make moments precious to yonder monk?" said to himself the listening soldier; and then after some minutes of agitation, exclaiming—"The Captain must be at the bottom of the matter," he, too, hastily left the churchyard.

CHAPTER VIII.

In a shabby room, in the little town of Friedland, about eight days after the foregoing events, lay the aged

Frau Rosen, upon a sick bed, where the effects of her long confinement in the cellar, the fatigues of a hasty flight,

and, above all, the loss of her beloved daughter, had combined to lay her. The owner of the house, a weaver's widow once in Frau Rosen's service, and indebted to her for all she possessed, was standing, with a face full of compassionate sympathy, and a medicine bottle and spoon in her hand, at the head of the bed, near which Oswald and the weeping Fides sat.

"Compose yourself, my child," said the matron, kindly. "I hope to get over this illness yet. Alas! who can say how much of suffering poor human beings can go through and live! and I feel myself really better from day to day, and trust I may be spared some time to thank you."

"God grant it," sobbed Fides, sinking on her knees before the bed, and covering her beloved mother's hand with tears and kisses.

Just then entered Jonas, the son of the mistress of the house, with his hat and staff: he exchanged silent and mournful greetings with the party, and began to unpack his bundle.

"Already back from Schweidnitz?" asked Oswald; "and how goes it there?"

"Very badly still, sir," replied the youth. "The soldiers carry on in a way that would move compassion in a stone, and you may think yourselves very lucky to be here."

"Had you speech with my brother-in-law, friend?" inquired Fides, anxiously.

"Only yester evening," was the reply, "when I did your bidding, and delivered all your messages. He strives hard to keep on foot, that everything may not go to absolute wreck and ruin. He gave into my hand this note and bag of gold for you, and sends his love and blessing to you all."

Oswald took the billet, opened it, and read:—

"The tyranny rages on, and heartily do I thank Heaven that I know you to be hidden from it. Our pastors are exiled from the town ever since my Katharine's funeral; and that very night the soldiers made such a stringent search throughout my premises, that not even the secret vault escaped discovery. The Captain is once more on foot; and this very day, the first he has left his bed, was seen, with his head bound up, going towards the Colonel's. As I hear, he at first had but a rough reception; but for two

whole hours they were closeted with shut doors, and God alone knows what may have been concocted between them. On his way back, the Captain saw me standing at my office door, and greeted me with a smile of such horrible fiendishness that it made the cold water run down my back. Moreover, I heard that a troop of dragoons has orders to start to-morrow at break of day—whither, of course, no one yet knows. God pity the wretched people on whom they alight! I send you what I can really and truly spare, and beseech you not to write or send any more messages till I let you know that you can do it with safety. My guests watch me too closely, and I am sufficiently annoyed by having mislaid one of your notes, which one of them came in and surprised me reading. I trust, however, it is safe. Meanwhile, God protect you and me!"

A deathlike silence prevailed in the room when Oswald had finished reading, none being willing to impart to the rest the new anxieties to which the letter had given rise.

"Disastrous tidings!" said Oswald, breaking at length the ominous silence; "and I begin to fear that we are not in safety even here. Had we but fled, as I advised, to Breslau! The capital city, where the chief nobles of the land still reside, must surely be spared to the last."

As he spoke there arose an unwonted stir in the quiet little town. People ran crying through the streets; and Oswald, casting a wild, anxious glance around, strode to the window, against which leant his sword.

"Look out, and see what is going on outside," said he to Jonas, "and bring me word."

Jonas went, and his mother sadly observed:—

"There is certainly something very wrong, for the people run and scream as if a fire had broken out, or as if the enemy were before the gates."

"Protect us, Oswald!" implored Fides, clinging trembling to her betrothed.

"As long as I live!" replied he, drawing his sword.

"Save yourselves, the Lichtensteins are coming!" shrieked Jonas, rushing into the room, his shriek finding a ready echo from the lips of the terrified women.

"A false alarm, surely," said Oswald, firmly; "you cannot have heard aright."

"At least," said the young man, "so I was told by a farmer from home, who with his team happened to be at Wallenburg, giving his horses a feed. Just as he was setting off, a troop of Lichtenstein's dragoons rode in. They dismounted to breakfast; and he had it from a trooper's own mouth, that their route lay hither; so he set off, as hard as his horses could tear, to give the warning."

"We have thus at least an hour before us," said Oswald. Then turning to the invalid—"Do you feel yourself able to travel?—if so, I will order a carriage to take us forthwith into Bobemia."

"No, my son," replied the matron, with a mournful smile; "this time I must quietly remain here, and endure what God shall please to send. I should but hamper you in your flight, and, after all, it would but be a corpse you would carry across the frontier."

"Then I stir not from your side," exclaimed the dutiful Fides, flinging her arms round her mother, and clasping her in a tight embrace.

"That were folly, my child," said the mother, seriously; "and a right childish proof of your love to me. This pursuit is aimed at you and your bridegroom, and our foes will trouble themselves little with an old woman like me. I arrived here in a peasant's garb, and my hostess can easily pass me for a travelling dealer in yarns who has fallen sick under her roof; but your sweet face and your heroic betrothed's aspect we cannot hope to disguise, and, therefore, this very moment must you begone."

"Never, never," cried Fides, wringing her hands.

"I command it," said the mother, decisively. "Will my Fides by disobedience bring evil on her sick mother, and by her very presence betray me, when I might otherwise pass undiscovered? Will you see, through your unavailing obstinacy, parent and bridegroom both sacrificed before you?"

"I obey," sighed Fides, packing in haste a little bundle, and putting on her cloak!

"By the holy faith we all in common profess," said the deeply-moved hostess, you leave your mother behind you in good hands."

"That I was aware of when I entered your house," said Oswald, "and therefore do I quit it with comfort."

But Fides yet refused to be comforted. He drew her towards the bed, and the mother laid with a cheerful smile the hands of the lovers in each other.

"Be one, for time and eternity!" she cried. "This is my blessing on your betrothing, and I add my command to depart forthwith, without one parting word which might either affect me or rob you of one moment of unspeakably precious time."

Once more would Fides have spoken, but her mother pointed significantly towards the door, and Oswald drew his beloved tenderly, but resolutely forth.

Night had set in ere Oswald and Fides got out of the carriage at the door of a solitary inn beyond the Bohemian frontier.

"Here you are fairly safe!" said the coachman who had brought them from Friedland, as he knocked at the inn-door. The hosts are good people, and of our own faith—indeed, the neighbourhood swarms with concealed Hussites."

"Who comes so late?" inquired an old dark-complexioned matron, opening the door, and sheltering with her hand the flaring splinter of wood she carried.

"A young couple, Mother Thekla," said the coachman, "who are flying from the convert-makers. Give them a hearty welcome, and be kind to them, and you will be earning a reward from the Lord."

"It is only our duty," said the old woman. "Come in, poor young folks."

"Farewell," said the coachman to Oswald. "I must jog home to-night, that my wife and children may not be left too long alone, among those wild, billeted soldiers."

"Ay, and because you run risks by having driven us," said Oswald, putting into his hand some pieces of money beyond the stipulated fare.

"Oh! I had already forgotten that," replied the coachman, laughing; "for, you see, I'll pick up some sort of a lading on my way, in case I am out, and trot quietly into Friedland quite early in the morning, and no one will think of asking where I have been. God bless and protect you."

He jumped up on his vehicle, which rattled away, and Oswald led his Fides into the parlour, and, to his great joy, found it nearly clear of guests. Only in one corner snored three men, and four great dogs on the straw; and at the table, beside the grey-haired host, sat a tall, large-boned individual, in a Bohemian peasant's dress, drinking. Oswald could not survey without some uneasiness the sabres which lay beside the sleeping guests, or the huge knives stuck in their girdles; but their honest looks, and an expression of silent suffering in their lean, embrowned countenances, somehow reassured him, he scarce knew why. He seated himself, with a civil greeting, at the board, and called for a flask of wine; while Fides accompanied the hostess to bespeak the supper and beds.

"You are fugitives, if I heard right, for the faith, sir?" asked the stranger, in a deep bass voice, and scrutinising the new-comer with distrustful glances from his wild, dark, rolling eyes.

"The season and weather are ill adapted for a pleasure trip," replied Dorn, shortly.

"From Janer, probably, or Loudenburg, or perhaps Schweidnitz?" inquired the stranger further; "for at all convert-making goes briskly on."

"You press me too closely," said Oswald, reluctantly. "From strangers I do not easily brook questioning."

"Questioning is my business, young gentleman," thundered the man; "for I am a captain in the Bohemian Landwehr, and posted on the frontier expressly that the Silesian heretics may not smuggle themselves across it."

And while he spoke, the four dogs sprang up, and came growling round Oswald; and the three men half raised themselves from their lair, and with sparkling eyes turned their brown visages towards the table, brandishing drawn swords in their hands. Oswald sprang up, and grasped his trusty weapon.

"Put up!" cried the man, in an altered tone, and grasping his drinking-horn. "I only wanted to ascertain if all was right. Sit ye down, young man, and pledge me, while I drink a health to the Bohemian goose and the Saxon swan."

"Huss and Luther!" cried Oswald, with a lightened heart, as he pledged the stranger, and emptied his glass; and the guards and their dogs stretched

themselves once more together on their couch of straw.

"Do not take it amiss that I thus tried you," said the Bohemian; "for the wiles of persecutors are so endless, that one can never get to the bottom of them; and you might, for aught I knew, have been a Jesuit spy. But now that we have made a clean breast to each other, I must tell you frankly, that even here you are not secure. For my old friend and host here I can answer; but the convert-makers find their way across to us whenever they have any noble game worth following, and I mistake if you be not such as they may move heaven and earth to track. This being the case, I will, if it so please you, take you and your little wife to a place where you may dwell in safety, behind the everlasting walls which the Lord himself has erected to shelter persecuted innocence."

"Truth is written on your face," replied Oswald. "I accept your offer with gratitude."

"You must not expect to find it over comfortable," said the Bohemian, "for the poor lady especially, who has never been used to such quarters; but necessity has no law, and it is wonderful with how little people can manage to do."

"Keep yourself easy on that head," said Fides, who, during the conversation, had seated herself by her betrothed; "a secure asylum is all we wish or expect."

"That being the case," replied the stranger, "swallow your supper, and then lie down to rest, that you may be better able to start with daylight in the morning. I got my night's rest over long ago, and can afford to watch over yours; but the dawn must find us on our way to the rocks."

Oswald slept sweetly and soundly in his cloak on the ground, at the foot of the sole bed in the house, in which his betrothed slumbered. An early knock was heard at the door, and the Bohemian's voice crying—

"Up, sir! the cocks have crowed; 'tis high time we were off."

The youth sprang up, and waked his precious charge with a kiss. Soon were both in readiness for their journey, and, with cordial thanks to their host, they crossed his friendly threshold. A thick morning mist enveloped all around, while in the east rose, like a huge fireball, a portentous, gigantic-

looking sun, to the alarm of poor Fides.

"Let us wait a little, till the sun conquers the fog," said the Bohemian, "lest the young traveller sprain her tender feet among the rocks."

And they stood still awhile, shivering in the keen morning wind. Oswald had taken his Fides within his ample cloak, and warmed her against his heart. Meantime, the mist before them became agitated, like the waves of a heaving sea, and dark clouds formed themselves, which sank as if rooted there towards the earth. Above them the sun had by this time risen, and was struggling with the lighter mist-wreaths beyond, when suddenly there got up a violent blast of wind, which rending and dispersing in a moment the impervious curtain, displayed, lit up with the brightest sunshine, to the astonished eyes of Oswald, a landscape of wonderful magnificence. The dense clouds which had gathered below had now assumed the form of gigantic dark mountain masses, rising on the clear air in domes, and towers, and spires, like the giant edifices of some Brobdinagian city, above whose amphitheatre towered, in diamond brilliancy, many a snow-clad cupola, tinged by the morning sun with roseate hues, putting the climax to this *chef d'œuvre* of Nature's handiwork; while the perennial verdure of the pines and fir-trees, with which the mountain-sides were partially clothed, infused somewhat of living softness into the majestic panorama.

"Great is the Lord! behold Him in His works!" exclaimed the enraptured Oswald, removing the cloak, that his Fides might enjoy the glorious spectacle.

Her eyes wide open to embrace it, she stood a moment dazzled and bewildered.

"How comes this great and wonderful city here?" asked she, in her first surprise. "But is it—can it be a city?"

"Ay," replied the Bohemian, laughing; "at least so we call it, and even divide it into towns and suburbs; but its true name with strangers is the Adenbacher Rocks."

"And are we going there?" asked Fides, anxiously, and clinging faster to Oswald.

"No other refuge remains for us, dearest," replied he, soothingly; "but

don't distress yourself. You see I feel no alarm, as I could not fail to do were you in any danger."

"Oh! but when you, iron men, begin to speak, or even think of danger, it is already at hand, and too late for alarm."

"Go forward, Lothek," said the Bohemian to one of his companions. "Open us a bit of a path where the snow lies too deep; announce to his reverence that I bring guests, and kindle a noble fire in our own quarters, that the lady may warm herself thoroughly when we get to our journey's end."

Lothek threw his gun over his shoulder, whistled to his pair of wolf-dogs, set out at a swinging pace, and were soon lost to view among the rocks.

"And now," said the Bohemian, "if it so please you, we, too, must get on; the sun is high already, and in broad day it does not do for me to be abroad."

"Come, dearest," said Oswald to Fides, offering her his arm, on which, with a sigh, she rested her delicate hand, and, preceded by the Bohemian, and closed by his remaining followers, while, with nose to the ground, the residue of the dogs scented the well-known track, the party gaily proceeded among the rocks.

"They are terribly high though," said Fides, casting a timid glance up at the huge, grey towers.

"'Tis only you who think so," replied the Bohemian; "this is nothing; you are only yet in the suburbs. When you come to the city you will see rocks worthy of the name."

"God forbid!" sighed Fides, as she followed till they came to an open spot. Here rose, isolated and formidable, a solitary and most alarming rock, whose grey inverted cone (reversing their usual position) spread its broad basis towards the clouds, while its tottering apex rested on a little lake of ice below.

"Stoop, and pass quickly," cried Oswald to Fides; "this rock may come down at any moment."

"Keep yourself easy," said their guide. "That is the Sugar Loaf which has stood these thousand years on its head, as you see, and will continue so to stand when you and I have been long in our graves."

So they walked on; and Fides, ashamed to make the stranger aware of her alarms, whispered to Oswald,

"Look at that frightful grey giant's head, rising yonder among the rocky battlements. I see distinctly a grewsome, awful face, with hoary locks, flying round it."

"Yon is the Burgomaster," said the Bohemian, laughing, for the whisper had not escaped his ear. "That is our name for, perhaps, the most curious and beautiful of Nature's wonders among our rocks. But ye need not, I am sure, be afraid of him, seeing he is the only burgomaster, perhaps, upon earth of whom no one had ever to complain."

And further still they held on their way till the path led to a mountain brook, on whose opposite margin rose a broad table rock. With the bound of a practised mountaineer the Bohemian sprang across, clambered up behind the rocky wall, touched the spring of a massy lever, and slowly creaking, as it were, on its hinges, the ponderous mass swung aside, disclosing a low and narrow rocky entrance.

"And have we to go in there?" asked Fides, in so dolorous a tone, that all the Bohemians laughed at her in chorus. Even Oswald laughed, as taking his bethrothed in his arms, he sprang with her across the brook. A moment they all stood before the narrow portal—they crossed its threshold, and the ponderous gate rolled back into its place, and they found themselves in utter obscurity.

"This darkness is very fearful," once more sighed Fides to herself.

"Oh! we shall soon get back into the light," said the guide, cheerfully, as he strode on, the others following, on a narrow pathway formed by tottering planks, amid dusky perpendicular rocks towering into the very sky, whose azure, seen in partial glimpses, showed so darkly, that one could almost fancy seeing the stars in it at mid-day; while down the frowning walls the trickling waters gleamed like threads of silver on a ground of sable velvet. Here and there shone, as if arrested by some magic spell—its crystal radiance beaming through encircling icicles—a waterfall; though underneath their insecure and dreadful path rushed subterranean torrents with hoarse and deafening sound.

"If this road lasts much longer so," cried poor Fides, fairly overcome, "I shall die of terror."

"For shame, dearest," said Oswald,

half chidingly. "You spoke up so valiantly in my behalf to the dreaded Wallenstein, and now you lose heart among the wonders of Nature, where, of all places here below, we feel in God's especial keeping."

"Here we are," cried the Bohemian, stepping out into the bright sunshine. The pair followed, and found themselves in a narrow mountain valley, surrounded by lofty snowy peaks shutting it out from the world beyond. A silvery brooklet, issuing from a cleft, trickled through the vale, and lost itself again in the rocks; amid as well as between which might be seen, like eagles' nests, perhaps a dozen of rude log-huts, well clothed for the rough wintry blasts with sheltering moss, and within and around which men, women, and children seemed as much at home as if they had settled, by choice, for life in these strange habitations. Straight rose in the calm clear air the friendly smoke of the bespoken fire, beside which Lothek sat, turning a savoury chamois on a wooden spit.

From out of the best built and largest of the huts came forth an aged, venerable man, with a long white beard, clothed in black, priestly garments, and with a black cap on his head.

"Welcome! ye fugitives for your faith," said he, cordially, with outstretched hands, to the couple—"welcome to Huss's Rest! In my hut there is ample room for you, and you must share my humble fare. By God's goodness you have here found an asylum which shall shelter you as long as it may seem expedient; for here the storms are excluded which rush so fiercely and desolatingly over the hapless lands beyond."

"Accept our heartfelt thanks for this most hospitable reception, reverend father," replied Oswald. "Is it long, may I ask, since you sought refuge among these rocks?"

"Five years I have passed among them," answered the old man. "Ever since our late Emperor (now gone to his account for it on high) cancelled his royal decree of toleration towards them, no rest remained for Huss's true disciples in Bohemia. And when he went on to declare that 'he would have none but Catholics for his subjects,' there wandered forth three thousand families, the most respectable in their various classes, to enrich foreign lands

with their hereditary wealth or profitable industry. But to the poor country people, the gracious permission to emigrate with their belongings, was, of course, a dead letter. Having nothing but the soil on which they were born, they seized up axe and scythe, and fell upon their oppressors. I myself, crucifix in hand, have led on my parishioners against the foe, and they fought valiantly for their faith. But army after army was poured on us—the wheel and the gallows groaned with the corpses of our brethren, and we had nothing for it but to flee. Still, however, it was impossible for us to quit altogether our beloved fatherland, so we threw ourselves into this and similar rocky fastnesses, whose isolation from the world constitutes our security. Here we dwell quietly and peacefully, living on the products of the chase, and of our wood carvings, which we dispose of in Silesia and Bohemia, and rejoicing when from time to time a victim of persecution escapes and seeks shelter among us.”

“Now, you may dismiss all fears,” said Oswald, joyfully, to his beloved, “when you see what a secure haven we have gained, and how safely we may hide within it.”

“That young creature clings to you so blushing, though confidently, young man,” said the Pastor, “that I judge from it you are yet lovers, rather than a married pair. If you desire to become so, I will add the Church’s sanction to your vows. You need not doubt my authority to do so, I hold it from our sainted bishop, now rejoicing in martyr glory before the throne of the Lamb.”

“What say you, beloved?” asked Oswald, pressing fervently the hand he longed to appropriate. “We already have, you know, your mother’s blessing on our union.”

“Not now, dear Oswald,” entreated Fides, sadly. “So long as I must feel such deep and cruel anxieties respecting my nearest and dearest, I cannot make up my mind to so serious a step; and our very love must clothe itself for awhile in the mourning garb of these unhappy times. It were a sacrilege to wear in them the myrtle wreath; and the decisive ‘yes’ which I would fain say from the heart, and joyfully, would now be drowned in ominous tears and sobs.”

“Your wishes on this point must

ever be law,” said Oswald, kindly, imprinting, as he spoke, a kiss upon her brow.

“Maiden, you have decided wisely and well,” said the Pastor, “and your bridegroom has learned betimes that lesson of self-denial, perhaps of all life’s lessons the hardest to acquire.”

And mutually delighted to hear from such reverend lips the praises, echoed by their inmost hearts, of those they prized so truly, the proud youth led in his gentle betrothed to the Pastor’s hut.

“This morning is so beautiful,” said Fides to Oswald—when, breakfast being over, their aged host betook him to his Bible, “and this valley is so confined, and the overhanging rocks so weigh upon my heart as if they would crush it! Let us get out and take a little walk beyond them.”

“Don’t venture to any distance, children,” was the priest’s warning, though without looking up from his book. “My infirmities make this old body of mine an infallible weather-glass, and tell me that this very day we shall have a severe storm. These rage far more wildly here than in the plains, and compel every living thing to seek shelter.”

“Oh, we shall be sure to be back in time,” promised Fides, as she skipped away, holding Oswald’s arm.

“Be sure, and note well the spot where the entrance lies,” said the Husite, who opened for them the outer gate of rock, “else you may chance not to find it again. The paths among our rocks are very like each other, and if you once go astray, you may wander out your lives without hitting the right track.”

“Never fear,” replied Oswald. “Let a soldier alone for finding his way where he has once before been.”

And he took the bearings of the peaks before him, to imprint them on his memory; gazed steadfastly on the table rock, and other adjacent blocks, and, thus furnished, walked forth with the maiden, to enjoy the lovely morning, which passed but too quickly, amid words of mutual comfort and faithful love.

“I know not how it should be,” said Fides, stopping to rest, and fanning her glowing cheek with her handkerchief; “but here, in midwinter, methinks it is very, very warm.”

“‘Tis often thus in life’s summer,”

said their former guide, coming suddenly upon them round the corner of a rock, "especially when lovers' sun shines brightly and warmly besides. But you will not long have to complain of heat to-day ; there is a terrible tempest coming on."

"In this clear brilliant weather?—impossible!" cried Fides.

"Oh, you don't know the tricks of the mountain sprites," said the Bohemian — "one moment sunshine, the next thunder and lightning. This is always their way. You would do well to return in time to our valley." So saying, he strode on, and was quickly out of sight.

"We had better follow him," said Oswald.

"Just another quarter of an hour," begged Fides, "and then we will hasten back."

"Who can refuse you anything, dearest," said the youth, "even when what you ask is not for your good?"

So they wandered on, till they came where the rocks stood wider apart, and here and there, through the openings, bright wintry landscapes spread before the eye.

"Oh, how much lovelier it is here than in that dungeon-like valley," exclaimed Fides clapping her hands in childish joy, as she spoke.

Just then a shudder crossed Oswald's frame, as he bent to listen.

"Do you hear nothing?" asked he, in an anxious tone. "Methought I heard a distant horn."

Fides hearkened, and said—

"Yes ; it sounds to me, too, like a trumpet blast."

"The trumpets, too likely, of our pursuers!" cried he. "Quick! let us back to our mountain shelter!"

So saying, he turned him to his treasure, and dragging rather than leading her, hastened to regain the path by which they had come. But they had not proceeded far, when there arose a cold, sharp, piercing wind, which hurling the snow upon them from the overhanging summits, soon wrapped them in a white, but blinding cloud.

"Alas! Oswald, I can no longer see anything," complained Fides.

"It fares no better with me," said Oswald, as they both sought to grope their uncertain way along the path.

But sharper and sharper blew the blast, now fast rising to a tempest,

rolling together in dense masses the iron-grey mountains, like clouds, and sweeping with its resistless wings the hoary peaks above, till whole avalanches came down in snow-dust on the hapless wanderers. Wilder and wilder whistled it through the sky, and piped and howled in strange unearthly tones among the rocks, growling between whiles in low mutterings, like distant thunder, while here and there a lurid, yellow glow mimicked the lightning's glare, through openings in the dense cloudy mass which had now settled down upon the mountains. Amid this elemental war it may be thought that every landmark had failed the too confident Oswald, who exclaimed at length, in self reproach—

"I have fairly lost the path! Oh, that I should have been weak enough to give the child her will."

"Don't mind, Oswald," said Fides, humbly. "I can bear anything that befalls us, so that I bear it with you."

"That is just what grieves me again," said Oswald. "Were I alone, I could enjoy, instead of trembling, for nature in her sternest aspect is ever to me the finest, and many is the storm to which I have had to bare my brow. But it is ease for thee, my beloved one, that tortures me. Were you to fall ill from this dreadful exposure, I could never forgive myself, for I should have only my own folly to blame."

Just then a bright flash and heavy peal put it beyond doubt that a thunder-storm had mingled in the elemental strife, and its ominous sound was prolonged in echoing peals from the surrounding rocks — now further off, now nearer, till, their circuit complete, it died in distance away.

"A thunder-storm in winter," said Fides, trembling. "This is doubly awful."

"Who knows what a blessing it may bring elsewhere, while among these rocks it can do little harm," said Oswald, striving to afford comfort, when he himself could take little, as they resolutely urged their way towards the valley.

"Thanks be to Heaven, I hear men's voices," joyfully exclaimed Fides. "It must be the good Hussites, come out in search of us;" and in this hope she flew with the speed of a chamois on her upward way, so that Oswald could scarcely follow her.

But there advanced, meantime, on them from behind, a very different band, consisting of Colonel Goes, the detestable Hinka, his helmet still surmounting a bandaged head, and a troop of Lichtenstein's dragoons, who leveled their carabines at the fugitives.

"Stand!" cried Goes, who had recognised his son from afar, in a voice whose hoarse, angry tones strove with the thunder-peals — "Stand, or my men shall fire upon you."

"Father, sin not," exclaimed the despairing youth, standing with drawn sword over his beloved, who had sunk upon her knees. "God defend the innocent, and judge between us. Hear you not how he warns you with his thunders?"

At this the Captain burst out in a hellish laugh.

"Seize the rebel and his heretic bride!" cried the enraged Colonel; and the Captain, delighted with the order, waved to the dragoons to follow him, and ran, strong in his help at hand, forward, brandishing his sword. The Colonel followed closely in his wrath; the soldiers brought up the rear.

"God preserve me from parricide," cried Oswald, looking upward to heaven, and, sheathing his weapon, advanced toward the party.

At that moment there came a sudden blinding flash of blue and vivid light, too unearthly and terrible for sunshine. A deafening peal succeeded instantly, and with it, loosened from the loftiest peak, a mighty fragment of rock fell crashing to the earth, which trembled at the shock, as if in an earthquake. A short, sharp cry was heard, and pursuer and pursued sunk together unconscious on the ground.

When Oswald came to himself, his first glance sought the wretched Fides. She lay a few yards behind the rest, in a deadly swoon. He flew to her, flung snow, in lieu of water, on her face, and warmed her cold, blue lips with kisses. At length she slowly opened her eyes, and revived.

"My Oswald! still alive!" cried she, folding her hands in pious thankfulness to heaven. "The Lord hath passed over us in the tempest, but he hath shown himself gracious."

"Pious maiden," said the Colonel, who, leaning like a dying man upon a soldier, was standing behind the pair, "you can thus speak from out the fulness of your innocent heart, but the sinner must smite on his breast, and say, The Lord is just, and hath judged righteous judgment in his very wrath; yet I have cause to bless his mercy, which, while he punished the incorrigible evil-doer, and warned with the voice of his thunders the self-blinded man, has left to him at least a span of existence for repentance and confession. Let me avail myself of this day of grace. My son, forgive me. I had forgotten to be a man and a father; but on life's brink I will again show myself both."

"Your kindness revives me, father," said Oswald, pressing with all a son's duty his parent's hand to his lips. But all of a sudden his thoughts reverted to the fiend who had lured his father hither, a partner in his projected crime; and, snatching his sword from the ground, his eye flashing destruction, sought around for the Captain.

"He whom ye seek is not far off," said Goes to him, in a hoarse whisper, but nought of it to the maiden — the shock would be too much for her.

So saying, he led with trembling hand his son towards the huge fallen block, which, yet smoking with heaven's fire, lay right across the path; and, shuddering, he beheld, protruding from beneath, a drawn sword yet grasped firmly in a stiffened hand. The Captain's plumed hat lay beside it, and a tiny rill of blood trickled from below the rock, dying the snow with red.

"Behold God's judgment here! and pray for his mercy on your father," said Goes, with faltering voice, and sank on Oswald's breast.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH soft returning hues of health and joy upon her faded cheek, some three months later sat Frau Rosen in the weaver's widow's little parlour in Friedland. On either side of her sat Oswald and Fides, holding each a

hand of their dear mother, and rejoicing at her recovery. Once more there resounded without a sound of horse's footsteps, and a carriage and four, bearing the arms of Colonel Goes, drew up before the door. Out of it

stepped the Merchant Fissel, still pale and haggard from his late misfortunes, and walked into the room; and as common trials when past but draw closer and closer loving hearts, warm and cordial were their mutual embraces, while memory called forth many a tear.

"How goes it in our beloved Schweidnitz?" first inquired the matron.

"Badly enough still," replied Fissel, "though not perhaps quite so unbearably as when you left it. 'Tis true there is no end of confiscations; the Jesuits swarm, and spread more and more; and the judges set over us by the Burggraf, go on decreeing and commanding that all shall join the Catholic communion, and no one dare to frequent the Lutheran churches. But the decrees are less stringently enforced; and since it has pleased God to relieve us of the tyrannical Count Dohna, even the frightful military executions are become less frequent. Many of the troops have been withdrawn, and only two weak squadrons remain in the town. In short, I must give the Colonel the credit of having done all in his power, even at considerable risk to himself, to lighten our burdens."

"May God reward him for it!" said Frau Rosen, "and blot out of the record of his transgressions the sins of many a cruel, bitter hour."

"I come as his ambassador," continued the merchant, "commissioned to carry you all together to the inn near the rocks of Adensbach, where he purposes to celebrate a family festival."

"There?" asked Oswald, much astonished. "This portends something important — nay, surely, something joyful."

"He keeps his plans mighty secret," said Fessel. "I did my best to find them out, but learnt nothing. That it is to be a great celebration, I gathered from the extent of the preparations. He left Schweidnitz the day before yesterday, taking with him a stonemason and nursery gardener; and he desires you may be suitably and richly attired on the occasion, for which I bring the needful."

So saying he went out, and returned with two packages, which he delivered to the young couple. Fides ran skipping with hers to her mother, that

they might open it together; and together enjoy the first sight of the contents. Oswald meanwhile tore open his parcel, and found within a richly gold-embroidered Danish officer's uniform, with all its requisite appendages.

"The time for this is long past!" said he, in a tone of vexation; "and methinks it were ridiculous to wear the insignia of a rank and service to which I have ceased to belong."

"The objection had not escaped your father, who, nevertheless, requests you, as a personal favour to himself, to wear the uniform to-day, in spite of any feeling which might lead you to do otherwise."

"Ah! Oswald, look here!" cried Fides, joyfully, holding out to him her share of the gifts—a rich white silken dress, and costly diamond ornaments.

"All very fine!" said he, casting a hasty glance over the bridal attire; "but is there no myrtle-wreath among them?"

"I have already looked for it, and in vain," said Fides, blushing at her own admission.

"Alas!" sighed Oswald, "then the best is wanting! and my dearest hopes for to-day at least put to flight!"

"Murmur not against your father, my dear son," was Fessel's counsel. "That he intends kindly by you and Fides, I am ready to stand surety."

"Well, well," said Oswald, taking his packet under his arm to go and dress himself, "but the myrtle-wreath above all things should not have been forgotten!"

Foaming and champing, the four blood Arabs drew up in front of the little inn of Adensbach, all decorated with green boughs for a festivity. On the threshold stood, with a glad countenance, the old Colonel, his arms outstretched to welcome the inmates of the carriage. Oswald handed out his Fides; and Fessel his good mother-in-law. Goes stepped up to the latter—

"You have lost much by our means," said he, much moved; "can you forgive?"

"If not, could I deserve the name of Christian?" replied the matron, in a friendly tone.

"God reward you for it," said the Colonel, and led her into the house, in whose large public room, adorned with flowers, some Protestant staff-officers

in the Emperor's service, were assembled. And now entered Oswald and Fides, her natural loveliness heightened by her rich attire.

"Ah! what a charming creature!" exclaimed Goes. "Truly, my son, had your choice wanted an excuse, this moment would have afforded it."

"Oh! Oswald is far handsomer than I," cried Fides, with her wonted *coquetterie*, and with a glance of tender admiration at her betrothed.

"I am sorry I cannot share your satisfaction with myself," said Oswald, forcing a smile; "but I may be pardoned for feeling ill at ease in a dress which no longer belongs to me, and which I feel ashamed to assume."

"It belongs to you in right of this," said the Colonel, warmly, handing his son a paper. It was a major's commission in the service of Denmark.

"This is entirely contrary to my wishes," cried Oswald, shocked rather than elated, as he read, "I had for ever forsworn the sword."

"That is not to be done in the present state of Europe, my good Oswald," said his father. "In this iron age a man must wield the sword himself, if he would bow not the neck beneath it; nor will it be otherwise for many a day. You have, moreover, incontestibly proved on more than one occasion that you could never descend to the subjection of humble civil life; and on every emergency were prompt to draw that very sword which in words you profess yourself desirous to abjure. I rejoice in it from my heart, for in it I recognise my blood, and your utter unfitness for burgher pursuits. Serve again, you must—our joint honour demands it. To serve under the Emperor your conscience forbids; I have, therefore, for both our sakes, sought for you the colours which seemed likeliest to suit. A lasting peace has been concluded between Denmark and the Empire. Your new engagement leads you far from Silesia, into the land where your creed, here proscribed, universally prevails. You are thus spared the annoyance of seeing much of evil here, which you would be powerless to avert; and all this I have considered, and had in my eye, in soliciting for you the honourable employment, which I trust you will not, under the circumstances, despise."

"You are right!" cried Oswald. "I honour your forethought, and accept the gift with gratitude from your fatherly hand."

"That my endeavours were so speedily crowned with success," continued Goes, "you may thank a patron whom you may be said, in the strictest sense of the word, to have won with your sword at Dessau—the Duke of Friedland! He wrote with his own hand to Copenhagen in your favour, and the pacificator of Lubeck could have but one reply from King Christian, to even a more unreasonable request."

"Honour to the Lion!" cried Frau Rosen, jestingly. "The powerful among wild beasts are always more or less generous."

"Everything is ready," said the Hussite landlord, entering, and throwing wide the doors.

"Give thy Fides thine arm, my son, and follow that man," said the Colonel. The couple gazed wonderingly on each other, and obeyed the behest. Behind them walked the matron, escorted by the Colonel and Fessel, and the officers brought up the rear.

The procession took its way directly towards the rocks, and at length came in sight of the well-remembered block—now, presenting, however, lit up by the golden rays of a bright evening sun, a widely different and more friendly aspect. It was surrounded on either side by hedges of laurel, twined for the occasion with garlands of flowers, and on its smooth natural wall a tablet had been hewn out, bearing the inscription, "Here fell God's thunderbolt, to punish and to warn," with year and day beneath. Before the rocky memento stood an altar, formed of the *débris* of the block. Beside it, in his priestly dress, stood the old pastor from Husse's Rest, with open book in hand; on either side stood Fissel's happy children, bearing and scattering flowers.

"What can this be?" murmured Fides in sweet surprise to her Oswald, as the Colonel drew forth, and placed upon her head, the missing myrtle-wreath.

"Unite this couple, reverend sir," said the father, giving way to a parent's emotion, and leading the long-tried lovers to the altar.

THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. II.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EYAGRIUA.

HEAD—DOCKET—STEELE—SWINNY—PHILLIPS—DARCY—MADDER—CLARKE—MACLEIN—MOLLOY—GOFFY—GARRY—MORGAN.

WE must commence our second paper of this series by correcting an omission in the first, which carries us back to the year 1663; at which date a comedy was printed in Dublin, entitled *Hic et Ubique*. The author was RICHARD HEAD, an Irishman, and the son of a minister in Ireland; who being murdered during the great rebellion and massacre of 1641, his widow, with this son, then very young, went over to England. The youth received a good education through the interest of some friends who had a regard for the memory of his father; and, being sent by them to Oxford, completed his studies in the same college to which his parent had formerly belonged. Narrow circumstances, however, removed him from the university before he could obtain a degree, and he was bound apprentice to a bookseller. When out of his time he married, and set up in the same business on his own account; but he was beset by two pernicious passions—poetry and gaming; the one of which is generally unprofitable, and the other almost always destructive. Being speedily ruined, he retired to his native country, and wrote the comedy we have named above; which was acted privately with great applause, and procured for the author much reputation and a small sum of money. Flushed by this success, he went back to England, reprinted his play, and dedicated it to the Duke of Monmouth. But here his gleam of fortune expired, and meeting with no encouragement, he once more had recourse to his former trade of book-selling. Pleasure and poetry continued to impede his progress in life. He failed a second time, and endeavoured to live by his pen; but many of his productions were dull, and others objectionable. According to Winstanley, who was personally acquainted with him, he encountered constant difficulties and afflictions, and perished by drowning, when crossing to the Isle of Wight,

in 1678. His comedy is very scarce, and is principally curious to book-collectors from its rarity.

In regular chronological succession, THOMAS DOCKET ought, perhaps, to have been named before Farquhar. The exact year of his birth is not given in any theatrical record wherein he is named; but we find him an actor in London as early as 1691, when he performed Deputy Nincompoop, in a bad comedy by Dufey, called *Love for Money, or the Boarding School*. He was born in Castle-street, Dublin, and made his first theatrical essay on the stage of his native city; but not meeting the encouragement he expected, and appears to have deserved, he passed over to England, and entered a strolling company. He soon found his way to London, and established himself at Drury-lane and Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, giving universal satisfaction in all the various characters he assumed. Congreve was his leading admirer and patron; and wrote Fondlewife in *The Old Bachelor*, and Ben in *Love for Love*, to suit his peculiar style of acting. His manner was marked by great originality, and a scrupulous study of nature, without vulgar exaggeration. He knew exactly when and where to pull up his joke at a full gallop, and was particularly careful to dress with propriety even to the minutest article. In 1709 he was fortunate enough to be joined with Cibber and Wilks in a new patent, granted by Queen Anne to Drury-lane Theatre; but in 1712, Booth was forced upon them as a sharer in the management. This disgusted Docket to such an extent that he threw up his interest in the property, which was said to be worth one thousand pounds per annum. Cibber says, he was driven out of the management by the tyrannical temper of Wilks. One story is good until the other side of the question is heard. He had, however, from habits of systematic fru-

gality, saved a competent independence, and retired in the meridian of his life and reputation. He died, and was buried at Eltham, in Kent, on the 22nd of September, 1721. Dogget was an ardent politician, and so strong an advocate for the Hanoverian succession, that he never omitted any occasion of expressing his sentiments on that topic. In the year when George I. succeeded to the throne, he gave a waterman's coat and silver badge to be rowed for on the Thames by six watermen, on the 1st day of August, being the anniversary of that monarch's accession. At his death he bequeathed a certain sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated annually, for ever, to the purchase of a like coat and badge, to be rowed for in honour of the day. This ceremony is regularly performed on every successive 1st of August; the claimants setting out on a given signal, at that time of the tide when the current is strongest against them, and rowing from the "Old Swan," at London Bridge, to the "White Swan," at Chelsea.

In 1696, Dogget wrote a comedy, called *The Country Wake*; which was acted at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and supported by the joint talent of himself, Betterton, Underhill, Kynaston, Trefusis, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Bowman, and Mrs. Leigh. Fifteen years afterwards it was revived, and cut into a farce, by Dogget himself, under the title of *Flora, or Hob in the Well*; in which shape it kept the stage for many seasons. Both the comedy and the farce have been erroneously attributed to Colley Cibber, although each was printed at different times with Dogget's name in the title page. Leigh, the actor, constructed another farce from the same source, which was produced in 1720, and repeated in 1732; but the original play is much better than any of the pieces that have been taken from it. As a remarkable instance of Dogget's attention to costume and making up for the stage, we may mention his *mise*

en scene, in *Moneytrap*, in Sir John Vanburgh's comedy of the *Confederacy*. He appeared in an old threadbare black coat, to which he had put new cuffs, pockets, lids, and buttons, purposely to render its natural rustiness more conspicuous; the neck was so stuffed as to make him look round-shouldered, and give his head a peculiar prominence; his square-toed shoes were large enough to buckle over those he wore in common, which made his legs appear smaller than they really were. He could, with great exactness, paint his face so as to represent seventy, eighty, and ninety distinctly; which occasioned Sir Godfrey Kneller to tell him one day, that he excelled him in his own art—that he could only copy nature from the originals before him, but that Dogget could vary them at pleasure, and always preserve a true resemblance. Donne says ("Roscius Anglicanus") that Johnson excelled all actors of his day in this sort of painting; and Waldron tells us, that Garrick's skill in preparing his face for Lear or Lysimachus was as remarkable as his performance.

Tony Aston* has given an amusing description of Dogget, which is worth transcribing. He says—"Dogget once attempted to play Phorbias in (*Edipus*; but when he said, 'Oh! I wish Phorbias had perished in that very moment,' the audience burst into a loud laughter, and Dogget's progress in tragedy was stopt from that time. He was the most faithful and pleasing actor that ever was, for he never deceived his audience; because, while they gazed at him, he was working up the joke, which broke out suddenly in involuntary exclamations and laughter. He was the best face-painter and gesticulator on the stage, and a thorough master of several dialects. Dogget, in person, was a little lively man; in behaviour he was modest, cheerful, and complaisant—he sang in company very agreeably, and in public very comically. He danced the Cheshire Round full as well as the famous Captain George, and with much more nature and nimbleness. I

* Tony Aston's theatrical pamphlet is very scarce and curious. It seems to have been privately circulated, but never published. It consists of twenty-four pages, and is called in the title-page, "A Brief Supplement to Colley Cibber, Esq.; his Lives of the Famous Actors and Actresses." There is no date, but it seems, from comparing matters introduced, to have been written in 1747 and 1748. Isaac Reed wrote in his copy, "Although I have possessed this pamphlet twenty-six years, I have never seen a duplicate of it." Isaac Reed's copy fell into the hands of Mr. Field, at whose sale, in 1827, it produced £1 10s.

have had the pleasure of his conversation for one year, when I travelled with him in his strolling company, and found him a man of very good sense, but illiterate; for he wrote me word thus—‘Sir, I will give you a *hule* (instead of whole) share.’ He dressed neat, and something fine, in a plain cloth coat and a brocade waistcoat. While I travelled with him, each sharer kept his horse, and was everywhere respected as a gentleman.”

According to Tony Aston, strolling players were well off in those days, and better mounted than when they visited Elsinore, and, as Hamlet informs us, quoting from an old ballad, “then came each actor on his ass.” Williams, commonly called Ned Williams, of the Dublin Theatre, who died in 1844, aged eighty-one, once informed the writer of this notice that he had been acquainted with a very ancient country actor, who remembered Dogget, and gave imitations of him; from which Williams thought that Michael Fullam, in his younger and best days, must have had much the same manner and personal appearance.

RICHARD STEELE was born in Dublin, about the year 1676. The family were of English extraction, but one branch possessed a considerable estate in the county of Wexford. His father was a barrister, practising in the Irish metropolis, and private secretary to James Duke of Ormond. Richard was sent over to England while very young; he received his first education at the Charter-house, whence he was removed to Merlin College, Oxford, in 1692. His inclination and genius being turned to polite literature, he commenced author during his residence at the university, and finished a comedy, which, on consideration, he suppressed, as unworthy of his genius. He left his college generally respected and beloved, but without a degree; and being inflamed with a strong desire to become a soldier, enlisted as a private in the horse-guards. By this step, in direct opposition to the wishes of his friends, he lost his succession to the Irish estate. By personal merit and agreeable qualities he so recommended himself to the officers, that he rose to be a cornet. At the same time he acquired a taste for indulgence and gaiety, which beset him ever after, and involved him in difficulties throughout the remainder of his life. In his hours of

reflection, and while yet in early youth, he drew up his little treatise, entitled, “The Christian Hero,” designed originally, as he himself tells us, to be a check upon his own passions. In 1701, he printed it, with a dedication to Lord Cutts, who appointed him his secretary, and procured him a company in Lord Lucas’s regiment of fusiliers. Steele’s book was so directly a contradiction to the whole course of his life, that it became a subject of merciless raillery; but although he was unable to correct the lapses of his heart and temperament, he never prostituted his pen to laud or excuse the follies he condemned, while he continued to indulge in them.

At the beginning of Queen Anne’s reign, he obtained the profitable place of *Gazetteer*, through the friendship of Lord Halifax and the Earl of Sunderland, to whom he had been recommended by his school-fellow, Addison. In 1704, his first comedy, *The Tender Husband*, was acted with great success. *The Lying Lover* failed, and somewhat checked his ardour in the cause of the dramatic muse. Early in 1709, he turned his humorous thoughts into another channel, and began to publish *The Tatler*, in concert with Dr. Swift. The reputation he acquired by this admirable periodical, obtained for him a commissionership of stamp duties in 1710. In the following year, he dropped *The Tatler*, and commenced *The Spectator*, afterwards followed by *The Guardian*, in both of which he was joined by Addison. By degrees he ripened up into a violent politician, taking a strong side against the ministry; and as he was resolved to get into the House of Commons, resigned his posts and pension to anticipate their being taken from him. At the meeting of the new Parliament he was returned for the borough of Stockbridge, in Hampshire, and took his seat accordingly; but he was expelled in a few days after the opening of the session, for writing sundry seditious and scandalous libels. After the death of Queen Anne, he was taken into favour by George I., whose claims to the throne he had advocated in periodical papers called *The Spinster* and *The Reader*. The new King gave him some lucrative sinecures and patents, and knighted him in 1715, soon after which he also received five hundred pounds from Sir

Robert Walpole for special services. He was again elected to Parliament, and sat as one of the representatives of Boroughbridge in Yorkshire. In 1718, he buried his second wife, who had brought him a handsome fortune, and a good estate in Wales; but the demon of improvidence perpetually dogged his steps, and no matter what his income might be, his extravagance exceeded it. Few men have been reduced to greater shifts, or have more signally illustrated the misery of being constantly in debt. On one occasion, when there was an execution in his house, he was under the necessity of receiving company, and had sufficient address to prevail upon the bailiffs in possession to put on liveries, and pass for his servants. The farce succeeded but for a short time; for the knight enforcing his order to one of them in a manner which this satellite of the law thought too authoritative, the disguised menial threw off the mask, and discovered his real avocation. Steele often borrowed money from his more prudent friend, Addison, and while under the pressure of the obligation, lost his usual flow of spirits, and became dull and silent. Addison was once provoked to say to him, "Either pay me the money you owe, or contradict me." The story of the arrest has been differently told by various authorities. Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Addison*, says — "Steele, whose improvident generosity, or vanity of profusion, kept him always incurably necessitous, upon overpressing exigence, in an evil hour, borrowed one hundred pounds of his friend Addison, probably without much purpose of repayment; but Addison, who seems to have had other notions of a hundred pounds, grew impatient of delay, and reclaimed his loan by an execution. Steele felt with great sensibility the obduracy of his creditor, but with emotions of sorrow rather than of anger." Dr. Johnson, it will be remembered, wrote this in 1781.

Mr. Macaulay, reverting to this subject in his *Essay on the Life and Writings of Addison*, which first ap-

peared in July, 1848, thus expresses himself:—

"Addison regarded Steele with kindness, not unmingled with scorn; tried, with little success, to keep him out of scrapes, introduced him to the great, procured a good place for him, corrected his plays, and, though by no means rich, lent him large sums of money. One of these loans appears, from a letter dated in August, 1708, to have amounted to a thousand pounds. These pecuniary transactions probably led to frequent bickerings. It is said that, on one occasion, Steele's negligence, or dishonesty, provoked Addison to repay himself by the help of a bailiff. We cannot join with Miss Aikin in rejecting this story. Johnson heard it from Savage,* who heard it from Steele. Few private transactions, which took place a hundred and twenty years ago, are proved by stronger evidence than this. But we can by no means agree with those who condemn Addison's severity. The most amiable of mankind may be moved to indignation, when what he has earned hardly, and lent with great inconvenience to himself, for the purpose of relieving a friend in distress, is squandered with insane profusion.—The real history, we have little doubt, was something like this: A letter comes to Addison, imploring help in pathetic terms, and promising reformation and speedy repayment. Poor Dick declares that he has not an inch of candle, or a bushel of coals, or credit with the butcher for a shoulder of mutton. Addison is moved. He determines to deny himself some medals which are wanting to his series of the 'Twelve Cæsars'; to put off buying the new edition of 'Bayle's Dictionary'; and to wear his old sword and buckles another year. In this way he manages to send a hundred pounds to his friend. The next day he calls on Steele, and finds scores of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The fiddles are playing; the table is groaning under champagne, burgundy, and pyramids of sweetmeats. Is it strange that a man whose kindness is thus abused should send a sheriff's officer to reclaim what is due to him?"

The question is here put strongly, but somewhat hypothetically. The case may be fairly interpreted, but seems, nevertheless, a little coloured on the one side for effect. Victor's account of the matter is worth attention. It differs materially from the

* A very doubtful authority, by the way.

† Benjamin Victor was originally a *peruke-maker*. He arrived at the dignity of a dramatic writer, under-manager, and Irish laureate. When he wrote his first play, he took it to Rich, who said, laconically, "This won't do." "Why not?" asked the poet, indignantly. "Too much *horse-hair* in it," replied the manager. See Victor's works, published by subscription, in three volumes, 8vo, in 1776.

others, and places Addison's conduct in quite another light. According to his statement, Steele built an elegant small house adjoining to the side of the Palace at Hampton Court. He furnished it completely, and lived there for a few years, with the utmost delight. But as he was a stranger to economy, he often became embarrassed, and at last applied to Addison to lend him a thousand pounds on a mortgage of the house and furniture, which request was complied with, and his attorney directed to draw a bond and judgment, payable in twelve months; at the expiration of which, Steele not having the thousand pounds ready to repay, Addison's attorney entered up an execution. The house and furniture were sold, and the surplus arising to Steele was sent to him, with a genteel letter from Addison, to assign his friendly reason for taking so extraordinary a step—viz., to try (if possible) to awake him from that lethargy which must otherwise end in his inevitable ruin. Steele received the letter with his usual philosophical composure, and met his friend with the same gaiety of temper that he had always done, and which continued to subsist during Addison's life. Victor says he had this anecdote from Wilks, and adds—“During the last year which Steele passed in London, I seldom missed seeing him in some part of every day; and being always delighted with his old stories, I ventured, when I found him in the vein, to mention the above remarkable anecdote. He told me it was literally true, and that he received it, as he believed it was meant by his friend, to do him service.”

Addison died in 1719, and Steele thenceforth was left to write alone, and to struggle unaided with the difficulties of his own creation; but still he found time to wield his pen against the mischievous South Sea scheme, which had nearly ruined half the nation. Although irretrievably embarrassed himself, he had no desire to witness a national bankruptcy.

In 1722, being restored to his office and authority as chief manager of Drury-Lane, he produced his comedy of *The Conscious Lovers*, which had been written several years before. This is unquestionably the best of his plays, as it was also the last. It ran eighteen successive nights, and was acted altogether twenty-seven times. The

profits must have been considerable, without mentioning five hundred pounds presented to the author by King George I., to whom it was dedicated. Steele has in this comedy very happily adapted the outlines of the *Andrian* of Terence to modern times and manners. In the preface he says that he wrote this play for the sake of the scene in the fourth act, wherein young Bevil evades the quarrel with his friend Myrtle, and which sets forth in a strong light the folly of duelling, and the absurdity of what is falsely called amongst gentlemen, the *point of honour*. This principle has since been more elaborately treated by Richardson in the affair between Sir Charles Grandison and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Yet to Steele is due the merit of being the first to write boldly in opposition to that untenable chimera of society, which is now almost entirely exploded. The *Conscious Lovers* was produced for the last time in London, at Covent Garden in 1810. The moral sentiments of Bevil excite respect; the sorrows of Indiana may still draw tears; but the humours of Tom and the rapid foppery of Cimberton have long ceased to produce smiles. The *comedie larmoyante* is little suited to the taste of an English audience. The criticism of Parson Adams, on the *Conscious Lovers*, is complimentary to the author's high sense of propriety, but will scarcely recommend his play for revival. Joseph Andrews, it will be remembered, had quoted a passage of poetry, which he applied to his own situation. Adams asked him “what stuff that was he was repeating?” To which Joseph answered, they were some lines he had gotten by heart out of a play. “Ay, there is nothing but heathenism to be learned from plays,” replied Adams. “I never heard of any that were fit for a Christian to read but *Cato* and the *Conscious Lovers*; and, I must say, in the latter there are some things almost solemn enough for a sermon.”

Steele, under the pressure of debt, sold his share in Drury-lane Theatre in 1723, and in a year after commenced a lawsuit with the purchasers, which was decided against him. He then retired to a small house on Haverstock-hill, on the road to Hampstead. A portion of this building, converted into a cottage, was in existence not long ago. Here Pope and other members of the Kit-cat Club, which during

summer was held at the Upper Flask on Hampstead Heath, used to call on him, and take him in their carriages to the place of rendezvous.* While residing in this locality he was seized by a paralytic attack, which greatly impaired his intellectual powers, and rendered him totally incapable of any further literary exertion. Under these calamitous circumstances, and with means reduced almost to nothing, he retired to Langunnor, in South Wales, and died there on the 21st September, 1729, being then about fifty-three years of age. Of three children, by his second wife, one only survived him; a daughter, named Elizabeth, who was married young, in 1731, to the Honourable John Trevor, a Welsh judge, afterwards Baron Trevor of Bromham.

The dramatic works of Sir Richard Steele are six in number, and all comedies:—*The Funeral, or Grief a-la-mode*; *The Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools*; *The Lying Lover, or the Ladies' Friendship*; *The Conscious Lovers*; *The Gentleman*; and *The School of Action*. The two last were left unfinished in manuscript, and were printed by John Nicholls, Esq., F.A.S., in a new edition of Steele's "Epistolatory Correspondence," in 1809. The plays of this writer are vigorous, manly, and pure; utterly free from the charges which Collier, with strong grounds of accusation, set forward against those of Dryden, Congreve, Cibber, and Vanburgh. But respectable dullness is more fatal to comedy than overflowing impropriety. Let us compare Farquhar and Steele. The former is lively and licentious; the latter moral but melancholy.† The humour of Farquhar flows in a continual stream without effort, and is exuberant and spontaneous; the mirth of Steele is sombre, strained, and sparingly distributed. According to the standard of modern taste, the plays of Farquhar are rejected because they are sparkling and coarse; those of Steele as being heavy and refined. The same effect has arisen from opposite causes. Steele is

dramatically dead; there can be no question on that point. But Farquhar is perhaps only in a syncope, a trance, a temporary lethargy, from which he may start up again in renovated life, and with modernised habiliments. The *Recruiting Officer*, *The Inconstant*, and *The Beaux Stratagem*, with certain expurgations and amendments on the score of manners and style, may possibly be acted in 1955; but *The Conscious Lovers*, *The Funeral*, and *The Tender Husband* are buried deeper under the waters of oblivion than Prospero proposed to drown his magic book; and no hydraulic pressure that has ever yet been dreamed of, will be found sufficient to draw them up again. Macaulay has summed up the character of Steele, perhaps with justice, but certainly with severity. He says—"He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting, in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation he was a man of piety and honour; in practice he was much of the rake, and a little of the swindler. He was, however, so good-natured that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him, and that even rigid moralists feel more inclined to pity than to blame him, when he dived into a spunging-house, or drank himself into a fever." Steele, it must be admitted, did not illustrate the maxim that example was better than precept, and often failed to practice what he preached. But he never attempted to defend or extenuate his own faults. He was a stranger to the most distant appearance of envy or malevolence. He had nothing of the professional jealousy of authorship; he detracted from no man's growing reputation; it could never be said of him that he was—

"Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend."

So far from arrogating to himself any praise from his conjunction with Add-

* A society which consisted of about thirty noblemen and gentlemen of distinguished abilities, instituted in 1706, for the purpose of promoting the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover. The club took its name from one Christopher Kat, a pastry-cook, who lived near the tavern where they met in winter, in King-street, Westminster, and who supplied them with pastry.

† Steele says in his preface to the *Lying Lover*, the only one of his plays that was ill-received, that it was damned for its piety.

son, he was the first to urge that elegant writer to affix a distinguishing mark to his papers. His greatest error was his systematic ignorance of economy. This, we cannot deny, amounted to want of principle, but it arose from a failing on the side of generosity rather than avarice. He was a rake and a spendthrift, and, at the same time, one of the most agreeable and harmless of the class that ever trod the rounds of indulgence.

OWEN SWINEY, or MACSWINEY, was an Irish gentleman, well connected, and moving in good society. He must have been born considerably before the close of the seventeenth century, seeing that he died an aged man, in October, 1754. Cibber, writing of him many years before his death (in his "Apology") says:—"If I should further add that this person has been well known in almost every metropolis of Europe; that few private men have with so little reproach run through more various turns of fortune; that on the wrong side of three-score, he has yet the open spirit of a hale young fellow of five-and-twenty; that, though he still chooses to speak what he thinks to his best friends with an undisguised freedom, he is, notwithstanding, acceptable to many persons of the first rank and condition; any one of whom (provided he likes them) may now send him for service to Constantinople, at half a day's warning; that time has not yet been able to make a visible change in any part of him but the colour of his hair, from a fierce coal-black to that of a milder milk-white;—when I have taken this liberty with him, methinks it cannot be taking a much greater, if I should at once tell you that this person is Mr. Owen Swiney."

On the union of the two companies, in 1708, Swiney became director of the operas at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket. This position he attained through the interest of Sir John Vanburgh, to whom for several years he had been confidential treasurer and adviser. In 1710-11, he was joined to the principal actors in the management of Drury-Lane, and two years later was compelled to resume the helm at the Opera-House, in the sinking condition in which Collier had left it. At the close of the season, he found the receipts so far short of the expenses, that he was compelled to

reside abroad for twenty years, until his finances were sufficiently recruited to enable him to return with safety. During the period of his exile, he was visited by many English travellers of condition, who either desired to renew or form acquaintance with him. On his return, he obtained a place in the Custom-house, and became also keeper of the King's Mews.

Swiney and Cibber, in their old age, were dangles after Peg Woffington, who laughed at the two elders, but contrived to turn the homage of the former to profitable account, for at his death he left her his heiress, bequeathing to her an estate in Ireland, producing £200 per annum. The condition annexed was, that she should abjure the Roman Catholic faith, and become a Protestant. Victor gives the following account of this rather singular affair:—"Mrs. Woffington was engaged at Dublin in 1752-53. When Christmas approached, as there are no performances in that week, the manager and Mrs. Woffington took a public journey together, to his seat at Quilca, in the county of Cavan, about fifty miles from Dublin. This *tête-à-tête* party (as Sheridan left his wife behind) could not fail to create merriment, in a place where the actions of remarkable persons, and especially of players, are presently known. New stories were propagated every morning about this mysterious couple, and whimsical reports of Mrs. Sheridan's raging fits of jealousy; but Mrs. Sheridan was not only in the secret, but, being a lady of distinguished good sense, was at all times fully satisfied with the conduct of her husband. And now for the secret, which was very soon (as Scrib says) no secret at all. The manager, to show his politeness to Mrs. Woffington, carried her down to Quilca, to meet a clergyman, who was to receive her recantation from the Romish religion to the Protestant.—I say to receive it, and to perform the ceremony; because a motive more powerful than any arguments that could be used by the whole body of the clergy, had already persuaded her to make that salutary change—an estate of £200 a-year in Ireland had been left her by her old friend and admirer, Owen MacSwiney, which she was put in possession of, by virtue of that recantation."

Murphy, in his "Gray's Inn Journal"

for January 20th, 1752-1753, gives an extract from a letter, which he says in joke he had received from Dublin. It runs thus — "Various are the conjectures concerning the motives which have induced Mrs. Woffington to renounce the errors of the Church of Rome; but the most probable opinion is, that some eminent lawyer advised her to this step, in order to qualify her to wear a sword in Sir Harry Wildair and Lothario, which she could not safely attempt as a papist, it being highly penal in this kingdom for any of the Romish communion to bear arms." Murphy's paper is obviously intended as a satire on the existing enactment, but the date corroborates the fact, that Victor has not mistaken the time at which Mrs. Woffington made her recantation. But Swiney did not die until October 2, 1754. It seems, therefore, that the fair Peggy must have changed her creed on the promise of having the estate at Swiney's death, or Swiney must have given it to her in his lifetime. The latter supposition is scarcely probable, since he returned to England in such circumstances as to make it desirable for him to have a benefit at Drury-lane, on the 26th of Feb., 1735. On that occasion the house produced an overflow. The pit and boxes were laid together, and a part of the stage was formed into boxes. Colley Cibber, who had retired the season before, returned for this night and acted Fondlewife in the *Old Bachelor*, for his old friend and colleague.

Swiney is the author of three dramatic pieces — *The Quacks, or Love's the Physician*, a comedy, afterwards curtailed into a farce; and *Camilla*, and *Pyrrhus and Demetrius*, operas. *The Quacks* was first acted at Drury-lane, in 1705. It was produced after being twice forbidden. Swiney says in the preface, "This piece was to have been stifled, because the other house were to act one on the same subject." The play is taken from Moliere's *L'Amour Medecin*, which came out in Paris in 1665, but Swiney's alterations and additions have not improved what he has borrowed. His quacks have lost the pointed sarcasm of the original. Moliere hated and ridiculed all practitioners of the medical science, founded on an affront he had once received from the ridiculous wife of an *Æsculapius* with whom he lodged, and who

gave him notice to quit, because another offered a higher rent for his apartments.

In the *Festin de Pierre*, Moliere defines a physician as "*Un homme que l'on paye pour conter des fariboles dans la chambre d'un malade jusqu'à ce que la nature l'ait guéri, ou que les remèdes l'aient tué*" — a man who is paid to talk nonsense in a sick chamber until the patient is cured by nature or killed by remedies. In *L'Amour Medecin*, which was first acted in presence of the king, he had introduced the four leading court doctors, and provided the actors with masques so exactly resembling the living men that no one could doubt his intention. The physicians were Messrs. de Fougerais, Esprit, Guenaut, and d'Aquin. Moliere requested his friend Boileau to supply him with suitable appellations for each, according to his professional attributes. Boileau went to his Lexicon, and compounded some from the Greek, which fitted them to a hair. To M. De Fougerais he gave the name of *Desfomandres*, which signifies *killer of men*; to M. Esprit, who stuttered, that of *Bahis*, which means *barking or chattering*. By *Macraton* he designated M. Guenaut, who spoke with pedantic slowness; and *Tomès*, which means a *bleeder*, he applied to M. Aquin, who was the most inveterate Sangrado of his day. Swiney's consultation of physicians has lost all the personality of Moliere's, which added much to the humour and raciness of the scene, but would not have been understood in England, unless the same idea had been adopted and applied to living eccentricities. *The Quacks* was revived with curtailments for Mrs. Woffington's benefit, on the 30th March, 1745. *Camilla* was acted at Drury-lane, in 1706, and afterwards at the Haymarket. *Pyrrhus and Demetrius* is a translation from the Italian of Scarlatti, and was performed at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, in 1709.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM PHILLIPS, who died in 1734, and was born in Dublin, has been named as the author of a tragedy called *The Revengeful Queen*, acted at Drury-lane, in 1698; of another entitled *Hibernia Freed*, which was performed for three nights at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1722; and of a third, named *Belisarius*, produced at the same theatre in 1724, and which ran

six nights. They were all printed, and cannot be much commended, either on the score of literary or dramatic pretensions. To these may be added, a comedy called *St. Stephen's Green*, printed in Dublin, but never acted. There was another William Phillips, not an Irishman, sometimes confounded with the beforenamed, and neither the identity of the individuals nor their productions are clearly ascertained.

JAMES DARCY, a native of the county of Galway, as his name implies, produced two tragedies in Dublin — *Love and Ambition*, in 1731; and *The Orphan of Venice*, in 1749. We have never met with the second, which probably had little success, and does not appear to have been printed. The former is taken from an Arabian legend. The author says in his preface, "I found this story on the spot where it happened, and where I place the scene. Siddy-Conn, whom I call Cosmez, was the reigning king when I was in Arabia, and for anything I know, is so still. The underplot of Odamar and Leiza is invention, as are several things in the main one. I can add nothing to the reputation of Elrington; but of his brother Francis, I must say, I would prefer him in the present part, as in many others that he plays, to any one even in England. Mrs. Stirling, in every one's opinion, as well as in mine, deserves all the encomiums we can bestow upon her. Miss Nancy Elrington played Alzeyda, the third or fourth time of her appearing on the stage, and I appeal to all those that saw her if she does not promise to make the greatest actress that we ever had in Ireland." The elder Elrington here named was undoubtedly a great actor. He died in July, 1732, aged 44. His figure was tall and well-proportioned, his voice strong, manly, and pleasing. He was the first person that performed Zanga in Dublin, and received the thanks of Dr. Young personally, who held him by the hand a considerable time, and declared he had never seen the part done such justice to as by him, acknowledging, with some regret, that Mills, the original representative, did but mouth and growl the character. Booth once declared with enthusiasm that Elrington

would make a dozen such actors as Mills.*

Hitchcock states in his first volume, that on the 14th of December, 1738, two new pieces were produced at the Smock-alley Theatre, in Dublin — a tragedy entitled *The Treacherous Husband*, and an opera called *Whittington and his Cat*. "These," he says, "were for the benefit of the author, who luckily is not recorded, nor can I find that the pieces were ever repeated." The author appears to have been SAMUEL DAVEY, an Irish actor of the company, of no particular note either for his histrionic or literary pretensions. There is a JAMES AYRES, mentioned in the "British Theatre" as a native of Ireland, and the author of two dramatic pieces — *Sancho at Court*, and *The Kiss Accepted and Returned*. The latter was acted at the Haymarket in 1744, and the former was printed in 1742, with a preface, complaining of the deficient judgment of the manager of Drury-Lane, who refused to accept it.

Of DR. SAMUEL MADDEN (an Irish clergyman) less is generally known than he deserves. He was born in Ireland in 1686 or 1687, and received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, where he introduced the scheme for promoting learning by premiums at the quarterly examination. He resided in the Irish metropolis during the greater part of his life, but occasionally visited London. In 1729, he produced a tragedy called *Themistocles, the Lover of his Country*, which was acted at Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and had a run of nine nights. The principal characters were represented by Quin, Ryan, and Walker. The language of this play is better than the plot, which contains some gratuitous violations of history, as unpardonable as they are unnecessary. As an instance, *Themistocles*, while in banishment at the Court of Xerxes, is represented as conquering Egypt, and taking Aristides prisoner. The author says he was tempted to bring out his play by the offer of a noble study of books arising from the anticipated profits. In 1732, he published the first volume of a work intended to extend to six, under the singular title of "Memoirs

* Thomas Elrington is buried in St. Michan's churchyard, Dublin, near the remains of his father-in-law, Joseph Ashbury.

of the Twentieth Century; or, Original Letters of State under George the Sixth." This book had excited considerable notice, but from some reason, which has never been made known, was bought up and suppressed with extraordinary rapidity, within a week of its appearance; nine hundred out of the thousand copies printed were recalled and destroyed. In 1740, Dr. Madden having returned to his native country, founded a society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and science, which gave rise to a similar one afterwards established in London. To advance this object he annually set aside the sum of one hundred pounds, which he continued to bestow as long as he lived. The scheme and the projector were alluded to and warmly eulogised in a public oration delivered by Mr. Sheridan in Dublin, on the 8th of December, 1757: Dr. Madden wrote a poem called "Boulter's Monument," published in 1744, in honour of the benevolent and patriotic primate, Hugh Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh, who died in 1742. He also composed a second tragedy, which he left as a legacy to Sheridan, but it has never appeared before the public in any shape. He died on the 30th of December, 1765, aged about seventy-eight.

Dr. MICHAEL CLANCY, a physician, and native of Ireland, was the son of a military officer, and descended lineally from an ancient and once very influential family in the county of Clare. He was born at the latter end of the seventeenth, or beginning of the eighteenth century; but we have not been able to trace the exact year of his birth. Memoirs of his life were published in Dublin, in 1750, from which we gather the following particulars. In the eighth year of his age he was sent by his friends to one of the leading colleges in Paris, where he happened to be when the Duke of Ormond fled from England, and went to St. Germain. Anxious to see a person who had rendered himself so celebrated in Europe, young Clancy stole out of the college; and having accomplished his purpose, either fear or shame prevented him from returning, and he resolved to make his way to his native country. To accomplish this, he took a place in the boat for Harfleur; and on arriving at Havre de Grace soon after, obtained a passage to Dublin. Knowing no

thing of his relations or their residence, but remembering to have heard that they lived somewhere on the borders of Clare, he determined to seek them in that part of the kingdom.

Accordingly, he set out, and made his way to Kilkenny, where he fell in accidentally with a gentleman who took pity on his forlorn condition, and, in gratitude for some remembered services formerly done by his father, gave him the means of present subsistence, and placed him in a free-school belonging to that town. Here he continued for three years, when the misfortunes of his benefactor once more threw him on the world, in utter dependance on his own exertions. Accident again stepped in to his succour, and brought him to the knowledge of his relations, by whom he was recognised, sent to Trinity College, Dublin, and became a pupil of Dr. James King. He remained at the University nearly four years, at the end of which time, being young and sanguine, he determined once more to seek his fortune in France. The ship in which he sailed, bound for Rochelle, was driven from her course by a violent tempest, and stranded on the coast of Spain, not far from the since celebrated fortress of St. Sebastian, in Biscay. From this place he obtained a passage to Rochelle, and from thence proceeded to Bordeaux, where he began to study physic. Some time afterwards he obtained the degree of Doctor in Medicine at Rheims. The exact date of his return to Ireland is unknown; but he lived many years in Dublin, and obtained reasonable practice and reputation. In 1737 he entirely lost his sight through a neglected cold.

Being thus rendered incapable of following his profession, he endeavoured to amuse himself, and perhaps thought to add to a narrow income, by writing for the stage. In 1739, he produced a tragedy at the Smock-alley Theatre, in Dublin, entitled, *Tamar, Prince of Nubia*; but, according to Hitchcock, the success of this play was very limited, yet fully equal to its merits. We have no opportunity of judging for ourselves, as it was never printed. This may be considered, in those days, a tolerable evidence of failure. His second attempt, *The Sharpers*, a comedy, appears to have been more fortunate, and obtained for him the notice of Dean Swift. The plot of this piece is founded on some of the exploits

of the notoriously-infamous Colonel Chartres. Swift, in a letter to the author, says of his comedy before it was acted:—"I read it carefully with much pleasure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no interest with the people of the play-house, else I should gladly recommend it to them." The patient searchers of book-stalls may stumble on a copy of this play, which is appended to the life of the author we have mentioned above. Another tragedy, by Dr. Clancy, called *Hermon, Prince of Chorea*, or *The Extravagant Zealot*, was printed in Dublin, in 1746. We cannot find any notice of this production in Hitchcock, Chetwood, or Victor; yet the *London General Advertiser* of April 14th, 1746, has the following announcement:—"The new tragedy, called, *Hermon, Prince of Chorea*, or *The Extravagant Zealot*, which was greatly applauded in Ireland, will be republished here to-morrow."

After the heavy calamity of losing his sight, Dr. Clancy suffered much from straitened circumstances, and the necessity of giving up all medical practice. He, however, had interest enough to obtain from King George II. a pension of forty pounds a-year during his life; and in 1746, procured a sum of money by performing the part of *Tiresias*, the blind prophet, in Dryden and Nat. Lee's tragedy of *Œdipus*, for his own benefit, at Drury-lane. On this occasion the announcement ran thus:—"Dr. Clancy being deprived of the advantages of following his profession, and as the writing he has produced for the stage could not be brought on this season, the master of the playhouse has been so kind as to favour him with a benefit night. It is therefore hoped, that as this will be the first instance of any person labouring under so heavy a deprivation performing on the stage, the novelty, as well as the unhappiness of his case, will engage the favour and protection of a *British audience*."

Dr. Clancy subsequently obtained a situation in the grammar-school at Kilkenny. Besides the three plays we have enumerated, he is the author of a Latin poem called, "*Templum Veneris, sive Amorum Rhapsodia*." The exact period of his death is uncertain, but it seems to have occurred before 1760.

Dr. THOMAS SHERIDAN, the grand-

father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan (of whom more in the proper place), is entitled to a niche in this catalogue, as having been the first English translator of the "*Philoctetes*" of Sophocles, which appeared in 1725. He was born in 1684, and died in 1738. Through life he was the intimate friend of Swift, who did him many good turns, and some bad ones. Shiels, in "*Cibber's Lives of the Poets*"—a very suspicious authority—says, that the condition of his parents, in the county of Cavan, was so circumscribed that they were unable to give their son the advantages of a liberal education; but he, having given early indications of genius, attracted the notice of a friend to his family, who sent him to the College of Dublin, and contributed towards his support while he remained there. He afterwards entered into orders, and set up a school in Dublin, which long maintained a high degree of reputation, as well for the attention bestowed on the morals of the scholars, as for their proficiency in literature. So great was the estimation in which this seminary was held, that it produced, for several years, a net profit of one thousand pounds. Dr. Sheridan's intimacy with Swift procured for him a living in the south of Ireland, worth about £150 per annum, which he went forthwith to take possession of, and, by an act of very ill-timed and misplaced inadvantage, if not by premeditated intent, destroyed all his future prospects of rising in the Church. Happening to be officiating at Cork, on the 1st of August, the anniversary of King George the First's birth-day, he preached a sermon on the text, "*Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof*." As soon as this became known at headquarters, he was struck out of the list of chaplains to the Lord Lieutenant, and forbidden the castle. The living in the south, Dr. Sheridan afterwards exchanged for that of Dunboyne, which, owing to bad management, yielded only £80 per annum. He gave it up for the free-school of Cavan, where he might have lived well in a very cheap country on the salary and his scholars; but he disliked the place and people, sold the school for £400, spent the money, fell into disease, and died. Lord Corke has given the following character of him:—"Dr. Sheridan was a schoolmaster, and, in many instances, perfectly well adapted for that

station. He was deeply versed in the Greek and Roman languages, and in their customs and antiquities. He had that kind of good-nature which absence of mind, indolence of body, and carelessness of fortune produce; and although not over strict in his own conduct, yet he took care of the morality of his scholars, whom he sent to the University remarkably well founded in all kinds of classical learning, and not ill instructed in the social duties of life. He was slovenly, indigent, and cheerful. He knew books much better than men, and he knew the value of money least of all. In this situation, and with this disposition, Swift fastened upon him as upon a prey, with which he intended to regale himself whenever his appetite should prompt him." His lordship then mentions the event of the unlucky sermon, and adds:—"This ill-starred, good-natured, improvident man returned to Dublin, unhinged from all favour at court, and even banished from the castle. But still he remained a punster, a quibbler, a fiddler, and a wit. Not a day passed without a rebus, an anagram, or a madrigal. His pen and his fiddlestick were in continual motion, and yet to little or no purpose." If we may judge by the disappointed strains in which he sums up, in humorous doggrel, his own poetical character, *mutato nomine*, there are many points in this description which closely fit poor Oliver Goldsmith. Dr. Sheridan, in addition to the tragedy we have named above, translated "Persius," and wrote innumerable small poems on incidental occurrences of the day.

CHARLES MACKLIN is generally supposed to have been born in the same year in which the battle of the Boyne was fought—namely, on the 1st of May, 1690. He died on the 11th of July, 1797, and if the dates be correct, must have reached the Nestorian age of 107. He attempted to act Shylock for his own benefit, on the 7th of May, 1789, but broke down from utter failure of memory. It must have been truly wonderful, and not less painful, to see a patriarch of ninety attempting to tread the boards, and assume a character in which he had established his professional reputation nearly half a

century before. The true family name of Macklin was MacLaughlin, but he thought the abbreviation sounded more euphoniously in English ears, and adopted it from the time of his coming on the stage to the period of his death. He was born in the county of Westmeath, and came to England as early as 1708. His memoirs have been repeatedly written; by Kirkman, Cooke, Holcroft, and Galt,* so that every transaction and incident of his long life are familiar to the reading public. Like other men who have been much written about, he has been misrepresented by undue praise and unjust detraction; but both as an actor and author, his pretensions, although not absolutely of the first class, were considerably above mediocrity. Shylock was his great feat on the stage; but in the higher walks of tragedy, such as Richard and Macbeth, his attempts can scarcely be considered as rising beyond the reveries of approaching dotage. Much of his existence was occupied in quarrels; his temper was irascible, violent, splenetic, and morose, and he once had the misfortune, in a fit of passion, to kill a brother performer by poking his eye out with a stick. For this he was tried and acquitted in due course, as no *malice prepense* appeared in the course of evidence. The quarrel which ended in a death, originated about a wig.

Macklin hated Garrick with mortal antipathy, and never ceased to abuse him, either in conversation or with his pen, whenever an opportunity occurred. According to him, Garrick was a sheer impostor, utterly destitute of mental or physical recommendations for the exalted position he had reached by good fortune and trickery alone. Kirkman and Cooke write of Macklin with the partial bias of intimate acquaintances. Holcroft, in the strain of a man who felt that he had been ill-treated, and remembered without forgiving, but thinks he is doing justice. "Macklin's body," he says, "like his mind, was cast in a mould as rough as it was durable. His aspect and address confounded his inferiors, and the delight which he took in making others fear and admire him gave him an aversion for the society of those whose knowledge

* There was also a pamphlet of sixty pages published in 1798, purporting to be a Life of Macklin, by a person named Congreve, and containing much original matter.

exceeded his own; nor was he ever heard to allow superiority in any man. He had no respect for the modesty of youth or sex, but would say the most discouraging as well as the grossest things, and felt pleasure in proportion to the pain he gave. It was common with him to ask his pupils why they did not rather think of becoming bricklayers than players.

"He was impatient of contradiction to an extreme, and when he found fault, if the person attempted to answer, he stopped him without hearing, by saying, 'Ha! you have always a reason for being in the wrong.' This impatience carried him still farther; it often rendered him exceedingly abusive; blockhead, fool, scoundrel, were familiar expressions with him. His passions were so irritable, that the least opposition was construed into an unpardonable insult; and the want of immediate apprehension in his pupils subjected them to the most galling contempt, which excited despair instead of emulation. His judgment was, however, in general sound, and his instructions those of a master. In short, if I may estimate the sensations of others by my own, those despots who, as we are told, shoot their attendants for their diversion, are not regarded with more awe than Macklin was by his pupils and domestics." This portrait is not flattering, but it must be remembered that Holcroft went to Dublin in 1770-71, under the patronage of Macklin, and seems to have had sound cause of complaint. On a fair estimate it may be admitted, that Macklin's faults were more the result of bad temper than a bad heart; that he was just and punctual in pecuniary dealings; as the head of a family, correct and respectable; and although he chose to be commanding officer, when once his authority was conceded, he acted with propriety and liberality, and in all material points was an excellent father. He laid out no less than £1200 on the education of his only daughter, who repaid him at her death, which preceded his, by leaving her money to strangers.

Macklin wrote in all, nine dramatic pieces, but he is only remembered as an author by the farce of *Love a-la-mode*, and the comedy of the *Man of the World*. His first play, *King Henry VII., or the Popish Impostor*, written partly in prose and partly in verse, is a very

weak production. It is a dramatic version of the story of Perkin Warbeck; but the absurdity of the second title is too palpable, as there could be no "Popish impostor" before the term "Protestant" had begun to exist. Macklin, in his preface, sets up a bad defence for the defects of his tragedy as follows. He says:—"It was the six weeks' labour of an actor, who even in that short space was often called from it by his profession; the players, for the sake of dispatch, had it to study act by act, just as it was blotted; and the only revivals it received from the foul copy at the press were at the rehearsals."

The apology is no excuse for thrusting so crude and ill-digested a production on the patience of the public. This poor attempt was followed in the same year (1748) by a farce called, *A Will or no Will, or, a Bone for the Lawyers*, originally brought out for the author's benefit, and often repeated during the remainder of the season. Then came another farce, never printed, called *The Suspicious Husband Criticised, or the Plague of Envy*, and which, as the name imports, was a criticism on Dr. Hoadly's celebrated comedy, just then in its full tide of success.

In 1748, Macklin produced for his benefit a farce called, *The Club of Fortune-Hunters, or the Widow Bewitched*, which seems to have died with the occasion, and was never printed. In 1752, he put forward another contemptible piece *de circonstance* of the same class, entitled *Covent-garden Theatre, or Pusquin turned Draucansir, Censor of Great Britain*, a pointless satire, which fell birth-strangled.

On the 12th December, 1759, Macklin materially advanced his reputation as a writer by the farce of *Love a-la-mode*, which was then performed for the first time. There was much opposition at the beginning, but the ayes carried the day, and the piece had a most successful run, which produced, by the terms of his bargain, considerable emolument to the author. The character of Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan bears too close a resemblance to Sheridan's Captain O'Blunder, to entitle its being looked on as an entire original. The farce altogether was considered as so much above Macklin's acknowledged mark at the time, that his right to the paternity was questioned, and a claimant came forward and whispered that he

was the real author. But time set all this right, and Macklin obtained before long the credit he deserved. Writers of superior pretensions have suffered in the same manner. Garth was said not to have written his own *Dispensary*; Denham was charged with having purchased *Cooper's Hill*; Cibber was pronounced utterly incapable of producing such a piece as *The Careless Husband*; while the elegant scenes of *The Provoked Husband*, which were undoubtedly his, were unanimously ascribed to Vanburgh; and even Pope himself was suspected of not being the author of the "Essay on Criticism." Macklin might feel complimented by being injured in such good company.

In 1761, his comedy of *The Married Libertine* made its appearance at Covent-garden, and struggled through a stormy existence of nine nights, under a continual opposition, occasioned by a mistaken idea that the leading character, Lord Belville, was intended for a particular person. In 1767, he tried the farce of *The True-born Irishman* (which had been acted in Dublin some years before with good success) at Covent-garden, under the title of *The Irish Fine Lady*. The humour was found to be too local to please in London; and the piece being badly received, Macklin advanced before the curtain, and assured the audience that it should not be repeated.

Hitherto, out of eight attempts, one only had brought him fame and profit. His *chef d'œuvre*, *The Man of the World*, his ninth and last dramatic composition, appeared in its enlarged and complete form at Covent-garden, on the 10th of May, 1781. It had originally been acted at Crow-street, in Dublin, in three acts, as far back as 1765, under the title of *The True-born Scotchman*. For many years the Lord Chamberlain had objected to license this play, and when pressed for his reason refused to assign one. All he could say in reply to the remonstrances of the author, had he chosen to speak, would have been, "*Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.*" At first, the Scotch were indignant, and considered their nation libelled in the application of the title of the comedy to the leading character, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, whose time-serving qualities they looked upon as anything but complimentary; but

Macklin extricated himself from the odium by explaining that his true-born Scotchman was the virtuous and patriotic Egerton. The play in every respect, whether considered as to its originality, force of mind, variety of character, pungent satire, and well-written dialogue, is one of first-rate excellence, and may dispute the palm with any dramatic piece produced within half a century on either side of it. Nothing could be more flattering than its first success, and it has kept the stage ever since, with constant attraction, whenever an adequate representative could be found for the part of Sir Pertinax. Macklin's own performance of this *Atlas* of the drama was considered a perfect masterpiece; but old playgoers who remembered both him and George Frederick Cooke, have declared that the latter far exceeded his predecessor. When Cooke had departed, Charles Young was received as an admirable substitute; and Phelps has more recently included the part in his list of popular revivals.

Macklin told a friend that he wrote the greater part of this admirable comedy at a small inn at Tinnebinch, in the county of Wicklow. This inn was afterwards purchased by Mr. Henry Grattan, and converted into a handsome mansion-house. Another anecdote connected with the play has been recorded on good authority. The MS., under the title of *The True-born Scotchman*, had lain in the Lord Chamberlain's office for nearly ten years, and Macklin despaired of either getting it licensed or returned. One day, dining in company with Sir Fletcher Norton and Mr. Dunning, he begged their opinions as to how a man should proceed to recover property, when he knew by whose hands it was withheld from him. They both agreed in advising an action of *trover*. "Well," said Macklin, "the case is my own; will you two undertake the cause for me?" They agreed, and Macklin explained his particular wrong. The lawyers were a little puzzled when they understood the bearings of the case, but by personal application procured the restoration of the MS., with a promise that it should be licensed if the appearance of a national reflection was set aside by a change of the title. Macklin then named his play *The Man of the World*, and all difficulties were finally removed. Macklin's excellence in Shylock seems

to have been universally conceded; but he is entitled to equal praise for having restored the genuine *Merchant of Venice*, in place of Lord Lansdowne's horrible mutilation, which had kept the stage for forty years to the exclusion of Shakspeare. The rhyming eulogium pronounced by a gentleman in the pit, "This is the Jew that Shakspeare drew," and which Macklin himself believed and always said was uttered by Pope, could scarcely have proceeded from the lips of the bard of Twickenham. His correspondence shows that he was at that time languishing on a bed of sickness, in no condition to attend a theatre, and approaching the term of the existence which he has mournfully described as "a long disease." Even if he had been present, such a valetudinarian as the elderly Pope was not likely to expose himself to be jostled in a crowded pit.

Macklin actually performed Mercutio at Covent-garden during the celebrated *Romeo and Juliet* controversy between the rival houses. It seems strange how he could have been tolerated in a part for which every attribute he possessed utterly unfitted him; yet he always considered it as one of his best efforts. Strange hallucination! of which a much higher instance is recorded in the opinion of Milton, that his "Paradise Regained" far exceeded in poetic merit "Paradise Lost."* Churchill, in "The Rosciad," has given a critical analysis of Macklin's general pretensions as an actor. The summary appears to have been just, though severe. The satirist, when not influenced by personal pique (which was seldom the case), possessed a clear, acute judgment, which could safely be relied on. The passage is as follows:—

"Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wastonly transgresses nature's bounds;
Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd;
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
As variance set, inflexible and coarse,
Ne'er knew the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled pow'rs of light and shade;
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd—
Harang'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for ELOCUTION feel."

Macklin's very physical defects were

in his frown; in the representation of Shylock, and in Sir Pertinax and Sir Arohy, in his own plays of the *Man of the World* and *Love à-la-Mode*. He had an usually harsh set of features, and a countenance so unprepossessing, that Quin exclaimed, with his coarse vehemence, when he first saw him, "If the Deity writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain!"

CHARLES MOLLOY was descended from a very good Irish family, and was himself born in the city of Dublin. He received a part of his education at Trinity College, of which he afterwards became a fellow. On his first coming to England, he entered himself of the Middle Temple, and is supposed to have had a considerable hand in the periodical which was called "Fog's Journal," and afterwards in another well-known paper, entitled "Common Sense."† His political tracts evince powerful abilities, great depth of understanding, an ample command of language, and clearness of reasoning. Liberal offers were made to Molloy to write in defence of Sir Robert Walpole, but these he rejected; notwithstanding which, at the great ministerial change of 1742, he was passed over with utter neglect. He enriched himself by marrying a lady of large fortune, which fortunately enabled him to treat the ingratitude of his party with effective contempt. He died on the 16th of July, 1767, and left behind him three dramatic pieces—two comedies and a farce—*The Perplexed Couple*, *The Coquet*, and *The Half-pay Officer*.

The first, acted at Lincoln's-in Fields, in 1715, was not very successful. It is chiefly founded on Moliere's "Cocu Imaginaire;" and cannot be said to approach the original. *The Coquet*, in 1718, was more fortunate at the same theatre. In 1793, it was revived at the Haymarket, with alterations by Colman, under the title of *Wives in Plenty*, or *the More the Merrier*, but was not approved of. The farce of *The Half-pay Officer* came out also at Lincoln's-in Fields, in 1720. The piece is altogether a compound, but is principally taken from Sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*, with some close imitations of Shak-

* Liston, to the hour of his death, contended that tragedy was his forte.

† Dr. King, as well as Lord Chesterfield and Lyttleton, were also contributors.

upon a *Friction and Pistol*. Whincop relates a curious anecdote connected with this representation. The part of an old grandmother was performed by Mrs. Fryer, who was then eighty-five years of age, and had quitted the stage ever since the reign of Charles the Second. It was put in the bills — "The part of Lady Richlove is to be performed by *Peg Fryer*, who has not appeared upon the stage these fifty years." The announcement proved very attractive, and crowded the house. Molloy says in his preface, "The part of Mrs. Fryer is in an old play called *Love and Honour*, which she acted when she was young; and which was so imprinted on her memory, that she could repeat every word. It was to an accidental conversation with her the farce owed its being. She acted with so much spirit and life before two or three persons who had some interest with the house, that they judged it would do upon the stage. She was prevailed upon to undertake it — upon this the farce was projected and completed in fourteen days." The prologue informed the audience that —

"To-night strange means we try your smiles to win,
And bring a good old matron on the scene;
Kindly she quits a calm retreat, to show
What acting pleased you fifty years ago.
When you behold her quivering on the stage,
Remember 'tis a personated age;
Nor think that no remains of youth she feels,
She'll show you, ere she's done, she has it in her heels."

The character in the farce, as the prologue announced, was supposed to be that of a very old woman; and *Peg* went through it extremely well, as if on her mettle to exert her utmost abilities. But the farce being ended, she was brought upon the stage again to dance a jig, which had been promised in the bills. She came tottering in as if ready to fall, and made two or three pretended offers to go out again; but, upon a sudden, the music striking up the *Irish Trot*, she danced away, and footed it almost as nimbly as any wench of five-and-twenty could have done. This agile old lady afterwards set up a public-house at Tottenham-court, and great numbers visited her place of entertainment, to satisfy their curiosity in seeing a person who had afforded so much subject for public conversation.

CHARLES COFFEY was a native of Ireland, but in what year or place he was born we cannot ascertain. He had

no great share of original genius, but possessed considerable humour, and an aptitude of applying other people's ideas, in which he was more successful than scrupulous. He wrote, or compiled, nine dramatic pieces, all of the operative and farcical character; their names and dates of production are as follow: — 1. *Southwark Fair, or the Sheep-shearing*, 1729; 2. *The Beggar's Wedding*, 1729; 3. *Phæbe, or the Beggar*, 1729; 4. *The Female Parson, or the Beau in the Seds*, 1730; 5. *The Devil to Pay, or the Wives Metamorphosed*, 1731; 6. *A Wife and no Wife*, 1732; 7. *The Boarding School, or the Sham Captain*, 1733; 8. *The Merry Cobbler, or the Second Part of the Devil to Pay*, 1735; and 9. *The Devil upon Two Sticks, or the Country Beau*, 1745. Of these, *The Devil to Pay* is the only one that met with decided success, and is altogether a remarkable performance. It has kept the stage ever since, and, not many years ago, became the subject of a very successful modern ballet, entitled *La Diable a Quatre*. In the construction of this piece Coffey was assisted by Mottley. Few trifling dramas have gone through such a succession of metamorphoses, or have employed, at different times, so many hands. The plot, a very absurd and improbable one, is borrowed from the story of "Mopsa," in Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia." On this foundation Thomas Jevon, assisted by his brother-in-law, Thomas Shadwell, constructed a farce called *The Devil of a Wife, or a Comical Transformation*, acted with great success at Dorset Gardens, in 1686, 1693, and 1695. Jevon, who was a comic actor and dancing-master, performed Jobson, the Cobbler, in his own farce, with considerable applause. Coffey's alteration was produced at Drury-Lane, on the 6th of August, 1731, in the shape of a ballad opera, with some attractive music. The part of Nell established Mrs. Clive's reputation (then Miss Rastor), and obtained for her an increase of salary. Harper, who enacted Jobson, was equally fortunate. Many years later Mrs. Jordan performed Nell; there are yet living those who remember her unrivalled humour and vivacity. The part is a mere outline, but in her hands it became a portrait glowing with the most brilliant colours. Reader, lament if she died before you were born; for, in her person, *Thakia* trod the boards

in living identity, and in her merriest moods. There was an overwhelming torrent of fun, a broad-wheeled power in her acting, with a fascination in her clear, ringing laugh, which swept down light objections, as so many spiders' cobwebs, and would have compelled the grim features of Collier, or Cato the Censor himself, to relax into a sympathising chuckle of delight. There are Spanish and Italian proverbs, which imply that travellers who have not *seen* Seville and Naples are objects of compassion. Those lovers of the art histrionic who have only *heard* of Mrs. Jordan may consider themselves as equally unfortunate.

Coffey was in his person considerably deformed; but he had none of the tetchy sensitiveness usually attached to that calamity. He even went so far on the other side, as to encourage and join in any raillery on himself. He once gave a marked instance of this, by performing the character of Æsop for his own benefit in Dublin; but, on such an occasion, the prospect of gain may have superseded the dread of ridicule. He died on the 13th of May, 1745, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand; where lie also, or did lie, the bones of Mr. Joseph Miller, of facetious memory.

We have not been able to collect anything like evidence to show that HENRY CAREY—the author of *Chronohotonthologos*, *The Dragon of Wantley*, *Nancy*, or *the Parting Lovers*, and other ballad operas, popular in their day—was either born in Ireland, or had ever resided in that country. Both points have been suggested as probable, from a strong resemblance between certain of his songs and some of the Irish melodies. Neither can his claims to the disputed authorship of "God Save the King," words and music, be considered as sufficiently es-

tablished to obtain for him a decisive verdict. He had undoubted merit, both as a musical composer and writer, to which he joined the qualities of an agreeable companion; yet he was unfortunate and unhappy, and came to an untimely end by his own hand, in 1743. He was generally reputed to be an illegitimate son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax.

M'NAMARA MORGAN, a native of Ireland, and a member of the honourable society of Lincoln's Inn, was afterwards called to the Irish bar, and practised as a counsellor in the courts of justice in Dublin. He contracted a close friendship with Spranger Barry, the celebrated actor, through whose influence a tragedy of his called *Philoclea*, founded on a part of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," was brought on the stage, at Covent Garden, in January, 1754—the principal characters being sustained by Barry and Miss Nossiter, by whose exertions it ran through nine nights, and was then consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets. Assuredly there is nothing to recommend its resuscitation. Morgan says in his introductory notice—"The piece is entirely original, excepting the assistance I had from Sir Philip Sidney, whose fable I was obliged to alter very considerably to render it dramatic." In the March following, Barry again endeavoured to serve his friend by bringing out *Florizel and Perdita*, or *the Sheep-Shearing*, a condensed alteration of Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*; but this second dramatic attempt was not destined to achieve a more permanent vitality than the first, although Barry, Shuter, and Miss Nossiter again contributed their aid. Morgan appears after this to have abandoned all courtship of the Muses, and died in Dublin, in 1762.

J. W. C.

THE REDEEMED VOW.—A FRAGMENT.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

TIME.—*Evening.* SCENE.—*a Garden.* FERDINAND and ARTHUR walking slowly to and fro.

ARTHUR.

NAY, you but mock me, Ferdinand ; your lot
Is fenced from all life's troubles. How can you,
The favourite of Fortune, speak to me,
An outcast from her smiles, of hope and patience ?
Have I not toiled ?—have I not borne enough ?
My youth is fleeting by, my bright dreams fled ;
And, sickening with a weary hopelessness,
I see the vantage ground I would have reached
Receding from my gaze.

'Tis well to talk
Of hope to me ; you speak as one who stands
Safely on land, and shouts above the storm
To the poor wretch who sees the shivering plank
He clings to driving on a frowning rock,
While waves and winds around him howl his dirge.

FERDINAND.

Hold, Arthur, do not wrong me ; if my will
Could save your life from sorrow, you should tread
A path all sunshine. When my friends were few,
Your father was my friend ; his son can ask
Nothing within my reach, and fear repulse.
We blame our fate, and lay to her account
The evils we have drawn upon ourselves.
The harder are our trials, the more need
Have we for trust in Him who guideth all.
Not such trust as the infidel's, who saith—
"Mashallah ! I will sit me idly down,
Nor strive with destiny."

Arthur, be strong ;
A firm and righteous purpose hath a might
Men little dream of.

ART.—Pray you, pardon me ;
Our tongues oft speak what our hearts warrant not.
'Twas the impatience of a mind that glanced
A moment enviously on your lot—
With bitterness and scorn upon its own.
I know you are my friend ; but it is hard
To feel my days pass from me, leaving nought
But baffled, fruitless effort in their track.
Why do you smile ?

FER.—I smiled to think of one
Who bore your weight of care an hundred-fold ;
He had one sorrow you have never known,
Which made the rest seem darker ;—he had loved,
And seen his proffered worship cast away
As almost insult by the worshipped one.
Yet he lived on, and reached a height that you
May also reach.

ART.—Speak to me of him, then !
 Tell me how fought, how conquered he ! The tale
 May give me hope ; and while that charmer speaks,
 Troubles are lightly borne.

FER.—Well ! be it so ;
 The hour is fitting for the retrospect.

ART.—Proceed, friend ; I am eager for your words.

FER.—'Twas such a night as this, soft and serene,
 The dewy twilight cool and silent lay
 On fell and forest ; from the western sky
 The latest flush had faded ; and the earth,
 The parched and thirsty earth, that all day long
 Had wearied for the dark and shadowy night,
 Now raised her languid herbage and faint flowers,
 And, grateful to the breeze that fanned her brow,
 Flung on his wings soft odours delicate
 From hidden stores of incense which the sun
 Had never rifled.

On the face of heaven
 A light gray vapour floated dreamily,
 Making the summer sky more softly blue,
 And resting on the lowland meadow slopes,
 Till, in the faint light of the pale young moon,
 They looked as though *there* lay a heaving sea,
 Pathless and boundless, with white spectral mists
 Low brooding o'er its dim and hueless waves.
 One stood alone beneath the golden stars
 That strewed the dusky robes of the fair night.
 He heard the faint, mysterious whisperings
 From the wild woodlands, and the distant voice
 Of the bright mountain-stream that brawled along,
 Fretted to foam by roots and mossy stones,
 And severed boughs that lay across its bed.
 He listened to the stockdove's tender coo,
 Low and infrequent, from the massive beech,
 Within whose shadows lay a deeper night.
 And then—his heart in that long yearning gaze—
 He turned and looked upon the stately walls
 That held his world.

The pillared porticos,
 With their long wreathed festoons of leaves and buds,
 Gleamed white and ghost-like. From the windows shone
 No ray of light ; all eyes but his were closed—
 All hearts but his heaved on unconsciously.

ART.—And his ?

FER.—Wild passion shook its inmost core ;
 The simoom blast of anguish and despair
 Had withered hope.

In vain the gentle wind,
 Moist with the falling dews, breathed on his brow ;—
 The fever of a disappointed life
 There scorched and burned ; and wild and passionate words
 Welled from his trembling lips.

“ I go,” he said ;
 “ Thou wilt not miss the scorned and trampled boy,
 Who looks his last upon thy dwelling-place.
 I came, none heeded me—no heart was sad
 When I departed.

And I, dreaming fool !
 I nursed my mad imaginings, forsooth ;
 I dared to make a fair and holy shrine
 Within a secret chamber of my heart,

And there I throned the image that I loved,
 And there I hoarded all the precious things,
 So dear and priceless to my frantic thought.
 What were my treasures?

Empty, idle dreams,
 Too faithful memories of passing words,
 Which had no meaning save what I bestowed—
 Looks from those dark, soft eyes, sweet furtive smiles,
 And sighs but half repressed.

I thought of them,
 By night and day, till my mad heart had grown
 Familiar with their potent witcheries,
 And reason's voice was silent or unheard,
 While hope sung ever softly to my soul—
 I lived in dreams, my world was fairyland,
 Where all was bloom and sunlight.

Fatal hour !
 When I forgot the dark and rushing gulf
 That lay between my life and its proud queen !
 Oh, that I could recall my frenzied words !
 Oh, that I could forget the indignant flush,
 The upraised brow, the curling, scornful lip,
 I might be—no, not happy—but, at least,
 I had not felt the shame and agony
 Of outraged love and pride that sting me now.
 Had but her voice betrayed the faintest tone
 Of pity for the true and earnest love
 She could not share ; had but her glance grown soft
 With sorrow for the ruin of my hopes,
 I had borne ever with me, far away,
 Her worshipped memory, a sacred thing
 To bless the lone years of my after life.
 But with the high disdain of her harsh words,
 The studied coldness of her parting look,
 The angel's mask dropt down, and I beheld
 That icy heart in all its haughtiness.
 O, that I might call back a few short hours !
 And go, my cherished secret undisclosed !
 How could I think that she, the star of hope,
 The light of life to suitors numberless,
 Whose gold and noble names have charms for her—
 Could deign to look on me ! save as the sun,
 Whose glorious radiant light cannot be hid,
 Doth look alike upon the crimson rose
 And on the pale, uprooted, humble weed,
 Which lieth trampled in the public way ?
 Why did I not remember that the light
 Which warms and blesses the rich glowing flow'r,
 Withers for ever the unworthy weed ?
 But 'tis too late for sorrow and regret ;
 Worthless and weak, indeed, must be the heart
 That bursts with its own inward agony,
 When sorrow and misfortune are its lot ;
 Be *that* for woman.

Life is strong in me—
 I *cannot* die—I may not dare to raise
 An impious hand, nay, a rebellious thought,
 Against the burden of a life I prize not.
 I must live on, though waste and barren lies
 The path before me.

It is better so :
 The eagle chooseth for his dwelling place

The bleak and rugged rocks, whereon the dove
Would starve and die.

And so, within my heart,
So hard and frigid now, love cannot live;
But there, Ambition, soaring to the skies;
May build his lofty eyry in the waste.
I go; but if man ever cleft a path
To fame and fortune, that will I too cleave,
And *thou* shalt hear of me.

I vow it here,
Beneath the solemn glory of the night,
If my years last but half the allotted span,
I *will* toil on and on.

Antæus-like,
Gathering strength from every overthrow,
Till I compel an unkind fate to bend
Obedient to my will.

Oh then, perchance,
Thy heart may look back sadly to the past,
With the vain wish that it might be recalled.
And should I perish—

Well, then, all were o'er—
A nameless grave in some far distant land,
Or a wild sepulchre beneath the waves;
And I shall be at peace, where hate and wrong
Shall have no power to wound. Nay! words of love,
Though spoken by thy sweet and scornful lips,
Shall fail to wake in me one answering pulse."

He ceased—the night wind rustled the dim boughs
With a low, mournful sigh; the creaking rail
Began her wild and desolate summer cry
In the far hollow; and with one long look,
Given unto all the well-known, long-loved sights,
He turned away; and ere another night
The waters of the ocean heaved and foamed
Around the ship that bore him from her home.

ANT.—Your voice is tremulous, your glance is soft—
You loved him then?

FER.—Arthur, I knew him well.

ANT.—Did he fulfil his vow? did he forget,
And force *her* in her turn to mourn for him?
Go on, I pray you, I would know his fate.
He went, you said—what then?

FER.—Be patient, boy.

He went; but the dark shadow on his heart
Never departed thence; life's brightest gifts
Withered beneath it. Fame he won at last,
But found it valueless; the loud applause
Of careless thousands hath no soothing charm,
When the one heart we prize above them all
Owns not a thought of us;—

His early dream
Had been too long, too fondly nursed, to die
At one repulse. He kept his first love pure;
Ever before him was her lovely face—
Not mockingly, as he had seen it last—
But fond, and tender, with a gentle light,
Beaming from the deep eyes upon his own,
As he had seen it in his dreaming days.

ANT.—She may have loved him.

FER.—Thou shalt hear anon.

Time had no Lethe for him ; he grew old
 Ere happy men have reached their noon of life ;
 Yet did he keep his vow. His self-made name
 Fame's clarion-voice re-echoed to the world.
 Men named him but to link him with such deeds
 As made the land to which he owed his birth
 Eager to claim her son.

Honour and wealth
 Were his ; and then he felt how powerless,
 How worthless, they *alone* to fill the heart.

ART.—Ah! had *I* them, their smiles would comfort me,
 For loss of lady's love.

Did he return ?

Did *they* meet once again ?

FEE.—He *did* return.

He was the honoured guest wherever met ;
 The proudest of the land. Unmoved and cold,
 He looked on smiling beauties, who half gave
 A love he sought not. Ever did his gaze
 Seek for one face and form that should have been
 Foremost amongst them ; but he saw them not.

ART.—Was she then dead ?

FEE.—He knew not—could not ask

If death had triumphed o'er her loveliness.
 But his heart sickened with its long suspense ;
 And leaving feasts, and pageants, and bright halls,
 To the untroubled, he went forth alone,
 And, in the twilight of a summer night,
 Just such an one as when he parted thence,
 He stood again before his lady's home—
 Her home no more ; for all the shocks of time,
 The bitter teaching of a warring world,
 The weary wasting of the fire within,
 Had not so changed him, as had wild neglect
 Changed every feature of that ruined place.
 The waters of the fountains ran to waste ;
 The Tritons and the urns lay overthrown,
 Broken, dismembered, 'mid the grass and weeds ;
 The tangled shrubs had grown across the paths,
 Matted and wild ; the mighty oaks and limes
 Shorn of their spreading boughs, lay on the earth,
 Felled ere their time ;

Nettles and knotted grass,
 Plantains and docks, broad-leaved, and high, and rank,
 Smothered the flowers *she* had loved so well,
 And from the joining of the marble steps
 Sprang, waving as in triumph.

Dark as night
 The shattered windows showed ; the massy door
 Lay open wide, and from its yawning mouth
 The breath of desolation and decay
 Came forth upon the freshness of the hour.
 With noiseless step, as that of one who walks
 Sadly and softly, in the silent room,
 Where one beloved lies dead, he entered there,
 Into the very chambers where his love
 Had grown day after day—ay! into that
 Where she had said the words that sent him forth
 A wanderer on the earth ; even unto that
 Where she had prayed and slumbered night by night,
 In those remembered years. And here he stayed,
 And here his manhood failed him ; and with tears—

Such tears as men shed when their hearts are wrung—
He said, "Why did I live? why did I come
To see this change? And my proud, beauteous love,
Where, where is she?"

But the soft wind that waved
The woodbine wreaths and long rose sprays without
Upon the wall, was the sole sad reply.
Hopeless, and faint with grief, he sat him down
Upon the window-sill, where she had sat,
Nor moved till the full moon had waned away,
And left the lonely, piteous morning star,
Trembling and dim, amid the shimmering mists,
A solitary watcher in the sky.
Then he departed. Where was triumph now?
Could all his greatness humble one who lay,
Perchance, at rest within her quiet grave?
His memory held no bitter thoughts of her.
Could he have found her grave, he would have cast
Him down beside it in the agony
Of fruitless woe, and called on her with tears
To pardon him.

But the pale morning dawned,
And, all rebuked and mournful, he returned,
To woo forgetfulness again, in vain.

ART.—But was she dead?

FEE.—Nay! one wild wintry eve,
When cold winds sobbed along the city streets,
And sullied snow lay on the sloping roofs,
When shivering homeless wretches, without hope
For this world or the next, crouched on the flags,
Beneath cold archways, shrinking from the blast—
Then met they once again.

She came to him,
Unknowing that the stern-browed, haughty man
Was the scorned lover of her happy youth;
And though her fallen fortunes, blighting cares,
And more than all, *one* grief she kept from all,
Had scathed her beauty, yet he knew 'twas she;
He knew that voice, so low and pleading now,
But powerful still to shake his iron frame,
And make him tremble as a woman might.

ART.—How did he greet her? did he bid her know
The one she had so slighted? Wherefore came she?

FEE.—She came as one in whom long misery
And sickness nigh to death had quenched all pride;
She sued for that she knew his word could grant,
A shelter where her life might wear away
In quiet.

ART.—Then he spurned her—did he not?

FEE.—Listen. He turned to her, and in a tone
Stern and unfaltering he said, "Look up.
Dost thou remember me?"

She started back,
And with a low shriek bowed her wasted face
Upon her poor, thin hands.

Then thus she spake:—
"Yes, well I know thee now. Reproach me not,
Though well thou may'st; but I am sunk too low
For thy revenge. Thou hast been well revenged.
All, all—home, kindred—all but my good name
Is lost to me! I would not owe to *these*
The boon of public charity! Farewell!

—Forgive me for the well-repentant past—
Be merciful in this!"

"I do forgive—

Have long forgiven thee," he said. She spoke
A blessing on his head, and turned to go,
With one more sorrow added to her lot;
For she *had* loved him, and but feigned her pride
To *hide* her love for one whose lowly birth
Forbade her father's child to own her choice.
She *had* been faithful to that hidden love,
And spurned the wealth which others proffered her
For *his* sake, whom she long had thought was dead.

ART.—Poor helpless thing! I had not let her go!

FEB.—Nor did I.

ART.— You! Was then this man yourself?

FEB.—Yes, 'twas myself. I flung me at her feet,
And with such words of love and tenderness
As I had spoken once—*but* once before—
I told her how I had remembered her;
I told her *she* had power to bless my life
Or make it void. She was the judge again
And I the suppliant. I held her hands,
I prayed her hear me; but the while I spoke
Her faint head drooped, her failing limbs grew weak,
She sunk cold, pale, and senseless on my breast.
True 'tis for long she would not hear me plead.
She said, "We have changed places; thou art great,
And rich, and honoured. Once I spurned thy suit,
And shall I grant it now that thou may'st say
Hereafter, 'Twas my gold that made thee mine."
But love lent words to me; the past *was* past,
And buried, and forgotten.

ART.—And your wife?

The smiling, lovely, gentle-voiced dame
I saw to-day, is she your early love?

FEB.—The same. True, all the world must own her fair;
But I alone can tell what loveliness
Of soul and mind, nurtured by care and grief,
Have sprung from out the ruins of her pride
To give me hourly cause to bless my lot.

POETS AND POETASTERS.

If we are not great poets just at present, we are, beyond all question, great rhymers. If the higher regions of Parnassus are trodden by but a few, its sides and base are thronged with minstrels of very various powers. Some climb up to a very respectable height, singing now and then with voices clear, and sweet, and strong; tasting of the Pierian fount before it has lost all its heaven-flavoured freshness; some ramble in the lower reaches of the hill, gaining, it may be, a little spot or bower, where they may sit and sing secure from falling, as they are forbidden to rise; and others—and these are the many—lie ever at the base of the hill, amid the bushes and the brakes, trilling and chirping and twittering, with all the varied intonations that range between the song of the thrush and the chirp of the tom-tit. Well, let them all sing on, each in his own fashion, and with the best piping that his throat can compass. Heaven forbid we should silence one larynx, provided only it be tuneful: but that element, no matter how feebly developed, we insist on. Let us have no chattering of pies, no cawing of crows, no screaming of jackdaws, no hooting of owls. With this reservation, for the sake of our ears, we shall welcome, according to their deserts, every note from the wilds and from the woodlands, let it come from what fowl it may of Bully Bottom's enumeration—

* The ouzel cock so black of hue,
With orange tawney bill;
The throats, with his note so true;
The wren, with little quill;
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay.*

Here now is a pile of books poetical lying before us, in proof of the cantatory propensities of the age. We suppose in all times men and women wrote verses, and read what they wrote to admiring auditories. And many a one thought rhymes, and carried them during painful lunations, and died

without having brought them forth; for there was no obstetric printing-press, and Lucina was not ready to come at every call, in the shape of a facile publisher of a shilling volume, containing some two hundred pages, of indifferent paper. But now-a-days the operation of printing and publishing is quite as easy as that of writing—easier, we should say, if we were to judge from the rigidity of the lines, as laboured as if furnace-wrought, which we meet in some of the volumes which it is our fortune to peruse. And therefore it is, we presume, that there are more overt acts of poetry committed on the highways of literature in these present times, than heretofore, though it may be, that secret conspiracies and treasonable practices against the Muses were as rife in the days gone by. Come, then, let us have them all up before us, now that we have taken them in the manner, and pass sentence upon them according to their deserts; and if, in our sentence, we shall dispose of some of them with scant ceremony, it may be that they have the more reason to be well contented with the measure of justice that time and space have enabled us to accord them.

The first volume that comes to our hand is one wherein the author has committed himself before the public, and come within our judicial reach in the double capacity of poet and painter.* The combination is a natural one; and perhaps the wonder is, that we find it existing so rarely. Every poet must paint with the pen; every painter is a brush-poet. It may be, and it often is, that the *mechanism* of the hand fails the former, and that of the tongue fails the latter. That alone prevents the union of intellectual qualities, which must exist, in a greater or less degree, in each; exhibiting itself materially to the eye and to the ear, as it has done in Michelangelo and Sir Martin Archer Shee, and others whom we could name. Mr. William Bell Scott combines those gifts in a measure sufficiently large to have en-

* "Poems by a Painter." By William B. Scott. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1854.

abled him to present us with a very pretty and a very readable volume; and though he has been somewhat too chary of his pencil, the few illustrations in the book are well conceived and poetical. As might be expected, the picturesque is a prominent element in his verses, and he paints life, whether still or animate, forcibly and feelingly. Here is a specimen of his powers in each way, and found in the same poem:—

"The violets
Are just as thick as ever, and beneath
The rooty sand-bank those white embers
show
A gypsy's byronic has but late been here.
And there is this old village, with its wide
Irregular path, its rattling streamlet bridged
Before each cottage with loose planks or
stones,
And all the geese and ducks that have no
fear
Of strangers, the wide smith's shop and the
church,
Whose grey stone roof is within reach of
hand.
A fit place for an artist to be reared,
Not a great Master, whose vast toils unshared
Add to the riches of the world, rebuild
God's house, and clothe with prophets walls
and roof,
Defending cities as a pastime; such
We have not! but the homelier heartier
hand
That gives us landscapes with their rustics'
lives.
There is his forbears' house; none other
claims
Such garden, ground, and wicket.

Straight through the wicket passed they, and
before
The pent-roofed door stood knocking — all
was still—
Through the low parlour window books were
seen
Upon the little settle; and some pots
With flowers; a birdcage hung, too, without
song,
Close to the window; round them noontide
glowed
So handsomely; the leaves were every one
Glistening and quivering; and the hosts of
goats
Wove in the shades; but all within seemed
dark
And dead. A quick light foot is heard, and
there,
Before them stood a maiden in the shine
That fell upon her chesnut hair like fire.

"How winsome fair she was, 'tis hard to tell!
For she was strong and straight, like a
young elm,

And without fear, although she halted there,
Answering with coy eyes turned toward the
ground.

"Her tall neck was tinged
With brown, and bore her small head lightly,
like
The head of a giraffe; her saffron jupe
Tied loosely o'er the bosom, fell in folds
Over her lithe waist,—but, as hath been said,
How winsome fair she was 'twas hard to tell.
I might describe her from the head succinct,
Even to the high-arched instep of her foot,
And all in vain;—the sincere soul, the full
Yet homely harmony she bore with her,
Moved me like the first sight of the sea,
And made me think of old queens, Guene-
vere,
Or maid Rowena with her 'waes-hail,' or
Aslauga, whom the Sea-king chanced upon,
Keeping her sheep beside Norse waves, the
while
She made her matin mirror in the stream."

This is very unaffected, as well as very true painting. One sees the scene before him, and looks upon the maiden till he has her form familiar to his mind's eye: such a maid as every man who has loitered for a week about a retired English village has seen once, at least, in his life. The portraiture of another country girl is taken, in a succession of pictures, from the child of eight years old to the dying and deranged woman, whose years may not be told. The story is brought out with sufficient distinctness to be understood, yet not too strongly to overcrowd the picture. A sad story—in-nocence, thoughtlessness, trustfulness, folly, sin, misery and death. We should gladly give the whole of this poem could we afford space for it. We are unwilling to mar it by an extract or two. His first love, at sixteen, is thus suggested, rather than detailed, in the following song:—

"I've come o'er the fields to meet thee, lass,
O'er the misty meadows green;
Before the sun has dried the grass,
Or the earliest lark was seen.

"I've come through the rye to meet thee,
lass,
All through the rye-rigs deep;
Before the cloud from the hill might pass,—
While the plover is fast asleep.

"My father's wains are on the highway,
We will meet them by the tree,
And ride to the town, so blithe and gay,
In each other's company.

"Then dip thy face in the water clear,
Lave it o'er thy shoulders fair;
And quickly lace thy bodice, dear,
And snood up thy parted hair.

"For I've come through the rye to meet
thee, lass,
O'er the misty meadows green,
Before the cloud from the hill might pass,
Before plover or lark was seen."

But she passes away from her native
village, and from her rustic lover, to a
city and to a trade; and her song at
three-and-twenty is a sad contrast to
that of her lover's:—

"Bring me wine at eventide,
And poppy-juice to-morrow!
Can I forget the courtly pride,
Or go to bed with sorrow?"

"They called me Marian the knave,
Marian the fortunate!
How kind unto the woman-slave
To bid her thank her fate.

"Bring me wine! it may not be
That I throw up the game,
Nor sink to scorn contentedly
With a brain and a heart of flame.

"I am forsaken: not a wheel
Rings on the causeway-stones;
Bring wine! in laughter let me reel,
Lest the vile may say—she moans.

"Bring me wine at eventide,
And poppy-juice to-morrow!
Shall I forget the days of pride,
Or go to bed with sorrow?"

Let us pass to the last scene in the
hospital—

"A whitewashed chamber wide and long,
With unscreened pallets placed in rows,
Each tenanted by pain.
In the first a grey-haired woman, tho'
Still almost youthful: in the next
A girl with yellow teeth and eyes,
And lips as blue as heaven!
One form is there we have marked before,
Whose merriment we have heard. My
God!
And yet perhaps 'tis her best bourne:
She shall not live to fight with dogs
For bones on the nightly causeway,
Or gather ashes thrifty wives
May fling from their hearthstones.
She may die! the board is sawn
And blackened, and the turf
Is soon rent up to lay her down:

While forms as fair, as gleesome hearts,
As blindly shall succeed her,—place
Their feet where she hath trod,—amid
Like laughter shut their eyes,—and then
Fill this her mattress, thus, with shaven
crowns."

We have a strong suspicion that
Mr. Scott has a leaning towards pre-
raphaelitism as an artist, as he certainly
has a corresponding tendency, to work
up, with minute touches, the fore-
ground of his rhythm-pictures. Wood-
stock Maze, a very sweet poem by
the way, justifies our observations.
The illustration of the fair Rosamond
in her bower might win an approving
smile from Mr. Millais; and here are a
few stanzas of the poem in good keep-
ing with the painting, and executed
with care, and well finished:—

"I lean my faint heart against this tree
Whereon he hath carved my name,
I hold me up by this fair bent bough,
For he held once by the same;
But every thing here is dank and cold,
The daisies have sickly eyes,
The clouds like ghosts down into my prison
Look from the barred-out skies.

Oh the shower and the sunshine
every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye
gay.

"I tune my lute and I straight forget,
Though it weighs down my neck, woe's
me,
Till it feebly moans to the sharp short gusts
Aye rushing from tree to tree.
Often that single redbreast comes
To the sill where my Jesu stands,
I speak to him as to a child, he flies,
Afraid of these poor thin hands!
Oh the leaves, brown, yellow,
and red, still fall
Fall and fall over churchyard
and hall."

Amongst the authors with whom we
have of late years made acquaintance,
there are few who have impressed us
more favourably than Matthew Ar-
nold.* If he clings a little too tena-
ciously to old classic models, it is be-
cause the make of his mind seems to
be essentially sympathetic with the
Greek classic, and his thoughts take
shape and colour, not by an effort, but
spontaneously from the epic, the dra-
ma, and the idyl. On a former oc-
casion we expressed our high sense of

* "Poems by Matthew Arnold." 2nd Series. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

Mr. Arnold's poetical abilities; and the volume now before us, while it justifies our estimate, fully sustains his reputation. In this second series we have few of the faults which we alluded to in his first volume. He does not become commonplace in his simplicity, nor incomprehensible in his reachings after the sublime. For this reason we look upon "Balder" as superior to "Sohrab and Rustum," as a whole; though we are disposed to say there are some detached passages of greater beauty in the latter. This superiority we believe is, in a great measure, to be attributed to the selection of a subject for the latter more suitable for the form and the colouring of the old epic of the Greeks than was the former. The simple, yet grand mythology of the old Icelandic bards, such as it is exhibited in the Scandinavian Eddas, is singularly suited for the epic such as Homer would have built up. The demigods of the Asar race, such as they are portrayed in the Halls of Valhalla and the City of Asgard, the deeds of personal prowess, the tales of love, the wars, the banquets, the struggle between the everlasting principles of antagonism of good and evil, present as fine materials as the gods of the Greek myth, while they touch our own sympathies more effectually. The fine epics of the great modern *Scald* of Denmark, Adam Ohlenschlæger, have demonstrated this fact.

The subject of Balder is an admirable one for an epic episode. The incidents of the tale are highly dramatic. By the way we may observe, that the curious reader will find these at large in the latter or prosaic Edda, the composition of the celebrated Icelandic historian Snorro Sorleson, who flourished in the end of the twelfth, and commencement of the thirteenth century, and they have furnished to Ohlenschlæger the materials of a tragedy, with choruses after the Greek style. It is likely that Mr. Arnold may have been guided, in part, by this tragedy, though he does not allude to either author. At all events, he has followed the mythology of Sorleson with great fidelity, and given us a very finished composition, whose beauty will scarcely be appreciated upon a single perusal. In a poem so equally sustained throughout, we are scarce able to make any particular selection. Any passage will exhibit the structure and character

of the piece, and the vigour of the composition. Let us take the first we meet. Hermod, on Odin's horse, Sleipner, seeks the abode of Hela, to demand the restitution of Balder:—

"But northward Hermod rode, the way below:

And o'er a darksome tract, which knows no sun,

But by the blotted light of stars, he far'd;

And he came down to Ocean's northern strand

At the drear ice, beyond the Giants' home:

Thence on he journey'd o'er the fields of ice

Still north, until he met a stretching wall

Barring his way, and in the wall a grate.

Then he dismounted, and drew tight the girths,

On the smooth ice, of Sleipner, Odin's horse,

And made him leap the grate, and came within.

And he beheld spread round him Hela's realm,

The plains of Nifheim, where dwell the dead,

And heard the thunder of the streams of Hell.

For near the wall the river of Roaring flows,

Outmost: the others near the centre run—

The Storm, the Abyss, the Howling, and

the Pain:

These flow by Hela's throne, and near their spring.

And from the dark flock'd up the shadowy tribes:

And as the swallows crowd the bulrush-beds

Of some clear river, issuing from a lake,

On autumn days, before they cross the sea;

And to each bulrush-crest a swallow hangs

Swinging, and others skim the river streams,

And their quick twittering fills the banks and shores—

So around Hermod swarm'd the twittering ghosts.

Women, and infants, and young men who died

Too soon for fame, with white ungraven shields;

And old men, known to Glory, but their star

Betray'd them, and of wasting age they died,

Not wounds: yet, dying, they their armour wore,

And now have chief regard in Hela's realm.

Behind flock'd wrangling up a piteous crew,

Greeted of none, disfeatur'd and forlorn—

Cowards, who were in sloughs interr'd alive:

And round them still the wattled hurdles hung

Wherewith they stamp'd them down, and trod them deep,

To hide their shameful memory from men."

Mr. Arnold is very successful in his similes, and understands thoroughly their value. Here is one singularly felicitous:—

"Nor yet could Hermod see his brother's face,
For it grew dark; but Hoder touch'd his arm:
And as a spray of honeysuckle flowers
Brushes across a tired traveller's face
Who shuffles through the deep dew-moisten'd dust,
On a May evening, in the darkened lanes,
And starts him, that he thinks a ghost went by—
So Hoder brush'd by Hermod's side."

The disappointment of Hermod when the fruit of his long labour is snatched from him, at the moment when success seems achieved, is thus happily figured:—

"And as seafaring men, who long have wrought
In the great deep for gain, at last come home,
And towards evening see the headlands rise
Of their own country, and can clear descri
A fire of wither'd furze which boys have lit
Upon the cliffs, or smoke of burning weeds
Out of a till'd field inland:—then the wind
Catches them, and drives out again to sea:
And they go long days tossing up and down
Over the grey sea ridges; and the glimpse
Of port they had makes bitterer far their toll—
So the Gods' cross was bitterer for their joy."

The lyrical pieces in this volume are very finished, and some of them replete with vigorous thinking. The Buried Life expresses profound psychological truth, in verse of great harmony. What in its way can be finer than the following, both in philosophy and language?—

"But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life,
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart that beats
So wild, so deep in us, to know
Whence our thoughts come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines:
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shewn on each talent and power,
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves;
Hardly had skill to utter one of all

The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on for ever unexpress'd.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true:
And then we will no more be rack'd
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupifying power;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call:
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an indefinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

"Only—but this is rare—
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a lov'd voice caress'd,—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again:
The eye sinks inward, and the heart then plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

"And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow; Rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face;
And an unwhorled calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The Hills where his life rose,
And the Sea where it goes."

Some half-dozen shorter pieces, entitled "Faded Leaves," have both the passion and the tenderness of love in them. Here is one:—

SEPARATION.

"Stop—Not to me, at this bitter departing,
Speak of the sure consolations of Time.
Fresh be the wound, still-renew'd be its smarting,
So but thy image endure in its prime.

"But, if the steadfast commandment of Nature
Wills that remembrance should always decay;
If the lov'd form and the deep-cherished feature
Must, when unseen, from the soul fade away—

"Me let no half-effac'd memories cumber!
 Fled, fled at once, be all vestige of thee—
 Deep be the darkness, and still be the
 slumber—
 Dead be the Past and its phantoms to me!

"Then, when we meet, and thy look strays
 towards me,
 Scanning my face and the changes wrought
 there,—

*Who, let me say, is this Stranger regards me,
 With the grey eyes, and the lovely brown
 hair?"*

Matthew Arnold is a true poet, and one who, while he feels and seeks to write up to the divine gift of poesy, disdains not to bestow laborious care upon the structure and mechanism of his verses. He writes in that pure, vigorous English, with which the name of Arnold is so thoroughly identified. With a few exceptions—and these are scarcely visible in this latter volume—great erudition is controlled, and directed by a fine taste and a solid and sedate judgment. We believe that he is one of the few amongst the English poetical writers of our own day, who, while they do not occupy the highest reaches of the poetic realms, is likely to live beyond his own generation.

Here comes a little volume, quaintly printed in orthodox mediæval type, such as Parker and Masters delight to imprint with. The title, too, is a quaint and sententious one—"The Angel in the House." In its arrangements and construction, it looks as old-fashioned as if it were indited by worthy George Herbert:—prologues and accompaniments, and sentences and idyls, all smacking not a little of affectation. Well, let us look into it. We will wager a small sum it is written by some orthodox Churchman—one who understands all the poetic charm, and beauty, and dignity of a well-ordered parish church, and a well-ordered parson-life; just such an one as was George Herbert himself. It professes, as we learn from the prologue, to be the history of the writer's courtship, marriage, and wedded life; and "The Angel in the House" is the wife of the author. In style, in sentiment, in vigour of thought, in delicacy of feeling, in purity of passion, and withal, in nervous, simple, Saxon speech, we have not, of late, met with many poems

to surpass "The Angel in the House;" and we can most heartily pardon an affectation which, after all, harmonises well with the quaintness of the composition. Vaughan is one who—

"With College laurels three times crowned,
 And other annual honour won,"

had still pressed forward in his literary career, and—

"Had not stopped, as some men had,
 At Wrangler and Prize-Poet."

He returns, after an absence, to the house of his guardian, the Dean:—

"Once more I came to Sarum Close,
 With joy half memory, half desire,
 And breathed the sunny wind that rose
 And blew the shadows o'er the Spire,
 And toss'd the lilac's scented plumes,
 And sway'd the chestnut's thousand cones,
 And fill'd my nostrils with perfume,
 And shaped the clouds in waifs and zones,
 And wafted down the serious strain
 Of Sarum bells, when, true to time,
 I reach'd the Dean's, with heart and brain
 That trembled to the trembling chime."

The Dean's three daughters have grown up into womanhood, and are thus well described:—

"Was this her eldest, Honor, the prude
 Who would not let me pull the swing;
 Who, kiss'd at Christmas, call'd me rude,
 And sobb'd alone, and would not sing?
 How changed! In shape no more a Grace,
 But Venus; milder than the dove:
 Her mother's air, her Norman face,
 Her large sweet eyes, clear lakes of love.
 Mary I knew. In former time,
 Ailing and pale, she thought that bliss
 Was only for a better clime,
 And, heavenly overmuch, scorn'd this.
 I, rash with theories of the right,
 Which stretch'd the tether of my creed,
 But did not break it, held delight
 Half discipline. We disagreed.
 She told the Dean I wanted grace.
 Now she was kindest of the three,
 And two wild roses deck'd her face.
 And, what! was this my Mildred, she
 To herself and all a sweet surprise?
 My Pet, who romp'd and roll'd a hoop?
 I wonder'd where those daisy eyes
 Had found their touching curve and
 droop."

The girls seem each for the moment to influence the poet's fancy, but Ho-

noria permanently fixes his heart. And so, when he has sounded the deeps of his own spirit, ere yet he has disclosed his passion, he—

“Rode slow toward home, my breast
A load of joy and tender care.”

And then follows a passage in which the ennobling and sanctifying influences of a high-placed love are portrayed with a felicitous tenderness :—

“Then to my room
I went, and closed and lock'd the door,
And cast myself down on my bed,
And there, with many a blissful tear,
I vow'd to love and pray'd to wed
The maiden who had grown so dear ;
Thank'd God who had set her in my path ;
And promised, as I hoped to win,
I never would sully my faith
By the least selfishness or sin ;
Whatever in her sight I'd seem
I'd really be ; I'd never blend
With my delight in her a dream
'Twould change her cheek to comprehend ;
And, if she wish'd it, I'd prefer
Another's to my own success,
And always seek the best for her,
With unofficial tenderness.

“Rising, I breathed a brighter clime,
And found myself all self above,
And, with a charity sublime,
Contemn'd not those who did not love ;
And I could not but feel that then
I shone with something of her grace,
And went forth to my fellow men
My commendation in my face.”

Then comes the proposal to the Dean ; the acceptance that still leaves all to the choice of the girl ; and at length the moment comes for the disclosure to Honoria, long delayed :—

“Till once, through lanes returning late,
Her laughing sisters lagg'd behind ;
And, ere we reach'd her father's gate,
We paused with one presentiment mind ;
And, in the dim and perfumed mist,
Their coming stay'd, who, blithe and free,
And very women, loved to assist
A lover's opportunity.

“Twice rose, twice died my trembling word :
The faint and frail Cathedral chimes
Spake time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the lines.
Her dress, that touched me where I stood ;
The warmth of her confided arm ;
Her bosom's gentle neighbourhood ;
Her pleasure in her power to charm ;

Her look, her love, her form, her touch,
The least seem'd most by blissful turn,
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew ;
And, oh ! sweet meeting of desires,
She, answering, own'd that she loved too.”

The quotations which we have already made prove the author to be a man of fine thoughtful feeling, which he has the faculty of expressing with singular grace and a sweet simplicity. We have observed the affectation of sententiousness which is to be found through the volume. We scarce know how to quarrel with this, as it is manifestly introduced with a design to relieve the other portions of the poem, whose continuity it breaks. Here is a pretty conceit, wrought out with elaborated primness :—

“Love, kiss'd by Wisdom, makes twice
Love,
And Wisdom is, through loving, wise :
Let Dove and Snake, and Snake and Dove,
This Wisdom's be, that Love's device.

“'Tis truth (although this truth's a star
Too deep-enskiel'd for all to see),
As Poets of grammar, Lovers are
The well-heads of morality.

“‘Keep measure in love ?’ More light befall
Thy sanctity, and make it less !
Be sure I will not love at all
Where I may not love with excess.”

There is profound truth in this. Not less true is the following, though its truth lies more on the surface, and is less sententiously expressed :—

“He safely walks in darkest ways,
Whose youth is lighted from above,
Where, through the senses' silvery haze,
Dawns the veil'd moon of nuptial love.

“Who is the Happy Husband ? He
Who, scanning his unwedded life,
Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free,
’Twas faithful to his future Wife.”

One passage more, and we shall be done. The picture is, perhaps, somewhat overcharged ! the average lot of woman's married life is, we believe, far other :—

“Man must be pleased ; but him to please
Is woman's pleasure : down the gulf
Of his condoled necessities
She casts her beat, she flings herself :

How often slings for nought ! and yokes
 Her heart to an icicle or whim,
 Whose each impatient word provokes
 Another, not from her, but him ;
 While she, too gentle even to force
 His penitence by kind replies,
 Waits by, expecting his remorse,
 With pardon in her pitying eyes.
 And if he at last, by shame oppress'd,
 A comfortable word confers,
 She leans and weeps against his breast,
 And seems to think the sin was hers :
 And while his love has any life,
 Or any eye to see her charms,
 At any time, she's still his wife,
 Dearly devoted to his arms.
 She loves with love that cannot tire ;
 And if, ah woe ! she loves alone,
 Through passionate duty love flames higher,
 As grass grows taller round a stone."

This volume is full of fine thinking and fine writing. It deals not with the metaphysical nor the incomprehensible ; but it reads and expounds the heart's histories with a power and truth that will seize upon the feelings, and commend themselves to the intellect. "The Angel in the House" is, in poetry, somewhat the same as the "Vicar of Wakefield" is in prose—passionate, yet delicate, full of fine natural touches that evoke our best feelings and sympathies ; and withal, there is throughout a sweet, fresh odour of spirituality and holiness that makes one feel how love is, at the same time, one of the sublimest portions of religion, and the most exquisite function of the senses.

If quantity were the sole test of excellence, the author of "Biblical Sketches and Hymns"* might claim a very high place in literature. But somehow the world has discovered—and that many a long age ago—that quality gives the best chance of immortality. The jewel is indestructible, when the coal serves but the purpose of an hour, and is consumed in the using. A fragment or two has preserved the memory of Sappho for ever, while the very names of those who have written their hundreds of lines, "*stans pede in uno*," are forgotten. The lady who has composed the volume before us, and which exceeds 500 pages of closely printed verse, tells us, "that many of the pieces were composed at a very childish age, under discouragements of various kinds." We see no reason to

doubt the assertion ; though what a lady considers a "very childish age," we no more pretend to understand than what she would call old age. The sex have very unsettled notions on these subjects. For a child, however, they are creditable compositions. But, while we congratulate the authoress on having disembarassed herself of one of the conditions under which she wrote—namely, her childishness—we are not sure that we should congratulate her on having relieved herself of the other. The discouragements have vanished also. Friends—whose friendship in such a case is always questionable, and whose opinions are never of the slightest importance to the readers—have, by their "earnest solicitation," become answerable to the public for the present volume.

We confess ourselves to be specially intolerant to the pleas so constantly put forward in extenuation of faults of composition. Youth, inexperience, haste,—these are not reasons to influence the critic in his judgment, though they are excellent reasons to do what they fail to do—namely, to deter the author from publishing what he has so written. A bad piece of mechanism is not the better, or the more saleable, because it is made by a young hand. The buyer, if he has given full price for it, has a right to grumble, and all the more that the young hand has brought it into the market. We do not mean these observations to apply with more force to the authoress under consideration than to a thousand others. Indeed, while we cannot call the compositions before us poetry—a designation, by the way, which the writer modestly abstains from using—we are quite justified in conceding to them the merit of very good language and very smooth versification, while there is throughout evidence of good taste and good feeling. But they want originality of thought ; indeed, they are, to a great extent, little else than narrative and descriptive sketches of events and scenes which we find in the Bible ; and, for ourselves, we confess that we prefer to read them in the language of Holy Writ rather than in rhythmical paraphrases. Some of the sketches are, however, very pleasingly written.

* "Biblical Sketches and Hymns." By A. Neale. London : Cass. 1854.

Cyrus is, we think, one of the best; here are the opening verses:—

"The golden sun had passed from the broad west,
And the deep perfume of a million flowers
Spread on the dews descending on earth's breast,
Bathing with incense rich her hanging bowers;
And on the glorious city closing night
Mantled her fountain-squares and columned site.

"And on the many villages which lay
In quiet beauty on Euphrates' bank,
The shadows rested of departed day;
And low sad murmurs on the spirit sank,
Of voices blent in song to the stringed lyre,
As Judah joined in praise her evening choir."

These are very polished lines, and a very pretty picture, and the volume abounds with such as these; but they are only the mechanism of poetry, not the spirit. If the authoress shall meet any one possessed of great thoughts, with an inability of expressing them in suitable language, we recommend her to establish a partnership; and we have no doubt the firm will produce poems that shall live for ages.

Mrs. Mary Benn is a lady of some learning and decided genius, as we have observed on a former occasion; but she wears her learning with the ostentation of a holiday suit, and not with the graceful ease of an every-day garment. The titlepage of her former volume was ornamented with

Greek and Latin quotations. The present one* is decorated, in compliment of course to the children of Israel, with two Hebrew words from Exodus, which, for the benefit of our readers who have not attained unto the heights of Oriental languages, we shall write in English character—*Jehovah nissi*, meaning, "the Lord my banner," a motto, the peculiar appropriateness of which we do not perceive. There are some very vigorous and very sweet lays throughout this little volume, though some of the observations upon this description of poetry which we have made in relation to the "Biblical Sketches" are, to a certain extent, applicable to the "Lays of the Hebrews." Amongst the "Other Poems," which, upon the whole, are inferior to those upon Scriptural subjects, we select one, not all being the best, but because the authoress has thought proper to dress in an English garb a short poem, which she gave in Latin in her former volume. We may be allowed to compliment Mrs. Benn, at her own expense, by saying, that we think, upon the whole, the Latin is superior to the English version, or rather paraphrase. The former is more condensed and forcible; and the latter has, to our taste at least, the somewhat equivocal merit of bringing out the young Ireland antipathy to Britannia, which was only vaguely shadowed forth in the Latin; in very emphatic and unambiguous terms:—

"TO MY LUTE.

"Of all that once warbled and wanton'd around me,
Thee only, sweet shell of my spirit, I see;
Still come, as of yore, when in childhood you found me,
To sob to my sorrow, or ring to my glee.

"When the bosoms that pillow'd my young head are changed,
When Hope is fallacious, and Death is too true;
When the sickle are flown, and the cold are estranged,
One chord is unbroken that links me to you!

"Companions in exile, in doubt, and in sadness,
We roam through the corn-fields and vales of the foe;
He may reap his bright harvest in pride and in gladness;—
His wealth is our want, and his weal is our woe.

"With the lance of the victor he crush'd us and ground us;
With the whip of the master he lashes us still;
And the chain that he wrapp'd in past ages around us,
Is but slacken'd to make us the tools of his will!

* "Lays of the Hebrews, and other Poems." By Mary Benn. London: Joseph Masters. Dublin: James McGlashan. 1854.

"But speak to my voice: tis the feeble that slumbers;
Thou never shalt hang on Britannia's proud oak;
Can she chain her own breezes that moan to our numbers,
Or crush into silence the hearts that she broke?"

"Yes; restore, though in seeming, the voices I cherish'd
When hope is extinct, to deception we cling;
Cold, cold, is my hearthstone, my children have perish'd,
But their last dying tones are embalm'd on thy string!"

While we are occupied with the fair sex, we shall dispose of a small volume that solicits our attention. It is, we believe, the production of a young lady, and one which gives promise of much better things, when the judgment is matured and the imagination regulated by years. Miss Emma Tatham has given us a second edition of her poems, consisting of the "Dream of Pythagoras," and several other pieces.* Throughout they evidence genius and power. The imaginative faculty is evidently very dominant—indeed, we would say rather in superabundance; and some of the compositions have the fault so common with young writers, a redundant verbosity, which seeks to overlay a fine thought with a multitude of words. Miss Tatham must be vigilant of her own powers; she must not let them become her masters, but make them her ministers, if she would achieve something which may, in the higher sense, be called a poem. The "Dream of Pythagoras," which is the principal piece, is full of fine fancies, and not free from a few conceits; but it is vigorous, high-toned, and high-coloured. The following passage has great beauty; it describes the soul of the philosophic, in one of its transmigrations, as a dewdrop:—

"Then, once more,
My life was joyous, for the kindly sun
Carried me up into the firmament,
And hung me in a rainbow, and my soul
Was robed in seven bright colours; and became
A jewel in the sky. So did I learn
The first great lessons; mark ye them, my sons.
Obedience is nobility; and meek
Humility is glory; self alone
Is base; and pride is pain; patience is
power;
Benevolence is bliss. And now first brought
To know myself and feel my littleness,
I was to learn what greatness is prepar'd

For virtuous souls, what mighty war they wage,

What vast impossibilities o'ercome,
What kingdoms, and infinitude of love,
And harmony, and never-ending joy,
And converse and communion with the great
And glorious Mind unknown,—are given to high

And godlike souls!

"Therefore the winds arose,
And shook me from the rainbow where I hung,

Into the depths of ocean; then I dived
Down to the coral citadels, and roved
Through crystal mazes, among pearls and gems,

And lovely buried creatures, who had sunk
To find the jewel of eternal life.

Sweet babes I saw clasp'd in their mothers' arms;

Kings of the north, each with his oozy crown;

Pale maidens, with their golden streaming hair

Floating in solemn beauty, calm and still,
In the deep, silent, tideless wave; I saw
Young beauteous boys washed down from
reeling masts

By sudden storm; and brothers sleeping soft,
Lock'd in each others' arms; and countless
wealth,

And curling weed, and treasur'd knots of hair,

And mouldering masts, and giant hulls that sank

With thunder sobbing; and blue palaces ...
Where moonbeams, hand in hand, did dance
with me

To the soft music of the surging shells,
Where all else was at rest."

The "Tempest Hymn" is teeming with fine images and bold thoughts; but its power is impaired by that verbosity of which we have spoken. We would ask Miss Tatham to read this, and some other of her pieces, and compare them with the 107th and similar Psalms, and she will feel impressed how closely sublimity of thought is allied to simplicity of language. A worse fault still, is using words of which the

* "The Dream of Pythagoras, and Other Poems." By Emma Tatham. London: Longman and Co. Dublin: J. McGlashan. 1854.

best that can be said is, that they are meaningless: if they mean anything on the occasion, they border on the nonsensical. Thus, in her *Invocation*, she speaks of "rapture's tears upon the rainbow's arch;" and in a few lines afterwards, "on clouds of storm in rapturous blackness." What is the meaning of rapture here?—does it mean the same thing in both places?—does it mean anything in either? Is it not simply a big, round, sonorous word, such as "the Poet Bunn" would stick into an opera song to eke out the measure? Use the knife, Miss Tatham—use the knife with an unsparing hand; and if you ever come to a third edition, as we hope you will, cut out your adjectives and expletives boldly, and depend upon

it your poems will strike their roots more deeply into the heart for being pollarded in the head.

If Mr. W. S. Sandes is not destined to occupy a place amongst the highest order of poetical writers, his volume* entitles him to a very respectable one. He writes with feeling and taste, and his verse exhibits great care and polish. Occasionally, too, he thinks remarkably well, though in general his mind travels in beaten tracks. "Night Dreams" is a well-sustained series of fine thoughts expressed in very harmonious verse, and not without a colouring of poetic fancy blending with its philosophy. Here are a few stanzas, which are no more than a fair average specimen of the whole:—

"Does the hour of midnight summon your dark shadows from the shore
Where life's broken hopes take refuge, when they bloom on earth no more?
Come ye to take possession, night dreams, for a little space,
Of the heart whose ruin'd garden once had been your dwelling-place;
Or explore ye soil befitting, wherein love may sow its seeds,
With mysterious mighty promptings, destin'd to grow up to deeds?
In the daylight, when our reason rules us waking, are ye near,
In your incorporeal essence, though your voice we cannot hear?
Speak ye to us, though our senses, bound to elements of clay,
Cannot comprehend the import of the lessons ye convey?
When a shudder falls upon us, and we feel the tingling blood
Pause and leap aside, and onward rush with swiftly-heightened flood;—
When the skin with sudden terror creeps we know not how or why,
As if what we dare not look on were in horror sweeping by;—
When the pulse with startled flutter trembles, and each separate hair
Twines, as if around our temples living things were writhing there;—
Is it that the mortal instinct of our nature takes alarm,
Bowing down, and paying homage to the waving of your arm?
Gifted with a life we know not, recognise not, stoop ye, then,
To attempt a closer contact with the shrinking souls of men."

Sonnet-writing is not the author's forte, though he ventures on six-and-twenty of them. We know few things more difficult to write successfully than a sonnet. It should be a highly-finished picture, with only one thought condensed, and yet complete, with few, if any, accessorial ideas to mar its prominence. We are quite aware that there are good sonnets that deviate from this principle, but we think they would have been better still had they adhered to it. Some of Mr. Sandes's sonnets have this fault. Take, for instance, the fifth; there seems to be no prominent idea in it, and we should be at a loss to give it a title. Still, some of those compositions are pretty and poetical, as this, for instance:—

"Let no vaulted arches overspreading
Shrine my corpse beneath their gorgeous pride.
Let no marble floor resound the treading,
Rung by mourners round my coffin's side.
Let no rich cathedral window's sashes
Frame my monument with storied hues.
May the stars shine bright above my ashes,
And my grave-stone glisten with the dews!
I have ever sought to link, while living,
Nature to the purposes of man;
I would be her debtor still for giving
My remains what resting-place she can.
Fold me, then, O mother, to thy heart;
Let me lie down there when life shall part!"

To philosophise appears the function of Mr. Sandes's muse, and he has dealt

* "Poems." By William Stephen Sandes. London: Longman, Brown and Co. 1884.

but sparingly in the lyrical. We wish he had given us a few such pieces, and we fancy he could have done so. There is a good deal of melody in his versification, and no want of the faculty of minstrelsy. He has, however, told one or two tales with a good deal of pathos. "Love and Sorrow" is the best thing in this way in the volume, and is, indeed, singularly sweet, and full of fine touches of feeling. "Italia" is a bold theme to adventure upon after Byron and Rogers; nevertheless, Mr. Sandes has walked in a path of his own, and gives expression to some good thoughts such as these:—

"Each individual mind contains a clue,
That, follow'd through life's labyrinthine
maze,
Ensures success by making us pursue
Our own peculiar path through error's haze.
It points unerringly direct and true:
The faultless indication it conveys,
Instinct with inspiration from on high,
Marks out the certain road to travel by.

"The secrets of the soul's initiation
Into self-knowledge cannot be reveal'd.
Each man must fathom, through his own
probation,
Depths that from others' searchings lie
conceal'd.
His gather'd debt of awful expiation,
Whose character remains a volume seal'd,
Unstudied by himself, may be delay'd,
But must in full discharge be one day paid."

We wish Mr. Sandes success, and we think he deserves it.

Mr. Gerrard† has discovered the mode of cutting lines into lengths of various sorts, and thinks he writes poetry. We have not found in "Clytia" any other element of the divine art. Had he written the piece all the way across the page, without reference to the number of words in the line, we would have pronounced the prose unexceptionable in point of language; and unexceptionable prose we pronounce it still to be, notwithstanding the author's attempt to disguise it. The other pieces in the volume have little for us to commend, and as little to censure. We are nothing the better and nothing the worse of perusing them all, and we think it would be just as easy to write the volume as to read it.

An impression has been very gene-

rally prevalent for many years past, that "The harp that once through Tara's hall the soul of music shed," was in a very ruinous condition—that it was hanging upon the walls of that ancient abode of kingly magnificence (though that anybody in our days has seen either walls or harp, is not a well authenticated fact), and that from time to time the twang of a breaking string was heard o' nights. For this notion, we believe, Mr. Thomas Moore is answerable. We are happy to announce that, during the last year, the aforesaid harp has been recovered, and refurbished, restrung, and rethrummed, with singular effect, by a native artist, who has sung to its accompaniment, in no less than twelve cantos, a poem entitled "The Sceptre of Tara."‡

The minstrel has been singularly unfortunate in the manner in which his song has been printed. If his own ability to write be at all questionable, there is no question at all of the inability to spell of some one connected with the production of the poem. Whether this be the minstrel, the compositor, or the reader for the press, we shall not take upon us to decide; but so ample and amusing an erratum page of ingenious blunders we have rarely seen in modern times. Taking the poem and the printing together, we can almost imagine that the minstrel produced the former spontaneously, by sweeping his hand wildly along the strings of "the broken harp" without intending to produce anything in particular but just a species of bardic voluntary; while the printer, animated by a similar freedom, flung the types together at random. There is one remarkable characteristic of the minstrelsy under our consideration—namely, that it delighteth in alliteration, which, we presume, is analagous to striking unisons upon the harp, and produces a very fine effect.

Thus he opens with a twang of liquids that is quite mellifluous—

"Lord of our land, of light and life, and all."

Then comes an alliteration of consonants by way of relief—

"That burst to being at thy bounteous call."

† "Clytia, and other Poems." By G. Gerrard. London: Bosworth. 1854.

‡ "The Sceptre of Tara; or, the Two Queens." Dublin: Milliken. 1854.

And again, in the 5th canto—

"If e'er your rocks rang back the wail of
war,
If e'er with blood bedewed your fertile
fields—

And a little farther on, there is an exhibition of this art in its highest state of development, as follows—

"From soft adieus to fields where battles
burn
We fain had dashed unblooded blades
afar."

We know of but one poet who has ever attained to a higher degree of excellence in this species of composition, and, we trust, the minstrel will consider it no disparagement to have been surpassed by Shakspeare in the memorable prologue to *Pyramus and Thisbe*—

"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful
blade
He bravely broached his bloody, boiling
breast."

But let that pass. The bard asks with great candour, in the commencement of the 9th canto, as if the light had only then dawned upon his mind—

"Why do I thus mine idle notes prolong,
And vainly musing, think I utter song?"

We most solemnly protest we are unable to answer the question, and had been disposed to ask it ere we had read half-a-dozen pages. It is really an almost interminable piece of harping which should have never been begun. You may stop the grinding of an itinerant organist: you may bribe him to silence, or force him to move on from your door; but what are you to do with a bard whom you have no opportunity to reason with, and no power to hand over to the police?

Ever since the days of Robert Burns, it has been the fashion with shallow-pated people to think that to write a slang song, with a dash of drunken sentiment or vulgarity, in crabbed Scotch, is to write poetry. To imitate the faults and the failings of poor "Rob the Ranter," is not to follow

his genius. As well might one take a mantle and soil it with beer-sops and stains of whiskey-toddy, and fancy it was the mantle of him who wrote "Mary in Heaven." Under some such delusion, somebody has produced the volume before us.* Will any of our friends north of the Tweed tell us whether they can discover rhyme, reason, or poetry, in such hobbling lines as these?—

"I've been at the south, I've been at the north,
I've been at the east and the west,
In quest of a maiden whom I could confide in,
And now I have found one at last."

Or where lie the wit, humour, or moral in the lines of which this is the commencement;—

"My whistle's lost I yet I dinna ken:
Lat's ripe—lat's ripe my pouch again.
Na! I hae turn'd ower a' that's in'd,
But deil a whistle can I find."

Mr. Alexander Gouge† has written a volume about "The Golden Age," and other matters, with a dedication to the Earl of Carlisle in terms of eulogy laid on with no sparing hand. If he writes of a golden age, he seems to think that he writes to a very leaden age in point of knowledge, as he deems it necessary to enrich his text with a mass of notes, conveying such information as the following: "Flora, Goddess of Flowers;" "Æolus, God of the Winds;" "Ceres, Goddess of Harvest." His poetry does not impress us with a belief of his special mission either to instruct or delight. He tells us he has had "innocent gratification" in the process of composition. We are glad of it, for, in that case, his labours shall not go altogether without reward. "In submitting his maiden work to the notice of reviewers, the author would transpose the speech of the ancient Athenian to his warlike confederate, and say, 'Hear me, and then strike,' if a stroke be necessary." We have heard him, and shall not strike, as we consider a stroke neither necessary nor justifiable, as *he*, certainly, did not *strike us*.

The all-engrossing subject that fills men's minds, has not failed to call forth the spirit of song. We have songs of the war in every form—small

* "Rhymes and Poems by Robin." Glasgow: Morison Kyle. 1854.

† "The Golden Age, and Other Poems." By Alexander Gouge. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co. 1854.

efforts, in the way of trashy sentiment, set to music, *usque ad nauseam*, and some strains of a more ambitious character. Mr. Richards presents us with a volume, "The Minstrelsy of War,"* to which he has added other poems, and a catalogue of his former literary labours, that is quite formidable. We do not find anything remarkable in his war minstrelsy — nothing that stirs our heart, or fires our spirit with a martial ardour; nor does a perusal of the residue of the volume particularly impress us. A much smaller tome, consisting of some thirty sonnets,† challenges attention, from the names of the writers. The authors of the "Life Drama" and of "Balder" have given us these sonnets under their joint names; but whether any of them are the sole composition of either author, or how far each has contributed, does not appear. To us it does not seem, that the characteristics of either writer are very prominent; nevertheless, if they had appeared anonymously they could not have failed to command attention. We shall let our readers judge for themselves:—

"THE WOUNDED.

"See to my brother, Doctor; I have lain
All day against his heart; it is warm there;
This stiffness is a trance; he lives! I
swear,—
I swear he lives!" 'Good Doctor, tell my
aid
Auld mother;— but his pale lips moved in
vain.
'Doctor, when you were little Master John,
I left the old place; you will see it again.
Tell my poor father,—turn down the wood-
lane
Beyond the home-field—cross the stepping-
stone
To the white cottage, with the garden-gate—
O God!—He died. 'Doctor, when I am
gone
Send this to England.' 'Doctor, look upon
A countryman!' 'Devant mon Chef?
Ma foi!
'Oui, il est blessé beaucoup plus que moi.'"

"THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

"Traveller on foreign ground, whoe'er thou
art,
Tell the great tidings! They went down
that day
A Legion, and came back from victory
Two hundred men and Glory! On the mart
Is this 'to lose?' Yet, Stranger, thou shalt
say,
These were our common Britons. 'Tis our
way
In England. Ay, ye heavens! I saw them
part
The Death-Sea as an English dog leaps o'er
The rocks into the ocean. He goes in
Thick as a lion, and he comes out thin
As a starved wolf; but lo! he brings to shore
A life above his own, which, when his heart
Burst with that final effort, from the stones
Springs up and builds a temple o'er his
bones."

"HOME.

"She turned the fair page with her fairer
hand—
More fair and frail than it was wont to be—
O'er each remembered thing he loved to see
She lingered, and as with a fairy's wand
Enchanted it to order. Oft she fanned
New notes into the sun; and as a bee
Sings thro' a brake of bells, so murmured she,
And so her patient love did understand
The reliquary room. Upon the sill
She fed his favourite bird. 'Ah, Robin,
sing!
He loves thee.' Then she touches a sweet
string
Of soft recall, and towards the Eastern hill
Smiles all her soul—for him who cannot
hear
The raven croaking at his carrion ear."

These are vigorous as well as pathetic. The sonnet "After Alma" is a well written tribute to Marshal St. Arnaud, and that on Sebastopol is full of life and energetic motion; but the picture has not been yet realised—shall it ever become a reality?

We have still some volumes upon our table. Some of them we shall dismiss by proclamation—they shall have the benefit of a gaol delivery—we bid them go and sin no more. There are others whom we shall deal with at our next commission.

* "The Minstrelsy of War; with Selections from Miscellaneous and Dramatic Poems." By Alfred B. Richards. London: James Blackwood. 1854.

† "Sonnets on the War." By Alexander Smith, and by the Author of "Balder," and "The Roman." London: Bogue.

DONALDSON'S VARRONIANUS.*

THE remembrance of Latin grammar is not, in general, a source of unmixed pleasure; still less that of Greek; yet, in his "Varronianus," and "New Cratylus," Dr. Donaldson has invested the grammars of both languages with very entertaining incidents. The "Varronianus," although less carefully written, we deem the more agreeable work of the two. It possesses in but an inferior degree the elegance and force of disquisition to be found in some parts of the "New Cratylus;" but its scope is wider, and instead of dealing solely with the structural laws and niceties of expression of the old languages of Italy, it investigates the origins and affinities of the different races by whom they were spoken, and from whose fusion the national character as well as speech of the masters of the ancient world has been derived. The resemblances of language rank justly among the surest evidences of national origins, but they are not conclusive. French is the language of Hayti, but the Haytians are not Gauls but Negroes. In their case the first inference of identity, arising from identity of language, would be displaced by an examination of physical characteristics. These latter being as different as black and white, we should content ourselves with less scientific methods of inquiry, and give our credence frankly to the historians. But it is the pride of the scientific scholar to depend as little as possible on testimony. If a statement of Herodotus conflict with a law of philology, the father of history must stand aside. The Economists are not a more peremptory gentry than the Grammarians in such a case. Dr. Donaldson, however, admits the evidences of monumental remains and historic statement to some extent, and in subordination to his scientific inductions. Perhaps it may be as well for the ultimate establishment of truth, that individual inquirers should for the present proceed each by his own peculiar method. The historic philosopher, who will neither be a philologist, nor

an ethnographer, nor an architectural or monumental antiquary, but all in one, will then have the best material that the best men in each walk of inquiry can contribute, for his final generalisations. Dr. Donaldson is a considerable authority in his own department; outside it he seems as liable to slip as most other explorers. It will enable us to judge of his performances in philology with greater freedom, if we examine some historical and antiquarian excursions made in aid of his grammatical argument.

The principal novelty in the "Varronianus," is the alleged discovery of a Scandinavian element in the ancient language of Etruria. How this is made out, philologically, we shall presently inquire. How it appears to Dr. Donaldson to be fortified historically, is as follows. Any traveller, who has visited the Ferdinand Museum at Innspruck, may have observed a multitude of remains of Etruscan art, in bronze and pottery, which have from time to time been dug up in the Tyrol. There can be no doubt or question of the genuine Etruscan character of these objects. In the peculiarly round and taper limbs of the Tyrolese peasantry, an eye eager for ethnological resemblances might also detect some marked characteristics of the Etruscan physical type. These indications are accounted for by historic statements, affirming the Etruscan origin of the Rætians. One of the most authoritative of these is a passage from Livy, where, speaking of the siege of Clusium by the Gauls, he says (lib. v. c. 33):—

"Nor were the people of Clusium the first of the Etruscans with whom armies of the Gauls fought; for long before this they frequently fought with the Etruscans who dwelt between the Apennines and the Alps. Before the Roman empire was established, the power of the Etruscans extended far by sea and land. Of this fact, the names of the upper and the lower seas, by which Italy is girt in manner of an island, may be, to some extent, an argument; the one whereof the

* Varronianus: a Critical and Historical Introduction to the Ethnography of Ancient Italy, and to the Philological Study of the Latin Language. By John William Donaldson, D.D., Head Master of Bury School, &c. &c. Second Edition. 8vo. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1852.

Italians designate the Tuscan sea, by the common appellation of that people—the other the Hadriatic, from Hadria, a Tuscan colony. The Greeks also call the same seas the Tyrrhenian and Hadriatic. Thus reaching from sea to sea, they (the Etruscans) inhabited the lands by cities in (confederacies of) twelves; first on this side the Apennines by the lower sea, afterwards by sending out colonies corresponding in number to the chief cities of the mother country, on the farther side of the Apennines; which (latter) occupied all the lands beyond the Po, as far as the Alps, except the angle of the Veneti, who dwell around the head of the gulf. The same is, doubtless, the origin of the Alpine nations, especially the Rheti.*

Nothing can be clearer than this statement of the progress of the Etruscan colonies from the present Tuscany into the present Lombardy, and thence into Rætia. If it be suggested that Livy, writing with reference to his birth-place, Padus, meant by *Cis-Apennines* to designate the plains of Lombardy, and so to refer the name Hadriatic to the lower sea, it would only vary the result by making the Lombardic plain the original seat, and Tuscany and Rætia alike colonial extensions of it. But Livy's manner of speaking of their progress beyond the Po, as far as the Alps, shows that he regarded his subject from Rome, not from Padua; for had it been the converse case, he would have said, not "beyond," but "on this side the Po, as far as the Alps." Cis-Apennine is, therefore, Mediterranean and Lower, and Trans-Apennine, Adriatic and Upper; and so the passage has always been read, so far as we are aware. But Dr. Donaldson, desiring to use the passage so as to push the Etruscan origin as far north as he can, transposes the terms upper and lower by an arbitrary introduction of the expressions, "the former" and "the latter," as translations of Livy's text, "the one" and "the other;" and thus forcing an origin at most from Hadria, adduces the passage as a proof that the Etruscans came from Rætia. The assured manner in which he avers this to be the meaning and effect of the passage has, we confess, considerably shaken our confidence in some-

thing more than Dr. Donaldson's judgment. He heads his section thus (sec. 14)—"*It is explicitly stated by ancient writers that the Etruscans came from Rætia,*" and proceeds:—

"Livy, who, as a native of Padua, was likely to be well informed on the subject, has left us a statement respecting the Etruscans, which, so far from being hypothetical, is one of the most definite expressions of ethnological facts to be met with in ancient history. Speaking of the Gallic invasion, and attack upon Clusium, he says (v. 83).

And so proceeds with his translation of the passage, rendering the part in question thus:—

"This is shown by the names of the upper and lower seas by which Italy is girt like an island; for while the Italian nations have called the *former* the Tuscan Sea, by the general appellation of the people, they have designated the *latter* the Hadriatic, from Hadria, a colony of the Tuscans. The Greeks call these same seas the Tyrrhenian and the Hadriatic. This people inhabited the country extending to both seas, in confederacies of twelve cities each: first, twelve cities on this side of the Apennines, towards the lower sea [which, by the use of the relative, he has above identified with the Adriatic]; afterwards, having sent across the Apennines as many colonies as there are capital cities in the mother country; and these occupied the whole territory beyond the Po, as far as the Alps, except the corner of the Veneti, &c. There is no doubt that the Alpine nations, especially the Rheti, have the same origin."

Dr. Donaldson then proceeds:—

"This distinct and positive statement is repeated by Pliny (N. H. v. 20, 133), and Justin (xx. 5), and is confirmed by relics of art, names of places, and peculiarities of language in the Tyrol, to which the Rætians of Lombardy were driven by the Gauls, and from which they descended in the first instance. Moreover, Stephanus, of Byzantium, defines the Rheti as a Tyrrhenian, — that is, in his sense, as an Etruscan race (*Ἰταλῶν, Τυρρηνίων Ἰταλῶν*); and it is quite in accordance with the laws of language to suppose that *Ἰταλῶν* and *Ἰταλῶν* are only modifications of the same word."

Well, what is the "distinct and po-

* *Mari superno inferoque, quibus Italia insulae modo cingitur, quantum potuerint nomina sint argumentum; quod alterum Tuscum, communi vocabulo gentis, alterum Hadriaticum mare, ab Hadria, Tuscorum colonia vocant Italice gentes.*

sitive statement" that Dr. Donaldson, even allowing him the liberty of his own translation, has made out? Why, that the Rheti were of Etruscan origin; whereas the point he undertakes to establish at the head of his chapter is, that "the Etruscans came from Rhetia." Oh, but, says Dr. Donaldson, the one statement in fact amounts to the other; and this by force of a certain law of criticism with which everybody ought to be so familiar as scarcely to need the being reminded of it; for, he intimates—and this is the only explanation he vouchsafes:—"It is scarcely necessary to remark, that Livy, like all the ancient writers, inverts the relation between the powerful colonists and their uncivilised mother country;" that is, in other words, it is merely necessary to observe, that when Livy tells us the Rhetians came from Etruria, he makes a mistake, and ought to have told us, quite contrariwise, that the Etrurians came from Rhetia. And thus, because Dr. Donaldson thinks ancient writers have made a mistake, he establishes that ancient writers have "explicitly stated" what he thinks they ought to have said, being exactly the converse of what they have said. We have not yet learned to read history as a witch reads her prayers; and, however ignorant we may seem of a law of criticism, so well known that it is scarcely necessary to remark on its application, we must refuse our assent to arguments founded on the inversion of historical statements, and must remain persuaded that Tyre, for example, was the parent state of Carthage, notwithstanding the rule which assures us that the fact must have been just the reverse.

Observe now how, having established this "explicit statement," Dr. Donaldson gives the reins to his imagination, and pours his flood of speculation, with all the noise and apparatus of a torrent of facts, over the face of ancient history:—

"Long after the Tyrrheno-Pelasgians had established their civilisation on both sides of the Tiber, and had conquered the Umbrian mountaineers in the north, but yielded to the Oscan or Sabine highlanders on the south—long after this time, a Rhetian tribe sallied forth from the plains of Lombardy, where it was settled in unbroken connexion with sister tribes in the Tyrol and south-western Germany, and not only effected a permanent

conquest of Umbria, but also settled itself as a military aristocracy among the civilised Tyrrhenians on the right of the Tiber."

—the Rhetian tribe, the unbroken connexion, the sister tribes in the Tyrol, the sallying forth from Lombardy, the conquest of Umbria, the settlement among the Tyrrhenians, all being mere matters of argument and inference drawn from an assumed state of facts, resting on a supposed statement inferred from an alleged misstatement of the only authority relied on:—we ought to be extremely cautious how we suffer ourselves to be overborne by these shows and *prestigia* of learning.

Another example of the ill success attendant on Dr. Donaldson's excursions into the field of collateral archaeology, is found in the use which he has made of the sculptures over the gate of the lions at Mycenæ. Over the entrance to the ancient city of Atreus is a pyramidal group, consisting of two headless figures, apparently lions, with a column or *stèle* of singular proportions between, sculptured in *bas relief* on the same triangular block which forms the pediment, as it were, of the low entrance doorway. The work is of the massive uncemented masonry, called Cyclopean, and is one of the very oldest stone buildings in Europe. It forms the principal entrance to the enclosure of the city, and is at a considerable distance from the vault called the treasury of Atreus, which stands without the walls, and the doorway of which is unornamented. The object between the lions has very much the appearance of an inverted Doric column, for the greater diameter of the shaft is at top, and either end might serve indifferently for base or capital. Five circular objects, resembling balls, terminate the upper member, and these have given rise to many speculations. At one time they were thought to designate an equal number of confederate states; at another, to have some connexion with the mysteries of Mithra. The researches of Fellows and other travellers in Lycia, however, have shown very clearly that if this be a column, the objects intended to be represented are the extremities of the round joists, which make a conspicuous figure in all the Lycian façades. But these joists appear to have been used both as a platform for the foundation on which the pillars were erected, and also as a flooring,

and support for the roof above. Which end, then, of the Mycenaean column is the bottom, and which the top? Certainly the round joist ends are of much more frequent occurrence in Lycian *scadae* as members of the entablature, which lead to the inference that the column here is not inverted; but, on the other hand, there appears under the lower end an object which appears very distinctly to be designed as part of a frieze, with the end of one circular triglyph protruding just in the axis of the column, and the halves of two other apertures for the reception of other tie-beams, half shown where it is broken off at either end. This, combined with the downward tapering form of the shaft, inclines the judgment to the conclusion, that if the object be a column, the intention was to represent it in an inverted position. Now, the two supposed lions, in Dr. Donaldson's interpretation, represent the twin Atreidae, Menelaus and Agamemnon; and the supposed inverted column, the overthrow of Troy, typified in a supposed Trojan pillar, turned upside-down; whence he infers the origin of Doric architecture in Greece to have been Asiatic:—

"What origin," he inquires, "must we seek for the characteristic architecture of the Doric-Ionians — that which we commonly call Grecian architecture? The clue to the whole is furnished [mark how absolute is our author] by that singular monument, the gate of the Lions, of Mycenæ, probably the oldest memorial of the primitive Achæans. We have here, at the entrance of a Cyclopean treasure-house, two lions trampling on an inverted column of Dorian architecture. With regard to the lions, I feel no hesitation in rejecting Creutzer's supposition that we have here a Mithraic symbol. This supposition springs from a total misconception of the object which stands between the lions, and affords no explanation of their duality. It can be shown, on the contrary, that it must be intended to indicate that the two heads of Mycenæ, some twin-power or duumvirate there, had conquered some place distinguished by the architecture of which the inverted column is a specimen. Whether the circumstance thus commemorated be a fact or a legend, we can hardly doubt that the two lions represent the two Atreidae, or sons of Atreus, the Pelopid, or Lydo-Pelagian prince of Mycenæ, and that the city captured and overthrown, the plunder of which they had stored up in their treasure-house, was the far-famed Troy."

If we were seeking an explanation of

the twin lions at the gate, and were disposed to yield to the solicitations of fancy, we should, ourselves, be more attracted by the analogy of Jewish cherubim, Egyptian sphynxes, Assyrian homotaurs, and those leogriffs, which even in the middle ages it was usual to place at either side of the doors of Christian churches; the intermediate object seems sufficiently reconcilable with the type of the obelisk; and for the entire group we might seek a parallel, in like collocations of Brahminical bulls at either side of something similar, in the symbolic sculptures of the East; but we confess we would much suspect our own judgment if we found ourselves allured into an interpretation so very melo-dramatic as that of Dr. Donaldson. Indeed, nothing but the respect due to great attainments in another department, restrains our disposition to treat the matter very lightly; and the more so, because it is, apparently, light matter at second-hand. But, granting entire toleration to Dr. Donaldson's theory of the Doric architecture of Troy, we are surprised that in developing it, he should have fallen into mistakes in matters of fact. For this is not the entrance of a Cyclopean treasure-house; the Cyclopean treasury of Atreus lies apart from the city, and its doorway has now no ornamentation, although the triangular niche remains above it, which probably was once filled by some kind of sculpture. And again, the lions — if they be lions, for their heads are gone, and for aught that remains they may have been composite beasts like those elsewhere — are not trampling on the column or any part of it. On the contrary, their feet rest on separate projections, distinct from the intermediate object, whatever it may be, and this not accidentally, but designedly, for all are carved from the same block of stone, and the artist has carefully insulated the column — if it be a column — and its appendages, from the supporting figures at either side. Certainly this is not the most suitable preparation for conclusions so peremptory.

This fancied symbolisation of the downfall of Troy forms the starting-point for a new excursion in the regions of the imagination, where, we confess, we do *not* feel surprise at finding Dr. Donaldson moving through the abyss in company with Algernon

Herbert, adopting the visions of his mystagogue with indiscriminating faith, and surrounded by as many portents and chimeras as ever beset the steps of a wanderer in Hades :—

"The name *Cyclops*, which has furnished a designation for the peculiar architecture of the Pelasgians, must refer [observe how absolute] to figures adorned with the sun's disk, rather than to any monophthalmic symbols. The connexion of the Pelasgi with the Slavonians, which will clearly appear in the sequel, brings them into close contact with the early Celtic tribes. Now, there can hardly be any doubt that the circular and monolithic structures, which are found in Britain and elsewhere, belong to the elementary worship of the early Celts. These buildings, whether grown in trees, as a grove, or built up in massive stones, represented the world; and this is the true interpretation of Arthur's Round Table. It was [and here Dr. Donaldson takes up the wondrous tale of the *Cyclops Christianus*, and we go off into space] made by Merlin for a type of the Round World, and was given by Pendragon to Gogryvan, father of Gwhnyvar, who brought it to Arthur as her dowry (*Morte Arthur*, xiv. c. 2; iv. c. 1). From which we may collect, that the true Round Table was the circular sanctuary erected by Merlin. The lake or pool, under the *Dinas Emrys*, was likewise declared by Merlin to be *figura hujus mundi*, a type of this world (Nennius, c. 48); and Arthur himself was the Sun, honoured as the Deity, but figured as a warrior, i. e., as *Mithras*. His father's name, *Uthyr*, the Portent, is supernatural, and not really a name; least of all the name of a Roman, brother to Aurelius Ambrosius, and son to Constantinus. And this said Uthyr signifies in his dirge that he is the Azure Firmament, and that the Rainbow is his belt in battle. It follows, of course, that the son, or *eisillyd* (offspring) *Uthyr Gorlasser*, who fills the place of Ormud, should be Mithras; and his twelve battles, in all imaginable parts of the island, correspond to the twelve Herculean labours."

We beg to assure our readers that the above is truly transcribed from chapter ii., section 4 — for such is the approved method of marshalling all imposing arrays of learning — of the second edition of Dr. Donaldson's "Varronianus." We do not venture to ask what Varro would have thought of it.

It is surprising how the excitement

of chasing a phantom will carry a man past real matter, that would substantially reward his search if he would but stoop to examine it. Dr. Donaldson, ranging the Empyrean, takes no notice of the fact that triangular apertures, similar to those over the Mycenaean gateways, are also found in the Cyclopean *burghs* or Pictish towers of the Hebrides. Here is a reflection of Tyrrhenian and Pelasgic architecture from a quarter of the world once frequented by the race whom Dr. Donaldson labours so sedulously to connect with the Rasena of Etruria. But we have heard of no cognate structures in Scandinavia; even the appropriative Worsac makes no claim to them, but admits that they must be deemed Celtic or Pictish :—

"The numerous round towers, or castles of loose flagstones laid together, which are often built on islands, in lakes, and are called by many 'Danish burghs,' are of Pictish or Celtic origin. They have no resemblance whatever to the old fortresses in the Scandinavian North; whilst on the other hand, buildings entirely corresponding with those are to be found in the Celtic Highlands of Scotland, and on the coasts of Ireland."

It is true they were occasionally the retreats of fugitive Vikings, who, in the ruins of a comparative civilisation, found security against the artless methods of attack practised by the Scandinavians of the tenth century. But, though they must be given up as Scandinavian, there might remain some comfort for Dr. Donaldson in the red hair and large limbs of the Caledonian Picts, betokening, in the eyes of so judicious an observer as Tacitus, a Teutonic origin; and, since like edifices were certainly erected here as late as the first century of the Christian era by the Fir-Bolg, it were nothing violent to claim them as Belgic; and so a Germanic connexion might still be insisted on which, we submit, would suit the exigencies of the case just as well as an alliance with Thor and Woden. Dr. Donaldson, however, takes no notice of these *quasi* Celtic associations, deterred, probably, by the fate of former adventurers in that slippery region, and not unwilling

* Worsac's "Danes and Northmen." Murray, London. 1852. A book of moderate intelligence, but immense dulness.—p. 233.

to cover his timidity by a show of contempt for the subject as well as its explorers. For our own part, we think he has well spared himself the trouble of attempting an identification of the Etruscans with any race of Celts, as we confess we think he might have done better than in trying to read the Perugian tables by the help of the Sagas. Some Pelasgic affinities there are in Celtic Europe, and not unworthy of diligent investigation; but we must continue to doubt the existence of any purely Etruscan vestige northward of the valley of the Inn. Let us, however, see on what grounds Dr. Donaldson puts his argument for a Norse connexion.

There are, independently of the names of deities, none of which have any Scandinavian affinity, fifty-six Etruscan words, which have come down to us with their significations. These are all either Pelasgic, old Latin, or unlike anything else known in any language, except that one unlucky word, *Æsar*, "god," which looks very like the Scandinavian *Asæ*—plural, *Æsir*, in old Icelandic—and which Sir William Betham took to be Irish, but certainly without reason. So far the likelihood seems more than fifty to one that the Scandinavian key won't unlock the Etruscan mystery. When we come to the proper names of men, however, some of the Scandinavian ones have a resemblance, if not to Etruscan proper names, at least to Etruscan collocations of letters. Thus any one turning from Micali or Vermiglioli, will perceive a certain Etruscan *louk*, so to speak, about certain Norse proper names; but if he extend his search, he will observe the same in the names of Tartars and Mexicans, and might just as well infer an Etruscan affinity with these as with the others. An etymologist, it is true, would readily enough transform Thorfinn into Tarquin, and possibly they may be the same name; but, because Hengist is the same name as Ancus, or Eochy the same as Æacus, would be but a weak argument for claiming classical connexions for the Scots and Saxons.

Where, then, are the grounds of identification? The vocabulary and nomenclature furnish nothing to support more than a conjecture. We ap-

proach the Inscriptions, ill prepared, it must be owned, for such a labyrinth. We are, therefore, not surprised that they should be classified in two divisions, in the first of which "the Pelasgian element predominates"—that is to say, the Norse element cannot be detected.* Can it be detected in the second? Dr. Donaldson thinks so, and pitches on the words, "clan," "phleres," "suthi," "tree," "soer," or "coer," and "thur," or "thaur," as Norse, and having sensible meanings in the inscriptions where they occur. We dare say the words exist; but it is right to premise, that the original is written in a series of undivided letters, and that the separation into words is the result of inference, and sometimes of conjecture. Take the word *tree* for example. That it is a word at all, and not portion of another, or portions of others, depends on the success with which the four letters composing it have been excepted from the undivided series of letters, in the midst of which they occur. Supposing, however, that this difficult first step has been successfully taken, how are we to read the word *tarke*, or *tracc*, or *troke*, or *taroke*, or *turoke*, or in what other of the hundreds of combinations of which these consonants, according to their varying vocalisation, are susceptible? Dr. Donaldson finds that *tregi* is Icelandic for "sorrow;" and, as he thinks sorrow a suitable thing to express on votive offerings to the dead, as he assumes the objects to be on which the letters in question are found, he concludes that the letters he had so eliminated by so questionable a process, are to be vocalised in one particular way out of many hundreds of possible ways, and are to be taken as expressing the sound *tree*, equivalent, as he thinks, to the Icelandic *tregi*. Truly it is a long journey to take, and a doubtful destination to arrive at; and when one sets out in company with a philologist, it must be remembered that, after the first step, every succeeding one carries us past a point where, possibly, we may have missed the track.

Clan or *clans*, however, the first of the words selected, is not involved in equal difficulty of separation from its associated letters, and is found vocalised to our hand. From its regular

* So says Dr. Donaldson, "Varr." p. 152.

occurrence between proper names, it appears to designate some family relationship. The Celtic *clan*, signifying a "family," would appear, at first sight, a not unlikely equivalent; and Professor F. W. Newman, in his "Regal Rome," has ventured to offer such a suggestion, in speaking of the Latin *clieus*. But this indication of favouring the Celts, in allowing them any share in forming the respectable languages of antiquity, meets with no toleration from Dr. Donaldson, who rates the Professor with much asperity, and with all the air of one whose pretensions to speak *ex cathedra* must be taken as indisputable:—

"In general," says he, "Mr. Newman's philology is neither solid nor scientific. It is not at all creditable to a professed student of languages to compare the participial word *cliens* (*clie-nt-s*) with the Gaelic *clann cloinne*, 'children.' If anything is certain about the former, it is clear that it contains the verb-root *cli* or *clu*, with a merely formative termination, &c., &c. If *quir-i(t)s*, with a regular Indo-Germanic ending, is naturally derived from *quiris*, a spear, what miserable etymology is it to compare the former with *curaidh*, 'a champion,' from *cur*, 'power,' and the latter with *coir*, 'just, honourable, noble.' And all regard for simple reasoning is neglected by a writer who analyses *augur-aviger* into the Gaelish *auca*, 'a bird,' and the Welsh *cur*, 'care.' I am influenced only by a regard for the interests of sound learning, when I express the strong feelings of dissatisfaction with which I have read most of Mr. F. W. Newman's books. With great natural abilities, and the power of giving a specious and plausible representation of the views which he adopts, his self-reliance has led him to attempt a wide and very important range of subjects, with very inadequate preparation for their proper discussion; and thus in history, philology, biblical criticism, and political learning, he has contrived to exhibit himself as a rash and mischievous writer, and has done considerable damage to the cause of independent thought and original investigation."—Varron. p. 61.

The castigation may be well deserved, but it is not handsomely administered. "He has contrived to exhibit himself" is inelegant. We hesitate to believe that Cicero would have expressed himself in Latin equivalents for the phrase, "what miserable etymology is it to compare," &c. What is the "former," and what is the "latter," in the passage about Mr. Newman's Celtic derivation of the name *Quirites*, we cannot, from any ex-

amination of Dr. Donaldson's text, definitely ascertain. But a man of learning, big with a sound etymology, and eager for its publication, may be excused if, in his impatience of unqualified intruders in the philological domain, he should brush past them with some degree of discomposure; and if Dr. Donaldson gave us anything better for the Etruscan *clan* than the *clan* suggested by Professor Newman, we should not stop to criticise the mere verbal propriety of his censures. But truly the German *klein*, "little," or by a figurative application, "child," which is the learned and angry Doctor's substitute, stands, we think, on no better ground of likeness, probability, or propriety than the *clan* of the rebuked Professor.

But it is in his identification of the Etruscan *phleres*, with the Icelandic *fleiri*, that Dr. Donaldson requires the largest concession of tolerance and gravity demanded by any of his philological propositions. *Fleiri*, in Icelandic, signifies "more," equivalent to the Latin *plures*. *Phleres*, in the Etruscan inscriptions, if it be the same word, ought, the reader will probably imagine, to signify "more," also. But this is by no means the meaning which Dr. Donaldson purposes to arrive at. Assuming their identification as his first step, he enters on the following process of development:—

"*Oro*" means to make an *oratio*, or speech, and emphatically to use the *os*, or mouth, for the purpose of obtaining something. Hence it passes into its meaning, "to ask," or "pray for." But if *oro* comes from *os*, why should not *pl-oro* have the same origin? There can be no difficulty about the first two letters, which contain the root of *pl-us*, *pl-enique*, *pl-us*, *pl-us*, "full" (c. xii. s. 2). "If, then, we compare the Icelandic *fleiri*, Sui-Gothic *flere*, with the Latin *plures plures*, we shall easily see how *phleres* may contain the same root as *ploro-pl-oro*." What, do you think, is the meaning of this, and whither has it carried us? Why, to this—that the root of the Latin *plus*, "more," being the root of *plenus*, "full," and the root of *plenus*, "full," entering in conjunction with *os* into the roots *ploro* and *imploro*, having the meaning of doing something with a full mouth, this notion, derived from the employment of the mouth, in imploring, enters into

the oblique cases of *plus, pluris*; and that, consequently, *flirt*, meaning "more" in Icelandic, means also, "with a full mouth;" and by another step, "to implore," "to invoke;" and by another step, "a votive offering."

We dare say the annals of philological extravagance exhibit nothing so far-fetched, or rather, not fetched at all; for one might just as well say, that because the notion of "day" enters into the combination *Mon-day*, therefore the word *daylight* means *moonshine*; or, to push the illustration a step farther in absurdity, and so to bring it up with the extravagance of Dr. Donaldson's inference;—because *honey* enters into the word "honeymoon;" the *day* in Monday, therefore, is equivalent to *bees' wax*.

"Thus," he concludes, "it means a votive offering, like the *votiva tabel* of the ancient temples, or the *voto* of the modern churches in Italy;" and then, finding it in connexion with the letters *trce*, discussed above, he has no difficulty in giving to the whole the apposite meaning, "a votive offering of sorrow;" for, he reasons, "if *phleres* means a votive offering, *trce* must indicate 'mourning,' or 'sorrow;' and *tregi* in Icelandic is sorrow, as we have seen above." We protest we think, if we had not the fear of the fate of Betham before our eyes, we could give as good meanings in Irish. This *phlerthre*, it seems, "occurs on an amphora found at Vulci, in connexion with a picture representing the farewell embrace of Admetus and Alcestis." Now, we won't say that if "*phleres*" means a votive offering, "*thre*" must mean anything in particular, for we do not venture on positive assertions unadvisedly; but we observe it happens oddly enough—as any one may ascertain by turning to O'Brien's dictionary—that *treig-im* in Irish means, "I leave, or depart from." Nevertheless, with all O'Brien's aid, we cannot read the inscription. Our readers will probably be glad to excuse our examining the rest of the words in question: their Icelandic relations are certainly no better established.

The identification by comparison of these detached words failing, is there anything else from which it can be inferred? Dr. Donaldson thinks he has observed evidences of identity in certain forms of grammatical expression, peculiar to the two languages. Now,

a grammatical method of expression allies itself intimately with the genius of a language; and if like peculiar forms of this kind be found in two languages, there is stronger reason for inferring a relationship, than where the agreement takes place in fragmentary portions only of the vocabularies. But, there is a form of expression frequent in the *Sagas*, of which, however, Dr. Donaldson has not given any example from monumental inscriptions, of this kind—"Such a one *let do* (i.e., caused to be done) so and so." As, for example, *Lithsmother lit hakva stein aufti Julibirn futh*, i.e., "Lithsmother *let* engrave a stone after (in memory of) his father, Julibirn;" *Thorstein let gera merki stir Swin fathur sin*, i.e., "Thorstein *let* carve marks in memory of his father Sweyn;" *Ulfkil uk Ku uk Uni thir litu raisa stein ifter Ulf fathur sin*, i.e., "Ulfkil, and Ku, and Uni, they *let* raise a stone in memory of their father, Ulf." It is similar in effect to the Lowland Scottish and North-country Irish use of the word "allow"—"He *allowed* that it should be done," i.e., he commanded it to be done. The form of the phrase is, however, peculiar. Dr. Donaldson thinks he has found similar forms of expression in the Etruscan remains. Thus the first phrase in the Perugian inscription is *Eu lat tanna*. This *lat tanna* he reads "let offer," or "let present;" and, true enough, *tanna* has a sufficiently strong resemblance to the Scandinavian *thana*, a word of frequent, indeed of regular, occurrence, in Runic monumental inscriptions. Thus *Thurlabr Neuki risti krus thana aft Fiahs*—"Thorlof Neuki erected this cross to Fiahs;" *Sandulf ein suarti risti krus thana aftir Airn Biaurg Kuinu sina*—"Sandulf the Swarthy raised this cross to his wife, Arnbjorg;" *Jualpi sunr Thurulf ein Rautha risti krus thana aft Fretku muthur sina*—"Joalf, son of Thorolf the Red, erected this cross to his mother, Frida." But here unfortunately it plays the part of a simple demonstrative pronoun, "this," and has nothing to do with *tendo*, "I offer," nor with the Icelandic *theria*, which Dr. Donaldson says has the same meaning. In fact, it is the same demonstrative pronoun which we find in provincial English, and among the lower classes in the North of Ire-

land, under the form, *thon*; and in which same form it also occurs throughout the Sagas, as well as in the forms *thonsi*, *thona*, *thosi*, and *thisi*. But the form *lat tanna*, supposing the word rightly divided, occurs only once. Pressed by this paucity of material, Dr. Donaldson says the word *tenilaeth*, which also occurs once, is substantially the same phrase in an agglutinate form. Two examples are hardly enough, in our opinion, where the meanings of both are conjectural, and the differences in the words themselves so considerable. But is it a reasonable inference that because *lit hakva*, and *lit gera*, and *lit raisa*, are Icelandic forms, and *lat thana* and *tenilaeth* are Etruscan, therefore the two languages have this peculiarity in common, that they express an action by saying that such a person *let do so* and so? We think before that could be inferred, we ought to have the meaning of *thana* ascertained—first negatively, by displacing the inference that it means “this” in Etruscan as well as in Icelandic; and, secondly, by showing some example of the phrase itself, *lat thana*, or *lit thenia*, in Icelandic, having the meaning alleged. Then we might say, here are two words having a certain meaning in old Norse, which meaning would be appropriate to the probable subject of this Etruscan inscription, and here are the same two words in the inscription itself. Dr. Donaldson has preserved a prudent silence on the incompatible meaning of the Norse *thana*, the pronoun, and has referred to no authority to show that *thenia* has the meaning, or has ever been used, in the connexion he alleges; for which reasons we are by no means satisfied with his argument.

It may be, however, that although the key we take up has been selected on doubtful or erroneous premises, it may open the lock; and, if so, we should be thankful for the discovery. Let us see, then, what Dr. Donaldson has been able to make of the Etruscan text, by this application of Icelandic equivalents. Compared with the extent of preparation, the results are singularly meagre. Two lines of the great Perugian inscription, the smaller ditto, and two legends on pateræ, of three words each, are the whole amount. As to the legend on one of the pateræ—

*stem tenileath Nfatia
latam tendit Nafatia,*

it is by Latin rather than Icelandic it receives its reading.

“Nafatia presents this;”

the other—

“*Flenim thikenhl thmthlaneth*;”

is rendered—

“Thekinthal lends-for-a-dark-dwelling this patera”

—*flenna* being Icelandic for a gap or chasm, and therefore applicable to the open or gaping form of the patera! The Perugian inscriptions are better. “Here Aulus Lartius let engrave mourning, in honour of his servant Etfus, on the sepulchral tomb;” and “Here Lartius, the son of Ræssia, let offer a pile of mourning for grave of Velthinus.” These have a certain propriety which prepossesses the judgment in their favour. But, coming to inquire how the meaning is made out, we find many drawbacks. “Here” is assumed in both. It represents *eu* in the one, and *cethen* in the other; and there is no Icelandic equivalent for either. “Let engrave” has a fine Saga-like sound in English, but it stands for an Etruscan word, which is neither *let gera* (which would be the Runic “let engrave”), nor *geralaeth* (the supposed second or agglutinate form, assumed to have been used by the Etruscans), but a newly devised third variety, having as little Icelandic analogy as the second, viz., *caresri*. We must suppose *sri* to be equivalent to *laeth*, and *laeth* incorporated at the end of a word to be equivalent to the Icelandic *lit* standing separately preceding it, before we can find a pretext for saying there is anything Icelandic here. “In honour of” is an amplification of *hinthiu*, supposed to be *hinter*, equivalent to “after.” If *astir* were found instead, we should be much struck with the coincidence; but is there any example of *hinter* being employed as equivalent to *after* in such a collocation of words? We apprehend not; and, surely *thues*, if it means “servant,” is much liker the Greek *hns* than the Icelandic *thyr*. “A field” is the Latin *ager*, equivalent to the *achr* of the original. “Mourning” and “grave” are, in truth, the only colourably Icelandic words in the vocabulary—the Icelandic *ama*, “I grieve,” serving to give the former

meaning to the Etruscan *amev*, and *laut*, "a hollow place," imparting the latter to *lautu* and *lautnescle*. We dare say, after all, the Icelandic original is not *laut*, but something like the Irish *lacht*, corresponding to the Latin *lectum*. Some of our readers may be curious to see a specimen of

en. lat. tanna. la. rezul.
here let offer Lartius son of Rædas
amev. achr. lautu. velthinas. e-
of mourning a field for grave of Velthina.
-st. la. afumas. elcl. eth. Karu-
tesan. *fasteri. tens. teis.*
rasnes. ipa. ama. hen. naper.
xii. *Velthina. thoras. aras. pe-*
ras *Kemulleskul. Zuki. en-*
eski. epl. tularu.—&c. &c.

The Eugubine tablets are by no means so formidable. One can perceive the old Latin under their barbaric garb pretty distinctly. But they are not written in the Etruscan, but in the Umbrian language, a very serious

consideration for those who, on their fancied success in decyphering them, have made the Etruscans successively Dutchmen, Gauls, and Irish Celts. We annex a specimen of these also :—

Juve Krapuvi tre buf
To Jupiter Grabovius three bulls
fetu, arvia ustentu. outwa ferine fetu, heris
make (sacrifice) the fat offer up, unsalted meal make (sacrifice), either
vian, heris pni. Ukriper fisui, tuta per Ikuvina
with wine or with bread. For the Fisian mount, for the city Iguvium
fetu seum, Kutef pesnitu, arepes arves
make reverent (sacrifice), cautiously pray, the fat holding up (?)

Ukri, the "mountain," and *tuta*, the "city," are almost the only strange words, if we except *arepes arves*, the meaning of which we have queried. Lepsius is the authority for *tuta*. He finds *Meddix tuticus* to signify the city magistrate, and so concludes the meaning to be *urbs*. The former is *ucris*, an obsolete term for a rugged mountain, vouched by Festus. The

Oscan is another dialect, less like the Latin than the Umbrian, but still wearing a Latin complexion, and manifestly quite a different language from the Etruscan. Let us give a sample also of the Oscan, from the Bantine tablet. The reader must apply an increased mental tension if he would follow the connexion.

pon Kenstor Banas tantam kensaset pis
when the Censor of Banas the city shall survey, whoever
Kens Bantinas fust Kensemār
a citizen Bantine shall be [is to be included in the census?]

Pon is "quum;" *pis* is "quis;" *kens*, "civis;" *fust*, "fuerit," &c.

To return to the only original claims of the "Varronianus" in this department, the supposed Norse element of the Etruscan, we have seen how little and how questionable is all that Dr. Donaldson has been able to effect. Nevertheless, had he put his argument modestly—had he said, supposing Livy to have mistaken the colonists for the mother country, and *vice versa*, that the Ræsenas were Rhetians, and those latter of a Germanic stock, might it

not be reasonable to look to the oldest forms of Low-German preserved, as they have been unaltered since the tenth century in Iceland, in search of Etruscan affinities? and might not such and such Icelandic terms and phrases in that view reflect some light on terms and phrases apparently not much unlike them in the Etruscan remains?—every one would admit the fairness of the speculation; and if, after all, it appeared that the Etruscan

remained a sealed book, no one would be disposed to play the censor. But when we find a philologist setting out on a course of conjecture, by a deliberate inversion of historical testimony, and following up his quest by a series of assumptions so violent as these with which we have been dealing, we cannot but express some degree of disapproval. The dogmatic method of the argument, the array of chapters and sections, the imposing exhibition of learning, where they do not overawe, challenge and provoke very free examination. We may say of many of Dr. Donaldson's compeers, who have risen into repute by a like glare and flutter of authorities, as Sir John Davis said of the native Irish lords of his time, they are like glowworms—dazzling and wonderful at a distance, but take them in your hand, and they are but silly flies. We confess, when we opened the "Varronianus," we were abashed at the seeming immensity of the resources at the author's disposal. From the ends of the earth, men spoke and wrote but to furnish analogies, evidences, corroborations, for his discovery. If any one, not clothed in the scholastic immunities of German criticism, happened to stand in the way, he was in a moment reduced to dust, and blown aside in a *lenis* or an *aspirate*. Then the formulas of the mathematicians are scarcely more imposing than the symbols of equivalence and combination, scattered through the labyrinth of Indo-Germanic and Semitic roots, and of Gothic, Slavonic, Norse, Pelagic, Hellenic, Etruscan, Oscean, Sabello-Oscean, Umbrian, Magyar, Finnish, and Celtic derivatives. But when that apparatus is put out of sight, and the results considered, net and simple, surely so much ado has rarely been made about anything so difficult to distinguish from nothing. A clever Egyptologist will read the contents of a mummy-case, or a strong Babylonian decipher a bull's hide full of the acts of Sennacherib, with less labour of explication than one must undergo if he would trace but a single one of Dr. Donaldson's *Elymons* from its nebulous origin, amid the Rhætan glaciers, to its final disappearance in the twilight halls of Thor and Odin. The *much* of the one may, after all, be no more worth than the *little* of the other. But he must be a more patient investigator than any we have

heard of, out of the island of Laputa, who, after plodding so far in quest of that little, could refrain, having found it, from a sigh over lost labour.

The "Varronianus," we understand, is one of the books now included in our University course. For the sake of both pupils and teachers, we hope these chapters on the Etrusco-Icelandic connexions form no part of the *curriculum*. Such seats of syllabic legerdemain seem to us to be the very jugglery of learning. No one is more sensible than Dr. Donaldson himself of the excellence of classical scholarship; no one can more persuasively display its advantages, in giving at once gracefulness and robustness to the mind; in enlarging and liberalising our views of men and manners; and in qualifying those really imbued with its spirit for a clearer perception of truth, a keener appreciation of physical and moral beauty, and a more cordial reception of whatever appeals to the generous, the noble, or the humane, in our bosoms. But in learning, as in law, *qui hæret in literâ, hæret in cortice*. It is only by piercing through the dry crust of verbal forms, and by going at once to the living *robur* of the thought underneath, that we attain to the elementary material of classic influence.

The rest is mere chopping of logic and pragmatic verbal economy. It may serve as a test of acquirement at an examination, where rewards are bestowed on the fatigues of erudite labour. But it is not in order that our youth may go into the world exhausted by the effort of laying up a stock of speculative niceties in grammar, that men found and endow universities. Seats of learning are established to instruct our youth in what have well been called "*literæ humaniores*;" and we are agreed with Dr. Donaldson in thinking that Latin literature contains a full proportionate share of this humanising material. We agree with him in regretting that its influence is not made more effective. It is the parent language of Western Europe. Let us no longer quarrel with Dr. Donaldson, nor concern ourselves how Dr. Donaldson may quarrel with Professor Newman, as to the share that Celtic roots may have had in its formation. The Anglo-Saxon arrogance which led Dr. Donaldson to make his depreciatory remarks on Celtic pretensions,

has had a severe rebuke since "Varronianus" issued from the press. The Celt has not been found wanting in any of the qualities of forethought, fortitude, or methodical perseverance, so long assumed as the peculiar virtues of a section of his compatriots; and vanity and boastfulness, so long ascribed to him as the inherent failings of his race, have been seen to be even more peculiarly the faults of his revilers. We forgive the harmless boast of our good Doctor's "Saxondom," and entirely subscribe to what he says of the dignity and excellence of Latin learning:—

"In the preceding pages I have endeavoured to write the history of the Latin language, and to characterise its peculiarities, from the earliest period of its existence down to the present time, when it is represented by a number of daughters, all resembling their mother more or less, and all possessing, in some degree, her beauties and defects. Of these it can hardly be doubted that the French has the best claim to the primogeniture and inheritance. The Latin and French languages stand related to one another, not only in the connexion of affinity, but still more so in the important position which they have occupied as political and literary organs of communication. They have both striven to become the common language of civilised and educated men; and they have had singular recommendations for the office which they partially assumed. For power of condensation, for lucid perspicuity, and for the practical exposition of common matters, there are few idioms which can compete with the Latin or the French. In many particulars they fall far behind the Greek and the German; in many more they are surpassed by the English; and it seems now to be determined that neither Cæsar nor Napoleon was destined to reverse the decree of Providence, that man, though the one reasoning and speaking creature, should, in different parts of the world, express his thoughts in different languages. If there is one idiom which seems both worthy and likely to include within it the articulate utterances of all the world, it is our own,—for we, too, 'are sprung of earth's first blood,' and the sun never sets upon our Saxondom. But the dignity of our English speech, and its wide diffusion, by means of our commercial enterprise and missionary zeal, do not suggest any argument or motive, which should induce us to neglect or discourage the study of the old Roman literature. Though the Latin tongue will never again become the spoken language of Europe, there is no reason why it should not resume its place as the organ of literary communication,—why, with its powers of conciseness and abbrevia-

tion, and with its appropriation of all the conventional terms of science and art, it should not still flow from the pens of those who have truths and facts to communicate, and who are not careful to invest or disguise them in the embellishments of some modern and fashionable style. This at least is certain, that the Latin language has struck its roots so deeply and so permanently in our own language, that we cannot extirpate it, if we would; for we must know Latin if we would thoroughly understand our own mother-tongue; even those who are least learned, and most disposed to undervalue classical attainments, are very liable to further what others would call the corruption of our language, by the introduction of new terms erroneously formed after a Latin model; and whatever changes may take place in the professional education of Englishmen—though the Universities may cease to bestow the highest degrees in their faculties upon those who have passed through the Latin exercises of their schools—though the meeting of Convocation may never again be inaugurated with a Latin sermon at Saint Paul's—though a study of Justinian and Gaius may be pronounced of no use to the lawyer—though even Roman history may lose its general interest—though physicians may decline to prescribe and apothecaries to dispense according to the phraseology of a Latin *materia medica*—though the House of Commons may no longer bestow the sanction of parliamentary applause on well-applied quotations from the classical authors—still, a competent acquaintance with the language and literature of ancient Rome will be indispensable to every one who lays claim to a complete cultivation of his reason and taste, and who wishes either to understand and enjoy the writings of our best authors, or to enrich the English language with new examples of its capacity for terse arguments, happy expressions, and harmonious periods." —pp. 458, 459.

The reader will, no doubt, have been struck with the statement, that French more closely resembles Latin than does the Italian or Spanish. But Dr. Donaldson takes the distinction between written and spoken Latin; and it is of the latter he speaks when assigning this place of eminence to the language of the Gauls.

It seems clearly enough established that, in colloquial Latin, the Romans of old pronounced many words very differently from their apparent sounds as spelled in writing. These differences are always on the side of brevity. "If it were necessary," says Dr. Donaldson, "to describe in one sentence the genius and constitution of the Latin language, one could not do this better

than by defining it as a language which is always yearning after contraction. Whether this tendency is indicated in the written remains by the usual processes of Synizesis, assimilation, and apocope; whether it appears in the slurring over of syllables, by which the scansion of the comic metres is effected; or whether we perceive it in the systematic abbreviations which mark the transition from the Roman to the Romance languages, it is still one and the same—it is the type of the language in its infancy, its maturity, and its decay.

"The most distinct and vivid picture of the Latin language is, therefore, to be derived from a consideration of this peculiarity as developed—

"I. In the written language of ancient Rome.

"II. In the spoken language of ancient Rome, so far as we can discern it in the remains of the comedians.

"III. In the modern languages (and particularly in the French) which are derived from the Latin."

Proceeding in this course of investigation, Dr. Donaldson adduces first a long array of single Latin words compounded of shortened phrases, such as in English would be "this day se'night," &c. Remarking on this tendency to abridgement, he observes:—

"If we look to other idioms, we shall see that, although the Sanscrit *śloka* runs the words into one another, and so affects the terminations, there is no appearance of abbreviation in the middle of the words. The Hebrew and other Semitic dialects have broken down all the formative machinery, but the triliteral root maintains its consonants, except where assimilation becomes inevitable. To the latest period of Hellenistic Greek the spoken and written language tolerated the syllabic articulation of the longest compounds. High-German still revels in the manufacture of polysyllables. And even the Slavonic idioms, which have so many points of contact with the Latin, are not led, even by the concurrence of consonants, to abridge their composite forms; and in the haste of polite conversation we may hear the most sesquipedalian utterances at St. Petersburg. It is only the Latin language and its daughters, in which we observe this systematic shortening, first of spoken, and afterwards of written words, and therefore we may both attribute it to the habits of the people, and describe it as the characteristic feature of the Roman and Romance form of speech."—pp. 488, 484.

And exemplifies the prolixity of Russian dialogue by the common Russian for—"present my compliments to your father":—

"E. g. the common Russian for 'present my compliments to your father' is *zavidyetel'stvoet moe pochlenie vashemu batyushke* i. e. *testificaminor meam venerationem vestro patri*, where the conventional verb is as long as an Aristophanic compound."

He then adduces various ancient testimonies to the difference between the spoken and the written language of Rome; and here we find that the idea of a *Fonetik Nuz.* is not wholly a modern one. But Cicero, although what he says in this respect is a plain enough indication that such differences existed, can hardly be said to have seriously contemplated any practical alteration in either the mode of speech or in that of writing. Quintilian, too, affords testimony to the same effect; and Dr. Donaldson, after a full examination of this part of the question, concludes that "the poetry of the Augustine age was recited with a pedantic accuracy at variance with the genius of the language;" and that:—

"As the German opera-singers at the present day soften down their gutturals, in order to accommodate their language to the flowing rhythm of the Italian music, so the Romans, in the days of Horace and Virgil, were proud of their foreign fetters, and were glad to display the ascendancy which vanquished Greece had gained over the minds of her rude conquerors."

Among the comedians, however, this stateliness was not observed, and would, indeed, have been unsuitable to a representation of the manners of the day. Here, accordingly, we find many forms which we might almost call Gallicisms by anticipation—such as *lire* for *legere*; *scrire* for *scribere*; *pere* for *pater*; *ame* for *animus*, &c. (See the examples, "Varron." p. 440 to 444.)

This leads us, by a natural progress, to Dr. Donaldson's next conclusion, that "the French language is the best modern representative of the spoken Latin." We are not quite satisfied either that the fact is so, or that Dr. Donaldson has assigned the true reason for it, if so it be. His speculations, however, are able and interesting:—

"As the Romans successively conquered the different nations which formed the population of Italy, they gradually included within the limits of a single empire a number of different tribes, who spoke idioms, or dialects, differing but little from the language of the Romans themselves. It is not, therefore, surprising that a gradual amalgamation should have taken place, and that every Italian should have spoken, with only slight variations of accent, one and the same Latin tongue. The language of Rome itself—the language of government, of literature, and of law—would, of course, be independent of these minor differences. Every educated man and every public functionary would refer to this unvarying standard, and would speak or write, in some cases with pedantic accuracy, the language of the senate-house and the forum. Accordingly, the inhabitants of the provinces, i.e., the foreign subjects of the Empire, would hear nothing but pure Roman Latin; and, if they learned the language of their rulers at all, they would at least learn it in the best form. Their position in this respect differed materially from that of colonists, even in ancient times. The colonists of our day, and especially the English emigrants, present a material contrast to the case of the Roman provincials. For, while the colonists who sailed from Corinth or Athens were of all classes—*οἱ πυχέροι*—our modern colonists are generally those who are either not able to live at home, or, at all events, who practise trades inconsistent with a high amount of educational polish. We find, therefore, that colonial English represents only the vulgar colloquial language of the mother country; whereas the Roman provincials spoke a language derived—imperfectly, it might be, but still derived—from the polished and elegant diction of *proconsuls, jurisconsults, negotiatores, and publicani*.

"The Gauls, in particular, were remarkable for their tendency to assimilate themselves, in their language and usages, to the Romans. In an inconceivably short space of time the province Gallia was completely Romanised. Their own language was out of the pale of civilisation; in fact, they had no mother-tongue to struggle for. A language is only dear to us when we know its capabilities, and when it is hallowed by a thousand connexions with our civilisation, our literature, and our comforts. So long as it merely lispes the inarticulate utterances of half-educated men, it has no hold upon the hearts of those who speak it, and it is readily neglected or thrown aside in favour of the more cultivated idiom, which, while it finds names for luxuries of civilisation before unknown, also opens a communication with those who appear as the heralds of moral and intellectual regeneration. The Greeks and the Jews had good reasons for loving the language of their ancestors, and

could never be induced to forget or relinquish the flowing rhythms of their poets, or the noble energy of their prose writers. The case was not so with the provincials of Gaul. Without any anterior predilections, and with a mobility of character which still distinguishes their modern representatives, they speedily adopted the manners and the words of the Romans; and it is probable that in the time of the Empire there was no more difference between the grammatical Latin of Lyons and Rome, than there is now between the grammatical French of St. Petersburg and Paris"—pp. 445, 466.

We apprehend a large part of the French language at this day is Gaulish, or, if you will, Celtic; and that, in speculating on the mobility of the French character, Dr. Donaldson has overlooked a counterpoising characteristic in their national self-esteem. We have heard it argued, that the people of Dublin speak and write more correctly than those of London, because we acquired the English language when it was purer and stronger than it now is after some centuries of metropolitan corruption. This is Dr. Donaldson's argument for the better Latinity of Gaul; and, pursuing the same idea, he proceeds, in his next section, to show that "the modern Italian is not equally so (that is, not an equally good representative of the spoken Latin), and why." Here, again, we think the argument proceeds on tottering footsteps:—

"Before the Italian language revived as a vehicle of literary communication, the peninsula had been subjected to a series of invasions, which had modified and corrupted in no slight degree the speech of the country people. This was effected not only by the influence of the conquerors, but also by the infusion of a considerable amount of foreign population. In Lombardy and other parts, where the invaders formed a permanent settlement, the change was most sensibly and durably felt; whereas Tuscany, which had been screened by its position from any permanent or extensive occupation by the northern tribes, was not exposed to this corruption of its familiar language, and its greater wealth, its commerce, and its independence, preserved among its inhabitants a residuum of the old Latin literature and civilisation.

"When, therefore, vernacular composition revived in Italy it was emphatically Tuscan. It is true that the new literary language spread itself over the whole of Italy, and that there were varieties of accent in the different districts. Still, however, a purity of Tuscan phraseology is essential to literary

correctness; and whatever a man's native accent may be, he must accommodate it to this court-language. It follows, therefore, that the pronunciation of modern Italian must be syllabic. In other words, it must be more akin to the studied accuracy with which the Romans of the Augustan age pronounced their Græcised poetry, than to the natural articulation of the ancient Italians. It has been truly said, that the Italian language cannot be pronounced both well and quickly. This is only another expression of the fact, that a literary language, which is not natural, can only be articulated syllabically. The qualification of *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana* is another illustration of the same fact; for here we have a recognition of the truth, that the modern Italian is a written language to be pronounced according to its syllables, and that of the accents, in which it can be pronounced, the best and sweetest is that of a well-educated inhabitant of the pontifical metropolis."—pp. 447, 448.

Now, if we are right in taking the short and tripping modes of the Roman comedy, as representing the vernacular and colloquial Latin of the time, we can hardly fail to have gone wrong in arriving at the conclusion that the Latin of the Romans was formed on the model of their Græcised poets. We cannot, we confess, reconcile ourselves to the idea of the lords of the world being in a hurry in enunciating their behests to the subjugated tribes who surrounded them. Deliberation and dignity have ever appeared to us the chief characteristics of the noble tongue of which we have been treating. Its brevity, we consider, rests in conciseness of expression, and in a condensation of thought, to which the form of the language itself compelled those who employed it, not in a clipping or slurring over of the verbal vehicle. The abbreviations of the comedians are, after all, trifling. The prose writers must have been read syllabically. A great part of that harmony of composition which so delights the ear, while the thoughts conveyed so charm the understanding, in Cicero, in Livy, in Sallust, or in Tacitus, would be lost if it were otherwise. No; we cannot credit it, that the ancient Roman spoke with a precipitation requiring the aid of grimace to aid the defective vehicle of his ideas. We still think that Horace's wit at the table of Mæcenas was conveyed in syllables

as fully enunciated, as terse and well-selected. In truth, the very structure of Latin necessitates the emphatic enunciation of the final syllable; for it is on its sound and purport that the place and the relations of every other syllable and word of the sentence depend. But no matter whether the whole French word be pronounced or not, its force and effect in the sentence are given by its position in relation to the words which precede and follow it. It seems to us that the difference is radical and irreconcilable; and with all the respect we cannot but entertain for Dr. Donaldson's great learning in this department, as well as for the ability with which he uses it, we cannot accord him our assent to either of his propositions.

It has often occurred to us, seeing the dearth of books which repay a serious or manly study, that good works of classical criticism may again begin to receive a share of the attention of educated men. Classic reading is a pure and real refreshment. "Who is he that is now wholly overcome with idleness, or otherwise involved in a labyrinth of worldly cares, troubles, and discontents, that will not be much lightened in his mind by some enticing story, true or fained, where, as in a glass, he shall observe what our forefathers have done—the beginnings, ruins, falls, periods of commonwealth, private men's actions displayed to the life," &c. And by so much as we are further removed in time and temporal interest from the subject of our studies, so much the clearer and the more recreating is the calm air of antiquity around us. When we reflect on the many aids to those enjoyments conferred on English readers of the present generation by Dr. Donaldson, we cannot but regret that in our present paper the laudatory part should be so disproportionately small. What we have ventured to find fault with, however, is a still less part of a great book of great and varied learning—much of it too learned to be discussed by a simple reviewer; and all of it, with whatever faults a speculative spirit may have occasioned, worthy of being received with consideration, and called in question, where dissented from, if not with diffidence, at least with caution and respect.

FLIGHTS TO FAIRYLAND.

BY CRAWFORD WILSON.

FIRST FLIGHT—THE GRIGGLEBONE HEIR.

I.

GRIGGLEBONE Hall resounds with jests,
 For Grigglebone Castle is thronged with guests,
 And squat on the dais Count Grigglebone rests.
 The Count seems exceedingly testy and heated—
 Three times has he yell'd, and some curses repeated;
 In short he conceives himself scurvily treated,
 By those 'neath the roof of his ancestors seated.
 They care not for Grigglebone senior at all,
 Though Grigglebone *senior* is lord of that hall;
 'Tis Grigglebone *junior* they worship in stead—
 That gentleman having been plighted to wed
 A lady descended from Grigglebone's line,
 With charms old Grigglebone vows are divine
 (But whether young Grigglebone thinks her the same,
 Is nothing, so long as the Grigglebone name
 Requires for transmission a Grigglebone dame).
 The scheme by the old thrifty Count was projected,
 By him had the bride *and her robes* been selected.
 His guests on the matter looked wise and reflected—
 And noticing Grigglebone junior dejected,
 They seemed by this Grigglebone junction affected.
 Each counselled the youth as a friendly adviser,
 Each knew the old Count had through life been a miser;
 So each for the rule of the former desired,
 Nor cared e'en a dump when the latter expired.
 They knew that old Grigglebone must, without doubt,
 Soon leave them, moved off by the Grigglebone gout.
 Three times had he yelled, as its pangs wildly prey'd
 On his limbs, in thick swathings of flannel array'd;
 And looked he as though he'd been pickled in salt,
 And trussed up to enter the Grigglebone vault.

The feast was ended—the drinking done;
 To bed went the revellers one by one,
 Determined to rise with the rising sun;
 For a boar, with tusks of enormous length,
 Denoting alike his fierceness and strength,
 In the neighbouring forest had made his lair;
 And every one wished to be stirring, and there,
 The sport to enjoy, and the glory to share.
 Grigglebone junior—But first, if you please,
 We'll call him, as christened, "Aminator;"
 Such capital savings of capital "G's,"
 Must lighten the heart of the printer.
 Old—no, I'll not mention his name, but you know
 Who's meant by the prefix of "Old;"
 We'll call him "The Count" through the story, and so
 Pass on to the morning. 'Twas cold,
 But bright, as a morning could well be in Spring,
 When soaring untrammelled on high,
 And warbling whilst soaring, the lark on the wing,
 His matins addressed to the sky.

Hark! hark to the hounds
 As they bay through the grounds,
 And the huntsman's shrill horn that cheerily sounds.
 How the hunters shout
 As they gallop about,
 Their spears ready poised, lest the boar should burst out.
 Amintor is there;
 But where, and oh where
 Is the testy old Count—nay, I mean the *bon pere*?
 Alas! in the Castle, screwed down to his chair,
 Distracted with gout, and half mad with despair,
 Because he can't ride with his legs in the air,
 And witness a pastime so manly and rare.

He curses and fumes,
 When he thinks that his grooms
 Can join in the sport he's debarred; and presumes
 To state that "old Job,"
 When he tore off his robe,
 Bore nothing, whilst he, Atlas-like, bears the globe.
 And swears furthermore,
 That though Job was all o'er,
 From heels to the crown of his head, one great sore,
 'Twas nothing compared
 To the tortures he shared,
 Thus crippled, and swathed, with his two legs impaired.
 "His patience!" all stuff!
 He knows that well enough,
 Else Job must have been most confoundedly tough.
 What would Job have done if he could not get out,
 But had to stay in with no friend but the *gout*?
 Whilst those he was feasting the evening before
 Were shouting, and laughing, and hunting a boar.

We'll leave the old petulant gout-worried Count
 To wriggle and splutter his fill;
 And ripe for enjoyment our Pegasus mount,
 And canter o'er valley and hill.
 Hark! hark! there again; from the midst of the wood
 Arises the pricker's shrill shout;
 Re-echoed by hunters and foresters good,
 Who guard every pathway without.
 The deep and hoarse baying of strong shaggy hounds
 Ensconced by the brushwood and trees;
 In concert with "whoop" and "halloo" o'er the grounds,
 Cummingsles, and swells on the breeze.
 A yell, but discordant and fading in cries,
 A moment resounds on the air;
 'Tis such as the brave hound sends forth ere he dies,
 And proves that the quarry is there.
 Excitement and eagerness sit on each crest—
 Neighs highly each steed, proudly prancing;
 The spears of the hunters are nervously pressed,
 For the boar they have sought is advancing.

Nearer and nearer,
 Louder and clearer,
 The shouts rise and swell on the ears of the hearer.
 No longer at bay,
 The boar breaks away;
 The leashes are slipped, and the dogs track their prey.
 Now this boar was a boar in each sense of the word;
 For heedless of death, and the dangers incurred,

Regardless of javelins, arrows and spears,
Through horses and hunters his pathway he steers.
Oh, bravely they stood, and right loudly they cheered ;
But Sanglier seemed—at least so it appeared—
To care not a dump for them all, but to beard,
Or bristle, or tusk him who first interfered.
The gallants still close to each other adhered,
Excited, no doubt, but by no means afraid.
Their horses grew restive, pawed, snorted, and reared,
As right through the midst like a fury he cleared.

Then "whoop" and "halloo!"

There's the devil to do ;

For the boar, like a boar, hath a pathway bored through.
Oh, never before on the Grigglebone grounds
Had any beast *bothered* so huntsmen and hounds.

A chase ! a chase !

Each struggles for place.

But, who is the rider rides first in the race ?

Amintor ! 'tis goodly Amintor, no doubt,

Whose sire writhes at home, hunted up by the gout.

II.

The day is done,

And one by one

The huntsmen return from a jolly long run ;
The boar has escaped, and they've missed the fun
Of seeing his death, as they hoped to have done.
But where, and oh where is the old County's son ?

Perhaps at the hall,

Home the first of them all,

Or dusting his clothes, having *met* with a fall.

(That's Irish, but does just as well as a *wall* ;

For riders in *meeting* with either don't always

Get *over* them safely, unless they're true Galways ;

And leaps at a hunt that commences in a rise,

May end on the back, with a view of the skies).

But Diana forefend

That so *stunning* an end

Should cut short the sporting career of our friend.

Thus musing, old Grigglebone Castle was gained—

When lo ! what a change ! was it real or feigned ?

Each face they observed bore the stamp of dismay—

Amintor was absent ; and late in the day

The lamp of old Grigglebone, dimmed by the gout,

Had "phizzed" for a moment, waxed faint, and gone out ;

And all that remained for the lord of that hall

Was the Grigglebone vault, with the coffin and pall.

The guests seemed dejected ;

They said they respected

The good old defunct, and some dinner expected.

But no, they got none ! there was no one to wait

At table, and keep a sharp eye on the plate.

So homewards they toddled, vexed, hungry, and sore,

Choused out of their dinner, their host, and the boar.

Now seek we Amintor ! oh where, and oh where

Is that sporting young gallant, the Grigglebone heir ?

His servants have scoured half the country around ;

His horse they recovered, and likewise they found

The boar lying dead by the side of a hound,

And 'twixt them their lord's bloody spear on the ground.

Much blood had been shed,
 For the turf was quite red,
 But whether the *Count's* or the *brute's* no one said;
 Nor could they—so like is life's current in all,
 Once spilt, each seems equally ruddy,
 Except to "M.D.'s" from the Medical Hall,
 Who make it their subject of study.
 But horror! the vest
 In which he was dressed
 Lay close by the board, with a rent in the breast.
 They raised it, and bore it away to the hall,
 And gave it a place by the coffin and pall.

Weeks passed; but, alas! no Amintor returned;
 So then, as his proxy, the vest,
 By the Count in the Grigglebone vault was inurned,
 Consigned to perpetual rest.
 Of course they concluded him dead, and their sadness
 For months in their *clothes* might be traced;
 But not in their *faces*, for there mirth and gladness
 The signets of anguish effaced.
 The fair bride elect said she felt broken-hearted,
 But joy all such sorrow succeeds;
 So she wept a few tears for her lover departed,
 And asked—how she looked in her weeds?
 Oh friendship! oh man! and 'tis thus with ye ever,
 Time-servers ye always have proved;
 Words, absence, or death, in a moment may sever
 Fond hearts from the hearts they have loved.
 E'en kindred, though highly in life ye may rate 'em,
 When confined, are lost in a sigh;
 A month, nay a day! *vanitas vanitatum*,
 The eyes of survivors are dry.
 "The mem'ry of good men," Lord Hamlet asserted,
 Their lives may outlive *half a year*;
 But *they* must build *churches*. Thus love is perverted,
 Or else washed away by a tear.

For the sake of formality,
 Let us ask why rascality
 Walks amongst men in the garb of morality?
 Does any man doubt it,
 Or say we're without it?
 If so, be assured he knows something about it;
 For show me the place
 Where such is not the case:
 The parasite's cringe, and the pharisee's face,
 Reveal all that's hollow, unholy, and base.
 And—but that it oftentimes escapes due detection—
 Rascality lurks in the smile of affection;
 Nay, further, 'neath sympathy's pinions it lies
 (For rascals *can soothe*, and make pumps of their eyes).
 Oh mockery! sinfulness! emptiness all!
 Like the sorrow in black at old Grigglebone Hall.

The reader will own
 That since scribes first were known,
 One glorious prerogative shared they alone—
 And that was their right
 To bring actions to light,
 That otherwise must have been hidden from sight.

Availing myself of that right, I shall trace
 The course of Amintor the day of the race;
 And those who assist me the wold to explore
 Shall witness his fate, and the death of the boar.

III.

Away on his courser, as swift as the wind,
 Or shaft that is loosed from the bow,
 Amintor sped, leaving his comrades behind,
 His spear ready poised for a blow.

But tangles and thickets at times intervened,
 And shut out the quarry from view,
 The which he passed round, whilst the underwood screened
 The hounds that on scent struggled through.

Thus lonely he rode, as the hours slipped away,
 Till noon; when, within a rude glen,
 The boar, tired and savage, stood fiercely at bay,
 His keen foes confronting again.

Then woe to the hound that too closely approached
 The tusks that in crimson were dyed;
 The first that within the dread precincts encroached,
 Enseamed, fell a corpse by his side.

When Sanglier saw that a huntsman was near,
 Upon him he rushed with a bound;—
 Amintor received the rude shock on his spear,
 And pinioned him fast to the ground;

Then leaped to the earth, and bent over the boar,
 Which, with the last strength it possessed,
 Sprang upwards, expiring, and, reeking with gore,
 Sheathed both its red tusks in his breast.

Amintor fell backwards; the wounds were severe;
 Each sense, like a coward, took flight;
 A moment he fancied some angel was near,
 Then faded thought, feeling, and sight.

His life-blood flowed swiftly, imbruing the earth;
 His heart became pulseless and still'd;
 There helpless he lay, as a babe at its birth,
 Or the foe he had recently kill'd.

And thus Count Amintor, the boar, and the hound,
 Lay peacefully stretched on the crimson-dyed ground.
 A king, when a pauper is placed by his side—
 Each stripped of the emblems of meekness and pride,
 The rags and the wallet, the robes and the crown,
 The cravings of want, or the glare of renown—
 Is troubled no more by a sense of disgust,
 Or the mingling with his of the mendicant's dust,
 Than was our bold huntsman, when resting between
 The brutes on the red grass, that lately was green.

But who is she who bends o'er him now,
 Washing the gore from his bosom and brow;
 Stanching the blood that still runs from his breast;
 Removing with care his incarnadined vest;

Healing his wounds by some magical art ;
 Recalling pulsation once more to his heart ;
 Beaming upon him with looks of love ;
 Bearing him thence through the sylvan grove,
 As though he were only a sleeping child,
 And she the fond mother that watched and smiled ?

Who, then, is she ?

What can she be,

Who raises the hunter so tenderly ?

Light appeared he to those arms so fair,
 As feathers of down to the tenants of air ;
 And less 'neath the burthen that lady bowed
 Than the breeze that sports with a fleecy cloud.
 What is she ? Whence comes she ? Who can she be ?
 She is a fairy of high degree ;
 And thither she comes from her fragrant bowers,
 For Flo' is the fairy perfumes the flowers.

Hours passed, and when twilight, with gossamer veil,
 'Twixt heaven and earth interposed,
 Amintor awoke in a cool shady dale,
 By flowrets the rarest enclosed.

He started, surprised, from a couch of fresh leaves,
 More smooth than e'er Sybarite pressed ;
 Whilst o'er him the eglantine playfully weaves
 Its tendrils, to woo him to rest.

Around him he heard airy music, so fine,
 So soft, yet bewitchingly clear ;
 He thought, whilst he listened, the strains were divine—
 Their melodies ravished his ear.

Beside him was one so transcendantly bright,
 So fair, that he deemed he had past
 From earth to the regions of glory and light,
 To mingle with angels at last.

She smiled, as he gazed on her beautiful face,
 Calm, pure, and enchantingly sweet ;
 But oh ! 'twas a smile of such exquisite grace,
 He worshipping knelt at her feet.

"Not there, Count Amintor!"—he started, amazed—
 All music seemed harsh to her tone,
 As gently the awe-stricken gallant she raised—
 "The knee is for worship alone!"

"Fair spirit," he said, "I some hours ago died ;
 It happened whilst slaying a boar."
 "Nay, nay," quoth the fairy, "I stood by your side,
 And called you to being once more!"

"And have I not passed, then, from earth into bliss ?"
 "Not yet, sweet Amintor," sighed she.
 "Nay," answered he, boldly, "a heaven is this ;
 It must be such, angel, with thee."

"No angel am I," quoth the fairy. "Yet know
 That potent are some of my powers."
 "Your name, charming creature ?" he asked. "Call me Flo',
 For I am the Queen of the Flowers."

Blooms Love within the sylvan grot,
 Or fairy bower—the rogue does not—
 At least as sung by Walter Scott.
 “Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above—
 For Love is Heav’n, and Heav’n is Love.”
 He speaks of camps, and groves, and courts,
 But does not say that Love consorts
 With such a nymph as I have shown,
 Or gallant like young Grigglebone.
 Yet stay—methinks that Shakspeare’s pen
 Has writ of love ’twixt fays and men.
 The Queen Titania, he has said,
 Loved Bottom, with the asses head;
 And kissed his ears, and stroked his pate,
 And shared with him her couch of state.
 With such a precedent, I ween,
 I need not fear the critic’s spleen;
 For if they blame *me*, *he* must share
 A portion of the blame *I* bear.

Amintor was loved by the Queen of the Flowers;
 Her love he returned, and thus past their hours,
 In tranquil and blissful repose.
 In time they were wedded, but not as *we* wed:
 Their priest was the lily, their altar its bed;
 Their witness the ivy, that clinging o’erhead,
 Its tendrils in token of faithfulness spread—
 They wedded were—*under the rose*.

And then was he told, by his beautiful bride,
 His life should in one stream of happiness glide,
 Untouched by the fingers of Time;
 That youth should be his, whilst he faithful remained;
 But if for a moment his honour were stained,
 That moment (so had it by Fate been ordained)
 The powers of the spoiler should all be regained—
 Whilst he paid the forfeit of crime.

He winced as she spoke, for he could not conceive
 Her reasons for hinting at doubt.
 “The forfeit of crime,” he had cause to believe
 Must be the old Grigglebone gout.

Thus months past away;
 And day after day
 Amintor became more in love with his fay.
 Delighted, he hung
 On the music that sprang
 In harmony sweet from her eloquent tongue:
 The lute of Arion less dulcet in sound
 Than the silvery notes it winged lightly around.
 E’en Echo delighted those tones to prolong,
 And ravished the glades as she wreathed them in song.
 Whatever he sought,
 By enchantment was brought,
 Ere language had power to give semblance to thought.
 No lackeys were there
 His injunctions to bear;
 The slaves of that bower were the spirits of air;
 Unseen by his eyes, they obeyed each behest,
 Heaped fruits on his table, or lulled him to rest.

His beautiful bride
 Ever watched by his side,
 To cheer or caress him—but never to chide;
 To smile in his face
 With an exquisite grace,
 Known only to those of her own airy race;
 Or else her clear arms round his figure to twine,
 Like tendrils spread forth by the close-clinging vine,
 As she hung on his lips, or looked love from those eyes,
 Whose softness might rival the tints of the skies,
 When cloudless and calm as an evening in May,
 Their azure tints blend with the glories of day.
 The reader, perchance,
 May believe I advance
 Not facts—but the nothings of wanton romanet.
 Some belle, or some beau,
 May say wisely—"I know
 This tale is all gammon respecting sweet Flo'.
 No woman—especially were she a wife—
 Could live and be happy, excluded from strife.
 As well might it state that she lived without air,
 As those *petite* squabbles so loved by the fair."
 I grant that, of course, where the lady is human;
 But Flo', recollect, was a *gay*—not a woman.
 She ne'er cross'd her lord—ne'er his wishes opposed,
 Nor lectured him once, when the curtains were closed.
 Oh I could I meet one like to her, I protest,
 The sweetheart of Psyche should rule in my breast:
 His wings I'd decline, but his arrows I'd borrow—
 I'd woo her to-day, and I'd wed her to-morrow.
 I'd seek not the fire that Prometheus attempted
 To steal,—when his wish the wise gods circumvented—
 To light up a figure I chiselled from stone,
 If such as sweet Flo' I might clasp as my own.
 But query—Did ever
 Amintor endeavour
 His soul from his fairy a moment to sever?
 He did, once or twice;
 But each specious device
 By Flo' was discovered, and spoiled in a trice:
 For even his thoughts to that lady were known—
 She read them unuttered, as plain as her own;
 And when she perceived that a wish was estranged,
 She kissed him, and, presto, the subject was changed.
 Oh! ye who have husbands with fancies to free,
 Object not at first to a casual spree;
 Nor grumble at hours—"and that cursed *latch-key*."
 Try kindness and coaxings (at least for a-while)—
 There's magic, believe me, wreathed up in a smile.
 For life—wedded life—might be cradled in bliss,
 If *tongues* were not used, till the *lips* gave a *kiss*.
 Love's kisses and smiles are to men, led astray,
 What sunshine still proves when it lights up the day.
 They play round the heart with a beauty that warms;
 Whilst frowns and revilings enshroud it in storms.
 Revilings and frowns are dark goblins of night,
 But kisses and smiles are pure angels of light.
 Oh! give us the angels, sweet women, and then
 You'll find what good creatures you've made of the men.
 His thoughts, I have stated,
 Flo' read—each was weighted
 With love for herself not a tittle abated.

The worst of those wishes was but for permission
To leave that sweet arbour, by her made elysian,
Just for a week,
In order to seek

The lady whose breath should have danced on his cheek,
And by some sly method attempt to discover
How long she had wept for her fly-away lover.

Yet that was not all:

He panted to call

At the home of his childhood, Old Grigglebone Hall—
To feast on the music that lived in the shout
From Grigglebone wrenched by the Grigglebone gout.
He knew not, alas! that his father was dead,
Nor dreamed that a cousin was Count in his stead;
Nor yet, that his friend had assigned him some room
(Or rather his vest) in the Grigglebone tomb;
Erecting a tablet, on which had been graved
The death he had died, and the boar he had braved.
Whilst set at each side were two naked winged boys,
With trumpets, like twopenny infantine toys:
Betwixt them, a scroll, neatly chiselled, they bore,
And on it *hic jacet*, and many things more
Set forth in good Latin—name, virtues, and age,
In capitals wrought, every eye to engage;
Whilst, set on a slab at the base of the scroll,
Orâte pro animâ ended the whole.

Flo' knew that the Count had expired of the gout,
The day that the boar knocked Amintor about:
Yet kept she the secret wrapped up from her spouse,
Which ne'er could have been, were she partial to rows.
This fact proves my statement, I trust, beyond doubt;
For were she a woman, the secret must out.

One morning she told him, she feared that his mind
Oft wandered away from her bowers,
So wished him to visit his home; whilst behind
She stayed, like Penelope—sad, yet resigned;
Or in thought, like the love-lorn Viola, pined,
Still counting the slow-creeping hours.

She gave him a chain that on earth had no fellow,
Endowed with more magical powers
Than the handkerchief given by sooty Othello
To chaste Desdemona. 'Twas gold, rich and yellow,
And warranted love for strange faces to quell. Oh!
'Twas wrought for the Queen of the Flowers.

She charged him, as round him the token she strung,
To prize it as though 'twere his life;
And told him that whilst on his bosom it hung,
'Twould guard him from Slander's malevolent tongue—
Preserve his faith plighted those flowrets among;
And keep him aye true to his wife.

But if he through negligence cast it aside,
Or lost it, or gave it away,
One year from that time she would stand by his side
(As once did Alonzo the Brave by his bride,
Excepting that he had a death's head to hide),
To punish his perfidy, lower his pride,
And teach him the *hats* of a fay.

They had sat *tête-à-tête*,
 Till she touched upon "Hate"—
 That word the most dread in the dark book of Fate;
 But when it was spoken,
 He shrank from the token,
 As though his troth plighted already were broken,
 And turned away with a feeling of dread,
 Releasing her waist, and averting his head.
 That word, though it faltered at birth on her tongue,
 Changed Love's rosy wreathes into serpents that stung;
 Made heavy the bonds (hitherto deemed so light),
 As fetters degrading to manhood and might;
 Seared up all affection and trust in its fall,
 And turned life's sweets into hyssop and gall.
 But paint me her eyes,
 As they glared with surprise
 And meaning, that every description defies.
 She noticed him wince as she spoke of the charm,
 Perused all he felt of disgust and alarm,
 And felt she no longer was clasped by his arm.
 Oh! paint me that look, with her lip as it curl'd
 In jealousy, pity, and scorn,
 And then Clytemnestra shall gaze on the world,
 The offspring of genius new-born.

The monster Iago describes as green-eyed,
 That feeds on the meat it has made;
 On Flo', though a fairy, its subtleties tried,
 And Flo', though a fairy, obeyed.
 Farewell, then, for her!—oh! for ever farewell
 Content, and the sweet tranquil mind;
 Farewell to the peace that pervaded that dell—
 'Twas flown, and left anguish behind;
 Farewell to the rambles when soft twilight fell—
 To wooings, and Love's conversation;
 And oh! Count Amintor, for ever farewell—
 For gone is your Flo's occupation.

Amintor departed,
 By no means light-hearted—
 He felt rather queer at the news just imparted;
 And looked on the chain Flo' had clasped round his neck
 As a curb only set there to hold him in check.
 So, firmly resolved, at the first opportunity,
 To cast it aside, and brave Fate with impunity.
 Yet ever, when thoughts of that kind struggled out,
 He winced 'neath a twinge of the ancestral gout:
 Thus feeling, and thinking, and cursing his thrall,
 He entered the portals of Grigglebone Hall.

We'll pass his reception—the fear—the surprise
 He saw conjured up in the serviter's eyes;
 The sorrow displayed by his legal successor,
 Who looked on himself as the Castle's possessor,
 When he found that his near, dear relation returned
 To life; though all deemed him securely urned
 In a coffin of wood—in a coffin of lead—
 In a coffin of stone—in the vault, and quite dead.
 Three coffins—the lead one inside of the stone,
 The wood in the lead—with the vest so well known;
 And carved in the church, saying, "Pray for his soul,"
 The naked winged cherubim bearing the scroll.

For a while he gazed
 On Amintor, amazed,
 And some curious objections most likely had raised;
 But he knew what he saw was no idle creation ;
 Besides, in those eyes he beheld speculation—
 (Such was not the case where, when “done to the death,”
 A visit by Banquo was paid to Macbeth) :
 So, leaving his seat, he said—“Sir, I resign
 Those halls to the head of the Grigglebone line ;
 And you are that head, for the Count was no more
 When hither we came, having hunted the boar,
 That day which commenced in so jolly a run,
 And closed with the loss both of father and son.”

Days passed away
 Blithesome and gay,
 And Amintor at last broke the spell of the fay :
 He cast off the chain
 She desired might remain
 On his breast, and his honour preserve from all stain ;
 And sought out the bride,
 Who for half-an-hour cried,
 Then asked “how she looked in her weeds ?” when he died :
 (Or rather, when surmise was lulled into rest
 By that proof of his death, the incarnadined vest).
 He found her—alas ! she had wedded another,
 Yet strange to report, was a widow and mother ;
 So short was her period of sorrow, I ween,
 And light must her love for Amintor have been.

So much for affection—*sic transit* the love
 Of woman, so often compared to the dove
 That brought back the olive to those in the ark—
 Methinks that the raven was nearer the mark ;
 It ne’er cast a thought on the friends left behind,
 When once it a dry spot to perch on could find.
 And so ’tis with woman : when one love is dead,
 Another succeeds to her bosom and bed ;
 The weeds are cast off ere he’s cold in his tomb,
 Whilst o’er her fresh orange-wreaths spread their perfume ;
 And thus on new lovers she flashes her charms—
 Her *first* in his grave, and her *last* in her arms.

Oh ! woman, your sex has been ever the same,
 And Frailty, as Hamlet observed, is your name.
 You’d all fly away, fickle, credulous things,
 Had Heaven but made you, like angels, with wings.
 But no—it was wise, and assigned you a station,
 The next upon earth to its lords of creation—
 Their coaxers or teasers, their sweethearts or mates,
 To love them, or leave them, as fancy dictates.

Of shriekings, of faintings, of weepings, and dread,
 Take all that can well be conceived by one head ;
 Then add of coy whimperings thrice that amount,
 And guess how the widow encountered the Count.
 Forgive me for taxing your fancies thus far,
 But readers and writers should be on a par ;
 So what by the latter cannot be express’d
 Should be by the former in courtesy guess’d.

I could not explain,
 Without causing some pain,
 The tempests of sighs and tear-torrents of rain
 That welcomed Amintor, her suitor, again.

Had she been a maid,
 "Of her own voice afraid,"
 In blushes and innocence sweetly arrayed,
 Like Hinda—ere Hassan the Gheber displayed
 The belt that proclaimed him a foe to her sire,
 And showed that he worshipped at altars of fire—
 (See Moore's "Lala Rookh"), why it might be attempted;
 But she was a widow, and such are exempted
 By every known rule from these soul-moving parts,
 Where virgins, as heroines, plead to young hearts.
 Most authors object to a love second-hand;
 First-love should be trust and devotion;
 The second, still water, that hides a quicksand,
 Deceitful, and ripe for commotion:
 O'er which, when wild tempests are caged, at full tide,
 The wave-stemming vessels may fearlessly ride;
 But once stirr'd to wrath, rears its huge snowy crest,
 Confounds, overthrows, and—*imagine the rest.*

Sweet, delicate Flo'!
 How base in your beau
 To flirt with the widow, and cozen you so;
 To cast off the chain
 You desired him retain;
 And forget what he vowed 'neath the rose to remain.
 Put law in full force,
 'Tis your only safe course—
 Indict him for bigamy, sue for divorce;
 For he to the widow affection has plighted;
 Her weeds are thrown by, and they twain are united,
 Whilst you were not e'en to their bridal invited.
 Oh! why did you not, when the banns were proclaimed—
 For licenses then were unknown—
 Confront him? for surely you were not ashamed
 To claim him in church as your own.
 Oh! why did you not?—but the sequel must show
 Your reasons for standing aloof, pretty Flo'.
 Perchance, since you proved him no longer a true man,
 You handed him o'er to the care of a woman:
 That woman a widow, whose love, like her sorrow,
 Might bloom on the eve, and yet blight on the morrow.
 Oh! fairy, you had not a touch of humanity,
 Or else you had kept him, if only for vanity.
 'Twas cruel to cast him away, when your charms
 Could bring him repenting again to your arms.

Amintor now sits in the Grigglebone chair
 (His lady her chamber is keeping);
 Friends, kinsmen, retainers, and vassals are there,
 His castle to honour, his bounty to share,
 Each hourly expecting a Grigglebone heir,
 As slowly the moments are creeping.

Amintor arose—"Fill your goblets," he cried,
 "And pledge me in bumpers o'erflowing,
 Long life to the Countess, my lady and bride,
 With whom I in love and chaste wedlock abide,
 To whom ye in honour or blood are allied—
 Pledge deeply, the wine-cups are glowing."

The goblets, save only Amintor's, were drained,
 And his, with disgust, he rejected;

The liquor no taste of the grape-juice retained,
 'Twas bitter as aloes, with lees darkly stained.
 Rank poison, no doubt! He stood puzzled and pained,
 For no one was near he suspected.

He called for another—'twas brought in due course—
 Again from the goblet he started;
 The first draught was foul, but the second was worse,
 When, hark! in his ear—"All the gold in thy purse
 Can ne'er free the Grigglebone heir from my curse—
 'Tis twelve months to-day since we parted."

He sprung to his feet, and gave vent to a shout
 That would not disgrace Tipperary,
 Where sticks play at nine-pins with heads—beyond doubt
 'Twas wrung from his heart by the Grigglebone gout,
 As wildly it sported his uncles about,
 Whilst thus spoke its donor, the fairy:—

"Amintor, last Count of the Grigglebone line—
 For with thee the title expires—
 Nay, hope not for heirs; no male offspring of thine
 Shall e'er in the annals of chivalry shine;
 Thy touch shall to vinegar alter all wine;
 And as a sharp punishment, meet and condign,
 Be thine the fell plague of thy sires.

"The gout shall cling to thee, and still through thy life
 Be thine all the pains of a martyr;
 Thy home shall be harass'd with family strife;
 Thy servants shall ever for plunder be rife;
 And last, yet not least, Count Amintor, thy wife
 Will prove to thy cost she's a Tartar.

"The doom is recorded; implacable Hate
 Around thee its meshes has spread;
 Live on; but in torments, the football of Fate,
 Abhorred by the poor, and despised by the great.
 But hark! here a messenger comes from thy mate,
 To tell thee—the infant is dead."

So saying, the fairy dissolved into breath,
 Or made herself "air," like the hags in Macbeth;
 Whilst, crippled with pains from his toes to his knees,
 Amintor sat down, not at all at his ease,
 And heard from the leech what the fay told before—
 "His lady was safe, but the child was no more."

Perchance our Museum the tablets may hold,
 On which the great Grigglebone names are enroll'd;
 If so, at the foot of the rest you may read
 The lot of our hero, as Fate had decreed.
 'Tis thus, but in Latin—"This stone holds in trust
 The last Count of Grigglebone's pulverised dust;
 His name was 'Amintor,' a martyr through life,
 Who died of two torments—the gout and his wife."

A WORD ON LAW REFORM.

It is not easy to appreciate the real importance of improving the machinery for administering justice. The abstract rules which declare what men's rights are, are comparatively useless without a ready method of applying them to cases as they arise. Courts of justice are to law what highways are to commerce—the means by which her riches are brought within the reach of men. Without a well-ordered system of administration, what is more nearly expressed as “the practice of the law,” than by any other common phrase, the benefits of the best and wisest code are as useless as treasures buried in the desert. Every one has heard that there have been great legal reforms recently, but few outside the legal professions have any definite idea of their nature or extent. They have been, indeed, the prominent political feature of the last few years; and although the all-engrossing interest of war has withdrawn attention for the present from them, the state of the question is such, that it is almost certain that, at least for Ireland, some further changes will take place in the present session. We do not intend to give our readers a legal treatise or minute criticism on this subject, but it is worth while to take a brief view of the progress that has been made, and its probable consequences.

The reform of the last years has comprehended both branches of our legal system. Courts of equity and courts of law alike have been subjected to its effects. Now that the legal earthquake has crushed in both the venerable fictions and cumbrous trappings of ancient learning — when we look back, with the lights of the year 1855, upon the imperfections and absurdities by which they were deformed, it seems almost wonderful how patiently mankind, for so long a time, bore with them. But the evils which we are now so ready to condemn, were absolutely unknown until they were put an end to. Men of the deepest thought, acutest minds, and most extensive learning, have practised and administered these now condemned rules of procedure without the slightest suspi-

cion that they were not the very perfection of reason. Fortescue, Hale, Blackstone, Coke, and many more, have bestowed elaborate praises on what is now universally exploded. The famous folly of Albertus Magnus, who did not think the Virgin Mary perfect until he had proved her to be a learned civilian, is not a solitary instance of *idolum* among doctors of jurisprudence. Many more modern writers on English law have gravely said as silly things as that great mediæval professional. The patriotic declaration of the barons at the statute of Merton — “*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*” — understood in a somewhat narrower sense, was the lamp, or rather the Will-o'-the-wisp, that illuminated legal studies for many a century; and so intense was the admiration of lawyers generally for our own peculiar system, that the theoretic definition of law as “the perfection of reason,” was received and quoted as an existing fact, and a true description of English jurisprudence. How changed is this! No one now feels the slightest respect for a venerable absurdity, no man is shocked at the sacrilege of ridiculing a legal fiction, and in such evil odour is the “*Nolumus mutari*” theory, that we have well-nigh fallen into the opposite vice of seeking alteration merely for alteration's sake. It may be stated, without exaggeration, that the last ten years have produced more extensive changes in our system of legal procedure than the entire preceding period from the reign of Edward I.

That English Justinian, as he has been called, was the first law reformer; and, perhaps, the strongest testimony to the wisdom of his legislation is the amazing length of time which his system stood with little material alteration. It is generally agreed that the system of which he was the founder attained perfection in the time of his grandson, Edward III., the pleadings and legal learning of whose reign are the subject of the highest commendation by all our legal writers. They seem, indeed, to have suited admirably the wants of that age; but as time advanced, the same writers complain of the sub-

tletics and prolixity that began to deform their favourite models. It is a pet theory with lawyers, that the evils of our system arose out of departures from them. This is ingeniously put forward by Mr. Finlason, in England, and Mr. Ferguson, in Ireland, in their useful treatises on the recent law changes; but the theory is, alas! not as solid as it is pleasing. Scholastic subtlety, no doubt much aggravated the defects, but was not the sole cause of the imperfections of the ancient system; and the efforts of learned lawyers to show that in the days of the Plantagenets our courts of law were more comprehensive than in the age of the Stuarts, in reality only prove that they were ruder. But whatever was the cause, the system unquestionably became daily more and more unsuited to the purposes for which it was intended; and yet the efforts to improve it were few and faint. The first interference of the legislature was by passing acts known to lawyers as statutes of "*jeo fails*." Such acts were passed in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and again in the reign of Queen Anne. They evince the timid hand with which the legislature touched this subject. They are all nearly alike, and enact, in general terms, that courts should proceed to give judgment on the very right of the case, without regard to lack of form, an injunction which lawyers found little difficulty in evading, and judges, it must be admitted, had little desire to enforce. Yet these comprise the principal, if not the entire, amount of legislative interference, in the practice of our courts, for the three centuries following the year 1400.

How slowly material improvements were introduced may be judged of by the following dates:—Up to the year 1705 in England, and 1707 in this country, a defendant, if he had several answers to the plaintiff's case, was obliged to abandon all but one—for example, if a man for peace-sake paid an unjust demand, and was then sued for it over again, he was obliged to admit either that the demand was a just one, or that it remained unpaid. In the year above-mentioned, statutes allowing double pleading were passed. It was not until the year 1853 that a like measure of justice was allowed to plaintiffs, and it was a matter of daily occurrence that a defendant pleaded in

answer to a plaintiff's claim a set-off barred by lapse of time; and though it was wholly fictitious, the plaintiff was obliged to admit it was originally valid, or to abandon the answer arising from the lapse of time. It was not until the year 1728 in England, and 1751 in this country, that the right of set-off was allowed; and, previous to these dates, a plaintiff could recover his debt, though he owed twice as much to the defendant on other accounts. So it was not until the years 1730 and 1737 that the use of the unintelligible jargon of French and Latin, in which proceedings in courts of law were conducted, was abolished by statute; and it is a striking instance of the spirit of admiration for favourite studies, before referred to, that the eminent author of "*The Commentaries*," writing shortly afterwards, regretted its disuse. It is little to be wondered at that, during this time, courts of equity gradually crept into public confidence. Their proceedings were always conducted in an intelligible language; and if it was not for their interposition, in some of the grossest instances, in which the narrow and technical rules of the common law refused relief—such, for example, as the specific execution of contracts and the enforcement of trusts—the law of England would have been absolutely monstrous. But they, too, in process of time fell into a practice fixed by rigid precedent, and which soon became cumbrous, costly, and inconvenient. They even outstripped in unpopularity their elder sisters, the courts of law, until the powerful, though extravagant, exaggerations of "*Jarndice v. Jarndice*," found ready credence with the public.

In the year 1833 the common law commissioners made their report—the first step in the modern road of legal reform. The first fruit of their labours was the act under which a new system of pleading in the law courts in England was introduced. Some of the reforms then made were adopted in our Irish courts—but the great feature of the change in the system of pleading never was; and a little experience has shown that we were wiser than our English neighbours. There never was a more complete failure than the new system of pleading in England. It obliged every litigant to state the facts of his case fully, and each to show how much of

his adversary's case he admitted or denied, so as to bring the rival parties to as narrow a question as possible, instead of the lax practice which had grown up of leaving the entire case at large, by what was known to lawyers as the general issue. This was an attempt to work the system of pleading consistently, and was recommended by the commissioners on the ground that the great expense of lawsuits consisted in proving the facts of a cause, and that the true way of cheapening a suit was to narrow the facts in dispute as much as possible. In theory, this is very striking and ingenious; but in practice it has been found to be a very different matter. One among many instances of this may suffice:—The defendant having stated specially the facts of his defence, the plaintiff, not being allowed to set up more than one answer or replication, was obliged, in general, if the defendant pleaded several falsehoods, to admit the truth of all but one, unless he used a form which had been the subject of a decision reported by Lord Coke, and professionally known as "Crogate's case." This decision had been made in the era when legal subtlety was nearly at its height, and lays down arbitrary rules, which would gladden the heart of Aquinas or Durandus for their scholastic dogmatism. Under the new English system, it became of great importance to be able to use this general form of replication in a vast number of actions. The judges at once decided that they were bound by the rules respecting its applicability laid down in the year 1606, and, accordingly, in every instance, the question was arising whether the pleader had brought himself within this or that resolution in Crogate's case. The question was never, whether it was reasonable that a party should be allowed to deny more than one statement of his adversary, or whether any of the allegations on either side were true or false, or material to the case, or the reverse; but simply, whether the pleader could bring his case within this or that resolution reported by my Lord Coke. The English law-books between the years 1834 and 1853 are full of cases in which the rights of litigants were sacrificed to this scholastic crotchet.

The technicality and expense of the proceedings in the superior courts in England, produced a general cry for

"cheap justice;" the result was, the English County Courts' Act, passed in the year 1846, by which all disputes involving amounts less than twenty pounds, and which was soon increased to fifty pounds, were practically withdrawn from the superior courts of common law at Westminster. A similar system had been long in use in Ireland, in the civil-bill courts; but the jurisdiction had been limited to twenty pounds or less (according to the nature of the case). The extension of this, on the English model, became a popular cry; and, in 1851, we had the civil-bill jurisdiction, in Ireland, extended to the amount of forty pounds. These changes were beginning from the wrong end, but they were popular. The mass of the public could not readily distinguish between the widely different processes of making good law cheap, and making cheap law plenty. Bad law is dear at any price; and, without any disparagement to the merits of the gentlemen who preside over minor courts, it is perfectly plain that they must, as a class, be inferior to the judges, who are selected from the most learned and eminent members of the profession; and that they cannot, in numerous petty tribunals, be provided with the assistance of competent advocates or officers to aid in discussing or watching a case. The price payable for law is not an exception to the general rule, in political economy; the best and cheapest mart should be that where most business is done. This is, of course, an objection wholly independent of the still graver one, that the inevitable tendency of a system of petty tribunals is, to destroy the uniformity and certainty which is the greatest perfection of law. The system, carried out a little further, would produce as many codes as there are counties, and English law would soon, like eastern justice, exhibit its chameleon-shades, tinted with the peculiar views of each presiding cad.

During the period which preceded the year 1852, further attempts were not wanting, in both countries, to improve the courts of common law. Beside the changes in England, before referred to, several improvements were made, by statute, both in England and Ireland, between the years 1830 and 1840, by which beneficial alterations in the system of pleading and practice were introduced. But all

these went on the basis of the established practice — writs, declarations, and pleas, and the subsequent steps of a common law action, were left in their integrity. Legal fictions were scarcely touched, or dealt with with a very delicate hand. The ancient maxim, "*In fictions juris consistit equitas*" retained its charm. *Cupias, Quo minus* John Doe and John Thrustout, express colour, *distringas*, continuances, and a host of other productions of legal poetry, had still their admirers. On the abolition of real actions, in 1834, a great mass of legal fictions were swept away; but they were, for the most part, entirely confined to real actions for the recovery of land, and, except the forms connected with fines and recoveries, had become practically almost obsolete. The fictions connected with personal actions and ejectments, which were in daily use, continued; and practitioners were so habituated to them, that no one stopped to distinguish how much of the record of a suit consisted in things that were really done, and how much of it of legal phantasmagoria. The last reforms upon the old system in Ireland, were introduced by the Practice and Process Act, passed in 1850. This act introduced many most valuable improvements and abolished many fictions, but did not purport to effect any radical change of system.

While these changes in our common-law courts had been going on, the hand of reform was not idle in the courts of equity. Commissioners were appointed who reported upon them too. The old system in Chancery was, in point of expense, a most flagrant grievance. The enormous number of parties required, the costly and ponderous system of pleading, and the tedious and expensive course of practice, practically closed this avenue to justice against all suitors, when the stake in dispute was not of very considerable amount. Between the years 1823 and 1843, several statutes were passed, and new codes of practice introduced by rules of court, which greatly improved the system of our Courts of Equity. But all these proceeded upon the basis of the ancient system of pleading by bill and subpoena, with the usual consequences of long answers and preliminary hearings in almost every case. They were great improvements of, but not departures from, the old system, the theoretic ex-

cellence of which no one seemed to question.

The year 1850 was the year of revolution in the Irish Court of Chancery. Sir J. Romilly introduced, and parliament passed for Ireland, the act known as the Chancery Regulation Act. It may have been on the maxim, *experimentum fit in corpore vili*, that this act was limited to this country; but Irish suitors, nevertheless, owe a debt of gratitude to the lawyer who devised this bold change. Under the system introduced by it, the plaintiff tells his complaint by a simple petition, without charges of combination or unnecessary repetitions, and brings his adversary into court by simply giving him a written notice that he has made the complaint mentioned in his petition. Such of the defendants as desire to dispute the plaintiff's claim, do so by filing an affidavit, without the necessity of each person who is to be bound by the proceeding either answering or having an order *pro confesso* against him. No new suit is required to make new parties, or continue the proceedings against representatives of old parties; but a simple notice is served instead, under which the new parties may come in and show what there is erroneous in what has been done; and if they cannot show a reason to the contrary, they are bound by it. And in the large class of cases which must result in accounts and detailed inquiries, the matter is remitted at once to the judge (the Master in Chancery), before whom the inquiry is to take place, without the expensive and useless preliminary of a formal hearing before a different judge who (excuse the bull) never heard the case at all. The four main divisions and sixteen subdivisions into which the learned Lord Redesdale classified bills in Equity, are forgotten. The charging part, the interrogating part, the charge of combination, &c., in a bill in Equity, with their several offices so ingeniously explained by him, are discarded as useless. Simplicity is found to be the best road to clearness; and one sort of petition answers all cases, no form being required. In all this the new system is the reverse of the old. No doubt, there are many imperfections in the altered practice. It is not to be expected that so radical a change could be made without many faults appearing in the new structure; but after a working now of four years,

no unprejudiced judge will deny its merits. Among the evidences in its favour may be mentioned the great increase in the number of Chancery suits. Formerly no man ventured into Chancery unless the stake for which he litigated was very considerable — some hundreds of pounds, if not thousands, should be in jeopardy, to tempt him within its costly precincts; and of course the amount should be comparatively larger, in doubtful cases, to make it worth his while to risk ruin and years of anxiety in contending for it. Now no one foregoes a right because it happens to be the subject of an Equity suit. Suits about sums under £100 are of daily occurrence, and are decided with a rapidity and cheapness that make it folly now in the man who is frightened into abandoning his rights, instead of, as formerly, in the man who was so foolhardy as to assert them. The act allows suits to be still instituted on the old system; but of all the causes heard since it passed, there has not been one commenced since 1850, and prosecuted under the old system.

No radical change of this kind has been effected in the English Court of Chancery. Lord Cottenham introduced a code of rules by which certain suits may be commenced by what are called "claims," instead of the more costly proceeding by bill and answer. And by a statute passed in July, 1852, some considerable changes were introduced in the form of all Chancery suits in England, which are now commenced by serving a printed copy of the bill, instead of a subpoena, on the defendants. But the frame of a suit in England is greatly more technical and costly than in Ireland.

In 1852, there was another common-law commission, which was followed by the English Common-law Procedure Act, passed in 1852. In 1853, our Irish Courts of common law underwent a revolution similar to that which the Irish Court of Chancery had felt three years previously. In that year Mr. Whiteside introduced the act, which became law, under the name of the Common-law Procedure Amendment Act. By this statute no less than thirty-six previous acts are wholly, or in part, repealed — embracing, in fact, all that had been previously done in the way of reform in the practice of the law, from the reign of Henry VI. Many of the provisions contained in these

acts are codified and re-enacted; but a large proportion had become wholly useless, and is rejected. The mention of the foregoing fact alone is sufficient to show that so much had never been embraced in any single act on this subject before. By this statute, all fictitious, special demurrers, and technical objections, were swept away; the written record of an action is reduced to the simplest possible elements — two documents containing a statement of the plaintiff's claim, and of the defendant's defence, without the subdivisions of writ, declaration, appearance, rule to plead, plea, &c., which were formerly required. A number of improvements in matters of detail, are also introduced. The sources from which these changes were borrowed were enumerated, in moving the bill, to be the practice of the County and Civil Bill Courts; the act regulating civil procedure in Scotland; the Report of the Commissioners on the Common Law Procedure; the English Courts of Common Law Amendment Act of the preceding year; the American Code and Report of the New York Commissioners.

One great feature in which the act improves upon the English statute is, the abolition of all distinctions between different forms of action. The argument for the change was founded on the great injustice which frequently happened from mistakes on this head, which was illustrated by two well-known cases, on the refined distinction between actions of trespass on the case, and trespass *vi et armis*. In one of these a squib was thrown at a fair, and it fell on a stand, the owner of which took it up and threw it away, and it hit the plaintiff in the eye, and blinded him. In the other, a man had jumped off a coach, just as a collision was about happening, and in doing so broke his leg. There was no question that the defendant who had wantonly thrown a squib in the public fair, should pay for the mischief it had caused; and no question that the party to blame for the collision should pay for the accident that resulted. But the plaintiffs, who had lost an eye and a leg should, it was contended, lose their actions also, because their pleaders had made a mistake in the selection of one of these two forms of action, the boundaries between which were so refined and subtle, that the profession would have been about

equally divided as to which was right. The other changes thus introduced in this country have in most respects a general correspondence with those of the English act of the preceding year.

Perhaps there never was a measure which has met with so much professional criticism as this. The mind of the lawyer, imbued with the ancient law, whom practice has made expert in its use, and long familiarity has blinded to its defects—for whom an intimate acquaintance with the reasons of its fictions and technicalities has clothed them with the consistent beauty of a science, and explained away their practical absurdity—approaches the new system with a natural repugnance. The unskilfulness inseparable from the use of a new practice, and the uncertainty which is unavoidable for want of precedent, operate precisely in proportion to the extent of the changes made, and are of course very great where the alteration is so radical and extensive. No system ever was, or ever will be devised, in which ingenuity may not be misapplied. Advocates with bad cases will of course endeavour to perplex. Judges will not always be consistent, and differences of opinion necessarily arise in interpreting a new law. But such occasions of cavil are applicable to every change. Some of the now admittedly most beneficial principles introduced by the Chancery Regulation Act were the subject of similar objections. The judge who is puzzled, and the advocate who is tripped up, will naturally desire to shift the blame upon the law. To the end of time workmen will be finding fault with their tools. It is much easier to criticise than to improve the law; and it is to be observed, that the judges have ample powers under the act for making rules to correct defects in its working, a power which has as yet been very sparingly exercised.

Among the points which have most frequently elicited unfavourable criticisms on the act, are the changes it has introduced in multiplying the number and length of defences required, and the system of settling issues on the pleadings. It may be questioned whether the act has had a fair trial on these points, or indeed, whether the spirit of the act has been rightly understood or carried out. If the obligation introduced by it of stating spe-

cially the nature of the defence to be relied on, be not accompanied by a liberal administration of the other qualifying provisions of the statute, allowing a general and untechnical form of statement, and removing the restrictions which under the old law limited the number and form of defences which were allowed, there is certainly a danger that many of the evils which followed the introduction of the new rules of pleading in England in 1836 may be the consequence. The privilege of pleading several pleas, is still clogged by the restriction requiring the special leave of a judge in each instance; and some judges have evinced a great unwillingness to allow a liberal use of it. Instances have occurred in which one judge has refused leave to plead a plea, and another judge, when trying the case, has shut out the defence because it was not pleaded. Until the recent change, a party was precluded from disputing the legal consequences which his adversary sought to draw, and at the same time denying or avoiding the facts his adversary relied on, or as it is technically called, pleading and demurring at the same time. There is no other system but that of our common law pleading, in which these restrictions were ever recognised. No sound reason can be suggested why each party should not be at liberty always to dispute the validity of an adversary's case, even assuming his facts to be true, and at the same time deny or explain away these facts, subject only to this restriction, that the objection in law should not be plainly frivolous or untenable; and the plea, in fact, should be believed by the party pleading them to be true, and should not be so inconsistent as to be manifestly false. But this is going into details which we had intended to avoid.

A great and highly beneficial change has unquestionably been made, although it is not perhaps the best possible change that could be devised. It was, it has been said before, the boldest and most extensive measure of the kind yet attempted, and the energy and ability of the eminent lawyer who is its author deserves all praise. It rests upon the sound principle, that the best tribunals a country can afford should be opened, as far as possible, to all suitors by their cheapness and simplicity. If it has not succeeded in

cutting off all devices to shield the litigious or dishonest litigant, it has at least left but one such exercise of misapplied ingenuity for every ten that existed formerly. Even during the short time for which the act is in operation, its effect in this way is most palpable. It has hardly been long enough in operation to test its other merits; but it is a fact, that during the year which has just elapsed there have been an unusually large number of actions tried, and yet there have been an unusually small proportion of new trial motions arising out of them, which shows the tendency of the improved procedure to elicit and determine satisfactorily the real question in a case.

Another vast change which has taken place in the practical part of the law within the last ten years, is the reform of the law of evidence. Various minor improvements in facilitating and cheapening the making of proofs, have been introduced; but the great feature, which has in fact revolutionised this head of our jurisprudence, is the entire removal of objections to testimony, on the ground of interest in the witnesses. The doctrines of our law on this subject, seem to have been originally borrowed from the civil law, though never carried to the same extent. The theory was, that witnesses interested in the result should not be heard, lest they should be tempted to commit perjury. By the civil law, near relations and servants are made incompetent; and the rules defining the amount of evidence required, are so refined and arbitrary, as frequently to render the attainment of justice simply impossible. In the English law, the doctrine got a characteristically mercantile turn, and the interest which disqualified a witness was required to be a pecuniary one. The absurdity of the rules on this subject were long ago forcibly pointed out by Jeremy Bentham. The proposition assumed in these rules was, that an interested witness must perjure himself—for the mere *probability* of perjury might weigh against his credibility, but could not show him to be incompetent. The law on this subject was altered by an act passed in 1843, and the principle has been since carried out to its full extent, by allowing, since 1831, parties themselves, and since 1853, their wives, to be examined, in all cases, as witnesses. This revolution, when proposed by Bentham,

was met with a storm of condemnation; even after it became law, it was strongly disapproved of by many; but the experience of a few years seems to have removed all prejudices against the change, and there is not the remotest chance of our ever retracing our steps on this branch of the law. In the last year some further improvements in the rules of evidence, as to examining witnesses, have been made by a statute, which, at the same time, introduced some further improvements in the practice of the English law courts; but these latter provisions do not—though the sections of the statute relating to evidence do—extend to Ireland.

Another class of changes, made within the last few years, provide for allowing amendments, to prevent the failure of justice from what is technically termed a variance. Formerly, if there was any difference between the written statement contained in the pleadings and the evidence adduced in support of them, the party, whether plaintiff or defendant, was defeated because he had not proved the identical facts he had pleaded, although the facts, as they had turned out in evidence, sustained his case just as well as the facts as stated in his pleadings. This was a perpetual source of flagrant injustice. The impossibility of knowing beforehand *exactly* what would be proved, made it impossible to provide against those fatal variances. The first timid attempt to remedy this was by an act passed in 1826, allowing the judge at the trial to amend the pleadings, when the variance was between them and a matter in writing. One would have supposed this was less necessary, because more easily guarded against, than in cases where the variance was in a matter proved by the evidence of witnesses, which could not be known beforehand so accurately. The power of amendment has since been very properly extended to *all* cases whatever; the only restriction being the discretion of the court to prevent a surprise or injustice to the opposite party.

Such is a brief notice of some of the most prominent improvements which have been made in the practice of our courts of justice; and of which, it has been seen, the vast majority of the most important are the productions of the last ten, nay, the last five years. To effect these, there was a great

pressure from without, which at one time almost threatened the absolute desertion of our superior courts of justice. But it is remarkable, that all that is good in these changes has been the work of lawyers; the few crude attempts to make amendments by unskilful hands have been failures, and are forgotten. But though the progress has been so rapid, let it not be supposed that the course of law reform has reached its goal. Some of the most important changes, proposed by the foremost in the march of law reform, have been refused the sanction of the legislature. We have two distinct classes of Courts — of Common Law and Equity—and what is justice in the one is injustice in the other. Our Courts of Equity were originally a necessity arising from the narrow views of our common law judges in ancient times. The growth of their jurisdiction is a curious and interesting chapter in our national history, without a knowledge of which it is impossible to see any valid reason for the distinctions between many of the subjects which are distributed to the respective classes of courts. There may be branches of this jurisdiction for which the course of procedure at common law would be inconvenient; but there is no valid reason why a large portion of the subjects of equitable cognizance, and that portion the one which produces the greatest anomalies in our system, should not be decided in a common law court. Can there be a greater absurdity than this case which is of daily occurrence? A has agreed to purchase or take a lease from B, and is in possession. B wants to get back the lands; he brings his ejectment, and a court of law, as a matter of course, pronounces judgment in his favour, and decrees him the possession; while a court of equity, equally as a matter of course, pronounces judgment in favour of B, and decrees that A shall not have possession. Why should B be driven to this second tribunal, and why should not the first have jurisdiction to withhold the act of injustice it was about doing? The converse of this case also frequently occurs. A has a right to recover the possession, but there is some legal impediment which it would be gross injustice to allow him to be defeated by, technically called a "temporary bar;" and he is obliged to have a suit in Equity, in order to enable him to

prosecute his suit at law. Attempts have been made to give courts of law jurisdiction to deal with these and some other branches of Equity. Where the jurisdiction of Equity would interfere to prevent a recovery at law, the equitable jurisdiction has, for many years, been exercised by the Civil Bill Courts, and the allowing of equitable defences has not been found to create any inconvenience. It was proposed, as a part of Mr. Whiteside's measure, to give law courts equitable jurisdiction in both the foregoing cases, and in some others, *ex. gr.*, in entertaining suits on lost bills of exchange, and allowing assignees of choses in action to sue. For the latter proposition he cited the authority of an old radical reformer, Oliver Cromwell, who sat on a commission which recommended the change, in 1654. These clauses were, however, rejected. A difficulty has been supposed to exist from the nature of the Court—a jury being considered a bad tribunal to decide questions likely to arise in such cases; but there is no reason why the defence might not be determined in an interlocutory proceeding in the cause, when it would be decided by the Court, and not by a jury. Even though that decision should be had merely upon affidavits, it should, in Ireland at least, be no objection, as our Chancery suits are now all decided upon affidavits. There would be no difficulty in giving courts of law jurisdiction to go even further than was proposed, and to grant the entire relief which has heretofore been given in Equity, by ordering specific performance of the agreement or duty which constitutes the defence. The supposed inconsistency of ending a suit instituted by a plaintiff in a decree giving the opposite relief to a defendant, is a mere matter of form that surprises, because we are unused to it. The delay in removing these defects from our legal system might be supposed to be due to the situation of the legal profession in England. There the practitioners are so completely divided into the different classes of Common law and Equity lawyers, that those form nearly as distinct pursuits as if they were two different professions, while in this country practitioners generally attend to both Courts. Yet, strange to say, the first step in this road to reform has been taken in England. By the statute of last session before referred to, equitable

defences are allowed at law. The jurisdiction heretofore exclusively exercised by Courts of Equity, in enforcing specific performance of duties or contracts, for the breach of which courts of law could formerly give only damages, has been extended to the courts of law at Westminster, by the process of *mandamus* and *injunction*; and a jurisdiction as ample as Courts of Equity ever exercised in suits for discovery is also given. These are vast improvements; and it is to be hoped that the present session will not be suffered to pass without extending them to this country, in a shape adapted to our different course of practice. The difference between the law in the two kingdoms renders the change here still more easy than it was in England.

But the statute of last session has laid a foundation for the ultimate abolition of distinctions between courts of Law and Equity, by a provision, the results of which cannot at first be easily foreseen. Trial by jury is, for many purposes, an institution of inestimable excellence; it is thoroughly English, and cannot be too highly prized, or too jealously preserved. But it is notorious that, in a large class of cases coming before juries, they have nothing to do; and nothing but the strong and very just feeling of admiration for the institution has kept up the practice of referring to a jury every case in which a question of fact may arise. The first section of the statute referred to empowers judges, in certain cases, to decide matters of fact without the intervention of a jury. A slight extension of this principle will place judges of courts of Law in the same position as a judge in Equity, for deciding all questions, equitable or legal. It is the thin edge of the wedge, which driven home may open all courts to decide all disputes, according to the real justice of each case, unfettered by arbitrary distinctions or technical rules of jurisdiction.

It is easy to suggest other topics in which public opinion is busy, and in which legal reform is required. Justice in Westminster Hall and in the Four Courts has been much cheapened and simplified; but the system of appeal, especially from Irish courts of Equity, amounts almost to a denial of justice, it is so costly and so tedious. With the Incumbered Estates Court a

ready and excellent tribunal of appeal was introduced — the Privy Council. Cannot some similar appellate tribunal be provided for cases that cannot bear the expense of an appeal to the House of Lords, which, from this country, costs at least £300 or £400. It is no doubt desirable that the ultimate tribunal in both countries should be the same, but surely it is possible to provide something intermediate for suitors to whom redress in the House of Lords is unattainable. Causes of every magnitude are heard by the Lord Chancellor, a single judge, and the vast difficulty of correcting any error into which he may fall, casts a most painful responsibility on him, beside the evil to the suitor. Another improvement long needed in courts of Equity, and for which a precedent is set by the Incumbered Estates Court, is the power of giving a perfect title to persons who purchase property under a decree. If the Incumbered Estates Commission should expire without an improvement in the system of Chancery on this subject, it will be felt as a serious grievance.

The commencement of this century saw our tribunals in a state little better than what the Plantagenets and Tudors had left them. They are now far advanced in the course of improvement. The English Temple of Themis was then an unsightly and complicated edifice, the entrances blocked up with unmeaning walls and buttresses, and so many by-doors and crooked passages within, that a suitor for justice, if he escaped the danger of entering by the wrong gate, ran a fair chance of losing his way in the interior. Even if he escaped this second peril, the ascent to the presence-chamber of the goddess was so long and steep, and the door-keeper's fees so heavy, that the suitor was well nigh broken down and ruined before he could throw himself at her feet. We have seen many of its deformities pulled down and its intricacies abolished, and new structures erected on the solid foundations and massive walls which remained; let us hope, before the century closes, to see the renewed temple, in its beauty and symmetry, with wide approaches and open portals, of so easy access, that no victim of injustice may be deterred or foiled in approaching its altars.

IRETON.

SIEGE OF COLCHESTER (1648).

[The siege of Colchester, and its gallant defence by the Royalists, against a numerous and well-disciplined army under Fairfax and Ireton, is one of the most remarkable events in the Civil War. The garrison under the command of the Earl of Norwich, Lord Capel, Sir Charles Lucas, and other distinguished officers, among whom we recognise the name of a countryman, Sir Hugh O'Reilly, held out for seventy-six days, expecting relief from the Scottish Royalists; and it was only through the combined pressure of treachery on the part of the townspeople, who favoured the enemy, famine, and a failure of ammunition, that they at last surrendered on terms of "Faile quarter and rend'ring to mercy," which, on the very day the articles were signed, namely, 27th August, 1648, were shamefully violated in the cold-blooded murder of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George De Lisle, under circumstances similar to those stated in my text. A graphic description from an eyewitness, and one who passed through all the trials of the siege, is left us in "The True Relation of the honourable though unfortunate Expedition of Kent, Essex, and Colchester, in 1648, by Mathew Carter, Quartermaster-General of the King's Forces." It is remarked that Fairfax, in his "Memorial" to the Parliament, detailing the surrender of Colchester, and execution of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George De Lisle, has stooped to the meanness of a falsehood, in calling them "mere Soldiers of Fortune." Both were men of property, especially Sir Charles Lucas, who had a competent estate of his own near Colchester, and was, besides, heir to his brother, Lord Lucas, of which Fairfax must have been aware.]

"'Fore heaven, 'tis vain to longer wait for Scottish help or aid—
At Preston flies their beaten host, and Langdale is betrayed;
And in the west our cause is lost, the London levies' fled,
Young Villiers lies a bloody corpse! Sir Kenelm Digby dead!*

'Tis idle then to struggle more—our hopes are in the dust;
The crop-eared knaves have won the day, and yield at last we must."
Our hearts grew sad when thus we heard, with famine-wasted cheek,
At Colchester, our leader tried, the stout Lord Capel speak.

And 'twas a bitter sight, though fair the sun looked down
Upon the slopes and red-tiled roofs of that war-shattered town,
To see next day, as victors proud, up Runwald's causeway ride,
Gaunt Fairfax with his wasted look, and Ireton by his side.

And as the sleek-hair'd rogues and knaves, with pike and petronel,
Came marching through St. Peter's gate, loud singing psalms as well,
Oh for a charge of Rupert's horse, or Denbeigh's volunteers,
To drive like chaff before the wind those canting musketeers!

For at their head rode Desborough, his buff coat stained with blood,
And close behind that traitor vile, Sir Thomas Honeywood;†
And Cromwell's pets, the Ironsides, and footmen not a few,
With halberdiers, who at Liskard the stout Northampton slew.‡

* In an unsuccessful attempt to relieve Colchester, the Earl of Holland was taken prisoner at Kingston, and Lord Francis Villiers, brother to the Duke of Buckingham, a youth of rare beauty and comeliness of person, was slain. A few days after, Dalbeare and Kenelm Digby met with a similar fate in Huntingdonshire.—*Hooper's Rebellion*.

† Here he (Fairfax) was joined on the road by Colonel Whaley and Sir Thomas Honeywood, with 2,000 horse and foot of the country (Essex).—*Whitelock*.

‡ More correctly Hopton Heath, near Stratford. In the skirmish here, the Earl of Northampton being unhorsed, and refusing quarter "from such base rogues and rebels," was killed by a blow of a halberd in the hinder part of the head.—*Hooper's Rebellion*.

And when they reached the castle old, with shot and cannon rent,
Our vanquished flag lay drooping down, flung o'er the battlement;
And clustered there our leaders stood, though wasted, wan, and worn,
Still glancing on the foeman's ranks with careless looks of scorn.

Then ruthless Ireton forward stept, "Advance me quick a file,
And from yon group arrest the knights called Lucas and De Lisle;
For ere the blessed sun hath set, that rolls its course on high,
Within an hour, upon this spot, those godless men shall die."

Then out spoke Sir Charles Lucas, that noble knight and true,
"What warrant have ye, Puritan, such bloody deed to do?
For when we laid our good swords down, and yielded up the place,
Your General pledged his plighted word for quarter and for grace!"

"Who quarter gives to those that smite the servants of the Lord?
Who talks of grace to scoffers lewd? our warrant is the sword;
And for the martyred saints you slew, the Council doth decree
That instant ye be shot to death—and such your doom shall be."

"Well, be it so; I've danger met, with fearless heart and brow,
And fronted Death too oft ere this to quail before him now;
Though short the space ye give for prayer, 'tis idle to repine,
And I will in God's mercy trust, but never seek for thine."

His belt unclasp'd, his plumed hat doff'd, and on the green sward there,
With the sunshine upon his brow, he knelt in silent prayer;
A moment's space, then calmly rose, and bared his breast to view—
"Now, traitors, do your worst, and fire with steady aim and true!"

The volley pealed!—ho lifeless fell!—yet scarce the echoes died,
When a fresh file of musketeers the foremost rank supplied;
And forth was led Sir George De Lisle, with proud and flashing eye,
Until he came where on the grass that bleeding corpse did lie.

And kneeling down, he kiss'd the brow—"Oh, who could deem would be
Within the hearts of Englishmen to give such death to thee?
The stoutest arm, the frankest heart, untainted and sincere,
Throughout his realm King Charles hath no nobler Cavalier!

"And ye have slaughtered him in cold blood, ye whom he has saved
In the midst of angry battle, when his sword above you waived;
But a demon drove ye to it." Here of the trickling blood
In his hollowed hand he took, and stepp'd where Ireton stood.

And raising high his hand in air, unto him sternly said—
"With this blood I doom thee murderer—be it on thy head,
In the battle and the camp, in the silence of the night,
Thy heart shall tell in thunder-throbs that I have doom'd thee right.

"Go, labour for another's rise—a stronger fiend than thou,
Before whose spirit, though you hate, your weaker one must bow;
Go, do his work and wear his chains, yet gnaw them in your heart,
Till, crushed and cowed against your will, you feel his slave thou art.

"With baffled hopes and inward rage, still deeper plunge in guilt,
For him to reap the rich reward of all the blood you spilt;
Till men shall point with mocking sneer, despite your sullen pride,
At Ireton as a worthless tool, by Cromwell cast aside.

"And God shall bless the royal cause, though now 'tis trampled down,
And honest subjects gain their own, his Majesty the crown;
The very man beneath whose flag this day your troopers spring,*
Shall bend the knee to Charles yet, and hail him England's King!

"And though I die, in cold blood slain, my boyhood's friend, with thee,
Yet not unwept our early graves, nor unrevenged shall be;
Our names shall sound a death-knell still when vanquished rebels sue,
And Colchester a war-cry stern, when charge the brave and true.

"And thou—no, not on English earth, or in the battle fray,
Nor yet with friends beside thy couch thy soul shall pass away;
But shunned by all, in foreign land, bereft of mind and sense,
A maniac's end is thine, struck down by pestilence!

"Think not my words shall fall to earth, or that I idly rave;
No—standing by this bleeding corpse, before my yawning grave,
A prophet's power is on my tongue, and though you mocking smile,
Hereafter you shall shuddering think on Lucas and De Lisle!"

A moment's pause—the death-shots ring—and by his comrade's side,
With many a bullet pierc'd, the fearless soldier died;
And when the smoke clear'd off the spot, the setting sunbeams fair
Fell full upon each lifeless corpse, and Ireton standing there!

* * *

A GLANCE AT IRISH STATISTICS.

It is now some time since we asked the attention of our readers to any considerations connected with the social position of the country. The improved condition of the people in every element of comfort and of civilisation is so obvious and so marked, as to make commentary on it superfluous. It is manifest to all; even those whose vision is obscured by the heaviest mists of prejudice, cannot fail to recognise the altered features of the country, however they may seek to represent them as illusory or unstable. True it is, no doubt, that the crisis through which the country has passed, was a fearful one; famine and pestilence, and abrupt changes in great principles of public policy which revolutionised society, all fell simultaneously on the devoted land. The action of this threefold visitation we need not dwell upon now; it

must be for ever vividly impressed on the memories of those who witnessed it, and it has already found in our pages a contemporaneous and, however humble, yet, we trust, a faithful chronicle. We feel, too, that it is an unmanly thing to wail over the past, when we have so much to rejoice over in the present; we prefer enlarging on our present blessings, which, we trust, may be permanent and increasing, rather than on grievances which are past.

Our attention has been pointed to this subject more particularly at the present season, by finding on our table a publication which comes annually before the public, and which contains information more full and more perfect on the condition and progress of Ireland than any one publication ever before did on this or on any other country

* It is a matter of history that Fairfax warmly aided in the restoration of Charles II., raising an army and joining Monk at York, when that cautious General was marching to London from Scotland for that purpose.

† Ireton died at Limerick of the plague. Tradition asserts that his last moments were terrible, and haunted with the phantoms of his murdered victims.

—we allude to Mr. Thom's admirable *Almanac*.^{*} We are not about, either, to review this book or even to describe it; to our Irish readers it would be unnecessary, and to strangers, who have had no opportunity of appreciating its accuracy and completeness, it would be impossible. By an incredible amount of energy and exertion Mr. Thom has contrived to accumulate from all sources, private as well as public, an amount of information on the various interests of society in this country which is hardly conceivable. In professing to glance at the social condition of the country, we are bound thus, at the outset, to avow our grateful acknowledgment to the source from which all our information is derived; nor need we scruple to own our obligations to an authority so popular and so accessible, for this we know full well, that members of parliament, peers and statesmen have no fuller or more authentic source of information on the same subjects, and that their statements would be found more accurate, and their conclusions more exact, if they consulted their authority more carefully.

The emigration of the Irish people—the exodus, as it has been not inaptly termed—is undoubtedly the most striking feature of the time, and that to which one first would turn. Nothing of a similar kind has ever occurred in the history of the world, and it is hard to conceive that a state of things shall again exist, which could produce a similar result. Emigration unquestionably has existed at all times, but how unlike that which we are daily witnessing. When ancient Greece sent out her colonist, he went forth with a community which represented the whole society of which he had been a member; a complete section of the old republic, comprising both its aristocratical and democratical elements, started from the rocky promontories of Greece for their new settlements on the coasts of Asia, or the islands and peninsulas of the Mediter-

anean. A nominal tribute sometimes acknowledged a connexion with the mother country, but nothing like dependency on her was ever claimed or admitted. The Grecian colonist, with some greater advantages perhaps of climate or of soil, found himself, in all other particulars, a member of a society precisely similar to that in which he had been reared, and his habits and pursuits continued unaltered. The other great nation of antiquity likewise had her emigrations; but the Roman colonist went forth a soldier and a conqueror; by the force of his sword he fought his way through Central Europe to Gaul, and on to the then remote territories of Britain; having subjugated the various races whom he encountered, he, and his fellow-warriors settled amongst them on the beneficia or military locations which were the rewards of their conquest, impressing their laws and manners on the vanquished people, and holding their possessions by their might and the terror of their name. This mighty empire was again itself doomed to be overrun, and to sink under the weight of migrations the most overwhelming and most ruthless that the world ever saw. The northern hordes, in numbers which seemed unlimitable, and with fierceness which was irresistible, swept over the domains of Rome, and established themselves even in the very citadel of her empire. Carrying with them that peculiar relation, known amongst themselves as anstrutship, a sort of voluntary connexion which associated their youth in several bands, with leaders of their choice whom they selected for their spirit or ability, and combining it with the system of military fees, which they found established in the empire, they from this two-fold element gave rise to that feudal system which has impressed itself so deeply on the habits and sentiments of all modern Europe, and on no portion of it more strongly than on the British Islands.

How widely dissimilar to all this is

^{*} Thom's *Almanac and Official Directory*, for the year 1855, comprising, with other information—British Directory; Parliamentary Directory; Naval and Military; Colonial; Statistics of Ireland; Irish Peerage; Government Offices; University, Scientific and Literary Directory; Ecclesiastical, Law, Banking, Postal and Conveyance Directory; County and Borough; Dublin Post-office City and County Directory; with a great variety of general and Colonial information. Dublin: Alexander Thom and Son, 87, Abbey-street. Longman, Brown, and Co., London. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh. And all Booksellers.

the expatriation of the Irish emigrant. His is no hostile invasion, revolutionising the society amongst which he comes, originating a new phase of civilisation, and giving birth to new sentiments and habits of thought; still less does he find himself transferred to another clime, unconscious of any change but that of locality, and surrounded by the same public relations, and the same social feelings, that he ever had been used to. No; he goes forth, unprotected, to the land of the stranger; he renounces all allegiance and dependence on the country of his birth, and becomes the citizen of a strange people, in a foreign, if not a hostile, land. To America the great stream of emigration has been directed; and in America the emigrant has, for the most part, every reason to congratulate himself on his lot. This the great weight of evidence from every district of that great country incontestably establishes. True, it may be, that in some localities the emigrant has become a drug in the market. The following, for example, we read from New York, under date of the 24th December, 1854:—"We have 20,000 emigrants, and no work for them; 7,000 are in the poor-house, maintained by the city, of whom 6,000 are foreigners. We must tax emigrants." This, however, we believe to be the exceptional case; the general success of the Irish emigrant is incontestable. Surely, no better evidence of it can be afforded than that, which is to be found in the amount of their remittances back to the land of their birth—remittances almost invariably made for the purpose of bringing their relatives and friends after them to the country of their adoption. In the vast majority of cases the funds which enable the Irish labourer to emigrate come from those who have preceded him. These remittances have continued gradually to increase from the year 1848, when they amounted to about half-a-million sterling, up to 1853, when they reached the extraordinary amount of a million and a-half—remittances consisting of sums never exceeding a few pounds, and sent by those who never before in their lives knew what it was to have so much to dispose of.

Prosperous, however, as may be the condition of the emigrant, in what light are we to regard the effect of this exodus on our own country, and on the interests of those who remain at home? We would first naturally try to ascertain the extent to which it has gone; but here we have a difficulty, for we have no register but of those who have sailed direct from Irish ports; and we know that we daily see great multitudes of our countrymen passing through our chief cities, on their way to Liverpool, or other English or Scotch ports, there to take shipping for America, Australia, or the land of their adoption, wheresoever it may be. Looking only to the return from the Irish ports, it would appear as if emigration was at its height in the year 1847, when the numbers amounted to 96,000; two years afterwards they had fallen to 70,000; and in the year 1853, to about 34,000.* Much of this seeming decline is, however, to be ascribed to the more frequent practice of taking shipping from England. The spirit of emigration is still rife among the peasantry; it is the one object which is ever present to the mind of the Irish labourer. If we look at the returns from the whole of the United Kingdom, we shall find that in the year 1853, the emigrants amounted to the vast number of 330,000. And this, at least, we have ascertained, that between pestilence and emigration, the population of Ireland fell off considerably more than a million and a-half in the ten years previous to 1851.

The effect, however, of this diminution in the number of the labouring classes upon the condition of those who remain, and on the country generally, has been most advantageous. The decrease of pauperism is probably one of the most unquestionable, as it is the most gratifying evidence of the change.

The number of paupers receiving relief both in the workhouse and out of doors, at the following dates, were these:—

1851	Oct. 18	...	145,748
1852	" 16	...	115,810
1853	" 15	...	82,846
1854	" 14	...	68,121

* The numbers are in all cases given precisely in Mr. Thom's publication; but we adopt the next round number for facility of expression.

Nor is the decrease in crime less remarkable. It would appear to have fully kept pace with the decrease in pauperism, and with the diminution in number of an idle, unemployed population, amongst whom poverty and crime were necessarily rife. The convictions at the Assizes, from 1849 to 1853, were as follows:—

1849	21,202
1850	17,108
1851	14,377
1852	10,454
1853	8,714

The cases before magistrates for petty offences show a somewhat similar, though not so uniform a result. And, what is even more remarkable, and furnishes a still stronger indication of the improved condition of the people—the consumption of the comforts and necessities of life, of tea, tobacco, sugar, and such like, has gone on steadily increasing, and this though with a population whose numbers have been so greatly reduced. No stronger evidence can be supplied of the improved condition of the people.

We trust that we need not here guard ourselves against being mistaken for Malthusians, or being suspected of holding views so preposterous, to use no harsher term, as some which have been put forward by modern disciples of that school. To say nothing of M. Sismondi abroad, we have Mr. Mill at home, longing for the time when the labouring class shall feel that the competition of their numbers is the cause of their poverty; when every labourer should regard any other who had more children than the circumstances of society allowed to each, *as doing him a wrong*—as filling up the place which he was entitled to share, and helping to prevent him from having his fair allowance of children. This we conceive to be unmitigated balderdash. We utterly reject the doctrine of over-population. We believe that it is mainly by human labour, judiciously directed, that wealth is produced; and that the more effective labour there is in a country, the greater will be the amount of its wealth. We believe that by co-operation and the division of labour the wealth of a country will increase in a greater ratio than its numbers, and that the greater the number of workmen in the country,

the greater the proportionate amount of wealth that will be annually produced. How, then, came it to pass, that the condition of Ireland was so anomalous that, so far from exemplifying the advantages of a numerous population, she should have furnished the principal, if not the sole illustration for those who contended for an opposite conclusion? Partly, because her people were not workmen—because their energies were not trained nor employed in any industrial pursuit; but chiefly because there was no spirit nor commercial enterprise amongst those who should have been their employers—the people stood all the day idle, because there was no man to hire them.

In such a state of society as this, emigration was the only resource. It is not, then, because that it allowed of the consolidation of farms—for we firmly believe that the system of small farms, under judicious cultivation, produces and sustains a more numerous and more flourishing, and happier people; it is not because that the country could not readily have sustained a much larger population, that we look with satisfaction on the record of the emigration of our people; but it is because we feel, that in the vicious state of society into which the country had fallen—great masses of labourers, with energies undeveloped, and no class of employers—it was the only remedy that was open to us, painful and severe though it may have been.

One thing, indeed, is much to be deplored, in connexion with this remarkable feature of the time—namely, that of this immense emigration, not even one-third of it finds its way to any dependency of our own empire. The inefficiency of our Governments for the legitimate duties of their position—that incompetency which has been so painfully brought home to us in the mismanagement of the war—is not less strikingly manifested in this, that with an immense colonial empire, all the colonies of England are so ill chosen, and so disadvantageously circumstanced, that her emigrants cannot choose but to become aliens; that much, very much more than two-thirds of them are now driven to a foreign land. No, not even a penal colony can our Government organise; and we have now absolutely entered upon the fearful experiment of keeping our criminals

at home, and turning them out periodically on the country, pouring out a flood of crime and profligacy over the land, depraving and polluting all within its reach. Who will associate with these people? who will employ them? who would suffer his workmen or his family to be contaminated by their presence? who would suffer his household to be polluted by such inmates? Shunned as a pestilence, or worse, what chance have these people of employment or reformation? what resource is open to them but to re-enter on their career of guilt? and what result is to ensue but that they shall be shortly incarcerated in the prison from which they had recently been sent forth? And all this, whilst we rule over the widest empire in the world, in various districts of which penal colonies could readily be established, where our convicts could be profitably employed during their imprisonment, and might settle afterwards with some chance of reformation, as they would not be loathed and avoided by every one. But our Governments lately, in their zeal for centralisation, have been undertaking duties, which should be discharged by the independent action of the citizens, and have necessarily fallen short in the discharge of those which are their true functions: so true are the words of that profound political philosopher, Edmund Burke—"As the government descends from the state to a province, from a province to a parish, from a parish to a private house, they go on accelerated in their fall. They *cannot* do the lower duty; and in proportion as they try it, they will certainly fail in the higher."

True it is, indeed, and it is a consideration by no means to be thought lightly of or to be overlooked, but, on the contrary, one of the utmost importance, that the military strength of the country and its means of defence is very much diminished by this incessant drain on its population. We do not, however, mean to dwell upon this consideration now. We may, however, take the occasion to observe that we have still left to us in Ireland a male population from the ages of twenty to thirty-five years, of considerably over 700,000 men, and that the male population of the united kingdom, within the same ages, is much more than 3,000,000—a force which, with the wealth, resources, and spirit of the

people, ought to supply armies abundantly powerful to assert the independence and honour of the nation.

The nature of our agricultural pursuits bears strong testimony to the action of the principle of free trade upon the industry of the country. The natural tendency of the sudden introduction of the free trade policy—the result which we should, *a priori*, have anticipated—would be that our tillage lands should be converted into pasturage; and inasmuch as that two men would herd as many acres as it would take twenty to till, that as a consequence a vast number of labourers would be thrown upon the market, driven into the poorhouse, or forced into emigration, until they might, to some extent and slowly, become absorbed in the manufacturing population. We are not now discussing the policy of this measure. We are not about to contend that it was either expedient or just that the Lancashire workman should pay higher for his loaf, in order that the Irish labourer should find employment and subsistence. However humane or charitable such a course might have been, charity should flow spontaneously. It ceases to be such when it is enforced, and it never can nor should it be made the basis of the commercial policy of a country. Having thus guarded ourselves against being misunderstood, we refer to what we have called the natural tendency of this policy.

We say the natural tendency, for we admit that it is one which many things might occur to correct or to counteract. The foreigner, for instance, might not be able to send in such large quantities of grain as we expected; or, again, the stimulus of his competition might develop an amount of skill and energy on the part of our own farmers which would enable us to compete with him successfully. In other words, although the foreign corn may legally be imported, the foreigner may not be able to undersell us to the extent that was anticipated, and the tillage farmer may still be enabled to hold his ground. But if the practical effect of the free trade be that which it was intended to be, and that which it, no doubt, to some extent has been—namely, that the cheaply-grown foreign corn of the foreigner shall be imported into the market of England, who was our best customer—the necessary result must be

that which we have pointed out, to throw our tillage lands out of cultivation, to lead our farmers to turn their capital into the production and rearing of stock, in which the competition of the foreigner cannot be so sensibly felt, and to force the labourer to emigrate.

The latter result we have already noticed; the former tendency, corrected and limited as it no doubt is, to a great degree, by the increased industry and skill of the farmer, is yet abundantly attested in the evidence now before us. From the year 1850 to the present, the number of acres of land under crops has been decreasing. Last year it amounted to 5,568,376 acres, which was 128,000 acres less than the year previous, and 290,000 acres less than it was in 1850; whilst the value of the stock of the country has been steadily increasing. In 1849, it was of the value of £25,692,616; in 1850, it had increased to about 27 millions; in 1851, it was nearly 28 millions; in 1852, it was more than 29 millions; and in 1853, it had reached to the value of £31,844,718. The return for last year is not given. We should observe that these tables, however unscientifically they may be conceived with reference to the object which they profess, that of giving information as to the increasing *value* of the agricultural stock, yet convey a perfectly accurate view of its increased quantity; for they are based on the assumption of a *fixed value* being set upon every horse, ox, and soforth; that is, each year every horse, or ox, or other animal, is set down at the same value that was fixed for animals of the same kind through all the previous years—a notion which will provoke a smile from any of our readers who may chance to have read anything of economical science, but which they will see does not prevent these returns from being conclusive for the only object for which we seek to use them, that of representing the rate of increase in the *quantity* of agricultural stock.

The extension of railways and of railway traffic furnishes us with further evidence of the improved condition of the country. Within the last six years the length of railway open for traffic has doubled, and it now amounts to nine hundred miles, with about one hundred and sixty miles more in course of construction. The wonder is that a very much greater extent of line is not

being constructed. There is no more remarkable feature in the railway system in Ireland than the great diminution in the cost of construction. Hear it, ye shareholders of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway, whose line cost £82,000 per mile; the newly opened line from Mallow to Killarney has cost but £55,000; and that from Waterford to Tramore has not been much more expensive. Surely there are few districts which will not enable such undertakings to be profitably undertaken when constructed at so small an outlay. It has always been matter of surprise to us that the single line of railway is not much more generally adopted in Ireland than it has been; it would be fully adequate to the requirements of any of our agricultural districts, and would save at least one-third in the cost of construction. By sidings at the stations and other convenient intervals, the passing of the trains along the line can be readily adjusted. Two trains starting from opposite ends, and travelling at the same or different degrees of velocity, will meet at a point which can be readily calculated; nothing more is required than to arrange that this point shall be near a siding, in which the train which is first to arrive at it shall lie by until the other shall have gone past. This system of single lines has been adopted on the great main lines of Holland—a country of cities, with immense passenger traffic. Their trains go at a much greater speed, are more frequent, and carry a much greater number of passengers than our Irish lines; they are further exposed to an interruption of which we know nothing, that arising from the frequent intersection of their canals. The railway in Holland runs so low that it crosses the numerous canals of that country on draw-bridges, which are constantly opened, and which must make it more difficult to adjust the times of passing of the trains than it would otherwise be. And is it not preposterous to say, that a system which has been thus found to answer, and which has been deliberately adopted in a wealthy, commercial, and densely populated country like Holland, would not be the best fitted for our poor agricultural and thinly inhabited districts, which neither require many trains nor great velocity?

It is a natural transition to pass

from the consideration of the condition of the country to that of the proceedings of that tribunal which has exercised so powerful an influence upon it—the Incumbered Estates Court. We apprehend that there will be no doubt whatsoever but that, on the whole, the result of the proceedings of that court has been most beneficial to the country; we fear that it must be, at the same time, admitted, that the time which was selected for introducing it was most unfortunate. It was at a time when landed property was greatly depreciated from the combined effect of famine, pestilence, and the recent introduction of free trade; then it was that the market was suddenly glutted with the number of properties which were thus abruptly brought to sale; and deep and lasting injury was, no doubt, inflicted on many an honest creditor, whose charges the property was not adequate to meet at the depreciated value at which it had been sold. The temptation held out to force properties on the market were irresistible. In Chancery the costs of such a proceeding, on the part of an incumbrancer, are paid, in the same priority, with his demand; so that if the estate be not adequate to pay the claim of the puisne creditor who sells it, he loses his costs; and, knowing this, he is naturally slow in instituting the suit, and in disturbing the position of prior creditors, who may be satisfied with their security, and who prefer receiving their interest to being paid off. But in the Incumbered Estates Court, until recently, the costs were always paid in the first instance; so that every solicitor, who could hunt up a client who might happen to have a worthless charge at the tail of a long list of creditors, could instantly file a petition in his name to bring the estate to sale, utterly regardless of the interests of prior incumbrances, and only solicitous to realise the costs of the proceeding. The fear of this proceeding did more towards bringing properties to sale than its actual operation. Owners and incumbrancers both knew that they were exposed to the risk of having their properties brought into the market by one who had no interest whatsoever in the result, and who cared nothing for the amount which the property might realise; and they hurried their petitions on the file in order to anticipate him. Thus it came about, that a most dis-

proportionate amount of property was brought to sale at a time when many other circumstances combined to depreciate its value; and so it was that much injury was done, as we have stated.

It is impossible, however, not to admit that a much more vigorous and independent tone now pervades the agricultural interest; men are now masters of their properties, and can deal with them as such; they can afford to get rid of bad or unsatisfactory tenants—can take the farms into their own hands, or wait until they get tenants whom they approve of; and generally, can afford to make such arrangements for the management of their estates as they think desirable. They are able to give their attention to the improvement of their property, and have time to think of something else besides meeting the demands of importunate creditors. Nor are they any longer degraded by the idle struggle of keeping up the show of an independent station, without a shadow of the substance. The gross amount of the property which has been sold in the Incumbered Estates Court is £13,509,303, of which the purchasers by English, Scotch, and foreigners amounted to £1,779,608—the rest was purchased by Irishmen. The result, which was anticipated, that of introducing a new race of proprietors into the country, has proved almost as chimerical and ill-founded as the expectation Government had insanely entertained of filling the ranks of our armies with strangers. A new class of proprietary has, no doubt, been substituted for the old, but it is formed out of the same race, and consists very much even of the same individuals. The difference is, that the properties are smaller and more manageable; and that the proprietors are, consequently, more numerous and independent. A Commission is now sitting to inquire into the proceedings of this Court; and we believe the general impression to be, that one object of the Commission is to inquire whether, by alterations in the procedure and powers of the Court of Chancery, all the advantages which the Incumbered Estates Court has heretofore presented, could not be secured to the country, whilst we should retain at the same time the benefit of regularity of proceeding, and sound, well-considered judgment, which could

not be hoped for in a temporary and over-worked Commission. We have ever been at a loss to comprehend why any one should hesitate about the propriety and expediency of transferring to the Court of Chancery the great advantages in the sale of property which were conferred by the Legislature on the Incumbered Estates Court. These were — first, a parliamentary title, good against the whole world, on which the purchaser could rest with perfect security, and on the faith of which he would give the utmost penny the land was worth for his purchase. Secondly, that the land was sold at once, the money lodged in court, and the claimants and incumbrancers on the property then proceeded to discuss and adjust their several priorities; the land meantime having gone free into the hands of an unembarrassed proprietor. In Chancery, the land never can be sold until all the rights of the several parties interested have been ascertained; and meantime it continues under the management of a Receiver under the Court, who has little or no discretionary power, and no interest whatsoever in its management; who, at great expense, is obliged to apply to the Master, or to the Court, for liberty to take any step in dealing with the tenantry, or improving the estate; and whose acts and mistakes are the subject of incessant and expensive applications on the part of every one who has any claim whatsoever on the property. The third advantage which the Incumbered Estates Court possessed is, that its proceedings are not clogged by heavy charges for stamp duties, and other imposts, which have made Chancery proceedings so oppressively costly. It is a matter of the very first importance to a country that the administration of justice should be cheap; that its doors should be closed to no suitor, however humble or needy; that impunity should never be held out to the wrong-doer and oppressor, in the consciousness that his adversary would be unable to obtain justice because that it was costly. Talk of presenting facilities for litigation — what is it as compared with giving a license to oppression? Why should not every facility be given for litigation? What can contribute more to maintaining the independent spirit of the country, the sense of justice and of truth,

than the consciousness amongst its people that they have rights to maintain, and that if society prevents them from asserting them for themselves, that it has, at least, given every facility to their doing so in the tribunals of their country? Is it not, for example, a gross absurdity that, for the service of a common notice, which in the Incumbered Estates Court is done for two or three pence, the suitor in Chancery must pay half-a-crown, because forsooth the charge goes to sustaining the Sutors' Fee Fund, out of which the cost of several offices is defrayed? Is not this holding out a regular premium to injustice? Why should not these offices be sustained by the public fund? or why should the burthen be thrown off the public upon that individual member of it who may be the least able to bear it—the suitor of the Court?

We trust that these considerations, which cannot fail to occur to the eminent men of whom the present Commission of Inquiry is composed, may be carefully weighed by them. We cannot think it was well judged to place Dr. Longfield, one of the Commissioners of the Incumbered Estates Court, on this Commission, which is to inquire into the proceedings of his own Court; his position, we should have thought, would have more appropriately been that of a witness, rather than that of a judge. We cannot, moreover, but feel that the public would have more confidence in the Commission, if the only Irish barrister in the number, Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, eminent as he undoubtedly is, yet had not been one who had already emphatically declared in Parliament that nothing would satisfy the requirements of Ireland but a permanent Incumbered Estates Court. So far from concurring in this opinion, we feel, on the contrary, that the work of this Court has been done; that when its commission shall have expired, it should not be again renewed; but that such changes as we have indicated should be made in the Court of Chancery, so as to secure to the country the full benefit of all that the Incumbered Estates Court could now offer, with the unquestionable superiority, as a judicial tribunal, which the High Court of Chancery presents.

The progress of education in the country is not so satisfactory as an

evidence of its advancement; for the results are, for the most part, to be referred, not to the free and spontaneous action of the people, but to the co-operation of the State. The number of pupils attending the National Schools has steadily increased, and, in 1853, amounted to upwards of 550,000. This, however, is not accomplished without considerable expenditure; the grant for 1853 was £193,000. The pupils of the Church Education Society, we regret to say, had somewhat declined, numbering, in the year 1853, but 99,000, which was less than they had been for any of the six years preceding—a circumstance which does not seem to be referrible to any deficiency of funds, as the subscriptions were larger than they had ever previously been, amounting, as they did, to upwards of £44,000. Probably the falling off is to be ascribed to the effect of emigration on the Protestant section of Irish society, by whom these schools are chiefly attended. We confess that it has been a matter of extreme satisfaction to us to watch the progress of this Society, not merely because of the educational principle on which it is based, but because it is a voluntary, independent, self-sustained Association, conceived and framed in the true spirit of the country. We have ever looked with anxious disquietude on the applications for Government aid, which have been, from time to time, put forward on behalf of this Society. Long experience has taught us, that wherever Government makes a grant, it asserts a right of interference and control; that no independent action can be asserted by any man, or body of men, which is in any degree dependent on the State. It was in this independent spirit that the institutions of the country were fashioned by our forefathers, and it was this same spirit which impressed our race with their bravest characteristics—sincerity, respect for inbred worth, the bold assertion of liberty, love of country, jealousy of their own rights, and determination not to infringe on the rights of others. Let this and all other public associations rest solely on their own energies and the advantages they hold forth; and before they seek for aid from the State, let them turn to the pages of the Record Commission, and there read in the report of the secretary, Mr. Rowley Las-

celles, the following significant passage:—"Many institutions originated out of private endowment; but have received a royal charter or parliamentary grant, and thus, *having taken bounty money*, have become enrolled on our establishments." In the National schools, the Government have now overrun the country with a whole army of functionaries; in other departments, the State has latterly been making similar encroachments, which it would be out of place to advert to here; so that after some little time, if the system be persevered in, there will be as little independence in the country as there is to be found on the continent of Europe; there will not be a man amongst us who will not either be himself a dependant, or who will not have some near friend or relative a dependant on the State; everything will be left to Government, and no spontaneous exertion will ever be made by the citizens for the general weal, nor will they then be capable of making it. We, therefore, by no means accept the teaching of the National schools as an unmixed good. The plea on which the interference of the State, in matters of education, has latterly been sought to be justified, we believe, to be wholly unsustainable. It is now defended as a matter of police. "If Government," says Sidney Smith, "has a right to hang, it has a right to educate." But we never have yet been able to learn how such instruction as the labouring-classes can receive in their schools, can either reform their morals or affect their hearts. That it has never had such a result we know, for districts in England, and in Ireland, and on the continent of Europe, in which the scale of instruction has been lowest, have constantly presented the greatest exemption from crime. Man does not require to be taught to read and write, in order to learn his moral duties in a civilised community; and no instruction which he could receive at schools would commend them to him with additional force. The matter does not admit of argument, for there is positively no connexion whatsoever of any kind between the two. Education, in the full and enlarged sense of the word, comprising the disciplining of man's whole nature, such as is received by one reared in a virtuous family, is of the very utmost importance; but no mere teaching,

such as the poorer classes can get at public schools, can either teach them their duties more fully, or give them stronger motives to observe them. The fact that a great number of criminals cannot read or write supplies no argument whatsoever. It is not the reading and writing that has kept the others from crime. How could it? But it is because they belong to a better circumstanced class of society that they can read and write, and because in that class the temptation of want and wretchedness is removed.

We were anxious to disabuse the minds of our readers of this fallacy, which is very prevalent, and to let the advantages of instruction rest on its true basis—that of cultivating the understanding, but not necessarily of improving or affecting the morals of the people. We were anxious, moreover, to impress the importance of such voluntary associations as the Church Education Society, and this merely because it is voluntary. It is of the utmost importance that the citizen should actively take part in the public concerns of the community, and not leave it to the Government to engage in duties which it cannot adequately discharge, whilst he himself abandons those which his position calls upon him to fulfil. “It is untrue,” says M. De Tocqueville, “that Government can direct the affairs of a locality better than districts themselves, where the people are enlightened. The incapacity of the district must increase with centralisation. Central power can never embrace all the details of the existence of a great nation. It excels more in prevention than in action, maintains an admirable regularity in the routine of business, maintains

society secure from improvement or decline, perpetuates a drowsy precision which is hailed as a sign of order. When society is disturbed, its force is gone; if it needs co-operation of citizens, its impotence is disclosed. It is on the condition that they shall act as much and in such manner as Government chooses. On these conditions the alliance of the human will cannot be had; its carriage must be free, and its actions responsible. In no country of the world do the citizens make such exertions for the common weal as in the United States—schools, places of worship, roads. Here is to be found a power, somewhat barbarous, indeed, but robust; an existence chequered with accident, but cheered by effort. Admitting that the country would be more secure, and the resources of society better employed, if the whole administration centred in a single arm, it is of little profit if this same authority so monopolises all the energy of existence, that, when it languishes, everything languishes, when it sleeps, everything sleeps, when it dies, the State perishes.”

We have now called attention to some of the leading features in the social condition of the country. We are admonished by our space that we may not extend these observations to any greater length. It is satisfactory to feel that every point to which we have taken occasion to advert, has presented matter for congratulation, and that we can now close, with the full assurance, than when we next address our readers on similar topics, we shall have to present to them the evidence of continuing and increased prosperity.

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DUBLIN

JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

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THE SOLDIER-SURGEON.

A TALE, WITH A MORAL FOR THE WAR-OFFICE.

WE have sometimes wondered that no literary *Cockletp* has found a field for curious investigation in the illustration, by modern instances, of that wise saw of Solomon, which teaches that the march of human knowledge is ever in a circle. The subject is one that could scarcely fail to be amusing, we would even say instructive, if the theory itself did not forbid the entertainment of a hope that mankind can ever be taught by experience, and if history did not establish the theory beyond the reach of cavil. But even though the exhibition should be only "curious, curious," it would be, at least, as entertaining as any other pantomime; and if it did not make men absolutely wise, it would do the next best thing — it would make them merry. Taking counsel with Launcelot Gobbo, "they would be of good cheer, truly thinking they would be damned" to the same end of their schemes and hopes, as were their ancestors, who schemed and hoped in precisely the same fashion centuries before. Men would surely have laughed, in the Crystal Palace year, at the exultations over the "material guarantees for the peace of the world then given, had a view of the last great cycle of material development and its sequence been presented in a sun-picture before their eyes. Haply they might have wept could they have looked forward, but a span of four short years, into the future. Some three hundred years ago, the most notable material guarantees for peace that we know of in the world's history — the invention, or, at all events, the reinvention, of printing, of gunpowder,

and of the mariner's compass — were but the heralds of that great stirring of opinion which ripened into the outbreak of the religious wars of the seventeenth century. In comparison with those wonderful inventions (whether we consider them in relation to their own nature or to their effects upon society), the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, and the railway are but as the toys of children. Yet Mr. Cobden and Mr. Sturge, and other perhaps wiser and better men, rejoiced in the temple of human vanity they had builded in 1851, forgetting that Luther followed Gutenberg, and brought not peace, but a sword. Do they see more clearly into the fragile nature of material guarantees, now that, in 1854, they have to thank the autocrat of all the Russias for a lucid construing of the phrase? We fear they do not; and further, that there are others who, in another sense, putting their faith in material guarantees, have taken small account of those influences, in the absence of whose inspiration all physical power is brutish and inert, to be magnified only that it may, with the more certainty and the heavier crash, fall into ruin. For a year and more, we have heard little but boastings of the enormous extent and invincible power of the material resources of England. Led by the Government and the Opposition, the whole nation congratulated itself upon having the largest ships, and greatest guns, and most unlimited stores of ammunition, and heaviest purse of any State in the world. Nay, the whole party seems to have fallen into the ridiculous mistake, that there

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were actually no other unwieldy three-deckers or great ordnance, that there was no cash or credit — except whatever trifle of any of these commodities our allies, the French, might have — to be found in Europe, outside of Britain. We need not stop to point out how completely the lamentable results of the Crimean campaign have exposed the absurdity of these notions. Our object now is rather to enforce the truth, that three or four pounds of brain within a single cranium is of more worth, even in war, than any amount of material appliances — as much more as is the potter greater than the pot he fashioneth. Lancaster guns, thirteen-inch shells, that amazing heap of gunpowder, the bulk of which Lord Granville shrunk from specifying, the thirty-six acres of lint, the rolls of sticking-plaster, long enough to girdle the earth; nay, even some fifty thousand strong and brave men are all, indeed, but so much dead matter, if there dwell not in some one pineal gland in the mass an overruling spirit, whose length, breadth, or thickness no man can measure. Nor can the master-spirit work without attendant ministers of like quality. To educe and develop these is one of the main functions of the master, and, with their aid, his power over mere matter becomes all but creative. Out of the scattered rustics of the North American provinces Washington evoked a conquering army. Napoleon and Wellington both made the soldiers whom they led confidently to victory. In the course of the operation, one and the other drew out from the crowd the lesser chiefs whose zeal and energy recruited, fed, healed, armed, and disciplined their battalions. We do not doubt that the abstract proposition thus put will be admitted; nevertheless, the greater worth of mind than of matter, as a munition of war, has certainly not been practically acknowledged in the equipment of our Eastern expedition. And we venture to hope that an illustration of the truth may be amusing, even though we should agree with Solomon, that the thing that hath been is the thing that shall be, and that the records of the experience of the last century will affect but little the actions of the present. We choose our instance from among lesser rather than greater chiefs; and we select a department with the cha-

racter of which neither our statesmen nor generals have shown themselves to be well acquainted, and whose importance in war has not been recognised before the most lamentable calamities disclosed the consequences of its neglect. Our readers need not fear, however, that we are about to shock their sensibilities, by introducing them within the dismal penetralia of a camp hospital. We desire merely to show them what manner of man a chief of the medical staff of an army ought to be and was — Consule Planco. Such of them as have not read Baron Larrey's memoirs of his campaigns will, we hope, find the means of whiling away an hour in the sketch we propose to give of the career of that distinguished soldier-surgeon.

In his own narrative of his exploits, the Baron is always lively and agreeable; and if here and there the national vanity creeps out, it but completes and verifies the portrait. There is mingled with it, in large proportion, the simplicity, generosity, and gallantry that invest the character of a good and true Frenchman with so many charms. Five-and-twenty years of campaigning, and the innumerable, unimaginable horrors of the retreat from Moscow, seem to have passed over Larrey without either hardening or withering his heart. In 1812, with the weight of nearly fifty years upon him, he tells, with simple tenderness, of his affliction when his first night at sea forced upon his spirit a sense of the pain that his embarkation upon the great ocean of life would occasion to "*une mère tendre, veuve depuis long temps. Je ne pus retenir mes larmes (he continues), et je regrettai vivement le sol que je venais de quitter.*" The same lapse of time had not effaced from his memory the astonishing beauty of the ladies of St. John's, Newfoundland; "*presque toutes d'une taille avantageuse, bien faites, ayant de belles formes, une belle chevelure, une coupe de figure agréable, de beaux yeux et des dents d'une blancheur éclatante.*" Nor had he forgotten the jolly night he then and there spent on board H.M.S. Salisbury, with poor Captain Riou; the grand reception given to himself and his comrades by the English officers; nor the fact that they sat down to table at noon, and at midnight were *encore réunis*, when their own Captain, returning from

dinner with the Governor, recalled them unwillingly from refreshment to labour. From first to last his kind word of sympathy or commendation seems never to have been withheld from the mishaps or merits of comrades or subordinates.

Larrey first entered the public service as a medical officer of the French royal navy, having won his appointment at a *concours* held in Paris in the year 1787, when he was one-and-twenty years old. The season being favourable, he says, and, perhaps he might have added, money being scarce, he made the journey to Brest on foot, accompanied by another officer. His superiors overwhelmed him with kindness, and having subjected him to a second examination in competition with his fellows, they appointed him surgeon-major in the navy, in which capacity he shortly afterwards embarked in the corvette *Vigilante*, and in May, 1788, sailed upon a cruise to Newfoundland. As surgeon-major, it was his duty to attend to the provision of medicines and medical and surgical appliances, to examine the stores of medical comforts, and to have everything belonging to his department in the ship conveniently arranged and stowed. In the manner in which he speaks of his proceedings at the commencement of his service, he affords abundant evidence that the stuff was in him, out of which was developed the able administrator and organiser he became in after life. The moment he was made aware of the object of the cruise, which was to protect the French cod-fishery on the banks of Newfoundland, he set himself to acquire from books, and the conversation of experienced persons, all available information respecting the navigation, natural history, and geography of the seas and lands he was about to visit. Having attended to the supply and arrangement of his stores "with particular care, persuaded that the surgeon-major of a ship ought to attach the greatest importance to such matters," he found that he had some days to pass on board before the anchor was weighed. "These," he says, "I devoted to the study of the vessel, especially in reference to the rigging, tackle, stowage, and the quantity and quality of provisions required for a specified voyage; I informed myself also as to the discipline of the seaman,

the nature of his labours, their duration, and the rest that ought to follow them." At last the *Vigilante* put to sea, and for a few days all went smoothly and pleasantly, until they encountered a heavy gale, when the surgeon-major's studies and reflections were interrupted by a horrible seasickness, the nature and management of which he proceeded to investigate the moment a lull came. We cannot say we think M. Larrey's speculations upon this subject are likely to afford much comfort to the

"Luxurious slave,
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave."

But it were a pity to withhold his graphic description of the symptoms of the malady, the pathos of which, though lost upon us islanders, whose business is in great waters, is calculated to melt the heart of the stoutest Frenchman:—"The first effect is sadness and a panic terror which seizes upon the sufferer; paleness overspreads his countenance, his eyes are bathed in tears; he conceives a disgust for all food; he is silent, seeks solitude and repose; he staggers like a drunken man, experiences vertigo, ringing in the ears, and an oppressive weight on his head." And then follow the consequences which it is unnecessary to specify. "The strength fails; the limbs can no longer support the weight of the body, the equilibrium is lost, and the patient falls; he cowers into the first corner; he remains there motionless; and at last, far from dreading death, as at the beginning of the attack, most sufferers desire, and many even seek it."

The surgeon-major, however, lived through the gale, and seems to have enjoyed himself much in America, where he made many excursions, and stored his mind with many observations upon men and things, and from whence he returned to France in October of the same year. Another storm, encountered on the homeward voyage, seems to have disgusted Larrey with a sea life, and having solicited, and with difficulty obtained his discharge, he betook himself to Paris in time to profit by the surgical practice provided for the schools by the first storms of the revolution. "Our intestine divisions," he remarks, "led to two or three combats; such as those of the Garden of the Tuile-

ries, of the Bastille, and of the Champ-de-Mars, which produced wounds of all kinds." Upon these he tested practically the precepts of his teachers, Desault, Sabatier, and Billard. In a short time, however, war was declared, and having been appointed by the minister, surgeon-major of hospitals, he joined the head-quarters of Marshal Luckner, at Strasburg, on the 1st of April, 1792, and was soon after placed in surgical charge of Kellerman's division. The first weeks were devoted to preparations for the campaign; dressings for the wounded were made ready; and a society for the discussion of all points of military surgery was formed in the camp behind the lines of Weissemburg. The assault of Spires by General Custine, who had succeeded to the command of the army, produced a list of wounded amounting to 360, and then Larrey first became sensible of the inconveniences attending the position of the field-hospitals, which was fixed by the military regulations at a league from the army. Under that arrangement, the wounded lay upon the field until they could be collected into some convenient spot after the battle. This seldom could be accomplished in less than twenty-four hours, often not for thirty-six hours or more, and consequently the greater number of the wounded perished for want of assistance. "At Spires," he says, "I was grieved by seeing many die victims of this inconvenience." Spires was taken on the 29th of September, 1792; and in sixty years afterwards, nearly from day to day, a similar inconvenience was suffered by the wounded soldiers of the British army at the Heights of the Alma. There was, however, a marked difference in the consequences of the occurrences. The sufferings of some 360 wounded men suggested to Larrey the idea of organising field-hospitals, which should afford present help in the very trouble of the battle. The heart-rending miseries of nearly 2000 British soldiers suggested no idea to the British medical officers that has produced anything practical. The duplication of these miseries at Inkermann has led only to a commission for the preparation of a blue-book, and, in all human probability, will lead to nothing better. Where are we to seek for the cause of this lamentable contrast? It will be found, we conceive, as we proceed, to lie in the

truer appreciation of the value of the moral element in war, which then prevailed in the French army, and which opened to it the unparalleled career of success upon which it was entering. If a soldier's inventive faculties were equal to the conception of plans for the improvement of his personal condition, or of a particular branch of the service, he was not restrained from carrying them out by bands of red-tape; and the freedom tended to call such faculties into active exercise. Larrey does not seem to have found his genius impeded by official routine, nor was he in the least subject to that fear of exciting the vengeance of his departmental superiors by stepping a little beyond the line of their comprehension, which has worked such woe to the sick and wounded in the hospitals of Balaklava and Scutari. When his notion that the wounded soldiers should receive surgical aid upon the field of battle, was confirmed by the circumstance of a sudden movement of the army having obliged him to abandon those who fell at Limburg to the mercy of the enemy, he at once propounded his idea to the general-in-chief, and to the commissary-general, Villemazy; and by them it was at once accepted. A rudimentary field-hospital, or *ambulance volante*, was accordingly organised, and the "institution made a great sensation among the soldiers; they were all already persuaded that they would be assisted at the moment when they should be wounded, and that they would be carried at once off the field." Assuredly they behaved none the worse for that persuasion, and it was shortly confirmed in their minds by the success which attended the first trial of the new system, upon the occasion of a rapid movement of the advanced guard, under General Houchard, through a defile in the mountains near Königstein, and in the midst of snow. "Many of our companions were slain," says Larrey, "and we had some thirty wounded, whom we carried with us, after being dressed, then, for the first time, on the field of battle." Then, for the first time, he was himself under fire, and he frankly admits that the circumstance made a lively impression upon him. But the internal enjoyment he experienced from the idea of the eminent service his new institution rendered to the wounded, "soon," he adds, "chased away the sentiments

which affected me, and from that moment, I have always surveyed with calmness the combats and battles in which I have assisted."

It is to be remarked that Larrey was not head of the department, or principal medical officer, when he was permitted to introduce this great innovation; a slight account of which we may, perhaps, be excused for introducing here, although the institution was not brought to perfection until some years later. The *ambulance volante*, as it was organised in the army of Italy, in 1797, formed a legion containing about 340 officers, sub-officers, and men, distributed into three divisions. Each division had a surgeon-major commanding, two assistant-surgeon-majors, twelve sub-assistant-surgeon-majors (two of whom acted as apothecaries), a lieutenant-providore of the division, a sub-lieutenant, a *maréchal des logis en chef* (equivalent to serjeant-major of cavalry), two brigadiers (equivalent to corporals of cavalry), a trumpeter (bearer of the surgical instruments), twelve mounted hospital men, including a farrier, boot-maker and saddler, a serjeant-major, two fourriers, three corporals, a drummer (*garçon d'appareils de chirurgie*), twenty-five infantry hospital men. To each division were attached twelve light and four heavy carriages, manned by a *maréchal des logis en chef*, a *maréchal des logis sous-chef*, two brigadiers, one being a farrier, a trumpeter, and twenty drivers. It will be seen that each of these divisions was, in fact, a corps complete within itself. The medical officers were mounted, and all officers and men, were suitably dressed and armed with light swords. The holsters and portmanteaus of the officers were furnished with the most necessary surgical appliances; and the men, mounted and dismounted, carried knapsacks containing reserve supplies of surgical munitions. The legion was under the orders of the surgeon-in-chief of the army: its administration was conducted by a board composed of the medical and administrative officers of the three divisions; and its discipline and manœuvres were regulated by a special code of instructions. Its duty was to take up the wounded from the field, after having given them immediate surgical assistance, and to carry them to the hospitals of the first line. The sub-lieutenants of

the ambulance and the infantry hospital men were also charged with the duty of burying the dead; and the former were authorised to require such levies of the inhabitants as might be necessary for that purpose. The carriages were two-wheeled or four-wheeled, and by their form and weight they were adapted to varieties of country. They could follow the most rapid movements of the advanced guard, and divide when requisite; so that a single medical officer, with an orderly carrying all necessaries, and attended by a carriage, could repair to any spot where assistance was required. There can be no doubt that this field-hospital-train conferred the most essential benefits upon the army into which it was introduced; but it would be a very grave mistake to attempt the introduction of a servile copy of it into our own service. What gave life and energy to the French institution was the soldierly spirit, intelligence, and zeal of Larrey: and these qualities are not the products of mere material arrangements. The organisation of the *ambulance volante* became easy when the medical officer, feeling his responsibility, and animated with the military love of distinction, put forth the powers of his will. Nor was he ever content with using a mere machine, even when he had brought it to a state which he considered perfect. When he found himself engaged among mountains of difficult access, bat-horses or mules with panniers were substituted for carriages. In the Egyptian campaign the difficulties of the desert were met and overcome by the employment of camels, bearing cradles for the wounded slung across their backs. In an unforeseen emergency, the vitality of the system proved itself in the manner shown in an incident of the battle of Eylau, when, upon the occasion of a panic created by a sudden movement of the enemy in the direction of the *ambulance*, Larrey, having hastened the amputation of a leg with which he was engaged, "expressed, with force, his resolution not to abandon his post; and all his juniors, rallying around him, swore they would never quit him. In this difficult conjuncture," he continues, "Mr. Pelchet, *officier directeur* of the ambulance, knew how to display the resources of his character, his ardent zeal, and his rare intelligence."

The surgeon-in-chief, in truth, knew how to draw out, and to foster those qualities, which, after all, are common enough among men; and his own superiors knew the value of his abilities for such work, and at what price—no very exorbitant one in the end—they could secure the use of them for the public service. The market of intelligence, zeal, and ingenuity, is not worse provided nor dearer in Britain than in France. We, too, should soon find the wants of our army in all departments amply supplied, could we but take heart to cast loose the bonds of official routine, and to set the energy, talents, and love of distinction of our men and officers free to work in their natural channels. A main point in the moral of our tale is the contrast between the French and British military policy in this respect, which will appear plainly enough as we proceed.

During the remainder of the campaign of the Rhine, many bloody occasions offered for testing the value of the *ambulance volante*. Victory was occasionally “unfaithful,” and, in the midst of disastrous events and frightful calamities, Larrey was himself wounded in the leg. Under the vigorous hands of Hoche, Pichegru, and Desaix, affairs were, however, again put to rights, and the surgeons of the army were inspired with renewed ardour by receiving, for the first time, authentic evidences of satisfaction from the generals in chief and the government. It was through the hands of General Beauharnois that this tribute was offered, after a general and bloody battle fought with the design of raising the blockade of Mayence: “Amongst the brave men (wrote the General in his report to the Convention) whose intelligence and activity brilliantly served the republic on this day, I must not leave unmentioned Adjutant-General Bailly, Abbatouchi of the light artillery, and Surgeon-Major Larrey, with his comrades of the *ambulance volante*, whose indefatigable attentions to the wounded have diminished the afflictions humanity must suffer in such a day, and have served humanity itself by contributing to the preservation of the brave defenders of the country.”

A junior medical officer in the Bri-

tish army on service “is worse treated (says Mr. Guthrie) than any costermonger’s donkey in Westminster or Shoreditch;” and “of the senior branches of the medical department, I will only say, they are worse treated than the juniors.” Can we, then, reasonably feel surprise at the painful contrast between the efficiency of the medical service in the armies of France and England; or can we refuse our assent to Mr. Guthrie’s conclusions:—

“If the country cannot give sufficient pay and allowances for good and able men, it is not the fault of the Doctors. If they will not reward them when they do their duty well, who is to blame? If they are refused the same indulgences, the same rewards, the same promotion as the rest of the army, how can the public expect them to be highly efficient?”*

In the course of the campaign of the Rhine, Larrey remarks:—

“We had few internal maladies: the good constitutions and energies of the soldiers, the good food and management, the severe discipline kept up in the army, and the constant activity in which Custine kept his troops, without doubt, preserved them in health. Good diet, and, above all, exercise, are the best antidotes to disease.”

No sooner, however, had the army gone into cantonments, than a low fever broke out among them, which made no great progress, “because we knew how to attack the principal causes. We caused the cantonments to be extended so as to relieve overcrowding, and we had huts built for the advanced guard. The bread of the soldiers was improved, and we caused potatoes, vinegar, brandy, and beer to be served out daily.”

Before the commencement of the next campaign, Larrey was sent to Paris to complete the organisation of his *ambulance volante*, and he took the opportunity, *accomplir des vœux formés depuis long temps*, by marrying Mlle. Charlotte Elizabeth, one of the daughters of M. Laville-Leroux, minister of finances under Louis XVI. Scarcely was this important step taken, when he received the commission of surgeon-in-chief of the army of Corsica, and was ordered to repair immediately to Toulon, where he presented himself to

* Guthrie’s Miscellaneous Lectures, 1838.

the chiefs of the army, among whom was General Bonaparte, commandant of the artillery. The surgeon-in-chief promptly set himself to work to organise his department, and soon had every article necessary for the surgical service embarked. The English cruisers, however, intervened to cause delay, and Larrey accompanied the inspector of hospitals to the head-quarters of the army of the Maritime Alps, then at Nice, where he held an examination of the young medical officers for promotion, and as he tells us, distinguished le jeune Gouraud, who subsequently justified his judgment by attaining to the first rank. At Nice a remarkable feature of Larrey's system was developed into great activity by the position in which he found himself among able colleagues and zealous pupils—his juniors he always calls his pupils—advantageously placed for the observation of the note-worthy phenomena offered by a great number of internal and external ailments. He opened school, as he always did, at every moment of leisure, and gave lessons in pathological anatomy, producing, among other results, a special memoir on drowning. This course of life was prolonged for some time by the audacity of the English cruisers. And Britannia still continuing to rule the waves of the Gulf of Jouan, Larrey was invited by the representatives of the people with the army of eastern Spain, to take the direction of the surgical service of that army. He accordingly joined the head-quarters of General Dugommier before the lines of Figueras, where he arrived on the 25th Brumaire, an. III. (1794) two days before a general assault was delivered upon the Spanish fortified position. "Stimulated by the evidences of the confidence placed in him by that illustrious general," Larrey employed the interval in preparing apparatus of all kinds necessary for his service, and he had abundant occasion for them. The Spaniards fought like furies, and two redoubts, which they blew up at the moment when they were entered by the French soldiers, produced a *tableau* than which it was impossible to imagine anything more frightful and more horrible. The general was struck by a shell, which caused him to share the lot of the brave who gloriously terminated their career on that day. There were seven hundred

men wounded, a third of them very severely. They were all operated upon and dressed within the first twelve hours. Subsequent events were more fortunate for the French arms, and the fortress of Figueras, a *chef d'œuvre* of Vauban, fell. The provisions *de guerre et de bouche* found in the magazines were immense; "I never saw," says Larrey, "such beautiful hospital stores: the bandages were like batiste, and the lint was as fine as *bysus*, the silk of which the mantles of the Roman emperors were formerly made. It was made up in little packets, tied with favours of different colours, by the Queen of Spain and the ladies of her court."

The whole of the winter of 1795-6 was occupied in the siege of Rosas, in the course of which the troops suffered very severely from cold; many sentinels, both French and Spanish, being frozen to death on their posts. It was a sort of prototype of Sebastopol; but at length, when the town was reduced to a heap of ashes, and the ditch filled with the dead, the garrison evacuated the place in the night, and, with the exception of a hundred men, escaped by sea. Peace was soon after concluded, and Larrey returned to Paris, to re-establish his broken health, and to see his family; but no rest awaited him there. He was charged with the direction of the hospital train attached to the troops employed in restoring order in the Fauxbourg Saint-Antoine, and when that was over, a new order sent him, for the third time, to Toulon. There he forthwith opened school, at the request of a large number of military and naval surgeons, and with the aid of his pupil Gouraud, set energetically to work, lecturing, experimenting, and studying disease, until, at the request of the general-in-chief, and the Commissary-General Villemazy, he was ordered by the minister of war to turn all his attention promptly to the organisation of *ambulances volantes* for the army of Italy. He repaired accordingly to Milan, where the head-quarters were, and on his arrival found that the preliminaries of peace had been signed, and that the troops had retired into military positions in the Venetian states and Lombardy. This state of matters, nevertheless, did not diminish Bonaparte's determination to be prepared for a change, and Larrey was ordered to proceed with his work. While the

hospital carriages were in course of being made, he and his faithful ally, the Commissary-General Villemanz, made a tour of inspection throughout all the stations of the army, organising general and field hospitals, examining the young medical officers, and "taking all the measures he thought expedient for the improvement of the service." The narrative of this tour is in a high degree interesting and instructive, showing as it does the care and foresight with which the military system of Bonaparte was conducted, and how thoroughly the mass of his material strength was pervaded and informed by an enlightened intelligence. The two functionaries proceeded from post to post, and established or re-formed in the course of their progress, twelve or thirteen hospitals. In the great hospital of Padua, which Larrey pronounces to be a perfect model, he established a school of surgery for his officers, to which he shortly afterwards added three others, in Milan, Cremona, and Udine. He also organised at Venice the medical department of the expedition to Corfu, furnishing the surgeon-majors with copious instructions for the sanatory management of the troops, and himself supervising the provisions, and taking special care that a large store of light aliments and suitable liquors should be embarked. During the tour many causes of insalubrity were investigated, and measures taken for their removal. At its conclusion M. Villemanz, as *ordonnateur en chef*, formed a board of health of the chief medical officers of the army, at which, under his own presidency, the reports of Larrey were considered. The result was "*une suite de dispositions sages et utiles*," amongst which was the formation of a school of anatomy and military surgery in every principal town of Italy, where there were French troops and hospitals. In order to carry these wise designs into execution, Larrey proceeded to the headquarters of the advanced guard, commanded by Bernadotte, inspecting, as he went, the hospitals of the first and second lines, examining the regimental medical officers, and investigating the cause of an epidemic disease of cattle, which had devastated the plains of Venetian Friuli. Upon this plague he wrote a memoir, for which he received with infinite sensibility, the thanks of the government of Udine — all that

had been left them to give, as they significantly assured their benefactor.

The peace of Campo Formio having been signed, Larrey and his illustrious friend Desaix made a tour of pleasure *incognito*—"sous les habits de simples particuliers"—to Trieste, in the course of which they met with some amusing adventures, and the Doctor introduced the great captain to the sea, which he had never before laid eyes upon. On their return to Udine, the General-in-chief celebrated the conclusion of peace by a grand inspection of the whole army, in the course of which he reviewed the first division of the *legion d'ambulance volante*, and "appeared satisfied with the form of the spring carriages, with the manœuvres which the legion executed before him, and with the military organisation of the individuals who composed it."

After a short interval, passed in the performance of his duties as professor in the military hospital of Val de Grace, Larrey set sail from Toulon, on the 19th of May, 1798, on board the ship *L'Orient*, commanded by Admiral Brueix, in company with the General-in-Chief Bonaparte, and the *etat-major* of the army, including the physician and surgeon-in-chief. All the vessels of the squadron and convoy defiled with majesty before the flag-ship, to the sound of martial music, and in the midst of the most lively acclamations, expressive of the general satisfaction at the commencement of an expedition the object of which — the invasion of Egypt — was carefully concealed. The manner in which this armament was prepared, embarked, and carried to its destination, conveys a lesson of reproof and instruction *apropos* to our own time and undertakings. We have been lately asked to believe that the despatch of some seven-and-twenty thousand men from the ports of England, and their concentration on the shores of the Crimea, by a movement of four distinct stages, occupying a period of seven months, was a military operation unequalled in the annals of the world. The vastness of the enterprise, and its monstrous difficulty, have been subsequently pleaded in excuse for a want of organisation in every department of the expedition, which brought about those horrible and heart-rending results that have induced the deepest despondency, as a fit and natural sequence to the outburst of

childish and ignorant vanity wherewith every judicious Englishman was made to grieve during the past year. Larrey says the army, which embarked at Toulon, on the 19th of May, 1798, consisted of thirty thousand picked soldiers. On his way, Bonaparte captured Malta, occupying eight days in the siege, and he disembarked at Alexandria, on the 30th of June, thus completing the operation of transit in six weeks. We had the greatest naval arsenals and the largest steam-fleet in the world, the most extensive and various repertory of mechanical power to draw upon. Bonaparte had to contend with imperfect means of transport, and a national inaptitude for maritime enterprise; but in his case, any deficiency of material strength was more than compensated by the energy of a ruling mind. How this worked in reference to the medical department, Larrey explains in a few words. He knew no more than that the expedition was an important one, and that its chief, *si justement célèbre*, held it to be so. That was knowledge enough for the heads of departments; the conduct of the details of preparation was left with confidence and safety to their care. "A decree of the commission of armament was issued, authorising the medical officers in chief to procure assistants, and all the means necessary for their respective services." Larrey and his colleague Desgenettes, the physician-in-chief, acted promptly and completely in its execution. "I wrote (says the former) to the schools of medicine of Montpellier and Toulouse to request them to send me, with the least possible delay, a certain number of surgeons, well instructed, courageous, and capable of bearing painful and tedious campaigns. Scarcely was my invitation known in the schools when the honour of sharing in our perils and our glory became an object of warm contention, and shortly a hundred and eight surgeons (exclusive of the regimental medical officers) were united under my orders. I employed (he continues) those who were at Toulon, during our short stay there, in preparing thirty chests of dressing materials, fit to be carried on the backs of animals in the rear of the divisions. The surgeons, at the same time, were exercised in the practice of their art, in the military hospital of instruction of the place. I had a complete collection

made of instruments and utensils of surgery, and a sufficient number of flexible litters easy to be carried into all sorts of places. Desgenettes directed the preparation and reception of medicines; the other branches of the medical service were equally provided for by the administrators in chief of the army." We are not informed as to how many acres of lint, gallons of balsam of capivi, or tons of sticking-plaster were embarked; but we are assured that everything necessary or likely to be useful was provided, and that the medical stores were separated and distributed among the ships ready for use in case of an action at sea, or at the moment of disembarkation. Doubtless they were not packed by hundreds-weight in bales, at some wholesale drug warehouse, and shot from waggons into the hold of a transport, there to be buried under a cairn of shot and shell. The surgeons were also disposed of among the transports, and so distributed that no vessel of above a hundred men was unprovided with a medical officer.

After leaving Malta, Larrey began to suspect where he was going, and he accordingly prepared from such materials of information as were within his reach, a *notice instructive et réglementaire*, which he addressed to his colleagues, surgeons of the first class, relative to their respective services, to the influences of the climate of Egypt on the health of Europeans newly arrived, and to the pestilential carbuncle. The assault of Alexandria, immediately after the landing of the army, tested the value of all these preparations. The day gave the doctors about two hundred and fifty patients, among whom were Kleber, Menou, and the Adjutant-General Lescaze. These were all accommodated in the Capuchin convent, which, we are told, finally became a very great establishment. On the 6th of July, Bonaparte began his march upon Cairo, and Larrey and Desgenettes followed his columns, having employed the few days they remained at Alexandria in organising stationary hospitals, in attaching an ambulance to each of the five divisions of the army, and in forming a corps de reserve of surgeons, making a sixth ambulance, to remain with the surgeon-in-chief at head-quarters. The passage of the desert for the first time seems to have made a very lively impression upon Larrey.

It was not until the fifth day that they arrived at Damanhour, the first spot offering them any resource; and never did army experience so great vicissitudes, and so painful privations, as during the march. Struck with the rays of a burning sun, marching all on foot over a sand more burning still, traversing immense plains frightfully arid, where they barely found a few ditches of muddy water, almost solid, the most vigorous soldiers, devoured by thirst and overcome by heat, sank under the weight of their arms. The manner in which death approached these sufferers was strange. "They perished as if by extinction. This death," says Larrey, "appeared to me sweet and calm, for one of them said to me at the last moment of his life, that he found himself in a state of comfort inexpressible." They were also continually harassed by swarms of Arabs, among the first of whose victims was a surgeon of the ambulance. Amidst these troubles, Bonaparte was kicked by an Arab horse, receiving a very severe contusion on his right leg, which threatened mischief, but the case was soon brought to a happy conclusion by the cares of Larrey, notwithstanding the painful march and the natural activity of the patient, which forbade repose. Arrived at Cairo, Larrey lost no time in organising a sort of head-quarters for his department. He formed a school of practical surgery for the instruction of the young surgeons of the army, and addressed to his colleagues, surgeons of the first class, a memoir on the epidemic ophthalmia, which began to show itself in a formidable manner among the troops. The climate and the sabres of the Mamelukes provided patients in abundance, many of whom had limbs cut clean off by those terrible weapons. The repose, too, they were beginning to enjoy after the first storm had passed over, was disturbed by what the Frenchman calls a revolt of the people of Cairo, in the course of which he had himself a narrow escape, when passing through a "horde of assassins," in a vain attempt to assist General Dupuy, who was mortally wounded by a lance. On returning to his duty, what was his astonishment to find the bleeding corpses of two worthy comrades, Roussel and Mongin, surgeons of the first class, stretched on the threshold of the hospital, where they

fell fighting with many other brave soldiers. "They caused the asylum of the sick to be respected, but it was at the cost of their lives."

Larrey accompanied Bonaparte throughout the campaign of Syria, and took his part in all the important transactions of that disastrous expedition. In foreseeing and preparing to meet the new forms of danger, and the unprecedented difficulties of this warfare, he showed his accustomed penetration, and the fertility of his mind. His ambulance carriages, for example, were no longer available, and he therefore procured a hundred wicker-work cradles, which he had suspended, by pairs, by means of elastic straps, one on either side of the humps of fifty camels. In each of these baskets a wounded man could lie at full length. The means of transport were, he says, the first object of his attention. He himself mounted a dromedary, and rode hither and thither over the desert, to whatever spot was most encumbered with the sick or wounded. In the course of this service, the want of materials for broth for his patients taught Larrey the use of a dead camel, which he found to be very superior to horse-flesh, being nourishing, and very agreeable to the taste. Before St. Jean d'Acre the plague showed itself among the troops with frightful violence, and there was great difficulty experienced in the establishment of hospitals. Scarcely any spot could be found safe from the sorties of the besieged; the only beds procurable for the sick were the leaves of reeds, of which there was but a scanty supply. Wine, vinegar, and medicines were wanting. There was great misery in every form experienced by the whole army. During the siege, Larrey never enjoyed a moment of calm, and of perfect repose. The wounded amounted to about two thousand, among whom were many officers of rank. Caffarelli, who had honoured Larrey with his esteem and friendship, and who had even conceived a project for the improvement of the condition of military surgery, he was, to his eternal regret, unable to save. The chief engineer, Sanson, Duroc, Eugene Beauharnois, Lannes, Arrighi, narrowly escaped. The latter, when in the breaching battery, had his carotid artery divided by a ball, and was only saved by the promptitude of a gunner, who afterwards became Mon-

sieur Pelissier, an officer in the Imperial Guards, in thrusting his fingers into the wound, and keeping them there until Larrey arrived, and secured the bleeding vessel, in the midst of a storm of bullets and balls. At length, after thirteen successive assaults, the genius of Bonaparte yielded before the obstinacy of Sir Sidney Smith; and the siege of Acre having been raised, it was determined to retreat upon Egypt, carrying off all the wounded. For this purpose, as Larrey states, Bonaparte gave up his own horses, and marched on foot with the army. The evacuation of the wounded was accomplished with great success, and Larrey refers to it with satisfaction, as a grand triumph of field surgery. He seems, truly, to have been very glad to get back to Cairo, near which they were met by General Dugua, who came out at the head of the garrison to welcome and assist their return. "With what pleasure," exclaims Larrey, "did we again see our brave companions! Fatigued by the labours of a long campaign, enfeebled by continual privations, blackened by the burning sun of the desert, we embraced brothers and friends, bound to us by interest and glory, in the spot where we had created a new country, in the midst of a strange people."

Larrey followed Bonaparte to the Pyramids, on the topmost stone of the greatest of which he carved his name, *comme tant d'autres*. He was also actively engaged in the first battle of Aboukir, where he again evinced his aptitude in accommodating means to ends, by substituting hospital boats for carriages or camels, and in them conveying the crowd of wounded men without any accident to Alexandria. These boats were provided with flexible litters, wine, vinegar, brandy, so as to form a sort of reserve magazine of medical munitions. The routine practice of that army was manifestly for each officer, charged with a department or a post, to do the best he possibly could to advance the service, caring little for old formularies or customs. There was no waiting for orders from a departmental chief at Paris; whatever was known to be necessary and possible was resolved upon, and done at the same instant.

Bonaparte having got tired of the not very profitable work in which he was engaged, took his departure in a

manner which Larrey characteristically describes: — "After celebrating the battle of Aboukir by a *fete* which he gave to the generals, chiefs of corps and departments, he announced that he was going to inspect the coast, from the lake Burlos to Alexandria. He embarked for France on the 22nd of August (a week or two afterwards), leaving the command of the army to General Kleber. Notwithstanding the confidence with which this general inspired the soldiers, they deeply regretted their first chief, and the Egyptians only consoled themselves for his departure by the hope he gave them in his last proclamation, that they should one day see him again." Matters soon began to go on badly, although Larrey did not fail to re-establish his school of anatomy and practical surgery, the instruction in which had been suspended during the campaign of Syria. The schoolmaster was, however, soon forced again to go abroad. El Arych was forced to capitulate by the Grand Vizier, when the Turks violated the conditions, and did not respect even the medical officers, of one of whom the barbarians cut off the head while he was dressing a wound. Lord Keith, too, refused to sanction the terms of a convention for the evacuation of Egypt, concluded with the Turks, and would not allow a single Frenchman to embark, except as a prisoner of war. The people of Cairo also revolted again; and Kleber, driven to bay, advanced to meet the enemy, and fought the battle of Heliopolis. On their return the army were very much disgusted at finding Cairo occupied by 50,000 Turks, who had made several attempts upon the farm where the head-quarters and the hospital were located. In one of these attacks Desgenettes, the Physician-in-Chief was wounded in the head. It became necessary to invest the town, and in the course of the operations the besieging army suffered great privations. Nevertheless, Cairo finally fell, and a heavy contribution imposed upon the inhabitants supplied the means of wiping off arrears of pay, and of refitting all parts of the service—the medical among the rest. There was another moment of repose, and again the school of anatomy, surgery, and clinical instruction was opened, and an examination of regimental surgeons for promotion was ordered by Kleber. A

sad event shortly clouded this fair weather. General Kleber was assassinated by Soleyman El Hhaleby, *jeune Philistin*, who was dealt with according to the custom of the country. His right hand was burnt off, and he was then impaled alive. Larrey was astonished at and admired the courage with which the assassin bore his cruel fate, without uttering a groan. He does not, indeed, venture upon a word of condemnation of the savages who inflicted that barbarous punishment; but he investigated the mode of its action, and he deposited the skeleton of the victim in the Museum of Natural History. Menou succeeded Kleber in the command, and his rule seems to have been particularly favourable to the medical department. He reformed the administration, gave orders for the organisation of the hospitals and ambulances, recompensed the courage and zeal of the medical officers, by increased appointments, formed a private council, into which he introduced the Physician and Surgeon-in-Chief, and by many other improvements so far amended the state of the army, that the soldier, wanting nothing, was no longer tormented with a desire of returning to his country. Another short period of comfort supervened, and the French, in the third year of their sojourn, began to feel themselves quite at home in Egypt; when, *au milieu de ces jouissances inexprimables*, twenty thousand English effected a landing at Aboukir. The ambulances were again put into marching order; and the columns advanced calmly, but firmly, upon the English, whom they would have inevitably beaten but for a series of unhappy circumstances, respecting which Larrey declines offering a certain opinion. The battle gave thirteen hundred wounded, among whom were six generals. That 21st of March, 1801, was a weary day for the French surgeons, who were constantly occupied for the eight or ten following days and nights in dressing the wounded.

In this campaign "nothing succeeded." Sicknes increased. The hospitals became over-crowded, and the material and personal means of performing the duty daily grew less. In the defence of Fort Marabou two surgeons were killed, and a third had a leg shot away; while, during the blockade of Alexandria, the cavalry horses

had to be killed for food for the sick—and very good broth their flesh made, and very agreeable to eat, with some little care in the preparation, although certain pusillanimous and unenlightened persons murmured against its use. "At least," says Larrey, "I was very happy by my example to establish confidence in this fresh provision, the only kind we were able to get." At length matters arrived at an extremity, and a council of war having been held, at which the two chief medical officers assisted, it was agreed that further resistance was impossible. A capitulation was accordingly concluded, the report of the medical officers being annexed to the articles, and the army was allowed to return to France with all the honours of war. The moment the capitulation was signed, Larrey visited the English camp and hospitals, of which he gives a favourable account. The field-hospitals, he says, were well kept, and provided with everything necessary, under the direction of the inspector-general (M. Yonck, as he calls him), who had the entire medical and administrative control of the service, with no middleman between him and the General-in-Chief. Larrey and M. Savaresi, then acting Physician-in-Chief, were named members of the Commission of Armament for carrying out the terms of the capitulation, and to them, in concert with Inspector-General Young, was confided the arrangements necessary for the removal of the sick and wounded. Thirteen hundred of these, not including a corps of invalids, were embarked in twelve hospital ships, and sailed with the army. Three hundred were left at Alexandria, confided to the care and kindness of Inspector-General Young, and two months later they all returned cured to France. The whole army was embarked between the 23rd of September and the 17th of October, and on the latter day in the evening Larrey sailed, in company with the General-in-Chief, in the English frigate *Diana*. It was not without emotion and sincere regret that he saw fading away from his gaze the interesting and celebrated country where Frenchmen had, in so short a time, wrought so many wonders. Upon nearing the coast of France, however, other thoughts arose, and the wanderer began to think of the happiness of meeting wife and child, the latter of whom

he had not yet seen. Shortly he was recompensed for all his sufferings by the reception he met with from the Government, who expressed the fullest approval of his conduct and that of the medical staff generally, the Minister of War confirming all the promotions he had recommended. The terms in which the consular government made known such sentiments to the objects of them, throw no inconsiderable light upon the causes of the zeal and efficiency of the departments of the French army, and in that sense it may not be irrelevant to cite the following letters here:—

"The Minister of War to D. J. Larrey, Surgeon-in-Chief of the Army of the East.

"Paris, 3 Nivose an. IX. (24 Dec., 1800).

"The General-in-Chief of the Army of the East, Monsieur, has acquainted the government with the unbounded devotion and the success with which you have co-operated, with your colleagues, for the conservation of that precious army. The Government, which watches over it with love, has also observed how you carried out, by your attentions, one of its most cherished wishes, that of preserving so fine a portion of the French armies from the dangers and inexperience of a climate so different from its own. In applauding your efforts, as glorious as useful, it can only invite you to a constant perseverance, the result of which must be to accumulate upon you the gratitude of the army you have preserved, and that of the Government; which sets the highest value on its safety. I salute you,

"AL. BERTHIER."

"Paris, 18 Nivose an. IX. (8 Jan., 1801).

"You have rendered, Monsieur, to the wounded soldiers of the army of the East, services too distinguished not to fix upon you the particular attention of the First Consul. He is satisfied with your zeal, and it is with much pleasure that I execute his order to acquaint you with his sentiments. I salute you,

"AL. BERTHIER."

"Paris le 6 Pluviôse an. IX. (28 Jan., 1801).

"The Government has neglected no opportunity of making known to all France the services you have rendered, and which the army of Egypt, with whose glory your name is henceforth associated, still claims. Your wife, who enjoys good health, has received a sum of fifteen hundred francs as a national recompense.

"As for me, Monsieur, I have experienced great satisfaction in being able to do justice to your devotion in the report I have published of the expedition to Egypt. I have not omitted to make it known that you

have often been seen at the head of your worthy companions, dressing the unfortunate wounded under the fire of the enemy, at the foot even of the breach. I am bound, in all circumstances, to substantiate your claims to the national gratitude; I will fulfil the duty scrupulously. I salute you,

"AL. BERTHIER."

There is here, no doubt, but a poor pennyworth of bread to a rather unconscionable quantity of sack—a good many fine words to a matter of £60. But fine words are current coin among our neighbours, and in all countries generous praise is the most valued recompense for the toils and dangers the soldier is called upon to meet, and the surest means to secure a cheerful and zealous performance of duty. France tried its effects upon her soldier-surgeons, and the experiment was successful. Larrey was not left without more substantial rewards, having been, a year before his return, appointed, by a special decree of the First Consul, surgeon-in-chief of the consular guard. Yet the sweetest moment of his life was, he says, when he received at Marseilles, from all the soldiers of the army and from his comrades, the touching demonstration of their friendship and gratitude.

On the foundation of the Legion of Honour, Larrey was enrolled among its members, and soon after promoted to the rank of officer. He remained at Paris, always teaching his art, until the Emperor put himself at the head of his armies, in order to avenge France for the violation of the Treaty of Amiens, when he joined the Imperial head-quarters at Boulogne. The English were *frappés de terreur*, when, in consequence of an untoward event at Trafalgar, affairs put on a new face, and the grand army was disembarked, and marched across the Rhine. During the brief campaign of scarcely fifteen days, which terminated with the surrender of Ulm, Larrey served with the Imperial Guard, and he describes with great gusto the exhilarating spectacle of the evacuation of the garrison as prisoners of war. His Majesty, attended by his staff, and in the centre of his army, drawn out in order of battle, placed himself upon a detached hillock, at the foot of which the army of the enemy defiled. The glittering of arms, the waving of banners, an air of satisfaction and joy beaming on every countenance, all announced, in this part of

the picture, success and victory. The other side presented a very different aspect. A considerable body of infantry, marching in close columns, laid down their arms on the glacis, after having defiled before the French army. The cavalry, dismounting, gave up their horses to French dragoons on foot. Austerlitz shortly followed; and on the eve of the battle, 1st December, 1805, the Emperor sent for Larrey, and ordered him to take general charge of the medical service, in the absence of M. Percy, who had not then joined the imperial head-quarters. He further directed him to take all fitting measures to assure prompt relief to the wounded, which was done with the usual zeal and completeness. The approaching battle was announced in the order of the day; and in the evening, when his Majesty passed through the lines, the soldiers, electrified by his presence, all, by a spontaneous movement, formed and lit brands of straw, and in an instant more than 80,000 men presented the spectacle of a grand illumination. The Inspector-General Percy arrived towards the middle of the battle, and Larrey fell back upon his duties with the Imperial Guard, in the midst of which he received an order from his Majesty to embalm the body of Merlan, Colonel of horse chasseurs, who was killed in the first charge. The peace of Presburg again released Larrey, and he again returned to his teaching at Paris.

It was not long before the call to arms sounded afresh, and Larrey served with the Imperial Guard in the campaigns of Saxony and Prussia, of Poland, in the campaigns of Spain of 1808-9, and in that of Austria. As we must economise our space, we shall restrict ourselves to the recital of a few incidents from the interesting narrative of those stirring events, selecting such as seem more particularly to point the moral of our tale. Larrey regrets not having assisted at the famous battle of Jena: the rapid movements of the Emperor prevented him from enjoying that pleasure. He accompanied the cavalry of the Guard with his *ambulance volante*; but the infantry of the Guard, brought post from Paris, passed them, and was with the Emperor at the head of the central column of the army. The consequence of this rapid movement was, that the more severe wounds

could not be treated in the field, or until some time after the battle; and it is a canon of Larrey's, that in order to afford important operations a fair chance of success, they should be performed within the first twenty-four hours after the shock of the wound that renders them necessary. The proper method is, he says, to place the field-hospitals as near as possible to the line of battle, and to form head-quarters, to which all the wounded requiring operations should be brought to be operated upon by the surgeon-in-chief, or under his immediate observation. One ought always begin with those most dangerously hurt, without regard to rank or distinctions. Those less injured can wait till their brothers-in-arms, horribly mutilated, have been treated, otherwise these will cease to exist in a few hours, or not live beyond the morrow. It is easy for those slightly wounded to repair to the hospitals of the first or second line, especially for officers, who commonly do not want means of transport. The brilliant day of Jena heralded one of the most glorious days of Napoleon—the 27th October, 1806—when, under a beautiful autumnal sun, he entered Berlin in triumph, and received the keys of the city from the magistrates, who met him in procession. Larrey was brilliantly received by the doctors and academicians, among whom he specially mentions Humboldt; but the marked objects of his devotion were the memorials and works of the great Frederic, “one of the greatest soldiers of modern times.” He saw, at Sans-Souci, not without a certain emotion, the couch whereon the hero had died, and the furniture he had used. In his mausoleum at Potsdam he was inspired with the most profound veneration, and invited to a religious silence. The fortress of Spandau, a masterpiece of art, he examined with the greatest interest. This campaign, like that of Ulm and Austerlitz, was remarkable for an almost complete immunity from disease, a phenomenon which Larrey attributes to the moral effect of success, to the constant bodily activity rendered necessary by the rapid movements of the army, and even in some degree to the wants produced by its outstripping the commissariat train. The marches in the campaign of 1805 had been constantly, for days, in snow and rain, and so rapid as never to permit the

soldiers to dry their clothes. Under these circumstances, it was an advantage, upon arriving, all wet, at the bivouac, to be forced by hunger to seek and cut wood for the fires, to forage for materials for soup, and to make it, rather than to find food ready at hand, and so to be induced to lie down to sleep at once under the influence of cold and fatigue. It is to be remembered, however, that these campaigns were made in a land abounding with bread, flour, vegetables, and beer. The inactivity and the civilisation of Berlin, and the fogs and rains of November, soon brought their customary attendants in a train of diseases, the causes of which were removed towards the end of the month, when the army marched for Poland, and the soldiers very quickly regained their strength and vigour.

On the 2nd of December the Emperor inaugurated the Polish campaign by a celebration of the anniversary of his Majesty's coronation, and of the day of Austerlitz, announcing that the Russians, whom they had beaten that day twelve months, were now before them on the right bank of the Vistula. At the same time he instituted, by a solemn decree, the Temple of Glory, ordering it to be built on the site of the Church of the Madeleine at Paris. These proceedings made a lively impression upon the soldiers, and, no doubt, contributed to the rapid re-establishment of their health. They occasioned no less sensation among the Poles. Those worthy descendants of the Sarmatians flocked from all quarters to supplicate the French monarch to take the nation under his protection, and to give it a chief. The march from Posen to Pultusk and back to Warsaw, accomplished by the Imperial Guard in nineteen days, was one of extreme difficulty. In many parts the men marched through thick mud, reaching to their waists and to the bellies of the horses; yet the field hospital kept its place, and the light spring-wagons, on two wheels, were found to work better than four-wheeled carriages, or even bat-horses. The sick list grew larger accordingly, a circumstance which Larrey turned to advantage, by devoting one day in each week to a clinical conference at his hospital at Warsaw, where he was about to open a complete course of military surgery, when the

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trumpet again sounded, and, on 1st of February, 1807, he was obliged to follow the army. There was about three feet of snow on the ground, and the thermometer was six or seven degrees below zero R. when they left Warsaw. At the battle of Eylau, fought on the 7th of the same month, Larrey, being the only Inspector-General present, had the direction of the medical service; and his account of his work is truly terrible. The army bivouaced on the night of the 6th; the thermometer that morning having fallen to thirteen or fourteen degrees below zero. The field hospital was in open barns, from the roof of which the straw had been taken for the use of the horses. The wounded were laid upon the refuse of this straw, covered with snow. The cold was so extreme that the instruments often fell from the hands of the assistants. Larrey happily retained a supernatural strength, excited, no doubt, by the grand interest with which those honourable victims inspired him. "The ardent desire," he continues, "that we felt to save the lives of these brave men made us persevere. The night arrived, and we had not had had a moment's time to satisfy the wants of nature. And in the midst of what torturing scenes had we to discharge our sad, but useful duty! While I operated I heard my services called for from all sides, with the most pressing entreaties. It is true that the moans of these intrepid soldiers were succeeded, after the operations, by a prodigious calm and a sort of internal satisfaction, which they expressed by demonstrations of the most lively gratitude. They no longer seemed to be occupied by their personal sufferings; they prayed for the preservation of our Emperor, and the success of our arms." It was upon this occasion that the alarm was given, by the advance of the enemy, to which we adverted in a previous page. It was quieted by a successful charge of the cavalry of the guard, made in the midst of whirlwinds of the thickest snow. All the severe wounds of the guards, and most of those of the soldiers of the army, were dressed within the first twelve hours, and then only had the medical officers a moment of rest. "We passed the night," says Larrey, "on the frozen snow, around our bivouac fires. Never did I pass through

a day so painful; never was my soul so deeply moved. I could not restrain my tears even when I strove to sustain the courage of my wounded." Another of Larrey's canons of military surgery ruled the proceedings of the ensuing day; the wounded were all removed — the worst cases to Eylau, the remainder a distance of fifty-five leagues, to Inowraklaw, beyond the Vistula. Prompt evacuations of the wounded, upon the bases of military operations, Larrey considers to be necessary, in order to prevent the epidemics that always attend the crowding of a multitude of sick into one place, and also to be useful in raising the spirits of the men, and highly beneficial as regards the effects of motion upon the wounds, which heal better even when it is somewhat rough. The results justified the theory upon this occasion as upon many others; but it must not be forgotten that the operation demanded much care and forethought on the part of those who conducted it. The Assistant-Surgeon-in-Chief, Paulet, was ordered to repair immediately from Warsaw to Inowraklaw, to make the necessary preparations for the reception of the convoys, each of which was accompanied by a sufficient number of medical officers, sub-officers, and hospital men. Their quarters and soup were made ready for them, at each station, by sub-officers, who marched in advance; and M. le Commissaire Ordonnateur Dufour displayed a zeal and activity in all those administrative operations that entitled him to the gratitude of the troops. The services of Larrey and Percy in this battle were rewarded by crosses of Commanders of the Legion of Honour, and the rank of Chevalier was conferred on many of their subordinates.

During the remainder of the winter, the health of the army was preserved by repeated evacuations of the sick and wounded from hospital to hospital, as far as Thorn and other towns on the left bank of the Vistula; the snow and rigorous cold contributing materially to the desired result. When the weather began to grow warmer, the same end was obtained by moving the troops from cantonments in the neighbourhood of lakes and marshes, which promised to be unhealthy, and by hutting them on an elevated plateau. The operation gave the soldiers salutary

exercise. They began to take pride in the beauty and convenience of their huts. Every soldier seemed suddenly to acquire the talents of the architect, the joiner, and the mason, and the sick list rapidly fell to zero. At the end of another brilliant day at Friedland, more than six thousand Russians lay dead upon the field; and the peace of Tilsit was initiated at an interview between the Emperor, the Czar, and the King of Prussia, held in a glazed chamber erected upon a pontoon in the centre of the river. Larrey was charmed with the tableau. The two armies were drawn out in order of battle upon the opposite banks; their varied uniforms, the view of the pontoon whereon the three monarchs conferred, accompanied by their great officers, at some distance; the strong castle of the Teutonic knights, right opposite the pontoon, formed a picture the most animated and interesting. Larrey, as was his wont, lost no time in examining the enemy's camp, in which he was surprised to find Calmucks armed with bows and arrows, and darts, with the former of which they were able to kill a bird at a very great distance. "We had not," he adds, with a sort of gentle regret, "any of our troops wounded by this species of arm."

On his return to Paris through Jena, the professors of that university received Larrey with all the honours, conferring upon him the degree of Doctor in Medicine. The Emperor at the same time proceeded to Milan, to be crowned King of Italy, upon which occasion he remembered the Surgeon-in-Chief of his guard, and conferred upon him the honourable distinction of Chevalier of the Iron Crown.

Larrey's services in Spain was begun with a general inspection and reformation of the medical department, and the establishment of a school of military surgery at Madrid. With the former duty he was specially charged by the Government, and he proceeded to execute it by associating with himself a board formed of the principal medical officers, which sat three times a-week, and framed regulations for the department in all its branches. In an insurrection at Madrid he had a narrow escape with his life. He was repeatedly fired at in riding through a crowd of the insurgents, and on reaching the hospital was obliged to arm his surgeons and the convalescents for

its defence. He obviously dwells with but little pleasure upon this portion of his autobiography, which closed early in 1809, in his seizure with a fever that nearly proved fatal. The arrival of the Emperor at Vittoria did, indeed, rouse him a little, and he had the satisfaction of trying a new mode of cure upon the person of the Duke of Montebello, but it is plain that his *chateaux d'Espagne* were by no means pleasant places in his memory.

In April 1809, Larrey again left Paris to join the imperial guard in Bavaria, and after a rapid march, he had the pleasure of seeing the Emperor enter the castle of Schœnbrunn. He was received by Napoleon with kindness, and his Majesty ordered him to prepare his ambulances for another campaign. They were in no long time brought into use at Esslingen and Wagram, after the former of which the wounded collected in the isle of Lobau suffered much from a "grand penury" of commissariat supplies. An excellent soup was, however, made of horse-flesh, and seasoned with gunpowder, the latter of which, we are assured, did not, as might be supposed, impart its black colour to the broth, which was clarified in the process of cooking. At Wagram there was a large number of wounded, the most of them *fortement maltraités par le canon*; but they were all taken care of so much to the satisfaction of Napoleon, that he rewarded Larrey with the title of Baron of the Empire, and a dotation of five thousand francs a year—*témoignage éclatant* of his munificence, and of his anxiety to recompense all kinds of service rendered to the State.

Our Baron had now passed twenty years in war, and hoping to be permitted to enjoy a season of rest under his laurels, he set to work at the preparation of his memoirs, which he had scarcely completed, when he was again disturbed. On the 12th of February, 1812, he was appointed Surgeon-in-Chief of the grand army; and arriving at head-quarters at Mayence, he immediately took instructions from the Intendant-General, M. l'Ordonnateur Joinville, for the organisation of his department. The destination of the expedition was not known, but it was generally thought that it would embark on the Baltic, for England, or some other more distant country. At Magdeburg, Desgenettes, also now a

Baron, and Larrey, formed a base for their hospital line; and at Berlin, where they arrived on the 2nd of April, Larrey collected all the surgeons of the army, whom he classed, and distributed; and opened for them a course of military surgery, during which he exercised them in the performance of operations. Six divisions of *ambulances volantes* were formed, with eight medical officers in each, and each surgeon-major daily exercised his division in the performance of operations, and the application of bandages. The greatest emulation and the most exact discipline reigned amongst all the surgeons. On the 10th of May, they arrived at Posen, being still ignorant of their destination, and a few days of repose were again taken advantage of to exercise the medical staff. There were by this time no less than 400,000 men, of nine or ten different nations, collected together in the grand army. At Thorn, on the 2nd of June, all the authorities were classed into particular boards. Larrey was a member of the great council of hospitals. Having received the advice of these boards upon the several branches of the service which they represented, Napoleon told his secret, in an order of the day, in which he traced out the line of march, and the precautions necessary for a safe and rapid passage of the deserts to be traversed on the march to Russia. At Wilna, the medical chiefs made hospital provision for six thousand patients; and there Larrey, invited officially to the levee of the "supreme chief," was ordered to attend a grand review with his *ambulances volantes*. This was to have taken place on the 10th of July, but the design was frustrated by a sudden storm. When the trumpet announced the arrival of the chief on the ground, at six o'clock in the morning, peals of the loudest thunder began, and continued without intermission, accompanied by violent hail, until Napoleon and his staff were driven from the field. The lines were broken, the greater part of the horsemen were forced to dismount, and frightened horses were rushing in all directions against each other. "I had never seen so frightful a tempest. Was it the evil omen of the calamities that awaited us?" At Witspk, a considerable battle was fought; and there the sufferings, which subsequently reached so unparalleled a height, be-

gan. The surgeons were obliged to use their shirts for the first dressing of the wounded; and the misery of the disabled Russians, who had been abandoned or forgotten, was extreme. Four hospitals were established at Witpak. At Smolensko, where the grand army had 1,200 killed, and 6,000 wounded, the appropriate penalty of its grandeur became still more galling. It was necessary to use the records found in the Archives for dressings; the paper was employed for bandages, the parchment for splints, tow and the down of the birch-tree served for lint. Forced to "imagine the means" of supplying their wants, they bedded the sick upon heaps of paper. Each town they approached was enveloped in flames; the rain descended upon them in torrents; yet, "drawn on by an invincible power, lulled by vain hopes of peace," they continued to advance. At length the Russians made a stand at the Moskowa; and Larrey, to his infinite consternation, was noticed by the supreme chief to prepare for a great battle. Obligated to provide for the care of 10,000 sick and wounded at Smolensko, he had left almost all his surgeons there, and the hospital wagons were still in the rear. He was not, however, the man to despair; and accordingly he solicited an order of the day, to place at his disposal all the regimental surgeons, excepting the surgeon-major and two assistants for each corps of infantry, and the surgeon-major and one assistant for each regiment of cavalry. This measure gave him a staff of forty-five surgeons; and a delay of a few hours having given time for the wagons to arrive, he had the pleasure of finding that he was in some degree able to take his part in the events of the day that was coming. After a march of thirty-six hours, the grand army found itself in presence of the enemy, on the 5th of September, and that day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the battle of Mossaisk (Borodino) was begun. On the 6th, there was a lull, and thirty-six surgeons having joined the staff, Larrey proceeded to form his field-hospitals. The position of those of the head-quarters and of the guard had been pointed out by Napoleon himself; and before taking his place, the Baron rode through the line to give his instructions at the field-hospitals of the corps and divisions. On the 7th September, at the

rising of the sun, that terrible day began. It endured for fifteen hours, during which more than 2,000 pieces of artillery were at once engaged. The wounded of the grand army amounted to 9,500 men; the Russian loss was estimated at more than 20,000. Owing to the deficiency of superior medical officers, Larrey himself was obliged to perform about 200 amputations in the first twenty-four hours, and that in despite of a bitter northerly blast, which rendered it very difficult to keep the wax torches lighted during the night. Over the horrors of Moscow, and of the retreat, we must not linger. Larrey lived and worked through them all, bravely struggling in vain efforts to do his duty, even long after the disorganisation of the army had unmistakably commenced. Death approached him in every shape. At Dorogobouje, he barely escaped with life from the flames of a burning hospital, in which many victims perished. While his comrades sank under the influence of cold, in which Reaumur's thermometer fell to 19° below zero, the Baron, always marching on foot, and careful never to approach a fire, escaped. Hunger and the sword of the enemy felled thousands around him; yet he held on, to be amply rewarded, at the passage of the Beresina, by a touching proof that the misery of that wretched crowd of fugitives had not deadened their sense of honour and gratitude. After the guard and the first and fourth corps had passed the river, one of the temporary bridges broke down under the weight of some heavy guns, and at the same moment Wittgenstein's corps of Russians attacked the rear-guard, and poured a heavy fire of shot and shell upon the immense crowd pressing in disorder towards the remaining bridge. Soldiers, camp-followers, women and children, were crushed together in a confused mass, with wagons, guns, and horses, or forced into the water. Larrey had repassed the second bridge, to seek some cases of instruments of surgery, of which he had great need for the wounded. It, too, broke down; and in his attempt to return he was at the point of perishing in the crowd, when, he says, "happily I was recognised; instantly every one hastened to favour my efforts; passed by the soldiers from hand to hand, I found myself, to my great surprise, in a few moments on

the bridge. This proof they gave me of their attachment, under such circumstances, soon made me forget both the dangers I had incurred, and the loss I had sustained."

Larrey served through the campaigns of 1813-14, and was present at the great battles in Saxony, and in the retreat from Leipzig. He took part also in the operations in France, which terminated in the capitulation of Paris, taking leave of his great master, though not finally, at Fontainebleau. On that occasion, he proffered to his Majesty to accompany him into exile; but he declined the offer, saying, "You belong to the army, you ought to follow it; it is not without regret I part from you, M. Larrey." Master and man were true to their nature to the last; and many incidents strongly characteristic of the great captain and the great soldier-surgeon might be cited from the narrative of this period of the decline of their fortunes. For two traits we must make room.

On the halt of the head-quarters in Dresden, in the summer of 1813, Larrey, as usual, opened a course of practical surgery; and the chief of the army, amid the perils and the gloom of that crisis of his fate, showed that he did not forget the minute details of the duties of a general. "Satisfied (says Larrey) with the services of our light field-hospitals, although very incomplete, and wishing to give military surgeons an honourable existence, his Majesty ordered a board, composed of MM. the Intendant-General, the Ordonnateur-in-Chief, and the Surgeon-in-Chief of the army, to examine, under the auspices of the minister, Count Daru, a project of law relative to a corps of military surgeons, to be organised upon the model of the corps of engineers." The other incident is curious in many respects; it tells both well and ill for the general; but it exhibits the soldier-surgeon in the fairest phase of his honourable position — the loyal, true, and fearless protector of his comrades in their sorest need. In order to diminish in the eyes of Napoleon the considerable number of the wounded at the battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, and Wurchen, certain persons accustomed to disguise the truth, made him believe that many of these men had been mutilated by themselves in order to escape service. In consequence of these representations, all

those wounded in the fingers or hands were collected into an intrenched camp, near Dresden, to the number of nearly 3,000. Larrey was questioned by Bonaparte himself as to whether it was possible to discriminate between self-inflicted and other wounds; to which he replied in the negative. Some of his colleagues took a different view; his opinion did not prevail, and he was ordered to preside over a surgical jury, charged with the task of pointing out the self-mutilators, in order that they might be handed over to the provost-marshal. Besides Larrey, the jury consisted of Eve, principal surgeon, chevalier of many orders; Charmes, surgeon-major, chevalier of the Legion of Honour; Thébaut, surgeon-major of hospitals; and Becœur, surgeon-major of ambulances. To their eternal honour, they agreed with their president, and acquitted by their report, 2,632 soldiers.

M. Breschet, in his funeral oration upon Larrey, tells us the sequel of the story. On the night upon which he tendered the report of the jury to the Emperor, the Baron, knowing it would be distasteful, fully expected his dismissal; he received, however, by the hands of Baron Fain, a letter from Bonaparte, praising his noble conduct, and bestowing on him an annual pension of 3,000 francs from his privy purse. "A sovereign (said he) is indeed fortunate in having a servant like you."

It was not until 1817 that Larrey recovered spirits to continue his memoirs, and even then he said not a word about the disastrous day of Waterloo, his repugnance to speak of which was not overcome until 1841, when he published a fifth volume of his autobiography. He had then completed fifty-three years of public service, and served in twenty-six (five of them counting double) campaigns. One of the first of the Emperor's cares (he tells us), on his return to the Tuileries from Elba, was to send for him; and Napoleon seems, indeed, to have attached considerable importance to the securing of his services. At the public distribution of the new tri-colour flags to the deputies of the departments, the presentation of that destined for the department of the Hautes Pyrenees was entrusted to Larrey. "Gentlemen," said the Emperor, "I am pleased to be able to give you this

by the hands of your fellow-countryman, Larrey, who honours humanity by his disinterestedness and his courage." The Baron does not appear to have desired another campaign, and his colleague, Percy, pressed for, and obtained the appointment of first surgeon of the grand army; but at the last moment, Count Drouot having brought him a request from the Emperor that he would serve near his person and direct the field-hospitals of the guard, he complied. Leaving Paris, on the 9th of June, 1815, his thoughts were darkened by a bad omen. In a field of corn, by the road-side, he saw the body of a grenadier of the guard lying with the brains blown out, obviously by the soldier's own hand. The omen was justified by the sequel of Larrey's own fate. He performed many operations on the day of Waterloo, and continued his labours until the English cavalry charged up to his field-hospital, and the daylight failed, when he found himself obliged to follow the advice which the Emperor sent to him by an aid-de-camp, to make for the frontier by a certain cross-road. Scarcely had they proceeded a league or two, when their retreat was cut off by a body of Prussian lancers. "I marched," he says, "at the head of my little company, and in the persuasion that our enemies were not numerous, I did not hesitate to force a passage, sword in hand. Having fired both my pistols upon the horsemen who stopped our way, I made a lane, through which my companions and my servant passed at full gallop, but my horse, wounded by a ball, fell, and, at the same moment, I received a double sabre cut on the head and left shoulder, which brought me senseless to the ground." The Prussians left him, to follow his companions, and shortly afterwards, having recovered from his faint, he mounted his horse, which had also regained its feet, and riding through some corn-fields, found himself near the banks of the Sambre at break of day. There he again encountered the Prussians, and, all bravery being useless, he surrendered. In spite of his submission, he was pitilessly disarmed and stripped; the officers divided the contents of his purse, some forty Napoleons, among themselves; they took his arms, ring, and watch, and, owing to his height and his grey greatcoat, mistaking him for the Em-

peror, they brought him before the Prussian commander of the advanced guard. By him he was sent, with his hands tied, to another general of higher rank, who, in a sudden access of rage, and believing him to be Napoleon, determined to shoot him. There was fortunately no bandage at hand to cover his eyes, and a surgeon, who was ordered to apply a piece of sticking-plaster for that purpose, recognised in the forlorn prisoner, his former teacher at Berlin. The proceedings *faire passer par les armes* were thereupon suspended; and the poor Baron, his hands tied behind his back, his head covered with bloody rags, his feet bare, and scarcely covered by his greatcoat and pantaloons, was brought before General Bulow, and subsequently sent on to Blucher. The grim old marshal received him kindly, asked him to breakfast, and having presented him with twelve gold Fredericks, he sent him, in charge of one of his aids-de-camp, to Louvain. Bread thrown upon the waters was here, after many days, found. Blucher's son, grievously wounded and a prisoner, had been tended by Larrey after one of the battles of the campaign of Austria. At Louvain the aid-de-camp asked merely for a billet for a wounded Frenchman, whose name he could not tell; and Larrey, quartered upon a poor woman, who had scarcely wherewithal to sustain herself and her children, obtained with difficulty, in exchange for one of Blucher's gold pieces, some onion soup, and the favour of having a young surgeon to dress his wounds. "Shortly after," he continues, "I saw a young medical officer come in and prepare to fulfil his mission, when suddenly he exclaimed, 'You are Baron Larrey,' and scarcely had I replied, before he rushed down the stairs and disappeared without uttering a word." All was soon set right, the young surgeon shortly returned with a municipal officer, and the Baron was forthwith comfortably lodged in the house of a celebrated advocate, M. Yonk, from whom he received the utmost kindness.

To the eternal disgrace of the Bourbons, they visited upon Larrey their vengeance against the master to whom he was so devoted. He was deprived of his office of Inspector-General of the medical department. His pensions were stopped, and he was only suffered to retain his place as surgeon

of the Hospital of the Royal Guard, because it was not thought altogether safe to provoke that body by the separation from them of a comrade in whom they had the greatest confidence. His family were plunged into debt by the quartering of foreign soldiers in his house; his ruin was all but complete. Brought thus low, Larrey was invited to the United States of America, was offered service, with honours and high emoluments, by the Emperor of Russia, was solicited by Don Pedro to take the direction of the medical department of the army of Brazil; "but I felt," he touchingly says, "that I owed a sacrifice to my country. The soldiers were the same, and my solitude for them could not change." Times, however, gradually grew better. Even the Bourbons relaxed their stupid enmity; and the three days of 1830 were grand days for Larrey. They supplied an occasion for the confession of his faith as a true soldier-surgeon, and for an energetic practice in accordance with it. "The duty of a surgeon-in-chief of an army ought not," he says, "to be limited to the mere dressing of wounds; he ought not to hold back from any measure for their protection and security against all manner of hostile aggression. It was to accomplish this difficult task that, on the third day of the fighting, I did not hesitate to throw myself into the midst of five or six thousand assailants on the point of breaking into the asylum of the sick, and threatening them with death. A short and firm address stopped this lawless band, which dispersed when the arms of the wounded soldiers were given up to them." For his conduct upon this occasion, and in consideration of his services, as member of a Commission appointed to examine the citizens wounded during the three days, Larrey received the decoration of July from the hands of Louis Philippe.

The remainder of the life of the worthy Baron was passed in honour and activity. His services were asked for and obtained by King Leopold, for the purpose of organising the medical department of the Belgian army on the eve of the war of separation with Holland; in return for which he was honoured with a very flattering speech from the new-made King, and a present of a gold snuff-box, bearing his Majesty's cipher set in brilliants. On his return to Paris, he was reinstated in his office of Medical Inspector-

General of the army; and, at the special request of Marshal Jourdain, Governor of the Hotel des Invalides, he was appointed Surgeon-in-Chief of that institution. In 1832, he was named by the Board of Health as one of a Commission appointed to observe the approaching epidemic cholera in Poland; but the Poles being, at that time, in revolt from the rule of their tyrants, Larrey's departure with the Commission was forbidden by the minister of war. "It would be thought," he said, "that one of the chiefs of Napoleon's old Guard arrived at Warsaw: he shall not go." It will readily be believed, however, that, to a veteran of thirty-one campaigns, the most honourable repose could afford but small happiness. Larrey was continually in motion. In order to dissipate the melancholy from which he could scarcely rouse himself for a long time after the death of Napoleon, he made a tour through Great Britain and Ireland, accompanied by his son, Hippolyte, in the year 1826, in the course of which he was greatly gratified by the kind and distinguished reception everywhere given to him. Dublin he found to be a beautiful capital. Arriving in it without introductions, his presence was no sooner made known, by means of his accidentally meeting a former pupil, the late learned and respected Dr. West, than the principal physicians and surgeons hastened to visit him. Nothing could equal the considerate and kind attentions lavished upon him by those estimable Irish confreres during his short stay, which was further rendered agreeable by the politeness of the Lord Mayor, who followed him, in all haste, to an hospital he was visiting, *en simple habit bourgeois*, but, nevertheless, filled with the intention of rendering to the stranger the honours accorded to the most distinguished personages. Truth, however, forbids us to conceal what we would willingly avoid touching upon, that the Baron was not very favourably impressed with the charms of our fair countrywomen. There is a very sensible difference between the estimate he formed of the beauty of the *sexe Anglais* as he saw it in Dublin, and as he remembered it in St. John's, Newfoundland, some forty years before—a lapse of time which, we may venture to suggest, does not sharpen the perception of female loveliness. At Chatham a great

triumph was prepared for Larrey, by the hospitable attention of Sir James M'Gregor, in procuring for him a special permission to visit the fort and dockyard. The worthy Governor received him with all the marks of great distinction and unexpected kindness; and having put on his General's uniform, he conducted him and M. Hippolyte through the workshops, hospitals, and shipping, and showed him, without reserve, all the curiosities of the place. In the hospital he was received by the whole corps of military surgeons *en grande tenue*; and upon passing through the gate of the outer fortifications he was saluted with full military honours, to his great surprise and very sensible emotion. In short, this visit was one of those remaining for ever engrained upon his memory, its effect being manifestly heightened by the manner of its closure in [a splendid banquet, at which the principal naval and military officers, and all the surgeons of both services attended to do him honour, and where, as may be imagined, the festivities were continued far into the night, and many a toast was pledged to the health of the surgeon of Napoleon.

In 1834, the Baron, again accompanied by his son, visited Italy; and, having made some tours of duty in France in the subsequent year, he once more took the field, joining "the young and brave army" in Africa, where he was received (as we are told by M. Guyon) with enthusiastic shouts by everyone, from the humblest soldier to the highest officer. This was the old man's last campaign; on his return from it he died, at Lyons, in 1842, in the 77th year of his age.

"Do you know Larrey?" Napoleon asked Dr. Arnot, at St. Helena. "I only know him by repute," answered the Doctor. "What a brave and honourable man is Larrey!" exclaimed the Emperor; "what zeal he showed for the army in Egypt, whether in crossing the desert, or after the affair of St. Jean D'Acre, or afterwards in Europe! I had a great esteem for him, that never changed." If the army ever raises a column to gratitude, they should erect it to Larrey. These sentiments Napoleon vouched in his last will by a bequest of 100,000 francs to Larrey. "L'homme le plus vertueux que j'ai jamais connue."

The eminent soldier-surgeon whose career and character we have thus

rapidly sketched, was a genuine growth of the military system of the French Revolution. Larrey was no prodigy. His understanding was manifestly of the common fashion. His views were neither comprehensive nor profound. His general knowledge was not extensive, nor yet exact. The stock of natural qualities with which he commenced life comprised a robust constitution and extraordinary mental activity, a large share of the faculty of order, an ardent desire for distinction, and a kind and gentle heart. His training in the public service developed out of these the highest military virtue—fidelity—and one of the most useful of military talents, the capacity for organisation. Larrey was ever true to his standard, tender and faithful to his comrades. He was a prudent disciplinarian, and a wise and ready administrator. This manner of man cannot, surely, be considered as rare: the majority of men are, we rather think, born with the endowments (of course, in varying relative proportions) which nature gave to Larrey; and out of them the French military system still continues to elaborate an useful medical staff. It is true we have reason to believe that even upon this the blight of formalism has fallen, and that it is rapidly sinking in respectability and efficiency; but that it has been more successful than our own we must concede, if we do not utterly disbelieve all testimony as to the manner in which M. Michel Levy, the chief medical officer of the army of the Crimea, and his colleagues, have done their work. Have we not abundance of men so endowed among ourselves?—and if we have, why have we not at present employed in or over the army medical department a competent soldier-surgeon? We venture to hope that no need exists for proving that Great Britain is as forward in medical knowledge and practice as any country in the world. British gentlemen are surely not less strong of body, or active and orderly in mind, or kind of heart than any others. If it were necessary to prove that our medical officers are at this day gallant and prompt in action, we might refer to the timely exploit by which Assistant-Surgeon Wilson, at a most critical moment, restored the battle at Inkermann. If we desired to show that they are not free from even an inordinate thirst of glory, we might mention the futile self-sacrifice of Dr. Thompson

upon the death-laden field of Alma.* But surely not one of our readers will demand proof that we have among us and in our army as good material for soldier-surgeons as human nature at the present time can afford? The cause of its not being developed into the right article is, in all respects, analogous with that which has sent the British private soldier forth to fight, untrained in every branch of his profession, and dependent for safety only upon his own personal courage and strength; nay, with these cramped and bound by the most stringent moral and material fetters which official folly can invent. In truth, the apparent object of our general military system has been to bring the army into conformity with the material development characteristic of the age. What has been desired was, the creation of a machine which should do the work of men, as that is done by the threshing-mill, the steam-hammer, or the spinning-jenny. Individual intelligence was set at nought, or to be compensated for by an eccentric movement—for the point of military honour was to be substituted a tell-tale. But the practice of war demands the exercise of individual intelligence in the humblest individual engaged, more urgently than perhaps any other human occupation, except that of the seaman. The exertion of brute force in column or line, is, after all, but the rare event of a campaign. For once the soldier has to charge or to receive the enemy, in formation, there are ten thousand occasions when he ought to observe, compare, reflect, as a solitary sentinel, or associated with a handful of comrades in a picket; and upon his individual intelligence then will the safety of the whole army often depend. Each day, in the field or in cantonments, the private soldier's comfort, health, nay, often his existence, must turn upon his personal stock of moral and physical knowledge, upon his skill in many handicrafts. We need not illustrate these truths by a humiliating comparison of the French camp before Sebas-

topol with our own; it is enough to point to the notorious fact, that a British seaman, in public or private service, will live and jest under the influence of circumstances which would plunge a British soldier into despair, or bring him to a premature grave. The sailor endures because he can cook, splice a rope, sling a hammock, and do a score of other common things: the soldier being unable to do them, succumbs. But if the rank and file need individual intelligence, surely the medical officer, the exercise of whose peculiar art is altogether dependent upon personal observation and judgment, requires it in a far greater degree; yet the whole object of the British system is to make him, too, a mere machine, to be set a-going and worked by a single spring. For every act of the military surgeon's official life there is a regulation, and the extent of office—not hospital or field—work he is required to perform, is such as would render his whole life one of wearing drudgery, which he knows to be useless in itself, and preclusive of the possibility of his giving a reasonable and sufficient attention to the real duties of his post. Such is the effect in the case of the idler and eye-servant; such would be the effect in the case of the zealous and conscientious officer, if he were not bold enough to break through rules, and do his duty. In truth, we cannot imagine a plan better devised for screening incapacity and neglect, for discouraging zeal, and for preventing the development of a true soldier-surgeon from out of the admirable materials at hand, than that which is shaped with wearisome minuteness in the regulations for the management of army hospitals, and instructions to medical officers, which her Majesty has been so ill-advised as to sanction.

In addition to the proper duties of attendance upon the sick of his regiment or station, and to the prevention or removal of the causes of disease, the medical officer is also required to act as dispenser of medicines, as hos-

* There was no greater proof of undaunted resolution given in the charge of Balaklava than was exhibited by Assistant-Surgeon Thompson in remaining behind the army, attended by his servant only, to give his assistance to the wounded Russians. Of the latter, as of the former feat, it might, nevertheless, be truly said—"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." The superior officer, whoever he was, who suggested or sanctioned the exposure of a brave man in a situation in which he could possibly do no good, and at a time when the wounded of our own army were sent to sea without proper medical attendance, was guilty of a highly culpable sacrifice of duty to a clap-trap semblance of humanity.

pital-steward, and as clerk. In the course of the duties of this latter office, he has the charge of at least fourteen sets of elaborate books and forms, the keeping, filling, and transmitting of which would, if accurately done, occupy the greater part of the time of a skilful and laborious accountant. Among these there are, if we can trust our memory, a morning and a weekly sick-state, to be sent in duplicate to the commanding and principal medical officers; monthly, quarterly, and yearly returns of sick and wounded, comprising many minor returns on meteorology, medical topography, &c., of extreme intricacy, and requiring a very wide range of observation and great care, in order to give them the slightest value; a half-yearly return (in duplicate) of medicines received, expended, and required; a monthly return of the hospital expenditure, compiled from the daily diet-rolls, and containing some six or seven-and-twenty columns of headings, subdivided for pounds, ounces, gallons, pints, gills, applicable to the consumption of bread, meat, salt, milk, port wine, hard soap, and various other articles. The office-books the surgeon is required to keep, and to present when his hospital is inspected, are a letter-book, an admission and discharge-book; a medical register, to contain a detailed account of every disease, with the treatment employed; a vaccination register; a historical register, in which the yearly reports are entered; a defaulter-book; and, lest anything should be forgotten, a book in which a copy is to be kept of every document sent forward to the chief authorities. It is prudently provided, that should these archives "accumulate to an unwieldy bulk"—should they exceed the capabilities of transport by ship or rail—the Director-General is to be applied to, and he may be expected, in the plenitude of his wisdom and power, to find a remedy—"he will give orders for their disposal." It must be plain to any one of common sense, that if the force of medical officers available was sufficient to the performance of this labour, it is of a nature entirely discordant from that of their more important duties. Of all educated persons, medical men have the least aptitude for book-keeping and desk-work. Of all professions, even in civil life, the medical least bears that its professor's mind should be disabled from prompt action by

habits of poring over figures, and mystifying obvious facts in official returns. But, while the regulations require the medical officer to be steward and clerk, they further enjoin that he shall compound and dispense the medicines he prescribes, and "administer them twice a-day." Of course, if he be a conscientious and sensible man, he prefers the spirit of his duty to the letter, and does none of those things which he can possibly avoid. The hospital-serjeant illicitly performs the part of steward and dispenser, while the surgeon (as he ought) devotes his time and thoughts to the prevention and cure of disease, and to the consideration of such necessary measures for the improvement of the health and vigour of the soldiers with whom he is associated as he can recommend to the commanding officer. But why should a snare be laid to entrap him into a technical breach of orders?

Throughout, as we have said, our military surgeon is, in all cases, bound and trammelled by regulations; he can scarcely stir without a reference to the Director-General. When he goes forth, and when he returns, he is to report his movements to the Director-General. If his regiment changes quarters, he is to transmit to the Director-General a copy of the route. He must not expend more than five shillings in getting his instruments sharpened, without obtaining the Director-General's leave. He is to perform no capital operation in Great Britain without the previous consent of the Director-General, who lies *perdue* in his office, in St. James's-place, while the patient may linger in the barracks of Cork. If the sick child of a soldier be admitted into a military hospital, a special account of the fact must be rendered to the Director-General. The troops may be perishing in pestilential quarters, but none more healthy may be engaged for more than a week, unless the Director-General sanctions the bargain. If an hospital-tent in camp be, of necessity, pitched upon a bottom of mud, it may be floored with planks, but these shall be hired or purchased only under the sanction of the Director-General. If there be no bedsteads in a hired hospital, upon application to the Director-General, they will, if thought advisable, be supplied from the public stores. If medicines, not in the chest, be required, more than twenty shillings' worth

may on no account be purchased without the sanction of the Director-General. Should the hospital be encumbered with old hampers and bottles, they may not be sold without the approval of the Director-General. And so on throughout, body and soul, the medical officer belongs to that autocratic functionary, to be by him employed according to his good pleasure, as a fraction of the costly machine, which in these days of magnificent material development, was to have performed the work of a staff of soldier-surgeons. That the work was but poorly done, the reader who now first learns the facts we have stated, will probably not much wonder. He would probably wonder less if he knew the additional fact that the director of the machine was never himself a regimental medical officer, that he has no experience of camps, and is unacquainted with the habits and wants of soldiers. Most of us have heard, and with what amazement, of the strange facts, that so extreme and debasing a terror of authority prevailed among the medical officers at Scutari and in the Crimea, that they chose to suffer their patients to sink in want of every necessary, rather than to step out of the circle of the regulations, to procure what was required to save them; that they even concealed the truth lest they might bring those regulations into disrepute. The amazement must cease when it is remembered that the power, almost of life and death, over those men, is placed in the hands of the great regulator. The Director-General can exalt or abase all in his department. He can elevate an assistant-surgeon as he was himself elevated above his fellows, to sit in St. James's-place, on a stool only an inch or two lower than his own. He can place an inspector-general, whose experience and special knowledge fit him more than any other man for a particular service, on the shelf, and he can put where that man ought to have been, a man possessing no qualifications for the work. It would seem as if it were even designed to break the spirit of the medical officer, and to set him in such a relative position with the soldier as must deprive him of the confidence, and lower him in the estimation of those to whom he ought to stand in the relation of friend, counsellor, protector. He is made the agent in the degradation of respectable

soldiers, by immoral and debasing health-inspections, to which we cannot more particularly refer. He is brought before them in the character of their executioner by a "war-office circular," which orders the regimental surgeon to teach the drum-major the art of branding criminals—the art of torture. Here is a true, though very imperfect exposition of what is called system, in the British army; in our mind it fully accounts for all the horrible and heart-rending disasters of the army of the East.

We venture to hope the moral of our tale will have been apparent throughout its course. Its application extends very much beyond the medical department, as its teaching is very much wider than the particular instance might seem to some to imply. In attempting to derive our lesson from facts in the life of a French soldier-surgeon, we have no intention or desire to advocate the rash substitution of the French, or of any other foreign system for our own, in this or in any other public department. We believe that no more fatal error could be committed than to make any such change. Yet we see too much reason to fear that it is what will be done. Already a few spring wagons have been bought, and called *voitures d'ambulance*, and it was set forth, that an efficient field-hospital train had been called into existence; they proved, as any one might expect, to be worse than useless! What we desire to inculcate is the eternal truth, that in the conduct of war no extent of material development can compensate for the lack of human intelligence, and that this will not work in chains. We should have as good a medical department, as good a commissariat, and as good an army as any in the world, if only we were to set the intelligence they contain free to work, unrestricted by the incapacity, and unchilled by the discouragement of official chiefs. In no army, we sincerely believe, would the true soldier-surgeon be found in greater force than in our own, if only it were shown that the high rewards of the service are attainable by military-medical merit, and that the highest place could not be so filled as to render its eminence a beacon of warning, not of encouragement, to aspirants who may be disposed to base their hopes of advancement upon their self-consciousness of ability and knowledge.

MEMOIRS OF THE LACYS.

IRELAND has given to the armies of Europe five brave soldiers, all kinsmen of the name of *Lacy* — viz., Marshal Lacy, who overran the Crimea in the service of Russia, and was the fellow-soldier of the great Count Munich; Marshal Count Lacy, his son, the friend of Leopold Daun, and, like him, a distinguished General in the Septennial War; Francis Anthony Count De Lacy, who died Captain-General of Catalonia; his brother Patrick Lacy, Major of the Ulster regiment in the Spanish service; and his son, Louis Lacy, who fought with such bravery in the wars of the Peninsula, and was *Chef-du-Battalion* of the Irish, in 1807.

All those Lacys were of the old Irish family of Bruree, and their native place originally was Athlacca, a parish in the county of Limerick, on the Maig. Many of this gallant race are buried there, in the ancient churchyard, where an old tomb is yet extant, inscribed—

"John, Thomas, and Edward Lacy, 1682."

The family followed to foreign wars the fortunes of the exiled James Fitz-James, Duke of Berwick, Commander of the first troop of Irish Horseguards, and natural son of James II. of England and VII. of Scotland. He was married first to a daughter of the Earl of Clanricarde, by whom he had a son, the successor of his titles and estates in Spain, and who also became the friend of the Lacys.

The first of the family who rose to eminence was Marshal Peter Lacy, who entered the service of Russia, and commanded with such distinction and success against the Turks.

He served as a subaltern and regimental officer in the armies of Peter the Great, and first learned the art of war in those sanguinary and desperate conflicts between the forces of the Czar and those of Charles XII. of Sweden; against whom Peter made an alliance with the Kings of Poland and Denmark, in 1699, and with whom his General, the brave Prince Menschikoff, fought so many battles in the early part of the last century.

In the year 1736, Lacy had attained the rank of General in the Russian army, under Anne Ivanowna (niece of Peter I.), who at that time governed the vast and barbarous empire of the Muscovites. Count Munich, who, for her service, had left the army of the Elector of Saxony, was at the head of her troops. "He was the Prince Eugene of Muscovy," says Frederick the Great; "but he had the vices with the virtues of all great generals. *Lascy* (the younger), Keith, Lowendhal, and other able generals, were formed in his school." Sir Patrick Gordon, a Scottish soldier of fortune, had already disciplined the Russian army, and brought it from barbarism to an equality with others in Europe; and in the time of Lacy and Munich, it consisted of 10,000 guards, 60,000 infantry of the line, 20,000 dragoons, 2,000 cuirassiers, 30,000 militia, with Cossacks, Tartars, Calmucs, and other barbarians, in unnumbered hordes.

In the year 1736, the differences between the Czarina Anne and her hereditary enemy, the Grand Seignior, came to a crisis, and she declared war, in consequence of the provoking outrages of the Tartars of the Crimea, and the neglect of the Sultan to her repeated remonstrances on that subject; and the Emperor of Austria concerted with her the plan of the new campaign against Turkey. It was agreed that a Russian army, under General Lacy (or *Lasci*, as it is often spelt), should march against the city of Azoph; that another Russian army, commanded by the Count de Munich, should penetrate to the Ukraine; while the Austrians, under Count Seckendorf, should prepare to assault Widin, in Servia; and all these armies marched accordingly.

The Khan of the Crimea was, in those days, a powerful prince, who paid tribute to the Sultan, though he was styled *Emperor* by his Tartar subjects, and, being descended of the Ottoman blood, had a claim to the Turkish throne, on the extinction of the race of Achmet III. The Sultans had the power of deposing them, and, being jealous of their rank and au-

thority, allowed few of them to die at liberty. Thus most of the Khans of the (now disputed and familiar) Crimea have ended their lives in chains, in the dungeons of Rhodéz. Among his own people, the Khan could then, at any time, command an army of eighty or a hundred thousand men; but darts, arrows, and spears, with a few muskets, were their weapons, with wooden saddles and stirrups. His revenues were, the tenth of all captives, a *black mail* paid by the Poles and Muscovites, and twenty cart-loads of honey from the Moldavians. He had vast flocks, coined copper money, and maintained a guard of Janissaries, who bore his green and purple standard. The whole of his fighting force was reckoned at 300,000 men, of all kinds. The Crimea then contained several great cities, and, besides many noble monuments of the Genoese, was covered by the ruins of the Grecian age and power.

Lacy came in sight of Azoph in March, 1736. It stands on the left bank of the most southern branch of the Don, in a district full of dangerous swamps, and on an eminence, the only spot capable of bearing buildings in that parched and barren country. The city was then of a square form, situated at the foot of an acclivity, and having a castle of great strength. Lacy attacked both town and castle with great vigour; and though assailed by incessant showers of bullets, arrows, darts, stones, and other missiles, shot by its strong garrison of Tartars and Turks, he took it by storm, after a twelve days' siege, and completely reduced it.

Field Marshal Count Munich, with 100,000 men, was equally successful elsewhere.

Lacy next forced the far-famed lines of Perekop, which, till then, had been considered impregnable. They extended across the Isthmus, from the Euxine to the Palus Mæotis, and had been the labour of 5,000 men for many years. The great ditch (from whence we have the name of *Perecopz*) was seventy-two feet broad by forty-two feet deep, and the rampart was seventy feet in height, from its base to the cope of the parapet. The town was defended by a castle, the residence of the Aga of the Guards upon the Don and Dnieper, and by six great towers, mounted with cannon; but

the whole of these ample fortifications were manned by an army which made the most pitiful resistance; for this Irish soldier of fortune forced them, sword in hand, at the head of his troops, cut to pieces all who resisted, and hewed a passage into the peninsula.

He took Bakhtchissari, which lies within twenty-two miles of Sebastopol. It then contained about 4,000 houses, a mosque, with a fine palace, and many stately tombs, where the Khans were buried. Around it were baths, gardens, and orchards; and near it, in the narrow valley, there still stands the now deserted mausoleum of a famous Georgian beauty, who was the chief wife of the Khan Khareem Gheræe.

While Munich was marching towards Bessarabia, Lacy overran the whole Crimea, and ravaged the country with fire and sword, up to the northern slopes of the Tauric mountains; but being foiled before Caffa (on the sea shore), which was defended by strong walls, two castles, and a garrison under a bashaw, he was compelled, by the approach of winter, to retreat, after subjugating the whole country, and defeating more than 20,000 Tartars in one pitched battle.

"General Lacy," says Smollet, "routed the Tartars of the Crimea; but they returned in greater numbers, and harassed his Muscovites in such a manner, by intercepting their provisions and destroying the country, that he was obliged to abandon the lines of Perekop." The great Field Marshal, Baron Laudon (descended from an Ayrshire family), served in this war, under Lacy, as a subaltern officer.

After these triumphant operations, Lacy entered the Ukraine, joined Marshal Munich, and together, in 1737, they laid siege to Oczakow, at the mouth of the Borysthenes.

Oczakow, or *Dziar Cremenda*, had then about 5,000 houses, a mosque, a palace, with a number of tombs of the Crimean Khans, which stood among their gardens and orchards. It had a castle, built by Vitolaus, Duke of Lithuania, and therein a Turkish garrison had been established, since 1644. Munich and Lacy assailed the town and castle on the landward side; but towards the sea they were defended by the cannon of eighteen galleys. The Muscovites carried all their ap-

proaches with such impetuosity and perseverance, that, in a few days, the Turks and Tartars became filled with terror.

Among those who distinguished themselves particularly in this service were, General the Honourable James Keith (brother of the exiled Earl Marischal of Scotland), who was dangerously wounded in the thigh, and another Jacobite exile, Colonel Count Brown, a brave Irishman—"A Catholic," says Tooke, "who was compelled to seek his fortune in foreign countries, by the exertion of those talents which he would willingly have dedicated to the service of his own."

The garrison, which consisted of 3,000 Janissaries and 7,000 Bosniacs, stoutly defended themselves; but Azakow was carried by assault. A bomb set fire to the town, and blew up its magazine; Lacy and Munich seized this opportunity to lead on their stormers, and, pressed by the foe before them and the flames behind, the Mussulmen were nearly all cut to pieces, but not before they had slain 11,000 regular troops and 5,000 Cossacks by bayonet and scimitar.

The rapid success of these two generals against the Crim Tartars awakened the restless ambition of Austria, and the Emperor believing that if he assailed the Porte by the Hungarian frontier, while the Czarina pressed her victorious arms along the shores of the Black Sea, the Empire of the Osmanlies would be finally subverted, declared war, and to co-operate with his troops, the Count Brown* left Lacy and Munich, and marched into Hungary at the head of a Russian column. But the hopes of the Emperor were frustrated! The Turks turned all their vengeance against him, defeated his generals, and besieged Belgrade. The Austrian Field-Marshal Wallace was defeated at Crotaka, and his countryman, the gallant Earl of Crawford, who served under him as a volunteer, received a wound from which he never recovered. The troops of Brown were also routed, and he was taken prisoner. The barbarous Osmanlies stripped him quite naked, and bound him back to back with another prisoner for forty-eight hours. He

was four times exposed for sale as a slave in the common market-place, and four times was bought by different masters, who treated him with the greatest cruelty.

He gave out that he was a captain to lessen the price of his ransom, and in this deplorable condition, was discovered by an Irish gentleman, who communicated his story to M. de Ville-neuve, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, by whom he was generously ransomed for three hundred ducats, and sent back to Russia, where he died a general and governor of Riga, in 1789, in his eighty-eighth year.

The reverses on the side of Hungary overbalanced the success of Lacy against the Crim Tartars; the Emperor lost heart, and the Czarina, though victorious again at Choczim in Bessarabia, where, on the 31st August, 1789, the forces of Munich defeated the Turks and swept the right bank of the Dnieister, fearing that she was about to lose her ally, concluded a treaty of peace, by which Austria ceded to the Porte, Belgrade, Sabatz, the island and fortress of Orsova, with Servia and Wallachia, while the Danube and the Saave were to be the boundaries of their empires; but the Czarina retained Azoff, the important conquest of Marshal Lacy, who, in obedience to her orders, demolished the walls and fortifications of the city. To commemorate the exploits of him and Munich, she ordered a medal to be struck, having direct reference to the war in the Crimea, which was thenceforward to be an independent state. On one side of this medal was the legend—

"ANNÆ IVANOWNÆ, D. G., RUSSIE IMPE-
TRIX."

On the other was an eagle, with the words—

"PACE EUROPE PROMOTA, TARTARIS,
VICTIS, TANAI LIBERATO, ANNO 1736."

Marshal Lacy ended his days in honour, and a noble monument was erected to his memory; but his less fortunate compatriot, Marshal Munich, incurred the displeasure of their capricious mistress, and was banished for twenty years to the most northern

* This is *not* the same Irish officer of whom a memoir was given in our number for December, 1854.

confines of Siberia. Recalled in his old age by the Czar, Peter III., he was made Governor of Esthonia and Livonia; but died almost immediately after receiving that appointment, in his eighty-fifth year.

FRANCIS MAURICE COUNT LACY, one of the great captains of the seven years' war, was the son of the preceding.

He was born in the year 1718, and learned the art of soldiering under the eye of his father, and in the camp of Marshal Munich, in the service of the Czarina Anne, during her Crimean and Bessarabian campaigns.

At the age of twenty he was a captain, and to his knowledge and love of the art of war, united a polished education, gained under the best masters in Germany.

In 1740, on the accession of Maria Theresa to the Austrian throne, he entered her service, with the permission of the Czarina, and there, by his talents, courage, and gentle bearing, won the esteem of his soldiers; thus he soon attained a majority, and then the rank of colonel.

In the war of the Hungarian succession, after the cowardice and extraordinary mismanagement of the Duke of Cumberland had covered the British army with disgrace in the Low Countries, by allowing it to be out-flanked at Khloster Seven, by failing to defend the position at Maestricht, and forcing it shamefully to capitulate, on the 8th of September, 1757, and thus abandon our ally, Frederick the Great of Prussia, that warlike monarch only pushed on the war with greater vigour. In this disastrous contest, the activity and vigilance of Count Lacy soon recommended him to the notice of Leopold Count Daun, a native of Bohemia, and son of Philip Lorenzo, Prince of Tiano, the pupil of Kevenhuller; and he improved the good opinion of that great soldier by his fascinating manner and courtier-like behaviour. The friendship of Daun soon won him the rank of major-general; and as such he commanded a brigade in his division, when, in 1757, conformable to the defensive system taken by Russia, Austria, and Sweden, the army of the Empress-Queen was broken into four great columns, to prosecute the war against the Prussians, French, and Bavarians, the violators of the famous Pragmatic Sanction.

One column, under the Duke d'Aremburg, was posted at Eggra; a second, under Marshal Count Brown, was posted at Budyn; a third, under Count Konigsegg, held Reichenburg; a fourth, under Marshal Daun, occupied Moravia.

In his column were the brigades of Lacy and Lowenstein, whom Frederick of Prussia styles "two young officers who ardently sought to distinguish themselves." Lacy was then in his thirty-eighth year.

In Lusatia, during the winter of 1756 and the spring of 1757, these officers had given infinite trouble to the troops of Frederick. They had frequently attacked, sword in hand, his post at Ostritz, a Saxon town on the Queiss; at other times, his intrenchments at Hirschfelde, a manufacturing town on the left bank of the Neisse, and also at Marienthal. Hirschfelde, which was garrisoned by one battalion of Prussians, they assailed at four o'clock one morning, with 6,000 men; two redoubts, which stood without the gates, each defended by two pieces of cannon, were repeatedly taken and retaken; but after losing 500 men, Lacy and his brother-brigadier retired, bringing off the Prussian guns as a trophy. These assaults were ineffectual, and many men were slain for no purpose. Among others, fell Major Blumenthal, of the Prince Henry's regiment—a brave officer. The Prussian corps of Lestwitz at Zittace, and of the Prince of Bavaria at Gorlitz were harassed by perpetual alarms; and such was the activity of young Lacy and Lowenstein, that they kept them continually under arms, if not in action, during the winter months.

As a brigadier, Lacy bore a distinguished part in the battles of Reichenberg and of Prague, and in all the operations consequent to the invasion of Bohemia by Frederick the Great, whose policy it was ever to keep the scene of his wars as far as possible from his own territory; thus his army entered the Bohemian frontier in four columns, from Saxony, Misnia, Lusatia, and Silesia, under himself and the Scottish Marshal, Keith; Prince Maurice, of Anhalt Dessau; Prince Ferdinand, of Brunswick-Bavaria; and the aged Marshal Schwerin. The division of the latter entered in five brigades, at five different places, and won

the dangerous defile of Gulder Oelse from the Pandours, at the point of the bayonet.

Everywhere the Austrians were driven back before this sudden torrent of Prussian soldiers, who advanced against the position of Count Konigsegg at Reichenberg, where 28,000 men were formed in order of battle, under cover of strong redoubts, and among steep mountains covered with dense forests. But the lines were stormed and the Austrians defeated, with the loss of 1,000 killed, among whom were two counts, a prince, and a general, while twenty officers, four-hundred soldiers, and three standards were taken as an augury of greater victories. On hearing of this defeat, Leopold Daun marched with all speed from Moravia to reinforce the main body of the Austrians, which, when joined by the regiments of Prague and Bavaria, mustered 100,000 men. Making a feint towards Egra (which drew off 20,000 Austrians in *that* direction), the King of Prussia and Marshal Keith marched against the other troops of the Empress-Queen; and, crossing the Moldau on the 5th May, turned the flank of the Imperialists, under the famous Ulysses, Count Brown, whose steady defence made the Prussians waver and fall back. On this the venerable Marshal Schwerin, then in his eighty-second year, stung by the unmerited reproaches of the King, who urged him to advance, dismounted in the marshy ground, and taking an infantry standard in his hand, cried—“Let all brave Prussians follow *me*!”

But at that moment an Austrian bullet pierced his breast; and falling thus, covered with years and glory, he closed a long career of faithful military service; but the Prussian foot pressed furiously on, and after three charges totally routed the Austrians, whose general, Count Brown, also received his mortal wound.

Finding the day irreparably lost, Count Lacy, Prince Charles of Lorraine, the Princes of Saxony and Modena, and the Duke d'Aremberg, with the remnant of their infantry, in all 50,000 men, took refuge in Prague, where the gallant Brown expired of his wound, on the 6th May. Meanwhile 16,000 cavalry fled to Marshal Daun, who had encamped at Bohmishbrodt the night before the battle.

The Prussians followed up their

victory with ardour; Prague, with 100,000 souls within its walls, was invested closely; Frederick pushed the blockade on one side, and the Scottish Marshal on the other. In four days they had it completely surrounded, and cut off every means of supply, agreeably to the last words of Marshal Brown, who, when dying, said:—“Tell Prince Charles of Lorraine, instantly to march out and attack Marshal Keith, or all is lost.”

Lacy and others proposed to assail the Prussians in the night, with 12,000 Austrians, who were to be sustained by all the Pandours and Hungarian Grenadiers; and thus to hew a passage, sword in hand, through Frederick's lines, and relieve Prague of the multitude of soldiers who were rapidly consuming the provisions of the people. An infamous deserter informed the Prussians of this gallant design, and thus they were all on the alert, when about two o'clock, in the darkness of a misty morning, a fiery tide of armed men rolled out of Prague, and assailing Marshal Keith at the bayonet's point, pressed desperately on towards the Moldau; but, after a furious and desultory conflict, in which Prince Henry (Frederick's youngest son) had a horse shot under him, the Austrians were routed, and Lacy and other brave leaders were forced to fall back into Prague, with the loss of many killed and wounded.

After this the Prussian batteries opened, and in twenty-four hours threw 300 bombs, besides many fire-balls into the town; its streets were soon sheeted with fire, and men, women, and horses, with the sick and wounded, perished in vast numbers. The city burned for three days; flames and starvation drove the citizens to despair. Seeing their loved Bohemian capital on the verge of destruction, they besought Lacy, d'Aremberg, and other commanders, in the most moving terms, to surrender; but war had hardened their hearts, and instead of complying, they drove out 12,000 persons who were considered as a mere incumbrance. These unfortunates were hurled back by the Prussians to the walls of Prague, and thus the Austrians were soon reduced to eat their troop and artillery horses, forty of which were shot daily, and cut up for rations, or sold at four pence per pound to the wretched

people, who still perished daily by fire, shot, and famine.

Two other sallies were made, and the Prussian camp was kept in a state of perpetual alarm. In this defence, so disastrous to the city, Lacy was of incalculable service in harassing the Prussian trenches, by his vigilance and restless bravery. Contrary to the advice of Keith, the King, on the 13th of June, left a small force before Prague, and, drawing off his main body, marched against Daun, who defeated him in battle at Kolin, and forced him to leave Bohemia—a movement by which the blockade of Prague was abandoned; and the imprisoned Austrians received their deliverer with inexpressible joy. Lacy and other generals, issued out, with their breasts full of ardour and vengeance, and followed the retreating Prussians over the Saxon frontier, sabering all stragglers who fell into their power.

To narrate all the military operations in which Count Lacy bore a part, would be to rehearse the history of the "Seven Years' War." He owed his elevation and high consideration as much to his own bravery and skill as to the patronage and friendship of Daun, who consulted him on every occasion, and employed him in the execution of the most delicate measures.

Though by his vigour and decision he frequently urged Marshal Daun on many a bold enterprise, he was possessed of great coolness and presence of mind. "His ardour," says the historian of the house of Hapsburg, "never exceeded the bounds of prudence, or hurried him into attempts which might incur the censure of his patron." He was of great service in drilling and training the Austrian forces to perform those new and difficult manœuvres of which Daun was the inventor; he was a strict disciplinarian, a friend to order, and by his precept and example succeeded in introducing a great degree of economy into every branch of the Austrian military service.

In 1758 the King of Prussia commenced the new campaign, and entering Moravia, invested Olmutz. General Lacy was then of great service in protecting the roads which led to Upper Silesia; and, when posted at Gibau with a large body of Austrians, he sent a detachment of grenadiers

to Krenau, where they harassed the Prussian rear-guard, till they were driven back by Wied. When Frederick retired from Königsgratz, Lacy and St. Ignan followed him with 15,000 men, and had many severe encounters with the Putkammer hussars, who formed the rear-guard of the Prussians.

He served valiantly at the great battle of Hochkirchen, when the good old Marshal Keith, Knight of the Black Eagle, and Governor of Berlin, a general second to none in the Seven Years' War, was slain that day, when fighting on foot at the head of the Prussian infantry; and here ensued an affecting incident. After the battle, his body was shamefully abandoned by the routed Prussians, and stripped by Austrian stragglers. Thus it lay long on the field, undistinguished from the thousands of others which covered it. In this degrading situation it was found by Lacy, who was riding over the ground, and with whose father (old Marshal Lacy) the venerable Keith had served in Russia, and by whose side he had been wounded in the Crimea. He recognised the body, says Dr. Smollet, by the large scar of a dangerous wound, which General Keith had received in *his thigh* at the siege of Oczakow, and could not help bursting into tears, to see his father's honoured friend lying thus at his feet, a naked, lifeless, and deserted corpse; and it must have been an interesting scene to witness these two exiles—the young Irish Jacobite weeping over the old Scottish Cavalier—on that sanguinary field. Lacy had the body immediately covered, and interred with the honours of war, in the adjacent churchyard, from whence it was afterwards removed to Berlin.

Lacy, with Daun and Loudon, bore a conspicuous part in the campaign of 1760, particularly in those manœuvres by which the King of Prussia, notwithstanding all his skill and cunning, was frustrated in his Silesian operations.

Proposing to invade that Duchy again, he crossed the Elbe, on the 15th June, and was joined by the Prince of Holstein. On this, Lacy, who had been watching them, drew in his outposts, and retired to Zehaila. On his march, Frederick passed very close to Lacy's camp, with his infantry covered by only four regiments of

Saxon horse. These drove in Lacy's pickets; on which he shifted his ground, to a position at the foot of the hills of Bockardorf and Reichenberg. Frederick made preparations to assail them on the morrow, and only waited for reinforcements under General Hülse; but Daun, who had crossed the Elbe at Dresden, and was hastening to the assistance of his friend, dispatched an officer to him, with orders "to shift his ground;" and together they took up a new position at Lausa, while Frederick occupied the place which Lacy had left, by three regiments of hussars, two of dragoons, and two free corps, which were attacked, but unsuccessfully, by Lacy in the night.

Both armies, Prussian and Imperialist, began their march for Silesia on the same day—each eager to anticipate and shut the other out. The former marched by the way of Cracau; the latter marched through Bischofswerder; and *en route*, Daun detached Lacy to Keulenburg, to cover his left flank, but Frederick attacked the young Brigadier unexpectedly, and captured 200 of his rear-guard. The heat was so excessive at this time that eighty men dropped dead on the march. Lacy continued to harass the Prussian rear, till at Salsforstien, Frederick turned and attacked his Uhlans with four regiments of horse, who in the first charge shot and sabred 400 men. At that time Lacy's whole cavalry were encamped at Rothen Nautilitz; but he brought them up by successive troops—for here again he was taken by surprise—and a desultory and destructive skirmish ensued, after which both parties separated. Frederick now decided it was necessary either to follow Daun, who had already reached Silesia, or to rid himself at once of the resolute Lacy, who hung like a wolf upon his skirts, and encumbered every movement. Thus, on the evening of the 8th of July, after making a feigned movement towards Górlitz, he suddenly broke into Lacy's camp, and drove him beyond the defiles of Horta, where his Prussians passed the night, while the Austrians occupied the mountain of the White Stag. From this Lacy's small force was driven next day, and had to recross the Elbe at Dresden, from whence he marched to a position at Gros Seidlitz, while lines of circum-

vallation were drawn round the city. A letter written by Daun to Lacy, containing all his plans of the campaign, was intercepted here, and brought to Frederick, to whom it proved of great service.

On the 10th of August, Lacy lost his tents and baggage, when escaping an attack meditated by Frederick, who was baffled by the timely arrival of Daun at Hennerdorf. Marshal Loudon invested Breslau, but raised the siege on Prince Henry of Prussia marching to its relief. Frederick then made his memorable march to prevent the Russians from forming a junction with Daun and Lacy; he passed five rivers, the Elbe, the Spree, the Neisse, the Quiss, and the Bober, though trammelled by 2,000 caissons and a ponderous train of artillery; but he was unable to bring Loudon to action before that general was joined by Lacy and Daun. The three leaders then encompassed his camp at Lignitz, and his affairs seemed desperate; for Daun, after a reconnoissance, announced to Lacy and Loudon his resolution of storming the Prussian position by a night attack; but the subtle Frederick eluded them all, by suddenly and secretly passing the Elbe, and hastening into Saxony, whither Daun and Lacy followed him, at the head of 80,000 men. Then Cannersdorf, the bloodiest battle of the "Seven Years' War," was fought and lost by Frederick. In that field he had 80,000 of his soldiers slain, and all his generals killed or wounded. He made incredible exertions to retrieve the day, and his uniform was riddled by musket balls.

The Russians passed the Oder, and pushed a strong column into Brandenburg, under Count Czerniehow, who was joined by a large body of Austrians under Lacy, and together they made themselves masters of Berlin, the capital, about the end of October. They levied a severe contribution upon the citizens, destroyed all the magazines, arsenals, and foundries; pillaged the royal palaces, and ravaged all the adjacent country, burning a vast amount of property and military stores; but they retired by different routes on hearing that the mortified Frederick was advancing to the relief of his plundered capital. And soon after he had his revenge, at the battle fought near Torgau, on the

23rd of November. There Lacy commanded the reserve of 20,000 men, who covered the causeway, and several ponds which lay at the extremity of Daun's position, and on which his left flank rested; Lacy endured a severe cannonade at the beginning of the action. General Count O'Donnel commanded the cavalry. When Daun gave way Lacy brought up his reserve, and twice with the bayonet he strove desperately and heroically to regain the day, but was twice driven back by the Prussians; nor did he abandon that disastrous field until half-past nine in the dark November evening. By that time Daun, after receiving a shot in the thigh, had been borne away wounded, and O'Donnel had assumed the command of the broken and discomfited army.

"Although I have been in twenty-eight battles," says a Swiss officer, whose letter appears in a Scottish newspaper of the time,* "I never saw anything more dreadful than the field presented. It was near six o'clock, a most obscure night — to use the words of Harlequin, a *night of ink* — the only light we had was the infernal fire of the artillery and musketry, the horrid noise of the combatants rendered more dreadful by the night; the melancholy cries of the wounded, mixed with the sound of drums and trumpets, filled the soul with horror. *Kill! kill!* was cried out everywhere. In a word, I never saw anything that better corresponded with the melancholy idea given us of hell itself!"

The Austrians, despite their 200 pieces of cannon, were routed and driven over the Elbe; 10,000 of them lay slain on the field, and four generals, 200 other officers, and 8,000 men were taken, with twenty-seven stand of colours, and fifty guns, for of all Frederick's victories this was the most successful and glorious. He recovered all Saxony, except Dresden; in the neighbourhood of which an Austrian division, under General MacGuire, another Irish soldier of fortune, was hovering. The troops of the Empress-Queen evacuated Silesia, while the Russians abandoned Colberg and retired into Poland; and thus closed the year 1760.

Leaving Lacy to watch the Prussian General, Zeithen, Leopold Daun, ac-

companied by his countess, repaired to Vienna, and so soon recovered that in the spring of the following year he was able to assist at the councils of war. Fifty thousand men were now prisoners on both sides. In February, 1761, Lacy, now a Field Marshal, meant to have visited Finland (where his father had received extensive estates), to settle certain family disputes which had arisen; but the preparations for another campaign, and the knowledge that his old friend Daun was about to resume the command, made him defer this journey for a time.

On the 21st of March, Marshal Daun departed from Vienna, to join the army, and all the Generals repaired to the head of their different brigades and divisions, for it was intended that the greatest efforts should now be made to crush the warlike King of Prussia. Daun took the command in Saxony; Marshal Count Loudon in Silesia, where he was to be supported by the Russians under Marshal Bütlerlin, whose train of artillery was tremendous. It consisted of no less than eight ninety-six pounders, twenty-two forty-eight pounders, seventy twenty-four pounders, eighty-three twelve pounders, eighty-six eight pounders, and 106 lighter field pieces, drawn by 18,834 horses.

O'Donnel marched with 16,000 men to Zittau, from whence he was to assist the armies of Saxony or Silesia, as occasion might require, and he pushed one division as far as Dresden.

In June, Lacy's corps took post on the right bank of the Elbe, to preserve a communication with the division of his countryman. Several other Irishmen had high civil rank in the Austrian service about this time, and we may particularly note Nicholas Count Taaffe, who died Colonel-Commandant in 1770, aged ninety-two, and was succeeded in his title and regiment by his son, Count Francis; and Count O'Rourke,† Knight of St. Louis, descended from an ancient family in the county of Leitrim, whose ancestors Cromwell is said to have stripped of an estate worth £70,000 per annum.

On the Prussians, under Prince Henry, passing the Elbe in July, Daun reinforced Lacy with six batta-

* *Edinburgh Courier*, 7th January, 1761.

† Count O'Rourke died at Lincoln's-Inn, London, in 1785.

lions and some regiments of horse. In spite of their utmost efforts, Frederick, after fighting the Imperialists on the heights of Buckersdorf, where an Irish officer named O'Kelly ably defended their redoubts with only 4,000 men, recovered the city of Schweidnitz on the 22nd July, though defended by 9,000 men, under *another* Irish general, named Butler. He then turned his eyes towards Saxony, and proposed to besiege Dresden.

After Loudon entered Silesia, in August, some severe fighting ensued, especially at Munsterberg, and on the hills of Labedau. Lacy was then hovering with his troops near Grossenhayn, and encamping at Grosdobritz, from whence he advanced his videttes as far as Strehlen along the Elbe—for Count O'Donnel still occupied Dresden or its neighbourhood.

It September, Lacy was sent with his brigade, 15,000 strong, by Daun, to join the Russians at Brandenburg, with orders to ravage all the electorate, which, while covered by the army of Soltikoff, he did so effectually as to compel Frederick either to shift his camp from Buntzelwitz, on which he had 466 guns with 182 mines, or to weaken his army by sending out detachments to protect the burning country. In doing the latter, some of Prince Henry's cavalry were severely cut up by Lacy's dragoons, in a forest near Reisa; and to avoid such unpleasant surprises in future, the Prussians cut down all the magnificent timber that surrounded the old castle of Hubertsbourg; but on Lacy's nearer approach, they retired to Potsdam and Spandau. In October, Prince Henry of Prussia and Marshal Daun were both encamped—one under the walls of Dresden, and the other under the ramparts of Meissen, while their husars and light troops fought together hourly, and Lacy hovered in the neighbourhood of Lusace, watching some large detachments of Prussians.

In December he again terrified the inhabitants of the capital by appearing suddenly within seven miles of Berlin, but on an overwhelming force, under General Bandemer, being sent against him by Prince Henry, he recrossed the Elbe, and retreated.

Fortunately, in 1762, there was concluded with the Court of Vienna a cessation of hostilities for the provinces of Saxony and Silesia. This partial

truce induced the Princes of the Empire to sign a treaty of neutrality, to save their petty dominions from the ravages of Frederick, and as Sweden and Russia, on the accession of the Czar Peter III., had concluded a truce with him, the septennial war was thus left to be finished by the two powers which began it—Prussia and Austria.

In that year the Khan of the Crimea proposed to join the former; and, indeed, marched 5,000 men towards the frontier of Poland for that purpose; but the death of the Czarine Elizabeth, and the consequent revolution in Russia, had so bewildered the poor Tartar, that, not knowing what side to take, he timidly retreated to Perecop. On this Frederick recalled the Prince of Bavaria from Moravia with his troops, that together they might make doubly sure of Schweidnitz.

They joined forces, and the Prince encamped on the heights of Peilau. Scarcely had this junction been effected before the Austrians, under Daun, Lacy, and O'Donnel, entered among the mountains on the 16th of August, 1762, and, after a skirmish at Langan Bielau, encamped with forty battalions and forty squadrons close by; while General Beck, another Imperialist, occupied the Kletchberg with twelve battalions and twenty squadrons. All night the Prussians were under arms; their cavalry bitted and saddled, their muskets loaded and port-fires lit; every trooper slept beside his horse, and each gunner by his cannon. Daun assailed the Prince of Bavaria in his position with great impetuosity. Lacy passed the village of Peilau with six battalions, which he skilfully kept concealed behind a hill, whereon his artillery were posted. To cover his left flank, O'Donnell marched forty squadrons directly from Peilau, and three times his Imperial cuirassiers were repulsed from the valley, and by a volley of grape from fifteen six-pounders, his confusion was completed. O'Donnel, with the loss of 1,500 dragoons, fell back, and thus exposed the left flank of Lacy, who, after making great efforts to storm the heights occupied by the foe, was compelled to retreat, and next day Daun retired by Wartha and Glatz to Scharfneek, where he remained till the close of the campaign.

This was the last military service of importance performed by Marshal Count Lacy at that time, for soon

after, the war came to a close, by the treaty of peace, signed in February, 1763, by which it was agreed that a mutual restitution of conquests and oblivion of injuries should take place; and that Prussia and Austria should be put in the same position as when the hostilities began; and thus happily ended this truly atrocious strife, in which nearly NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND SOLDIERS PERISHED. Prussia fought ten pitched battles, and lost 180,000 men; Russia, four great battles, and lost 120,000 men; Austria, ten battles, with the loss of 140,000 men; France lost 200,000; Britain, 165,000; Sweden, 25,000; and the Circles 28,000; while Austria found herself encumbered by one hundred millions of crowns of debt!

For fourteen years Lacy led a life of peace, devoting himself to the development of discipline in the Austrian army, till the death of the Bavarian Elector, on the 30th December, 1777, opened up a new prospect of aggrandisement to the Imperial Government, and again lighted the torch of war in Germany. The Elector Palatine, the Elector of Saxony and Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin laid claim to the vacant Electoral Hat; but their voices were lost when the formidable and covetous House of Hapsburg also put forth a demand, and the Emperor Joseph and Marshal Lacy appeared with 100,000 men, and an immense train of artillery, at the celebrated position of Konigsgratz, above the confluence of the Adler and the Rhine.

The Prussians and Saxons broke into Bohemia, and compelled London to retreat, and a year of the old manœuvring war and devastation followed, till the Congress of Teschen, by which Charles Theodore, Elector Palatine of the House of Meuberg, obtained the Bavarian Hat, on the 13th May, 1779. The Emperor was compelled to relinquish his unjust claims, and tranquillity was restored to Germany, enabling Count Lacy, then in his sixty-first year, once more to sheath the sword; and this command which he held in the Bavarian dispute was the last act of importance performed by him in the service of Austria.

FRANCIS ANTHONY COUNT DE LACY, the celebrated Spanish general and diplomatist, was the next member of this Irish family who attained an eminent position in the history of Europe.

He was born in Spain, whither his father had followed the Duke of Berwick, in 1731, and after receiving the usual rudiments of education, commenced his military career at the early age of sixteen, in the brave old Irish regiment of Ulster infantry, then in the service of his Most Catholic Majesty Ferdinand VI., who had succeeded his father, Philip Duke of Anjou, on the Spanish throne, in the preceding year, 1746.

Francis Anthony Lacy served with this regiment in the Italian campaign of 1747, which was undertaken to advance the claims of the Spanish Bourbons to the crowns of Naples and Sicily, and to the Duchy of Milan, which had been claimed by Philip V., as successor to the House of Austria; while he also demanded Parma, Placentia, and Tuscany, in right of his Queen, though he had been obliged to relinquish them *all* by the solemn treaty of Utrecht; but such is the faith kept by princes.

The Irish regiment of the young Count Lacy was with the army of the Count de Gages, the Spanish Commander-in-chief, who, singular to say, was also an Irishman, and had then under his orders the combined armies of Spain and Naples. Genoa had revolted against the Austrians; Marshal Bouffiers had entered it at the head of 4,500 Frenchmen, and thus encouraged, the Genoese resolved to die, rather than submit to the tyrants of the House of Hapsburg, whose armies made incredible exertions to recover it. Then ensued the passage of the Var by the Marshal Duke de Belleisle; the storming of Montalbano and other places; the investment of Genoa by the Austrians and Piedmontese, and other operations of that extensive campaign, in which "*le Regiment Irlandais d'Ultime Infanterie*" bore a most prominent part, more so, perhaps, than their enemies relished, till the naval victories of the British Admirals Anson and Warren in the East Indian Ocean, and those of Fox and Hawke elsewhere, forced Louis XV. and his allies to listen to those proposals by which peace was secured to Europe by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 7th October, 1748.

Passing through all the successive grades with honour to himself, Count Lacy, in his thirty-first year, obtained the colonelcy of the Ulster regiment,

and, at its head, served in the war against Portugal in 1762, when Charles III. of Spain added to the calamities of his unfortunate neighbour Don Joseph, by invading his small dominions with a powerful army, which threatened with still further destruction his hapless city of Lisbon—then recently ruined by the great earthquake. One Spanish column, under the Marquis de Sarria, entered Portugal on the north; a second, under the Count O'Reilly, took Chaves; a third entered by Beira and spread along the Tagus. This wanton invasion was suggested to Spain by France, as a means of insulting an ally of their common foe—Britain—and also of extending, by conquest, the power of the Houses of Bourbon.

Britain supplied Portugal with arms, ammunition, and 10,000 men, under Brigadier General Burgoyne, who skillfully co-operated with the Count de la Lippe, a German, and with General Forbes, a Scot, who commanded the army of Don Joseph. Two regiments of Catholics were raised in Ireland especially for this service, and these are still existing in the British line.

In all the operations of this war Lacy acquitted himself with the greatest honour.

In 1780, he was appointed Commandant of the Spanish Artillery, and as such was employed at the famous Siege of Gibraltar, and was present with the army which, under the Duke de Crillon (the conqueror of Minorca) made "the last desperate and unparalleled efforts" to restore the key of the Mediterranean to the hands of King Charles III.

General Elliot of Stobs, in Midlothian, with 7,000 men, valiantly defended the rock against 40,000 soldiers who assailed it by land with 200 pieces of cannon: and against the combined fleets of France and Spain, forty-seven sail of the line, seven three-deckers (the strongest that had ever been built), eighty gun-boats, and a swarm of frigates and smaller vessels, which opened a shower of shot from 400 pieces of cannon against him.

The first shot was fired on the 12th January, 1780, and it killed a woman in Gibraltar. The Spanish camp was crowded by French *noblesse* and Spanish *hidalgos*, who had all hastened there to behold the *fall* of this great fortress.

Under Lacy, the Spanish artillerymen fired with great precision and effect; but the determined old General Elliot defended Gibraltar with the most obstinate bravery; and General Boyd (his countryman) recommended, for the first time, a discharge of red-hot balls, which had the most disastrous effect upon the Spaniards by land and sea; for at least 1500 of them perished. The British fired 716 barrels of powder and 8,800 rounds of cannon-balls (more than half of which were *red hot*) between the time of firing the first cannon and the *last*, on the 2nd February, 1783, when the French and Spaniards were completely discomfited, and a peace was signed, which ceded the fortress to Britain for ever.

For his services, Lacy obtained the Grand Cross of Charles III., and the rank of Commander of the Cross of San Iago, an old Spanish order of chivalry instituted by King Ramiro, in commemoration of a victory over the Moors in 1030—their badge, a red cross in the form of a sword. He was also made Titular of the rich Commanderie of *Las Casas Buenas*, at Merida, in Estramadura.

After the peace between Spain and Britain was firmly established, he was sent successively as plenipotentiary to Gustavus III. of Sweden, and to the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, (widow of the Czar, Peter III.), and the success he obtained in his embassies proved that he had secured for himself and his royal master the love and esteem of the Courts of Stockholm and St. Petersburg.

Immediately on his return fresh honours were heaped upon him; he was named, *par interim*, Commandant General of the Coast of Granada and Member of the Supreme Council of War; then Lieutenant-General of the Spanish Army, Commandant of the Corps of Royal Artillery, and sole Inspector-General of that branch of the service. He was also made Inspector-General of the manufactories of arms, cannon, and all the munitions of war, throughout Spain and the two Indies.

In consequence of an unlooked-for *emeute* in Barcelona, the Governor of which had not fulfilled his trust, in March, 1789, Lacy was appointed to the important and arduous office of Governor and Captain-General of the Province of Catalonia. The Catalo-

nians, who had long resisted the authority of the Kings of Spain, and had frequently risen in arms to assert their independence and choose princes of their own, were still liable to partial insurrections against the viceroys, to whose yoke they submitted with sullen apathy, while they treated their monarchs with hatred and contempt, till the conciliatory visit of Charles IV. But Lacy contrived to win the love and esteem even of those sullen and jealous provincials, and in every step of his career gave constant proofs of disinterestedness, skill, and devotion to the king and country of his adoption.

He seconded with great energy the measures taken by the Spanish Government to prevent the principles of the French Revolutionists from crossing the Pyrennees. "*Et fut reconduire sur la frontiere le consul de France, qui avoit tenu des propos indiscrets à Barcelone. Par le même motif,*" adds a French writer, "*Lacy retenait dans catalogue les émigrés François.*"

The pupils of the Royal School of Artillery, at Segovia, obtained from Count Lacy the amelioration of their severe system of discipline, an augmentation of the number of their scholars and cadets, and the increase of certain branches of knowledge relating to their branch of the military profession, by the establishment of the schools of chemistry, of mineralogy, and of pyrotechny, of all of which he urged the creation.

Some have supposed that Count Lacy was more admirable for his lofty spirit, his sparkling wit, and tall and handsome figure — which approached the gigantic — than for his talents as a soldier; but his amiable and conciliatory character have never been denied, while his benevolence, his Christian virtues, and patriotism, were extolled even by his enemies; for he stood too high in the favour of the Spanish King to have friends *alone*. Such was Francis Anthony Lacy.

He died at Barcelona, in the time of Charles IV., on the 31st December, 1792, in the sixty-first year of his age.

On that occasion the most universal regrets were manifested at his funeral, which was conducted with great splendour and solemnity; and the officers and cadets of the Spanish artillery, by whom he was sincerely beloved, cele-

brated him in high eulogies, which were published in all the journals of Madrid and Catalonia.

Don Antonio Ricardo Carillo, of Albornoz, succeeded him as Captain-General of Catalonia.

Patrick Lacy, the brother of Count Anthony Francis, was Major of the Ulster Regiment of Irish Infantry in the service of Spain, and died early in life, leaving a son named Louis, who was justly celebrated for his bravery, his misfortunes, and romantic history.

LOUIS LACY was born on the 11th January, 1775, at San Roque, a judicial partido and town of Andalusia, six miles distant from Gibraltar, after the capture of which it was founded, in 1704. His father, Major Lacy, dying while he was yet an infant, his mother married an officer of the Brussels Regiment of Infantry in the service of Charles III. Young Louis, at the early age of nine years, entered this corps as a cadet, with his step-father, and accompanied it to Puerto Rico, one of the Spanish West India Islands, which was used then as a penal colony; it had been so for two centuries before. Thus a strong garrison was maintained at the capital, San Juan de Puerto Rico.

As he grew older, Lacy showed so decided a vocation for the life of a soldier, that on his return to Spain, in 1789, Charles IV. removed him into the Ulster Regiment, among the gallant Irishmen of which his family name was held in high veneration; and in that battalion of exiles he obtained a company, in 1794.

In that year, when the French Republican forces invaded Spain, and commenced those operations which ended in the capture of Fontarabia and San Sebastian, Lacy was, with the regiment of Ulster, attached to the army of Catalonia, and fighting against them. The French were 40,000 strong, the Spaniards only 20,000.

In Catalonia, their progress was small; but in Guipuscoa, many places of importance fell into their hands; for the Court, languid and slow in all its warlike operations, opposed to them forces of inferior strength, and unhappily more accustomed to defeat than victory. Bellegarde was besieged by the French, who defeated the Spaniards before it; yet its commandant, the Marquis de Vallesantero, held out

bravely. On the shores of the Bay of Biscay, the arms of the invaders were successful; they made themselves masters of Passages, and the strong old castle of San Sebastian; they penetrated as far as Tolosa, assaulted Placencia, and besieged Pampeluna. Lacy is recorded as having personally and particularly signalised himself in battle against the French, on the 5th of February, and the 5th, 16th, and 25th days of June, 1794; and to these circumstances their own military historians bear honourable testimony.

Driven to extremities, Bellegarde surrendered on the 17th of September; and the brave Conde de la Union, after making a desperate and futile attempt to save it, fell in battle for his country, on the heights of Figueras, where 9000 Spaniards and 171 pieces of cannon were taken. The fall of Rosas followed, and the Court of Madrid trembled for the safety of the Catalan coast. But the war was ended in the following year by the peace of Basle; and up to that period Lacy served, with the regiment of Ulster, with honourable distinction, and attained great experience in the art of war — that arduous profession to which all the exiles of his family had so successfully and especially dedicated their lives.

In December, 1795, he embarked with his regiment for the Canary Islands. While there he unfortunately had a love intrigue with a young Spanish lady, of great personal attractions; and in gaining her favour, won, also, the enmity of the Governor and Captain-General of the colony, who, by ill-luck, proved to be his rival. Enraged by the success of the handsome Lacy, the proud and revengeful Spaniard was so weak and unjust as to exile him from his regiment and the society of his companions in arms, by banishing him to Ferro, one of the smallest and most westerly of the Canary Islands. An arid and barren place, it is a mere mountain pass, composed of dark grey land, dotted here and there by sombre bushes.

Indignant at such arbitrary treatment, Louis Lacy wrote bitter and fiery letters to the Captain-General, who made him a prisoner, and brought him before a *Consejo de Guerra*, or court-martial, by sentence of which he was condemned to imprisonment as one labouring under mental alienation,

and, after all his gallant services, was deprived of his commission.

After a time he was permitted to return to Spain, and was sent to Cadix *en retraite*.

At that time Spain, having made peace with France, was at war with John VI. of Portugal. This contest was productive of no important events, and was terminated in 1801. Lacy arrived in Europe just as the last campaign was opened against the Portuguese; and hearing of it, he vainly solicited from the Government of Charles IV. the honour of being permitted to serve in the Spanish army as a simple grenadier; but the mal-influence of his enemy, the Governor of the Canaries, still followed him, and this humble request was refused him. Poor Lacy, in bitterness of spirit and almost without a coin in his purse, resolved to push his fortunes elsewhere. He wandered on foot through the Peninsula, crossed the Pyrenees, and, like an humble way-faring pedestrian, passed through France, and arrived at the town of Boulogne-sur-mer in October, 1803, when Bonaparte was assembling his great army for the invasion of Britain.

Finding himself destitute, and without resources, Lacy enlisted in the 6th Regiment of Light Infantry of the French line, as a private soldier; but his previous military knowledge, which was soon discovered by his comrades and officers, obtained for him, in one month, the rank of serjeant. About the same time, General Clark (who was afterwards, in 1809, created Duc de Ferra) having heard of him, related the history of Lacy, of his father and uncle, to the Emperor Napoleon. Struck by a narrative so singular, Napoleon sent for the serjeant, and being charmed by his manner and bearing, in virtue of the rank he had previously held, generously gave him the commission of captain in the Irish Legion, which was then being organised at Morlaix, under Arthur O'Connor, for the service of France. General Clark, Minister of War under Napoleon, being of Irish descent, had the idea of gaining over some of the old Irish aristocracy; and Madgett, another Irishman in the foreign office, had a scheme for enlisting Irish prisoners in the French prisons; a scheme which proved, however, unsuccessful.

From Morlaix, Lacy marched with

his regiment to Quimper-Corentin, an old manufacturing town in the department of Finisterre; and while there, became acquainted with a pretty French girl, Mademoiselle Guermer, to whom he became attached, and whom he married, in June, 1806, although her parents—old royalists probably—were bitterly opposed to her espousing a soldier of fortune in the legion of exiles.

Lacy was then in his thirty-first year.

Three days afterwards the Irish Legion marched for Antwerp, and he took his wife with him. From Antwerp the Irish went to the pestilential Isle of Walcheren; there also his young wife accompanied him, and he obtained a majority.

In 1807, he was appointed *Chef-du-Battalion* of the Irish attached to the army which Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, was to command in Spain, for the purpose of accomplishing Bonaparte's unjustifiable scheme of usurpation and conquest.

Lacy's generous mind became deeply agitated at the prospect of being obliged to serve against that nation among whom his exiled family had found a home; and, notwithstanding the bitterness yet rankling in his mind against those who had treated him so ill in Spain, and who had dismissed him from the Regiment of Ulster, he determined not to draw a sword against the country of his father's adoption, and with sorrow sent his young wife, with their infant son, back to her family at Quimper, there to await the settlement of the Peninsular affairs. As *Chef-du-Battalion*, he still remained with the army which crossed the Pyrenees, in virtue of the base conspiracy of the Ecurial, and which marched unmolested through the barrier-towns of San Sebastian, Figueros, Pampeluna, and Barcelona, in the spring of 1808; and in the summer of that year he found himself with the French army at Madrid.

The events of the 2nd of May—the decoying of the royal family to Bayonne by Bonaparte—their compulsory renunciation of the Spanish crown—and other dark transactions, decided the noble Lacy on the course he should pursue. He relinquished his command of the Irish, and quietly quitting the capital, surrendered himself a prisoner of war to the venera-

ble Spanish General, Don Gregorio de la Cuesta, who, in his seventieth year, still held the command of the forces to which Ferdinand VII. had appointed him, as Captain-General of Castile and Leon.

Struck with the story and magnanimity of Lacy, and revering his character, Cuesta, the last of the old Spanish cavaliers, appointed him at once Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant of the Battalion of Ledesma, which had been raised in the small province of that name, near Salamanca; and he gave all his energy and talent to discipline this regiment. For now Spain had risen bravely against the invaders, and the sturdy Asturians and Galicians, under Don Joachim Blake, a young officer of Irish parentage, had commenced the war of independence. In all the operations of the Spaniards, Lacy fought gallantly, at the head of his new regiment; but more particularly at Logrono, in Old Castile, and on the retreat to the Ebro, at Guadaluza, thirty-two miles from Madrid, after the betrayal of which, the Spanish vanguard, under Venegas, which had saved the army at Buvierca, by so bravely defending the Pass, entered the city on the night of the 4th of December, 1809. The battalion (*tercios*) "of Ledesma and Salamanca, under Don Louis Lacy and Don Alexandro de Hore," skirmished for three hours with the French that night, on the banks of the Henares; but after a desperate encounter, the flower of the Spanish troops had to retire before them.

He was now appointed Colonel of the Burgos Regiment of Infantry; and in the same year defended several defiles of the Sierra Morena—that long, steep chain of mountains, which the novel of Cervantes (more even than the valour of his countrymen) has made famous in Europe, and which divides Andalusia from New Castile. At Toralva he surprised and captured 3,000 French cavalry, and afterwards took command of the Spanish advanced guard, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

He distinguished himself again at Cuesta della Reyna, and at the beautiful old town of Aranjuez. While Venegas occupied it, he despatched Lacy with a division to drive the enemy, 2,000 strong, out of Toledo, which (as he did not wish to destroy the

houses from whence they fired upon him, as it was a Spanish town) did not succeed. He next occupied Puente Larga on the Zarama, which was crossed by the foe; and the Spanish General, fearing his retreat would be cut off, ordered Lacy to destroy the Queen's Bridge, and rejoin him, which he skilfully achieved, but not before the enemy's cavalry from Cuesta della Reyna had attacked him, and driven his troops to some heights above the river, the passage of which he left Don Luis Rigueldo to defend, with three battalions and four field-pieces. He was present, also, at the engagements at Almonacid de Zoreta, on the left bank of the Tagus, where, for nine consecutive hours, he remained under fire at the head of his brigade, and where 4,000 Spaniards fell; and again he met the French at the pass of Despina Perros, and in the unfortunate battle of Ocana, where Venegas, in his chivalric attempt to save his friends, the people of La Mancha, rushed, with his cavalry only, on a force consisting of 5,000 foot and 800 horse, and was defeated with great loss, on the 19th November, 1809.

The repeated reverses of the Spaniards after the battles of Ocana and Medellin (which was lost solely by the indecision of Don Francisco de Eguia), forced Brigadier Lacy to retire into Cadiz, where, as a reward for his services, he was named successively, Sub-Inspector, Major-General, *Mariscal de Campo*, and Commander of the Isle de Leon, which is a triangular tract of ground, separated from the mainland by the river of San Pedro, ten miles in length. This side was strongly fortified, and the channel flanked by batteries; the whole position, as it contained 50,000 inhabitants, was one of great trust and importance. Here he directed the increase of the fortifications, and commanded in many of those desperate and sanguinary sorties which were made against the enemy, who boasted that the *Insurrection* was confined to this small corner of conquered Spain. And now ensued the long blockade, which was not raised until the British won the battle of Salamanca, in 1812.

On the 5th of May, 1811, Lacy took an active part in the battle of Chiclana, which was fought on the eastern bank of the channel of San Pedro, and immediately opposite the Isle de Leon.

The brave defence at Cadiz greatly encouraged the Spaniards elsewhere.

In June, he was appointed Commandant-General of Catalonia; but, unfortunately, was unable to prevent the ancient seaport of Tarragona from falling into the hands of the French. Indefatigable and unwearied, he rallied the remains of the Spanish forces, and, with the *Guerrillas*, organised a new army, at the head of which, for a year and eight months, he maintained a constant, an obstinate, and unequal struggle with the troops of Napoleon. His glorious courage and undying perseverance gained for him, in 1812, the chief command of the army in Galicia, about 10,000 strong. This force joined Lord Wellington; but, after active operations ceased, marched back into the province from which it was named, and went into winter-quarters. On the new campaign being opened, he continued at the head of the brave *Gallegos*, and continued to display the highest military talent against the enemy, until they were driven over the Pyrenees by the British; after which, the battles of Orthes and Toulouse, and the capture of Paris by the allies, by securing the peace of 1814, restored tranquillity to ravaged Europe, and Ferdinand VII. to the throne of Spain.

Strange to say, this event, for which he had struggled so hard, was unfortunate for Lacy, who, in consequence of his known attachment to the constitution of the Cortes, was deprived of all his offices—a base return for his many noble services—and he was coldly permitted to retire in obscurity, with his family, to Vinaroz, in the province of Valencia, where he spent two years in peace, though brooding over his wrongs, and planning means of redress.

In 1816, fatally for himself, he returned to active life; for, since the death of Parlier, and other brave men, who had fallen in attempting to secure to Spain that independence for which they had struggled against France, the eyes of all the Liberalists were turned on Louis Lacy, and in him their hopes reposed.

Having gone to Calvates, in Catalonia, to drink the mineral waters, it chanced that he met there an old companion in arms, General Milano, and his brother, Don Raphael Milano, with two other Spanish gentlemen, whose

political sentiments coincided with his own; and, after several secret meetings, they boldly resolved on re-establishing the Cortes at the point of the sword; for Lacy, relying on the sympathy of several regiments, and the regard they paid to his name and achievements, hoped to make them revolt in his favour, on the 5th April, 1817, and proclaim the Constitution.

Denounced by two traitors, the whole enterprise fell to pieces, and the four projectors failed to save themselves.

Abandoned nearly by all on whom he had relied, the unfortunate Lacy was arrested, with a few faithful friends, and conveyed, under care of a strong guard of soldiers, to a prison at Barcelona, where he was hastily tried by a subservient military commission, and sentenced to *death* — a doom which he heard with a calmness that staggered even the stern and partial judge who pronounced it.

As a rising of the Catalonians in his favour was feared and expected, the officials of the arbitrary Government at Barcelona secretly embarked him on board of a small vessel, at midnight, on the 20th June; and, resolving not to be cheated of their victim, sailed for the island of Majorca, which lies about one hundred and ten miles from Spain; and there he was quite as secretly landed on a solitary part of the coast, and conducted, on the night of the 4th July, to the Castle of Belver, which was garrisoned by a regiment of Neapolitan soldiers.

At four o'clock next morning he was suddenly brought out of the fortress, just as day was breaking, and conducted to the deep fosse before the gates; there he was barbarously shot by a platoon of Italians, pursuant to the orders of those who had conveyed him from Barcelona.

Louis Lacy had already faced death too often, to receive it otherwise than with the hereditary courage and coolness which had distinguished him through his eventful life, and he fell with his face to his destroyers.

His body was deposited in the old cathedral church of San Dominic, at Palma, the capital of the island; but there it was exhumed, in 1820, and conveyed, with much religious pomp and solemnity, to Barcelona, and interred near the remains of his uncle, the Captain General Count Francis Anthony; while the newly-established Cortes, vainly to honour the memory of one who had died for them, named his son the *first grenadier of the Spanish army*.

Thus perished Louis Lacy, in his forty-second year, one who, more even than Riego, had secured, by his patriotism, the Revolution of 1820.

"*Lacy*," says a French writer, "etait doué d'une forte constitution, et d'une âme ardent, énergique et généreuse. Habile général, intrepide dans les dangers, il s'était distingué par des faits d'armes, et par un patriotisme digne des Grecs et de Romains!"

FLIGHTS TO FAIRYLAND.

BY CRAWFORD WILSON.

SECOND FLIGHT—THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

In the year—but no matter, we'll not mind the year,

So once on a time is sufficient—

There lived at—we need not the whereabouts here ;

My readers have brains that are lively and clear,

So whilst to the story I closely adhere

They'll kindly supply what's deficient.

Most writers of fiction, I'm sorry to state,

For reasons, or haply without them,

Have worked on a very bad groundwork of late,

By entering as 'twere the arena with Fate,

Describing localities, giving a date,

And forcing their readers to doubt them.

Why not act like those who have written before,

Commencing with "once on a time?"

The generous public would like them the more :

Skip less of their chapters, and only pass o'er

Those pages where authors endeavour to soar

Through *nonsense* beyond the *sublime*.

" 'Tis true 'tis a pity, and pity 'tis true,"

So some one said somewhere before me,

That quill-drivers can't be content with their cue,

That I have not got something better to do,

That scribblers must ever attempt something new—

Than opening my flight with a kind of review—

Sweet muse, be propitious ! restore me.

Once on a time—I won't say when—

Around thee, witch—my new-made pen

Was striving to digress again—

There lived within a shady glen,

Some distance from the haunts of men

(Where strangers came but now and then),

A widow who had pass'd her prime ;

And on whose brow were thickly cast

Those searing finger-marks of Time

That link the Present to the Past.

Bed-ridden, old, decrepid, blind,

She lay, whilst dreary years passed by ;

For ever patient and resigned,

Her only fixed desire—to die.

She had two daughters—one was fair,

With sunny smiles, and golden hair,

Lips such as heav'nly Houris wear ;

Eyes—let conception paint a pair

Radiant and soft beyond compare,

Gleaming with such celestial glare

As erring mortals seldom share ;

And such were *hers*, undimm'd by care,
 Her tapering, swan-like neck was bare,
 Unfolding beauties rich and rare;
 Her form was rather full than spare,
 Yet moved she, with a sylph-like air,
 The "Lily of the Valley" there.

The name of the elegant creature was Anne,
 Whose charms I've just been inditing;
 I've failed in my task, so conceive, if you can,
 The damsel of whom I've been writing.

Now Anne, though of sweetness unequall'd possess'd,
 Was humble, obliging, and kind;
 And the beauties with which her sweet figure was dress'd
 Were poor when compared to her mind.

In tending the widow, an exquisite grace
 Was shed like a halo above her;
 And oh! who could gaze on her amiable face,
 Nor feel, that to see was to love her.

If heaven with earth is connected—if blent
 Is aught that's divine with things human;
 Or if amongst mortals an angel be sent—
 Oh! seek we not each in a woman.

Her soul, if the temple of virtue and love—
 Her heart, if with innocence crowned—
 Are emblems of all that we hope for above,
 Where peace and pure pleasures abound.

And if in one frame every beauty was set,
 Since woman first smiled upon man,
 I beg that my readers will never forget
 That the name of that phoenix was "*Anne*."

Her sister—but hold!
 I can never unfold
 The depths of her heart, 'twas so callous and cold—
 To her shame be it told
 She was spiteful and bold,
 As Sycorax, Caliban's mother, of old.
 Her head
 Was red,
 Or rather her hair.
 If you saw her you could not help saying a prayer,
 Her swivel-eyes cast forth so fiendish a glare.
 She was stunted in growth,
 Like a perjurer's oath,
 And very much given to scolding and sloth;
 In fact, she was somewhat too fond of them both.
 Her sister she hated,
 And constantly prated
 Of "people with airs, who were much over-rated;"
 Sweet Anne was so horribly badgered and baited,
 That had she no mother who needed her care,
 She'd run from the Gorgon, regardless of where,
 So near was she pushed to the verge of despair.
 Miss Betty, the shrew,
 Most undoubtedly knew
 That the widow loved Anne far the best of the two,
 (And so I am sure, courteous reader, would you.)

She was also aware
 That when sportsmen passed there,
 They preferred golden ringlets to carrotty hair,
 Now Anne's curled tresses seemed only a maze,
 Within which, when captured, the sun's brightest rays
 Delighted to sport through the long summer days ;
 Whilst Betty's coarse head-piece was always arrayed
 In elf-locks of somewhat incarnadined shade.
 The colour was that of a torch in a fog,
 Or "Will-o'-the-wisp," seen through mists on a bog ;
 Or rather (as round her in tangles they coiled,
 For, would you believe it, they never were oiled,
 But always looked matted, untidy, and soiled)
 Like shells of the lobster, unskillfully boiled,

The widow had only one comfort to cheer her,
 And that was sweet Nancy, her daughter ;
 And Nancy was always delighted when near her,
 Distilling her barley-and-water,

Miss Betty, or Sycorax (what's in a name?—
 One suits quite as well as the other),
 Whene'er she abused pretty Anne, cast the blame
 On her looks, or the bed-ridden mother,

As Anne could not scold, and remonstrance was vain,
 Her only relief was in crying ;
 Then dew-drops of anguish and love fell like rain
 On the couch where the widow was lying.

Thus days swelled to months, and months ended in years,
 Each hour bringing sorrows in plenty ;
 Diversified ever by snubbings and tears,
 'Till Anne was a woman, and twenty.

And then died the widow (whilst Anne roamed about,
 A victim to grief and amazement) ;
 She died—but in peace—"as a lamp is blown out
 By a gust of wind at a casement."

(I quote from Longfellow, where Gabriel dies,
 Beside him Evangeline kneeling ;
 I mention my author lest cavillers rise
 To charge me with picking and stealing.)

The widow was buried—and Anne was alone,
 Though Betty was ever beside her,
 Alas ! not for sorrows gone by to atone,
 But only to taunt and deride her.

One day she was sitting
 Beneath the porch knitting,
 (Whilst Betty a dress o'er her huge back was fitting)
 And thinking and grieving,
 Determined on leaving
 The valley she loved, and some future plans weaving,
 When an old woman entered the porch, and sat down,
 Whose wardrobe consisted of one tattered gown.
 She seemed very weak ;
 And in striving to speak
 The action collapsed her thin, time-worn cheek :
 'Twas dry as a mummy's, and almost as brown.

Anne gazed on her face,
 Whilst bright tears flowed apace,
 For nought but mutation those lines could erase;
 She thought on her mother, then pulseless and dead,
 For thus had her features been wrinkled,
 And sighed as she thought, for the hair on her head
 Was also with silver besprinkled.
 The old woman blessed her,
 And would have caressed her,
 But thus in her soft dulcet tones Anne addressed her :
 " I love silver hairs,
 'They are emblems of cares,
 The snow-flakes that ago in its infancy wears—
 For the old are twice infants, and honour is theirs.
 On your brow rests sublime
 Those deep furrows, which Time
 Delves deeply, as vouchers of virtue or crime ;
 But crime bears a chronicle harsher than yours,
 Like the brand set on Cain, it for ages endures ;
 Its traces are restless, and never serene,
 But yours are as calm as my mother's have been.
 She bore them for years—for *her* sake, honoured dame,
 I ask you to give your requirements a name ;
 Though lonely my lot, and though scanty my store,
 The old shall not pass unrelieved from my door."

Just then Sycorax,
 With tongue saucy and lax,
 And bold as are duns, for unpaid income-tax,
 (They're bold, for they bore with the law at their backs)
 Stepped into the porch, and commenced—" Filthy hag,
 Move on, or I'll not on your bones leave a rag—
 Up!—up! hoary trollop—be off with your bag."
 " Oh, Betty!" said Anne, still in tears, " she is old,
 Weak, sickly—nay more, perhaps hungry and cold ;
 She asks but for shelter—I'll give her my bed.
 Oh, look! Betty, look, at her poor palsied head ;
 Remember our mother, and let her pass in :
 The priest says that charity wipes away sin."

As a shriek on a hill,
 When all nature is still,
 Or a cry from the throat of the wild whip-poor-will,
 Rose Betty's loud voice, ever piercing and shrill,
 Though now like old Lear she would gladly " kill, kill."

" What, impudent jade !
 You may well look afraid,
 Especially after the speech you've just made.
 Hey ! give her *your* bed—
 Would not *mine* do instead,
 With pillows of down for ' her poor palsied head ?'
 Yes those were your words, I remarked what you said.
 Hence ! hence ! tawny witch,
 Or I'll give you a switch ;
 And if you want rest, go lie down in the ditch.
 I'd dance with delight
 If I saw you fixed tight,
 Hemm'd round with tar-barrels, blazing and bright.
 I'd laugh as you cried,
 For I'd stand by your side,
 And grin in your face, as in tortures you died.
 A fig for your grief,
 Stir your stumps, wrinkled thief,
 I'd see you well starved ere I'd give you relief."

So saying, she pushed the poor soul from her seat,
 Who tottered, and sank with a groan at her feet.
 "Oh, Betty, for shame!" was all Nancy could say,
 As Sycorax stalked like a fishwife away,
 Who battled at Billingsgate, gaining the day.

Then Anne, like an angel of mercy, knelt down
 By the woman so mummy-like, wrinkled, and brown,
 Her head she prest
 To her own pure breast,
 As though 'twere a dove, and her bosom its nest.
 The sorrow and pity that shone through her eyes,
 The power of the poet and painter defies.
 Let those who would picture that glance, draw a bill
 On Fancy, but not upon me or my quill.

She breathed in her ear
 Words of comfort and cheer,
 Like honey they flowed, for sweet Anne was sincere.
 Oh, sympathy! what upon earth is so dear?
 What music so dulcet—what language so clear?
 Your altar the spirit—your incense a tear.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, in tones soothing and mild,
 "I'm young—but on you years of sorrow are piled;
 Be thou but my mother, let me be you child.
 We'll wander away from the cruel and vile,
 United like seraphs above;
 I'm orphan'd, and ever shall feast on your smile,
 For I long to have something to love."

The old woman's features were lit up a-space,
 Her ears had drunk in what was uttered;
 And dimples of gladness careered o'er her face,
 As slowly and softly she muttered:—

"Yes, come with me,
 And I shall be
 More than thy mother was to thee.
 Oh! come where the simple daisies bloom,
 And gladden the sense with their sweet perfume;
 For the good, like thee, we have always room.

There—free! free!
 'Neath the birchen tree,
 Thy thoughts shall gambol merrily;
 And the glowworm's lamp shall lend thee light,
 And the bee, with its busy hum,
 Shall lead thee forth where the sun shines bright,
 And the rarest flowers enchant the sight;
 Where day is day—but they know not night—
 For their hours are spent in pure delight.
 Then come with the fairy, come!"

So saying, she kissed the maiden's eyes;
 And Anne beheld, with a wild surprise,
 Not a wrinkled hag in tatters bound,
 But a lovely female, robed and crown'd.
 Pure eyes of love on her features beam'd—
 Eyes she had seen when she slept and dream'd;
 The face was the fairest she e'er had seen,
 And that face was the face of the Fairy Queen.

And now, since without any wand, save my pen,
I've ugliness changed into beauty,
Perhaps I may need its assistance again,
To aid me in doing my duty.

I'll not act as Prospero did, for *he* drown'd
His book in the depths of Old Ocean ;
But mine I desire may be left above ground,
A subject for constant promotion.

These wild running rhymes may perhaps give offence
To critics, whose tastes are fastidious ;
The subject, I know, has no shade of pretence
To win with the *hyper*-religious.

That "hyper," I trust, plainly shows that I mean
The whited sepulchre—the talker—
Not him in whose actions each virtue is seen
(The words were not wedded by Walker).

If coining *one* word, by the union of *two*,
Be deemed as a crime in the poet,
I'll promise in future such faults shall be few,
And not err again, *if I know it*.

Return we now, swift as thought, to our tale
(The while let the poetry vary),
Where Nancy, the lily that bloomed in the vale,
Was left, some lines back, with the Fairy.

Anne silently gazed,
Spell-bound and amazed,
On the creature whose old palsied head she had raised ;
In short, she suspected her wits to be crazed.
The wrinkles were gone,
And her features put on
A sweetness that sooth'd, whilst it brilliantly shone ;
So peach-like the cheeks, late so hollow and wan.
Her elegant neck,
Free from blemish and speck,
Bore charms that might e'en a Venus bedeck.
Adown it descended
Jet ringlets, that blended
With beauties a Paris himself had commended.
Her forehead was high,
Giving depth to an eye,
Or eyes—they were plural—of ebony dye,
That sparkled like gems Cynthia sets in the sky ;
Though black as the night,
They emitted such light,
That whate'er they looked on grew dazzlingly bright.
Her lips bore the hue
Of a rose dipped in dew,
Or well-ripened cherries, the juice bursting through.
Around her slight zone pass'd a circlet of gold ;
Above it, a shape of such exquisite mould,
That thought ne'er conceived, nor can language unfold,
The beauties that Anne was constrained to behold.
Beneath it were limbs with such symmetry framed,
That near them the Graces themselves might be shamed—
The Empress of Egypt retire from the scene,
And Anthony leave for a fairy a queen.

Now reader, dear,
 A word in your ear,
 I feel it my duty to speak it here.
 Mistake me not; 'twill elsewhere be found
 That the lady I write of was "*robed* and crown'd."
 I would not for worlds that any man thought
 A particle less of my nymph than he ought;
 For less he *must* think, if I said she stood
 Like those chubby-faced cherubims carved in wood;
 Or the sculptured figue of sylph-like Greek;
 Or worse—far worse!—like a *pose plastique*.
 Oh! no; she was modest, yet richly drest
 In an ample kirtle and broidered vest;
 Her ankles (confess it I must, I suppose)
 Were bare, for she wore neither garters nor hose;
 But as she was fashioned, she needed not those,
 For the tiniest slippers embraced her toes.

She raised her wand, for you understand
 That fairies have always a wand in the hand;
 I've seen them myself, from time to time,
 In the "*Midsummer's Dream*," or a pantomime;
 And ne'er saw I one on the stage, or on high,
 Suspended by strings from the calico sky,
 But with her she carried a gingerbread stick,
 Like the mace of the city, but hardly so thick,
 The which when she waved every monster gave way,
 Patched Clowns were created, and Pataloons grey;
 Columbines fluttered with Harlequins round,
 And Sprites tumbled head-over-heels on the ground,
 Till the last wave of all put an end to the joke,
 Commencing in fireworks, and ending in smoke.

She raised her wand, as I formerly stated,
 And Anne in a moment was drest
 As rich as an empress but newly created,
 For everything seemed of the best.
 Just then Betty came, with Medusa-like head;
 To see if the hag had recovered;
 But judge her amazement when there, in her stead,
 The Fairy and Anne she discovered.

"You said," quoth the Fairy, "that time-honoured age
 Might starve ere you'd give it relief;
 You vented on me all your passionate rage;
 You called me "*witch*," "*trollop*," and "*thief*;"
 You said, furthermore, if I wanted to rest—
 Whilst silent your anger I bore—
 That ditches would suit my old palsied head best,
 And you pushed me away from your door.
 'Mid tar-barrels fastened, you also desired
 To see me, and stand by my side;
 To laugh, as the fragments around me were fired,
 And grin, whilst in tortures I died.
 Now listen to me—all you wished I might bear,
 On you shall be acted fourfold."

So saying, she lifted her wand in the air,
 And Betty grew instantly old.
 Weak, haggard, and wan, with a horrible stare,
 And limbs that refused her their aid,
 She quaked where she stood, whilst her carrotty hair
 Assumed a detestable shade.

Repulsive her look, as she bowed to the spell,
And hobbled away on a crutch ;
The ugliest angel of darkness that fell
Would shrink with disgust from her touch.

Then vanished the cottage away from the glen,
And vanished sweet Anne from the scene,
And nothing is left, save these fruits of my pen,
To tell that such changes have been.

Still day after day, bent with palsy and years,
And hated, because she's a thief,
An old wrinkled hag pleads, with groanings and tears,
For alms, but can get no relief.

That hag, lovely reader, may call on you yet,
And ask for some favour or other ;
If so, pass her by, and oh ! never forget
How harshly she dealt with her mother.

But Anne ! Have you ever met Anne ? Her delight
Is to wander by woodlands and streams ;
Or else to pay visits to lovers at night,
And paint all they wish in their dreams.

She's modest, and flies from the slumberer's bed,
Whose thoughts have not virtue to guide them ;
But where all is pure, *there* her magic is spread,
And softly she nestles beside them.

Farewell, then ! and if you with love are opprest,
Take courage, for Fortune may rally—
And know, that the Fairy who watches your rest,
Is "The Lily that bloomed in the Valley !

THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. III.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EVAGRIUS.

BROOKE—HAYARD—MRS. PILKINGTON—MRS. SHERIDAN—FRANCIS—HIFFERNAN—JONES—O'HARA—
HOWARD—THOMAS SHERIDAN—GENTLEMAN—GOLDSMITH.

Our descending series has brought us to a name of high repute in the literary history of Ireland, and one deserving of honourable mention whenever it recurs. HENRY BROOKE, born at Rantavan House, the mansion of his family, in the county of Cavan, in 1706, was a man of highly amiable character, a patriot, an accomplished gentleman, and an extensive scholar. His talents evinced themselves in early youth, and with the exception of a bias towards poetry, which worldly friends considered unprofitable, he gave way to no irregularities likely to check a successful progress in life. Heaven had blessed him with a mode-

rate income, a placid temper, an agreeable person, and a wife considerably younger than himself, before he had completed his twentieth year. Being well connected, he rapidly advanced into the best English society, and won the personal friendship of Swift, Pope, Lord Lyttleton, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Chatham, David Garrick, and Samuel Johnson. With the latter he once differed in an argument, which led to an estrangement between them, but the Colossus had drawn his pen vigorously in his support when Brooke was for a time an object of unjust persecution.

The four most celebrated works of

this eminent author, the poem of "Universal Beauty," the tragedy of "*Gustavus Vasa*," the political essays called the "Farmer's Letters," and the novel of the "Fool of Quality," are as opposite to each other as can easily be imagined. Such a range evinces the extensive scope of his acquirements, and the versatility of his genius. A full, interesting, and elegantly written biography of Henry Brooke appeared in No. CCXXX. of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE (February, 1852). As this is doubtless familiar to all our readers, we cannot do better than refer them to it for general information, and shall confine ourselves in this sketch to an exclusive notice of his pretensions as a dramatist. His collected works were published in four volumes, 8vo., in 1778 and 1792, and may be readily stumbled upon by the frequenters of book-stalls; but it is as well to remind the curious in such matters that the earlier edition is the most complete. Why the author's daughter, who edited the second, after her father's death, omitted certain articles which he himself had included in the first, is a question more readily asked than answered.

Brooke was through life of a profoundly religious temperament, sincere though enthusiastic, inclining to Methodism, and somewhat tinged with the mystical sublimities of Jacob Behmen; yet he saw no objection to the theatre, and wrote plays with inward predilection, from youth to age. His taste and ambition were not encouraged by the cheering plaudits of the public, for few of those plays were acted, although more than one added much to his literary reputation, and increased his worldly store. The offspring of his dramatic muse are fourteen in number, and may be classed as follows:—eight tragedies, 1. *Gustavus Vasa*; 2. *The Earl of Westmoreland*; 3. *The Earl of Essex*; 4. *Antony and*

Cleopatra; 5. *The Impostor*; 6. *Cymbeline*; 7. *Montezuma*; 8. *The Vestal Virgin*; four comedies, 1. *The Contending Brothers*; 2. *The Charitable Association*; 3. *The Female Officer*; 4. *The Marriage Contract*; one operatic allegory, *Jack the Giant-Killer*; and one oratorio, entitled *Ruth*.

Gustavus Vasa, the Deliverer of his Country is an historical tragedy of the highest order of merit, whether as regards the dramatic construction, the dignity of the plot, the contrast of the characters, the variety of the incidents, the nervous strength of the poetry, or the noble sentiments of patriotism which are impressed throughout. The play was accepted at Drury-lane, in 1739, repeatedly rehearsed, and on the point of being produced, with Quin as the hero, when a fiat from the Lord Chamberlain's office stopped the proceedings, and laid it on the shelf. It was suddenly discovered, or decided, that the character of Archbishop Trollic, the Danish minister, was intended as a biting philippic on Sir Robert Walpole, and the premier resolved that there should be no more repetitions of the side-thrusts made against him ten years before in the *Beggar's Opera*, and under which he had writhed while he affected to smile.* Brooke consoled himself by publishing his play at five shillings a copy, and cleared a thousand guineas; but we can readily believe that his ardent spirit would have preferred the laurelled chaplet of success to the more solid, though less brilliant compensation. The "Licensing Act," passed by Sir Robert Walpole, in 1737, under which the stage became subject to a gag at the pleasure of the Lord Chamberlain, was suggested by the liberties in which Fielding had indulged in two satirical comedies, entitled *Pasquin*, and *The Historical Register*.

But the more immediate cause originated in a piece called the *The Gol-*

* Sir Robert being in a stage-box on the first representation of *The Beggar's Opera*, the whole house applied to him in an unmistakable manner the words of Lockit's song—

"When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
That each cries, that was level'd at me!"

But he adroitly parried the hit by loudly demanding an *encore* before the rest of the audience had time to anticipate him.

den Rump, which was offered for representation to Mr. Henry Giffard, then manager of the Goodman's Fields Theatre. In this, the most unbounded abuse was vented against King, Lords, and Commons, the Parliament, the Council, the Ministry—in fact, against all that was good, rich, elevated, or respectable in the land. This precious farrago was never printed nor acted, neither did the identity of the author ever transpire. He remains as completely a *nomini umbra* as the redoubted Junius himself. It might have been a trap or a genuine offering. The manager, in the simplicity of his heart, carried the piece to the minister, to consult him as to how he should proceed. The minister gave him a gratuity equal to what he might reasonably expect from the representation, and possessed himself of the MS. Here was a strong case made to his hands; it had become necessary to employ public money to prevent broad treason from being vomited on the public stage. "You see," said he to the Council, "what this intolerable license is fast coming to;" and the bill was passed. Lord Chesterfield made an eloquent speech against it, which has been often reprinted. He admitted the abuse, but saw and foretold the mischief of giving absolute power, where it was impossible at the same time to couple it with corresponding discretion. *Gustavus Vasa* furnished the earliest illustration. The act was never intended to embrace a composition of that class, but it could be dragged within the vortex, and there was no appeal.

Brooke dedicated his play to his subscribers, and says—"However singular and unprecedented the treatment I have received may appear, had I conceived it to be the intention of the legislature, I should have submitted without complaining; or had any, amongst hundreds who have perused the manuscript, observed but a single line which might inadvertently tend to sedition or immorality, I would then have been the first to strike it out, I would now be the last to publish it. The intention of the statute is to guard against such representations as may be conceived to be of pernicious influence in the commonwealth; this is the only point to which the prohibition of the Lord Chamberlain is understood to extend, and his prohibition lays me

under the necessity of publishing this piece, to convince the public, that (though of no valuable consequence), I am at least inoffensive. Patriotism is the great and single moral which I had in view through this play, and this is personated in the character of *Gustavus*."

The subject of *Gustavus Vasa* is taken from Vertot's "Revolutions of Sweden," a book which, by severe authorities, is considered more lively and entertaining than authentic. A play on the same story had been written by Mrs. Catherine Trotter, afterwards Cockburn, and produced at the Haymarket as far back as 1706. It lingered for six nights, according to Downes, and then died irrecoverably. Brooke does not appear to have made any use of this drama in his subsequent version, and no comparison can be instituted between their respective merits.

In February, 1741, Brooke's tragedy was got up with much care and attention, at the Augier-street Theatre, in Dublin, and often repeated with great success. The licenser of plays has no jurisdiction in Ireland. The prohibitory power rests with the Lord Lieutenant, or his representatives in his absence. Between the merit of the play, the popularity derived from its suppression in England, with the political and literary reputation of the author, it kept the stage in Ireland for several years, and the occasional revivals always produced a concomitant effect. At length, on the 28th of December, 1805, fifty-six years after the original interdict, *Gustavus Vasa* being duly licensed, and the ban withdrawn, was brought forward at Covent-garden, for the purpose of introducing Betty, the Young Roscius, in a new character. Great expectations were excited both for the play and the performance, but there was no repetition, and both must be recorded as a decisive failure. No other attempt has been since made to revive a drama which, under a more favourable conjunction, and at the proper time, might have filled the managerial treasury for half a season, and established the fame of a new dramatist.

In the present days of universal toleration, when opinions are unfettered, and people are allowed to say, do, think, and write whatever they please, those who read *Gustavus Vasa* without

a political bias, will see in the most glowing passages nothing beyond a generous love of liberty, and an abhorrence of despotism. They will not easily detect a latent conspiracy to supplant a cabinet, to hold up a minister to contempt, or to overthrow a dynasty; but they will marvel to observe how thin-skinned were high officials one hundred years ago, and how readily they took to themselves what in many cases was only intended to be applied to a general principle.

In 1748, Brooke wrote an allegorical opera called *Jack the Giant-Killer*. The popularity of the author induced Mr. Sheridan, at that time manager of the Smock-alley Theatre, in Dublin, to embrace the offer of exhibiting it, with much eagerness. Great care was bestowed in the preparation, a crowded house attended, the piece was well performed, and went off with universal applause. But such was the spirit of party at that time, that on the following morning, by order of the Lords Justices, who sent their *veto* to the manager, the new drama was withdrawn. The reason assigned for this unusual proceeding was, that in several of the songs, offensive allusions were made to bad governors, stupid lord mayors, and heavy aldermen. Brooke a second time published his play by subscription, and is said to have cleared eight hundred pounds. A few years later, when the piece was permitted to be revived, no one could find out the imputed satire, and the whole affair passed off with dull indifference.

In 1748, or 9, Brooke's tragedy of *The Earl of Essex* was represented in Dublin, and met with good success. Sheridan transplanted it to Drury-lane in 1761, where it also obtained a run of nine nights. It is in this play, and not in *Gustavus Vasa*, that the well-known passage occurred, which Dr. Johnson parodied with more wit than justice:—

“Monarchs,
To rule o'er freemen should themselves be free.”*

The line belongs to Queen Elizabeth's concluding speech of the first act, as printed in 1761, but was suppressed by the author (probably on account of the parody) in the edition of 1778. Brooke's *Earl of Essex* is a better play than Banks's *Unhappy Fa-*

vourite, from which it is partly taken, and has language of superior poetical pretensions to Jones's, which last, however, long continued to be more popular in representation. In 1756, Brooke's *Earl of Westmoreland*, an imaginary story of the Saxon period, with some good writing, appeared in Dublin, and, according to Victor, was well received, and admired by the best judges. The principal characters were sustained by Mossop and Mrs. Gregory. We have now enumerated all the plays of this author that found their way to the stage; and these may be considered the best. The others are partly original, and partly taken from preceding writers. *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Cymbeline* cannot be said to be improvements of Shakspeare. *Montezuma* is in some respects superior to Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, of which it is a close imitation; and in *The Impostor*, the character of Mahomet is drawn with more truth and strength than Voltaire has exhibited in his tragedy of the same name. But there are absurdities intermingled with the scenes utterly incomprehensible in a writer who seldom violated the rules of just taste. There can be no doubt that Brooke merited a niche in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," in preference to many whose names, of little note, are to be found there; but it is by no means so clear that he owed his exclusion to personal pique. Johnson was paid by the publishers to write the biographies; but it does not appear that he was invested with the exclusive power of selection. The praise of Paul Whitehead, himself no mean poet, may console the admirers of Brooke, as warmly expressed in the following lines:—

“Shakspeare's no more—lost was the poet's name,
‘Till thou, my friend, my genius, sprung to fame.
Lur'd by his laurels' never-fading bloom,
You boldly snatch'd the trophy from his tomb;
Taught the declining muse again to soar,
And to Britannia gave one poet more.”

Brooke died in Dublin, in the year 1783, aged seventy-seven. His single wife had borne him a large family of two-and-twenty children, of whom only two survived their father—a son, Arthur, and his daughter Charlotte, herself a poetess, and translator of the bardic minstrelsy of Ireland. It was said also that she wrote a tragedy, called

* Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.

Belisarius, pronounced by those who had heard it read to possess much merit; but the manuscript is supposed to have been lost.

WILLIAM HAVARD was born in Dublin, in July, 1710. His father, who was an eminent vintner, gave him a liberal education, and intended him for the profession of a surgeon; but the stage displayed such charms, and made such an impression upon his youthful mind, that early in life he relinquished all other pursuits, and, before the age of twenty, had performed several characters at the theatre in Smock-alley with sufficient applause to determine the colour of his future career. Ambition and the hope of rising prompted him to leave Dublin, in 1730, and offer his services to Giffard, then manager of Goodman's-fields Theatre. Here he engaged himself at a very low salary. As an actor he never soared beyond the numerous class of respectables. His person was good; his voice clear and articulate; his judgment and perfect understanding of his author eminently conspicuous on all occasions; while his gentle manners and unoffending deportment gained him many private friends and the undeviating favour of the public. He possessed sound sense, but no genius; was not deficient in feeling, yet too monotonous to burst forth in a whirlwind of passion; or to startle by an occasional flash of lightning. He was, in fact, what Lord Byron said of a much superior modern actor, with less justice—the essence of mediocrity. The same opinion may be delivered of his dramatic writings, four in number, which, although not entitled to rank in the first class, are superior to many that have been more talked of, and have met greater success. His first tragedy, *Scanderbeg*, was produced in 1733, when he was only in his twenty-third year. Considered as an essay of youth, it has reasonable merit. The very limited success of this play, which was only performed three times, checked the *ardor scribendi* in the young dramatist; but in 1737, his friend Giffard being in distress, he was induced to try the strength of his genius a second time, in the hope that a new play might revive the sinking fortunes of the theatre. For his subject on this occasion he chose the melancholy story of Charles I., comprehending the trial and principal points connected with the

death of that unhappy monarch. The theme was well chosen, and contains undoubtedly the true dramatic essence. The same materials have since been more ably handled by Miss Mitford; but neither the recent authoress nor her predecessor have worked up the argument to the effect of which it is capable. Even Walter Scott has not drawn Cromwell with the controlling vigour which that consummate actor exhibited in every shifting variety of his public life. According to Lamar-tine, he and Carliè are the only two philosophers who have correctly gauged the great Protector, and measured his true standard and capacity. But Havard's is far from a bad play, and would have been better if he had enlivened it with more incident. The deviations from history may be pardoned even in so well known a story. He inclines to the king, but not with gross or fulsome partiality. Charles is more of a hero, and infinitely more interesting as a man, in his season of adversity, than when revelling in the exercise of the *jus divinum*, for which he sacrificed his friends, his family, and himself. Fox was greatly lauded for what was considered a very shrewd observation in his historical work, namely, that it would have been wiser to have imprisoned or banished Charles I. than to have executed him; and that the opportunity he thus obtained of displaying his courage and resigned piety, has created more respect for his memory than it could otherwise have acquired. Sallust had been beforehand with the great champion of whiggery in this opinion, for he says—“*Plerique mortales postrema meminere, et in hominibus impiis, sceleris eorum oblit, de penâ disserunt, si ea paulo severior fuerit.*”

Havard's constitutional indolence and love of ease were so notorious, that when he undertook to write Charles I., Giffard insisted upon the power of keeping him under lock and key until the work was completed. This the good-natured author consented to; and under close confinement he remained until the piece was delivered for rehearsal. Perhaps the stiff metaphorical style of the language may have been influenced by the bodily restraint to which his muse was subjected. But the play drew crowded audiences for nineteen nights; and, during the same season, was brought forward with equal competition and

success at the two rival theatres in Dublin. Hitchcock corroborates the remark of Davies, that "never were tears so plentifully shed as at the mournful separation of Charles and the young princes. A bullying scene between the King and Cromwell was also greatly applauded. Havard enjoyed the double satisfaction of having, by the success of his second tragedy, materially served his friend Giffard, while he added something considerable to his own savings. In 1740 he revived the play at Drury-lane, on his benefit-night, on which occasion it was announced as being written in imitation of Shakspeare. Candour must admit that it would be very difficult to discover the resemblance. On the 21st February, 1744, Havard brought out a third tragedy at Drury-lane, on the subject of *Regulus*. In this he followed the popular histories, but his own additions to the barrenness of the story are not particularly felicitous. The principal character was sustained by Garrick, then in his third season, and in the full tide of his early popularity. Murphy says that Garrick's admirable acting gave warmth and energy to the whole piece, which, however, though supported by such talent, could only obtain a run of seven nights. Garrick disliked the Roman dress, and never willingly appeared in it. In 1763 Havard tried his hand at a farce called *The Elopement*, which was acted for his benefit, but not printed, and never repeated after.

Havard continued on the stage until 1769, when finding the inroads of time and disease too much to bear longer, he took leave of the theatre in form, on the 8th May, in an epilogue written and spoken by himself, after the play of *Zura*, in which Garrick acted Lushignan for his benefit. Churchill's estimate of his powers as an actor is extreme on the side of severity—

"Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His easy, vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions nor impart."

Havard retired first to Islington; but finding himself in that locality farther removed from his habitual circle of friends than he desired, he returned to the lodgings he had formerly occupied in Tavistock-street, where he died, after a lingering illness, on the 20th of February, 1778, at the age of sixty-eight years, and was buried in

Covent-garden Churchyard, under a stone, bearing the following epitaph, written by Garrick, as "a tribute to the memory of a character he long knew and respected":—

"An honest man 's the noblest work of God!"

Havard from sorrow rests beneath this stone;
An honest man—belov'd as soon as known:
Howe'er defective in the mimic part;
In real life he justly play'd his part;
The noblest character he acted well,
And heav'n applauded when the curtain fell."

In less than a year after penning these lines Garrick followed his friend, and slept in a more costly mausoleum.

Mrs. LETITIA PILKINGTON was born in Dublin in 1712. She was the daughter of Dr. Van Lewin, an eminent physician in that city, and married when very young the Rev. Matthew Pilkington, who was also a poet of no inconsiderable pretensions. There was too much imagination on both sides to produce a happy union; and after living together in unseemly discord, they separated on an alleged cause, which implicated the lady's character. This imputation, as might naturally be expected, she denies stoutly in her celebrated "Memoirs" of her own life; but as the judge said on the trial of Eugene Aram, the defence is too ingenious for truth. On separating from her husband Mrs. Pilkington had recourse to her pen for her support, and raised a very considerable subscription for her "Memoirs," which are extremely entertaining, and contain many lively and original anecdotes of Dean Swift, with whom she was intimate. This unfortunate lady died in great penury, in July, 1750, having had recourse to intemperance to drown her sorrows, by which in all probability she shortened her days. She was only thirty-nine at the time of her death. Besides the *Life*, she wrote several poems, not without merit; a burlesque satirical drama, entitled *The Turkish Court, or, the London Prentice*, which was acted at the little theatre in Capel-street, Dublin, in 1748, but never printed; and one act of a tragedy called *The Roman Father*, appended to the second volume of her "Memoirs."

Of a very different character was Mrs. FRANCES SHERRIDAN, the mother of the great orator and dramatist. She was born in Ireland about the year 1724, but descended from an English family of good repute, which had removed to the sister country. Her

maiden name was Chamberlaine, she being the grand-daughter of Sir Oliver Chamberlaine. The first literary performance by which she distinguished herself was a little pamphlet, at the time of a violent party dispute, in which Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the elder, had recently embarked his fortune. A work so well-timed and acceptable, exciting the attention of Mr. Sheridan, he procured an introduction to his fair supporter, and so recommended himself that he soon afterwards obtained her hand in marriage. He was truly fortunate in this important event of life, for she was a person of the most amiable disposition, with engaging manners and elegant accomplishments. The only drawback on their happiness was her delicate health. After lingering for several years in a very weak state, she died at Blois, in France, in the year 1767. Her dramatic works consist of two comedies, *The Discovery* and the *The Dupe*. They were both brought out at Drury-lane, in 1763. The former was eminently successful, the latter a failure. *The Discovery* was acted for seventeen successive nights with great applause. The managers gave Sheridan, who was not then regularly engaged, the sixteenth night for his own benefit. This play is also remarkable as containing the last original character in which Garrick ever appeared — Sir Anthony Braville. The part is that of a solemn, conceited fop, utterly at variance with those usually assumed by the lively, mercurial Roscius. As in other comic delineations, he was distinguished by ease, spirit, and expression, in this he seemed utterly to have extinguished his natural talents; assuming a dry, stiff manner, with an immovable face, and thus extracted from this pedantic object (who assumed every passion without showing a spark of any in his action or features) infinite entertainment, which, notwithstanding the length and languor of some of the scenes, secured to the play the approbation of the gayer part of the audience. This is the account given by Victor. Davies, on the other hand, says in his "Life of Garrick," that the public pronounced this effort a failure, and that the great actor for once either did not, or would not, understand the idea of the author. He himself thought differently, for in several letters he dwells with great complacency on his

new character, and twelve years later revived and repeated it six times during his last season, on which occasion he was the only remaining original performer. *The Dupe* survived for three nights, and was treated with more severity than it deserved. Victor prophesied to the authoress that her play would be unpopular, but he did not expect that it would be so decidedly rejected. Its principal fault is want of incident. Mrs. Clive performed a character called Mrs. Friendly, a great talker. The scenes in which she was concerned were well received, and appeared to be the only portions that afforded amusement. Mrs. Sheridan, besides the comedies above-named, wrote an excellent novel, in five volumes, called "Sidney Bidulph," which long enjoyed a first-rate reputation, and is supposed to have suggested to her son some portion of the plot of the *School for Scandal*. She is also the authoress of a romance named "Nourjahad," which has been often reprinted, and contains much imaginative power, productive of an admirable moral. The subject has been twice dramatised. First, in 1803, by the Margravine of Anspach, and performed by amateurs at her private theatre at Brandenburgh House; and again in 1813, by an anonymous author, when it was acted for forty nights at Drury-lane, with great success and attraction, the principal character being sustained by Elliston. Both of these dramatic versions are founded on Mrs. Sheridan's romance.

The Rev. PHILIP FRANCIS was born in Dublin, and descended from an Irish family. His father was dean of a cathedral, and also rector of St. Mary's, in the Irish metropolis; from which latter post he was ejected by the court on account of his Tory principles, after he had enjoyed the plurality for eighteen years. His son, the author of whom we are treating, was also brought up to the church, and had a doctor's degree conferred upon him. He was more celebrated as a translator than as an original writer. His English versions of Horace and Demosthenes, particularly the former, obtained considerable popularity. He also wrote much on political subjects; and, at the commencement of the reign of George III., is supposed to have been employed by the Government in writing in its defence. For these good works he was

promoted to the rectory of Barrow, in Suffolk, and to the chaplainship of Chelsea Hospital. He died at Bath, on the 5th of March 1773, leaving a son, the more celebrated Sir Philip Francis, Knight of the Bath, who was one of the supreme council of Bengal, during the government of Warren Hastings, with whom he fought a duel, in Calcutta. It was for a long time considered almost proved that he was the author of *Junius*; but that *questio vexata* has been once more revived, and he is no longer the popular candidate.

Dr. Francis wrote two tragedies—*Eugenia* and *Constantine*. The first was acted at Drury-lane, in 1752; the principal character, Mercour, being sustained by Garrick; but he could only carry it through six nights, after which it was never revived. The play

is of the middling class; or, as honest Dogberry has it, “most tolerable, and not to be endured.” It has no prominent fault, but is uniformly dull, and written in laboured blank verse; for which reason (we can discover no other) the author calls it a tragedy. He says in his preface—“It may not be improper to tell an English reader some circumstances of this play. The character of *Æmilia*, consequently her scenes with Mercour, is wholly new. The fable, excepting some alterations, is taken from a comedy published last year, by Madame de Graigny.” The following may be taken as an average specimen of the poetry and sentiments. Mercour, who has seduced *Æmilia*, and wishes to get rid of her, proposes that she should marry his brother Clerval; to which she replies:—

“What! shall I stain the holy marriage bed?
Give to a noble, unsuspecting youth
The foul pollution of his brother’s passions?”

Mercour.—These are among the many things, *Æmilia*,
Which, if not known, are not.

Æmilia.—

Do I not know them?

Mercour.—But not to tell.

Æmilia.—

Heaven will in thunders tell them.

Mercour.—If Heaven told secrets of this kind in thunder,
Sure it would roll unceasing!”

Mercour, it must be remembered, is an arch, hardened villain, who does not preach or recommend orthodox doctrine.

Francis next tried his chance at Covent-garden with *Constantine*; but Barry and Miss Bellamy could not help him up the Parnassian height more readily than Garrick had done. In consequence, however, of the ill success of his second play, Miss Bellamy, then in the zenith of her attraction and popularity, recommended Dr. Francis to Mr. Fox’s patronage, which led to his preferment. Churchill, the bitter satirist, once said in conversation, that he intended to write a poem, in which Francis was to make his appearance as the ordinary of Newgate.

PAUL HIFFERNAN was born in Dublin, in the year 1719; received part of his education in a classical seminary there, and took the degree of bachelor of physic in a college in the south of France. Not meeting with much success in the profession to which he was bred, he was soon obliged to rely on his pen for a subsistence. While in Dublin, he was for some time concern-

ed in a public political paper, called *The Ticker*, written in opposition to the famous patriot, Dr. Lucas; and on his coming over to London, was employed as a general hack by the booksellers. He had no fixed principles, and very moderate abilities, but a ready vein of scurrilous vulgarity, and cared little as to what he wrote or said, provided he could live, and extort money by low abuse. His conversation was habitually coarse and offensive, and his whole behaviour evinced a mind over which the opinions of the respectable portions of society had no influence.

After an irregular, disreputable life, oppressed by poverty and disease, he ended a miserable existence about the beginning of June, 1777. Of this eccentric being many amusing and extraordinary anecdotes have been related; of which some may be seen in the twenty-fifth volume of the “*European Magazine*.” His dramatic works are six in number—*The Lady’s Choice*, a *petite piece*; *The Wishes of a Free People*, a dramatic poem; *The New Hippocrates*, a farce; *The Earl of Warwick*, a tragedy; *National Preja-*

dies, a comedy; and *The Philosophic Whim, or Astronomy*, a farce. *The Lady's Choice* was brought out at Covent-garden, in 1759, for the benefit of the author; it had been previously acted at Drury-lane, in 1756. There is a fair share of coarse humour in the dialogue, but no incident. The *New Hippocrates* was acted at Drury-lane, in 1761, and appeared utterly destitute of character, plot, or language. Garrick was afraid of Hiffennan's scurrility, and inflicted his dullness on the public as a sop to Cerberus. In 1764, Hiffennan printed a very indifferent translation of La Harpe's tragedy of *The Earl of Warwick*, but was never able to seduce any manager to act it. In 1768, Mrs. Abington produced his comedy of *National Prejudice* for her benefit. *The Philosophic Whim* is a jumble of utter nonsense, which found a printer, but the public were spared the infliction of enduring its representation. It is intended as a ridicule of some branches of modern philosophy, but miserably executed.

HENRY JONES was born in Drogheda, in the county of Meath. He was nothing more than an humble bricklayer; but having, like Burns, though with less inspiration, a natural turn for the muses, he pursued his devotions to them even during his mechanical labours, and composed a line of brick and a line of verse alternately. His bias ran in favour of panegyric, which gained him friends; and in the year 1745, when the Earl of Chesterfield went over to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, Jones was recommended to the notice of that accomplished nobleman, who took him under his special protection, transplanted him to England, recommended him to many of the nobility there, and not only by his influence and interest procured him a large subscription for publishing his poems, but, it is said, even charged himself with the alteration and correction of his tragedy of *The Earl of Essex*, which he prevailed on the managers of Covent-garden to bring on the stage. Lord Chesterfield also recommended him, in the warmest manner, to Colley Cibber, who showed him a thousand acts of friendship, and even made strong efforts, by his interest at court, to obtain for him the post of poet-laureate after his death. With these favourable prospects, it might have been expected that Jones would have passed

through life happily for himself, and creditably to the partiality of his friends; but this unfortunately was not the case. His temper was capricious, his habits unsteady, and he appeared to think himself born rather to be supported by others, than under a duty to secure to himself the profits which his writings and the munificence of his patrons from time to time afforded. After experiencing many reverses of fortune, he died in great indigence, in April, 1770, in a garret belonging to the landlord of the Bedford Coffee-house, by whose charity he had been for some time entirely supported. In many respects, except equality of genius, Jones resembled the ploughman bard of Caledonia. His tragedy of *The Earl of Essex* was produced at Covent-garden, on the 21st Feb., 1753, and has been often revived since. Jones in this play, and Banks long before him, in his *Unhappy Favourite*, are guilty of a great mistake in making Lord Burleigh one of their *dramatis personæ*. Lord Burleigh was dead three years before. They should have called the character Robert Cecil, as Brooke does in his tragedy on the same subject. Jones's play was admirably acted by Barry and Mrs. Cibber, and indeed in all the subordinate characters. Tate Wilkinson relates, that when Barry, in the fifth act, on going out to execution, pointed to the Countess of Rutland, who lay fainting on the ground, and said, "Oh! look there!" his attitude and pathetic expression of voice and countenance were such, that the critics in the pit actually burst into tears, and then shook the theatre with repeated and unbounded applause. This is one of the recorded great efforts of the great actors of former days, which modern actors do not try to execute, and modern audiences would not appreciate if they did. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, as they say in the old French comedy. Jones left unfinished another tragedy, called *The Cave of Idra*, in the hands of Reddish the actor, who consigning it to Hiffennan, he enlarged it to five acts, and produced it at Drury-lane, in 1774, for Reddish's benefit. It is believed that another tragedy by Jones, called *Harold*, is still in existence somewhere, in manuscript.

KANE O'HARA was, in all probability, born between 1715 and 1720. We can trace little of his personal history beyond the leading facts, that he was a

native of Ireland, a younger brother of a highly respectable family, and well known in the fashionable world. He resided in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and gave no indication, either in his appearance, habitual manners, or style of talk, that he possessed within him the vein of rich humour which enlivens his compositions. His strength lay in the burlesque, to assist which he had a perfect knowledge of music, with a well-regulated taste. He died, in advanced years, on the 17th of June, 1782, having been, for a considerable time, deprived of his eyesight. He wrote five dramatic pieces, all in the burletta class, which met with great success, and some of them still continue to be popular in defiance of time and changed opinions. Who is there, with a laugh in him, that does not enjoy *Midas* and *Tom Thumb*?

Midas was originally produced at the Crow-street Theatre in Dublin, in January, 1762. The Earl of Halifax, then Lord Lieutenant, honoured the fourth night with his presence, which was quite sufficient to ensure permanent attraction. The piece is, perhaps, in itself, the very best of the numerous productions in the same species which have continued to follow it. In its original state of three acts, it was long and tedious, and palled upon the audience; but reduced, as at present, to an afterpiece, it is likely to hold a distinguished place on the stage, as long as theatrical entertainments are in existence. Spranger Barry, at that time manager of Crow-street, intended to perform Sileno, in *Midas*, and rehearsed the part several times; but not being equal to the music he gave it up, and it was played by Corri. *Midas* was first produced at Covent-garden, on the 22nd of February, 1762, and repeated nine times during that season. There is an old play by Lyly on this subject, but none of the incidents are used in the burlesque, except the contest for musical superiority between Apollo and Pan.

The Golden Pippin, which ridicules the Judgment of Paris, came out at Covent-garden on 6th Feb., 1773. The author fell into the same error which he had committed before, of making his piece too long; but on the third night he very judiciously curtailed it into two acts. The celebrated Nan Catley performed Juno, and established half her own reputation, and nearly all the

success of the burletta, in a ballad called "Push about the jorum," which she acted and sung with a breadth of humour and effect that carried the house by storm. The fair vocalist was frail, fascinating, and fortunate. Such was her popularity and attraction in Dublin, that she received as much as forty pounds per night from Mossop, on several occasions. Those who study theatricals minutely, will find that large nightly salaries are not exclusively a hydra of modern growth. O'Keeffe says of Nan Catley—"She was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw; the expression of her eyes, and the smiles and dimples that played round her lip and cheeks were enchanting—she was eccentric, but had an excellent heart." She wore her hair after a peculiar fashion, which all the ladies in Dublin copied, and called having their hair *Catley-fied*. O'Keeffe illustrates the humours of this wayward child of genius, by the following amusing anecdote:—"The first time of my venturing into a theatre after the ill-success of my *Banditti*, Miss Catley accosted me from a front row in the lower boxes, loud enough to be heard by all and every body, 'So, O'Keeffe, you had a piece damned the other night—I'm glad of it—the devil mend you for writing an opera without bringing me into it?' A few minutes after she had thus addressed me, Leoni entered the box, with a lady leaning on his arm. Miss Catley, catching his eye, called out, 'How do you do, Leoni? I hear you're married. Is that your wife? Bid her stand up till I see her.' Leoni, abashed, whispered the lady, who, with good-humoured compliance, stood up. Catley, after surveying her a little, said, 'Ha! very well, indeed; I like your choice—she'll do.' The audience around seemed more diverted with this scene in the boxes than with that on the stage, as Miss Catley and her oddities were well known to all." *The Two Misers* is a musical farce, avowedly borrowed from the French of Falbaire. It was well received in 1775, but revived at Drury-lane, in 1816, without success. *April Day* is far inferior to the other productions of the same author. It was acted at the Haymarket in 1777, the principal characters by Bannister and Edwin. The burletta of *Tom Thumb*, altered from Fielding's *Tragedy of Tragedies*, came out at Covent-garden, on the

3rd of October, 1780, and still keeps the stage with undiminished credit. There were no songs in the original piece, which was purely satirical, and may properly be considered as a sequel to the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*. Mrs. Pilkington says, in her "Memoirs," that Dean Swift declared to her, that he had not laughed above twice in his life—once at some trick played by a mountebank's Merry Andrew, and the other time at the circumstance of Tom Thumb's killing the ghost. This incident was omitted by Fielding after the first edition. There never was a more ingenious improvement on an original, than Kane O'Hara's new adaptation of this immortal burlesque.

GORGES EDMUND HOWARD, the intimate friend and correspondent of Henry Brooke, was altogether a very remarkable person. He was educated under Dr. Sheridan, who prepared him for the University, where he was intended for the church, and hoped for a fellowship; but circumstances made him first a soldier, and afterwards an attorney. He had a natural tendency to be a poet, but never suffered his imaginative propensities to interfere with more lucrative business. He was a very voluminous writer on law and politics, which latter indulgence entailed on him a torrent of abuse and ridicule in the party periodicals of the day. He died in his native city, Dublin, in June, 1786, possessed of a very considerable fortune, wholly acquired by his own industry and application. The newspapers of the day made it amount to £60,000. His published works are very numerous and miscellaneous, amounting to fifteen volumes—four in quarto, and eleven in octavo. They were chiefly printed in Ireland, and may be picked up there, but are more difficult of access in England; and to say the truth, the greater part of them are not likely to attract many readers. What we have to do with here are his three tragedies—*Almeida*, or the *Rival Kings*, taken from Hawksworth's "Almorán and Hamet;" *The Siege of Tamor*, and *The Female Gamester*—all written after he had passed his fiftieth year. None of them were ever acted; and in the lyrical portions of the last, Howard was said to have been assisted

by the author of *Gustavus Vasa*. As mere closet plays, they are not without merit, although the acting drama has lost little by their being neglected. Howard has written memoirs of himself, which contain some curious and interesting particulars. He takes ample credit for the moral tendency of his literary labours, and says he could challenge the world to find in any of his publications, poetical, political, or otherwise, a single syllable to the prejudice of his neighbour, or to the peace of society, in any respect against truth, or the strictest principles of religion and virtue. The claim is put forth on solid grounds; but it would have been more graceful if he had suffered another to handle the trumpet for him, instead of blowing such a loud flourish on his own account.

THOMAS SHERIDAN is a name which all well-wishers to the Irish stage are bound to remember with respect and gratitude. By his personal conduct and character, he conferred respectability on a profession which had been commonly stigmatised as degrading, and rescued the national theatre from the accumulated evils of misrule, unbridled license, insubordination, and irregular payments, under which it was nearly extinguished when he assumed the managerial helm. His reign was unprofitable and tumultuous; some of the troubles in which he was involved he brought on himself, by want of prompt decision in a critical moment; but he swept away many abuses, and elevated the drama in the Irish metropolis, at least to a level with its proudest ascendancy at Drury-lane and Covent-garden. During his first season as sole director, the play-bills exhibited the names of Garrick, Barry, Sheridan, and Miss Bellamy, on the same night, and in the same performances. This occurred in 1745—so long ago were the audience of Dublin accustomed to see and to require a combination of the leading talent of the day.

Thomas Sheridan, the third son of Swift's friend, and father of the great orator, was born at Quilca, in the county of Cavan, in 1719, and died at Margate, on the 14th of August, 1788. A very characteristic tribute to his memory,* in the form of an epitaph,

* See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, March, 1850, under "Irish Theatricals."

was written by Dr. Parr, but not inscribed upon his intended monument. He received the first rudiments of education under his father, and at the age of thirteen was admitted on the foundation at Westminster school, where in two years he obtained a King's Scholarship by merit alone. From thence he was removed to Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree as M.A., about 1736. He was originally intended for the church, but he had no interest, and little prospect of preferment. In 1738, his father died, when he found himself "lord of his presence, and no land besides," but under a pressing necessity of choosing his future course in life. He had acquired much reputation for oratory in the delivery of his academic exercises, and this turned his thoughts to the stage—an evil selection for himself, but of infinite benefit to the cause in which he finally resolved to embark. His figure and voice were defective, but he possessed sound judgment, which carried him over all difficulties. On the 29th of January, 1743, being then only twenty-three years of age, he appeared at Smock-alley as Richard III., and met with a success almost equal to that which had accompanied the *debüt* of Garrick, in London, two years earlier, and in the same character. He subsequently performed Hamlet, Brutus, Lord Townly, Othello, and Cato, with increasing applause. The last-named play involved him in a squabble with Theophilus Cibber, about a robe, when both rushed into print in a series of appeals to the public. This controversy was afterwards collected into a pamphlet, under the title of "Buskin and Sock," and is worth looking after by any one who may contemplate writing a complete history of the Irish stage. The immediate consequence drove Sheridan to Covent-garden, where he appeared in *Hamlet*, on the 31st of March, 1744; and at Drury-lane, as *Othello*, on the 26th of April, 1745. In the May of that year, he attained the summit of his wishes—the sole direction of the Dublin theatre, with unlimited powers, and set to work immediately to produce the reform which he felt to be necessary, and thought he was able to effect. His great object was to engage Garrick. He accordingly wrote a letter to him, saying, that he was then sole manager of the Dublin stage, and understand-

ing he had expressed a wish to pay a second visit to Ireland, he informed him he should be happy to see him in Dublin, and that he would give him every advantage and encouragement he could in reason expect. In short, he made an offer to divide the profits arising from their united representations, after deducting the expenses incurred. As there had been a sort of rivalry and coolness between them before Sheridan left London, he, at the same time, frankly added, that he must expect nothing from his friendship, but all that the very best actor had a right to command he might be certain should be granted.

Garrick was on a visit at Colonel Wyndham's, when he received this letter. After looking it over, he put it into his host's hand, saying, "This is the oddest epistle I ever read in my life."

"It may be an odd one," replied the Colonel, when he had perused it; but it is surely an honest one. I should certainly depend upon a man that treated me with such openness and simplicity of heart."

Garrick accordingly accepted the invitation, and repaired to Ireland. On his arrival he was met by Sheridan, who offered to fulfil his promise of sharing profits and losses. Though nothing could be fairer than this proposal, Garrick insisted on a stipulated sum for performing through the winter. The other objected to the demand, and persisted in his first offer, which, as he justly observed, was the most reasonable. The attraction could hardly fail, and Garrick would, under any result, receive as much money as he brought, while others would not be losers. After some little dispute, which Sheridan decided by taking out his watch, and demanding a definitive answer in five minutes, Garrick submitted to his terms, and the affair closed in a most amicable manner. The season proved to be one of unprecedented brilliancy, and placed the Dublin Theatre on a pinnacle, which it has never since overtopped; but the manager's profits by no means kept pace with the efforts he made, and the reputation he established. The great commercial secret to be learnt in conducting a theatre, is not how much money can be taken, but how much can be kept. To Sheridan's credit, it must be recorded, that throughout the

whole connexion between him and Garrick, such was his strict adherence to his engagements, and open, unreserved behaviour, that they parted on the most friendly terms; Garrick acknowledging that he had found him the man of honour and the gentleman. He might well do so, seeing that he returned to England with a well-stocked purse, and a great addition to his professional fame. Garrick has been frequently charged with envy and jealousy, but during his sojourn in Dublin he bore ample testimony to Barry's rising merit; and in several letters, written to his friends in London, he assured them that he was the best lover he had ever seen. Hitchcock says, he played Altamont, in the *Fair Penitent*, so finely, that he made the part equally prominent with the Lothario of Garrick, and the Horatio of Sheridan. The observation has been frequently repeated, but the fact is impossible. That Barry imparted more consequence to Altamont than the character ever received either before or since, it is easy to believe; but genius cannot produce effects without material; and the husband of Calista is so kept down by the author, that no executive talent could raise him above the uninteresting class who are professionally designated, walking gentlemen.

Sheridan, emboldened by the success of his first season, went on prosperously with his work of regenerating the Irish stage, until 1754, when the celebrated "Mahomet Row" occurred, which broke his fortunes, and drove him from the management. The details of this event have been so often described, that repetition here would be superfluous. Sheridan brought it on himself by two capital errors; he ought not to have repeated the play, and he ought to have appeared when the audience demanded his presence. As they called for him he would surely have been heard. In nineteen cases out of twenty, the most formidable organised conspiracy is beaten by a bold front and a ready argument. Sheridan's general system was characterised by much energy and ability; but he fell into a leading mistake in starting with combinations which it was impossible to continue, and committed one of equal magnitude by engaging to give larger salaries to particular performers than the theatre could afford. These engagements were all

punctually fulfilled; but they established precedents which his successors have found it very difficult to imitate.

On the 24th of October, 1754, Sheridan having accepted an engagement in London, appeared in Covent-garden, as Hamlet. The "Dramatic Censor" thus speaks of his performance:—"Sheridan, under the disadvantages of a moderate person, and still more moderate voice, by the effects of sound judgment undoubtedly stands second to Garrick. In the lighter scenes he wants ease and levity; but in the soliloquies, and the closet scene, he is truly excellent." During this season he brought out his alteration of *Coriolanus*, from Shakspeare and Thompson, but the play was published without his name as the adapter. In 1756, Victor and Sowdon, to whom Sheridan had let his theatre, being thoroughly tired of their experiment, and the public expressing a wish for his return, he once more resumed the helm of management; but to the perpetual disgrace of that same public, he was compelled, before being permitted to appear, to make an apology to the parties who had done their best to ruin him, without the slightest provocation or offence on his part. He went on for several seasons with varied success, until Barry and Woodward built the theatre in Crow-street, and the opposition proved mutually ruinous. The new house, as Victor prophetically observed, was "a foundation of misfortune to many." On the 20th of April, 1759, Sheridan finally retired from the ungrateful task to which he had devoted many of the best years of his life. In 1760-1, he engaged at Drury-lane with Garrick, and they appeared together and alternately in many pieces with mutual advantage, and drew crowded houses; but in the revival of *King John*, Sheridan, who performed the King, appeared to tower so completely over Garrick, whose figure unfitted him for Falconbridge, that the latter was disgusted with his comparative failure, and curtailed the run of the play, although the boxes were taken for several nights in succession. The anecdote rests on the authority of Davies, who, as a chronicler, is not quite as much to be depended on as Polybius or Tacitus. Whatever might be the cause, Sheridan and Garrick parted at the close of the season, with mutual animosity, and the well-

meant interference of friends failed to reconcile the quarrel.

Sheridan's last appearance as an actor was at Covent-garden, in 1776; and his concluding performance, Maskwell, in Congreve's *Double-Dealer*, for his own benefit, on the 5th March. After this, he confined himself to delivering lectures on oratory, and joined Henderson, as late as 1785, in miscellaneous readings, at Freemason's Hall. When his son purchased Garrick's interest in Drury-lane, in 1770, the elder Sheridan was appointed manager; but he was found to be either too old, or too bold a reformer, and resigned his post at the end of three years.

English literature owes to Thomas Sheridan "A Pronouncing Dictionary," which was long considered the standard authority; an "Essay on Education," a "Course of Oratorical Lectures," and a complete edition of the "Works of Dean Swift," with a life of the author, which was published in 1784, in nineteen volumes octavo. His dramatic works are four in number—one original farce, and three alterations. *Captain O'Blunder*, or *the Brave Irishman*, was written when Sheridan was a mere boy; but the original copy being lost, the dialogue was supplied from the memory of the actors. The subject is taken from Moliere's *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, who is turned into an Irishman. This farce was first acted at Goodman's Fields in 1746. O'Keeffe says that Sheridan wrote the part of Captain O'Blunder for Isaac Sparkes; that it had a powerful effect, and was played very often. *Coriolanus* is a variorum edition of Thompson's previous mutilation, with the introduction of the "Ovation," and triumphal chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," which John Kemble afterwards retained, together with the metamorphosed last act, and announced to the unsuspecting public that all this was genuine Shakspeare. Sheridan added the second title of the "Roman Matron," which Kemble also retained. *The Loyal Subject* is a *rechauffé* of Beaumont and Fletcher's tragi-comedy of the same name, acted in Dublin, without much attraction, and never printed. *Romeo and Juliet* was also produced in Ireland in 1746. The alterations here are utterly unpardonable. Sheridan, who performed *Romeo*, robbed *Mercutio* of his Queen

Mab speech, and added it to his own part. We have seen this most incongruous larceny perpetrated in more recent days, by Montague Talbot, when manager of sundry small theatres in the north of Ireland; but we were not aware at the time that he could quote such a plausible precedent. According to Hitchcock, *Romeo and Juliet* was got up with a characteristic pomp and splendour never before exhibited on the stage in Ireland, and was performed for many successive nights—the great point of attraction being *the funeral procession*. Garrick's alteration did not appear until two years later; and as Sheridan's was never printed, it is impossible now to say which of the two Shakspeare-menders copied from the other. In closing this brief notice of Thomas Sheridan, it may be said with truth, that he was a most judicious actor, an accomplished manager, a sound scholar, a highly respectable gentleman, and a very indifferent dramatist.

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN was born in York-street, Dublin, on the 23rd of October, 1728, and received the rudiments of his education there, at the seminary of the Rev. W. Butler, where he was schoolfellow with the celebrated tragedian Mossop. At the age of fifteen he obtained a commission in a regiment of which his father was major; but making an exchange to a newly-raised company, he was reduced at the conclusion of the war, in 1748. On this event, he indulged his inclination for the stage, and accordingly appeared at the Smock-alley theatre, as Aboan, in *Oroonoko*. Notwithstanding an unimportant figure and paralysing timidity, he succeeded (if we are to believe his own account) beyond his most sanguine expectations; but having some property, and hearing that a legacy had been left him by a relation, he determined to come to London, where, it appears, he soon dissipated the little fortune he possessed. He then engaged to perform at the theatre in Bath, and remained there some time. From thence he migrated to Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, and other places, following the itinerant car of Thespis in many wanderings. Growing tired of a desultory life, he settled at Malton, about twenty miles from York, on the road to Scarborough, where he married, and had some expectation of being

provided for by the Marquis of Granby, to whom he was recommended by a gentleman that had known his father. With this hope, he returned to London, but soon had the mortification to find his prospects clouded by the sudden death of his patron. In 1770, he performed at the Haymarket, under the management of Foote, and continued with him three seasons, when he was discharged, not for his own demerits, but "at a time of peculiar embarrassment to the manager." Gentleman afterwards returned to Ireland, where he died, on the 21st of December, 1784, in George's-lane, Dublin, having for the last seven years of his life struggled under sickness and want to an unusual extent of misery. He seems to have had no great reason to be satisfied with his success either as an actor or author. A short account of himself is prefixed to his comedy of *The Modish Wife*, acted at the Haymarket, and printed in 1774. From that we have extracted these few particulars: "I heartily wish," says he, "I had been fated to use an awl and end, sooner than the pen; for nothing but a pensioned defender of government, a sycophant to managers, or a slave to booksellers, can do anything more than crawl."

Gentleman wrote fifteen dramatic pieces, some of which were acted at the country theatres to which he belonged, others at the Haymarket, and some not at all. They are entirely forgotten, with the exception of *The Tobaccoist*, a condensed alteration of Ben Johnson's *Alchemyst*, which was reprinted in Oxberry's British Theatre, in 1818. This is the piece which Edmund Kean revived for his benefit at Drury-lane, on the 24th of May, 1815, when Mrs. Garrick wrote a laconic note to tell him he could not play Abel Druggier; to which he replied, with equal brevity, that he knew it. Francis Gentleman was also the author of a critical work, in two volumes, called "The Dramatic Censor," which appeared in 1770, and attracted some notice. He enjoys, too, the discredit of being the editor of the worst edition of Shakespeare that ever appeared, namely, that printed by Bell, in nine volumes, in 1773.

What living man of letters is there who does not feel that he was personally acquainted with OLIVER GOLDSMITH, and entitled to rank amongst

his intimate associates? An Irishman he was, and Ireland may well be proud of him; but he was also a genuine cosmopolite — a true citizen of the world, and extended humanity claims him as a friend and brother. Who will gainsay that he was the easiest, the simplest, the most unaffected, the most graceful, the most touching, the most humorous, the most varied, and, at the same time, the most entertaining writer that ever put his thoughts on record, for the amusement and instruction of posterity? What has he done that could have been as well done by any one else, or that it would have been better to have left alone? We would give a Bodleian Library (if we had it) to forget "The Vicar of Wakefield," and see it now placed before us for the first time. How beautiful are his versatile qualifications expressed in the epitaph written by Johnson, and inscribed on his monument in "Westminster's old Abbey,"—"Nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit;" and how sincerely grateful we feel for the honest indignation of the great champion of literature, who spurned the cowardly "Round Robin" which besought him to render his nervous Latin into less expressive English. But this epitaph has a mistake. It says, that Goldsmith was born in 1731, whereas it is quite certain, from later and more correct authority, that he first saw light on the 29th of November, 1728. Many able pens have been employed on biographies of Goldsmith, including those of Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, and Thomas Campbell, the poet of Hope. Prior's life is good, careful, and elaborate; Forster's is, in some respects, better; and Washington Irving's might have been spared altogether. From these sources, and others which preceded them, we learn every minute particular of the man's acts, and how it fared with him in a series of hard struggles through his allotted pilgrimage; but Boswell has revived the man himself, with his wayward temper, his uncouth features and figure, his brusque manners, his vanity, his envies, his jealousies, his warm heart, his sufferings under the despotic supremacy of Johnson, his happy retorts, his embarrassments, his gambling propensities, his constitutional benevolence, and all his personal peculiarities and eccentricities, even to the cut and co-

lour of his clothes. All this is placed before us in stereotyped reality, and forms the most delightful episode in that matchless magazine of authentic gossip. Goldsmith had established his reputation as a critic, a novelist, an historian, and a moral poet, by "The Citizen of the World," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The History of England," and "The Traveller," when he was encouraged to try his hand at the drama, and on the 29th of January, 1768, his first comedy of *The Good-Natured Man* was performed at Covent-garden. He was then in the fortieth year of his age. It is to be lamented that he did not begin at an earlier period to turn his talents to dramatic composition; and much more so, that after he had begun, his life was so soon cut off. There is a cadence in his prose uncommonly sweet and harmonious to the ear. His sentences are clear, simple, and easy to be understood; while the humour flows naturally, and without effort. We never require to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows. Obscurity never calls us back to a repetition. Distress and want of ready money drove Goldsmith upon literary hack-work, or inferior undertakings, neither congenial with his studies nor worthy of his talents.

The Good-Natured Man was well received, though not with success equal to its merit; but the public had become sentimental, and thought the rich scene of the bailiffs too coarse, which was retrenched in consequence. Dr. Johnson wrote an excellent prologue, in which he extols the comedy as the best since *The Provoked Husband*, and says, no such character as Croker had been produced on the stage within his recollection. Goldsmith seems to have taken the hint of Honeywood, the good-natured man, from the lover of Miss Braddock, in his own life of Beau Nash. His three third nights, and the sale of the copyright, put into his pocket a sum he had never had there before—£500! With this money he purchased chambers, furnished them elegantly, and appeared in a laced hat, and a new suit of his favourite peach-colour.

The Good-Natured Man kept the stage for many years, and was revived and repeated three times at Covent-garden, as late as March, 1826. In 1770, Goldsmith published his beau-

tiful poem of "The Deserted Village." Previously to this, Griffin, the bookseller, of Catharine-street, had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copyright. Goldsmith mentioned this, some hours after, to one of his friends, who observed, that it was a very great sum for so short a performance. "In truth," replied Goldsmith, "I think so too; it is nearly five shillings a couplet, which is much more than the honest man can afford, and indeed more than any modern poetry is worth. I have not been easy since I received it; I will therefore go back and return him his note." This he actually did, and left it to the bookseller to remunerate him, according to the profit produced by the sale of his poem; which proved to be very considerable, and at least equal to the first *douceur*. Goldsmith was altogether not the worst paid amongst the sons of Apollo, and, at his death, it appeared that he owed eighteen hundred pounds—a marvellous state of credit for a poet who was known to have no income but what he derived from his wit.

On the 15th March, 1773, Goldsmith's second comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, was produced at Covent-garden. Garrick had coquetted for a considerable time with respect to acting the play at Drury-lane, until Johnson, tired of his delays and excuses, carried it to Colman, in a huff, and almost compelled him to bring it forward. Colman had become inoculated with the "*False Delicacy*" influenza, and tolerated the new comedy, from respect for the author and his supporters, rather than from any hope that it would enrich his treasury by its intrinsic merits. Woodward and Smith, who were designed to play Tony Lumpkin and Young Marlow, caught the contagion, and resigned their parts. Quick and Lee Lewes jumped into the unexpected vacancies, and owed much of their early reputation to the fortunate opportunity. Cumberland, in his memoirs, has given a very entertaining account of the first night; but the late biographers of Goldsmith assert that his story is not to be depended on, and that the particulars are invented by himself. Goldsmith's friends, mustered in strong force; hard-handed and loud-lunged partisans were stationed in the pit, with instructions when to applaud and when to laugh. Dr. Johnson sat conspicuous in the front row of a side-

box, and when he relaxed into a smile, everybody thought himself warranted to roar. Goldsmith himself was in such a state of nervous anxiety, that he kept away until the fifth act had begun, when he crept in behind the scenes, and his ears were saluted by a hiss. "What's that? what's that?" he exclaimed, trembling with apprehension. "Pshaw! my dear doctor," said Colman, to comfort him; "of what consequence is a squib, when we have been sitting for two hours on a barrel of gunpowder?" The papers of the day asserted that the solitary hiss came from Cumberland. The severe critics said the comedy was too farcical; but nature and Goldsmith vindicated their power, and, with this single dissentient voice, the whole house rang with acclamations. The comedy has kept the stage ever since, and even now is as frequently acted as any old play on the list. One of the most ludicrous incidents—that of the supposed robbery in the fifth act—may be traced to Tomkis' drama of *Albumazar*, acted before James I. at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1614, and afterwards revived by Garrick (without success), in 1773.

In 1777, Miss Farren selected *Miss Hardcastle*, in Goldsmith's comedy, for her first appearance before a London audience. Goldsmith was so pleased with Quick's performance of Tony Lumpkin, that, for his benefit during the same season, he altered Sir Charles Sedley's comedy of the *Grunbler* into a farce, in one act, and made him a present of it. The piece was only acted on that single occasion, and has never been printed. *She Stoops to Conquer* produced to the author a clear profit of £800. Some months later, his "History of the Earth and Animated Nature" gave him £850 more. Yet,

notwithstanding these considerable receipts within a period of twelve months, his liberal and indiscreet benefactions to poor authors, poor Irishmen, and needy adventurers from all countries, together with his habitual carelessness as to money matters in general, and a half-proved attachment to gaming, so embarrassed his circumstances, that he became uneasy, fretful, and peevish, and fell into a sort of constitutional despondency, under which he spoke of life with careless indifference. A nervous fever added to this hypochondria, which induced him, against the advice of his physicians, to take so large a dose of James's powder, that it was supposed to have hastened his dissolution, which happened on the 4th of April, 1774, after an illness of ten days. He was then in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Goldsmith's principal works are now more popular than ever. They charm and fascinate in youth, they please in life's decline, and are acceptable to all tastes and all humours. "Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety." "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," "The Hermit," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and *She Stoops to Conquer*, will live while language lasts, and until polite literature is entirely ingulfed in the encroaching maelstrom of utilitarianism. It would be difficult to cull, from the aggregate labours of any other general author, so large a proportion which bears the undeniable impress of immortality, so much which every reader can thoroughly understand and sympathise with, and so many pages teeming with deep-rooted impressions, which are all as wholesome as they are delightful, without the slightest infusion of poison or alloy.

J. W. C.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

THE pleasure which the writings of James Montgomery have given to large classes of readers has been such that there are few by whom some record of his life will not be felt desirable. So long ago as the year 1820, Mr. John Holland, the compiler of the work before us, and Mr. James Everett—the latter a preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists—were engaged in collecting materials for a work which they foresaw would, one day or other, be demanded. Each at first commenced his task without any knowledge that the other was similarly employed. In the end, they agreed that the accumulated materials should become the property of the survivor. Arrangements of this kind, which relate to an uncertain future, are apt to be defeated by events not contemplated by the parties. Both survived Montgomery; but Everett has ceased to be a Wesleyan preacher, and it would seem that his separation from that body arising from some differences of doctrine or of discipline, renders it unpleasant to him to be the ostensible historian of Montgomery's platform speeches, which, though the poet was not a member of any Methodist community, were chiefly made in connexion with Wesleyan benevolent institutions. Everett was, it would seem, but five years stationed at Sheffield. What he could tell of Montgomery would, then, seem to be confined, as far as personal knowledge went, to five years of the poet's life, commencing in 1820 or 1821. Mr. Holland's acquaintance with the poet was, probably, of earlier date—certainly not of later. With him Montgomery appears to have been very intimate. In his will he appointed him his executor. Everett, though his name appears with Holland's on the titlepage, gave up to him whatever materials he had collected for biography, and Mr. Holland must be regarded as responsible for the contents of the volumes. It does not seem necessary here to state more than that the volumes before us do not carry down the narrative beyond the year 1812.

We dismiss entirely from our consideration the introductory paragraphs on the antiquities of the noble family of Montgomery, as the poet made no claim of descent from them, and knew nothing of his ancestors.

In the journals of Whitfield there is a passage which describes John Cennick:—"He was a truly great soul!—one of those weak things which God has chosen to confound the strong. Such a hardy worker with his hands, and such a hearty preacher at the same time, I have scarce known. All call him a second Bunyan." The same impulses which lead energetic men from their own religious communions, are often far from finding themselves satisfied in the new societies which they join; and Cennick passed from the Baptists to the Moravians; went to Ireland in 1746; and founded a Moravian settlement, under the name of Grace-hill, in the county of Antrim. One of his congregation was John Montgomery, a young weaver, as his father had been before him. Montgomery was received, in 1757, into communion with the United Brethren, as the Moravians call themselves; and soon afterwards became one of their preachers. He visited Yorkshire and Guernsey, and for a few years moved about as he was ordered by the Society. In 1768 he married Mary Blackley. Their second child was James, who was born November 4th, 1771, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, in which place John Montgomery had been appointed to the pastoral charge of a small congregation. The house in which James Montgomery was born is standing—the one end still occupied as a dwelling, the other as a weaver's shop. Some verses, till now unpublished, of Montgomery's have much of his peculiar manner:—

"The moment of his birth
None can remember—none
Recal his earliest glance from earth
Up to yon glorious sun:
Nor trace that point of memory,
When infant thought began to be.

* "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery." By John Holland and James Everett. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1854.

"Unknowing when, how, where,
Whence come, or whither bound,
A breather of the common air,
Himself unsought, the found—
A frame in which, as sprung from nought,
The miracle of life was wrought.

"Thence, by an impulse strange,
Without his choice or will,
From step to step, and change to change,
On is he carried still,
Nor of the future can forecast
One moment certain—save the last."

Canning, in a letter to Scott, in 1825, says:—"I rejoice to see that my countrymen (for though I was accidentally born in London, I consider myself an Irishman) have so well known the honour you are paying them." Montgomery was accidentally born in Scotland. His parents were Irish, and his own early recollections were of Ireland, the home of his infancy.

James, now between six and seven years of age, was, with his brother Ignatius, placed at school with the Moravians, at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire.

In the year 1783 the parents of Montgomery went as missionaries to the West Indies. The rules of the Moravians provide for the education of missionaries' children. Robert and Ignatius were left, with James, at Fulneck, "in charge of the Brethren."

One of the teachers at Fulneck was Job Bradley, whose death is recorded by Montgomery as occurring in 1810. In an obituary notice, his pupil says that he died at Fulneck, "where he was for forty-six years teacher of the least class in Fulneck School." Bradley seems, in his way, to have cultivated the imagination of the children under his care, which is the more deserving of notice, that reading any works of imagination was, as far as possible, discouraged by the Moravians. "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe" were, however, among the books at Fulneck; and when he was led to speak of Miss Porter's "Shipwreck of Sir Edward Seward," he used to say she had been anticipated fifty years before—

"By Joe Binns, one of my schoolfellows at Fulneck, who after reading 'Robinson Crusoe,' wrote a tale of his own, in which he peopled a desert island with the whole crew of a cast-away ship, deriving from them, as I remember he did, not only a new race of people, but a dynasty of sovereigns I

I joined with him in the performance; and in describing the territorial divisions of our island we had in view a number of odd-shaped fields which lay on the hill-side opposite the school."—p. 30.

The arrangements of the Moravian brethren in England were adopted from those in Germany; of which the most striking account that we know is given in Madame de Stael's "Germany." The third chapter of the fourth book of "Germany" will well repay any reader who has the opportunity of turning to it. The Moravians she describes as "the monks of Protestantism." The important distinction, however, exists, and at all times existed, of the Moravians not being bound by life-long vows, nor was marriage at any time interdicted among them. The narrative of the original foundation of Herrnhut is one which has been often well told—nowhere better than in Southey's life of Wesley; but we cannot now delay to describe the circumstances under which the emigrants who settled on Count Zinzendorf's estate in Saxony, left their homes in Moravia and Bohemia, to escape persecution. Such differences of opinion as could not but exist among men, all enthusiastic and most of them unlearned, was near breaking up the new settlement. Zinzendorf himself inclined to abandoning the peculiar discipline of the brethren and uniting the society to the Lutheran Church, with which they agreed, or seemed to agree, in doctrine. The brethren—then numbering five or six hundred—referred it to the lot—as was then, and is, we believe, still the custom with the Moravians, in matters affecting the ecclesiastical government of the body, or even the domestic arrangements of families—whether they should abandon or retain the forms which they regarded as their inheritance, bequeathed by their fathers. Two texts of St. Paul were written on separate papers—the first, seeming to express something like Zinzendorf's thought of concession; the second was, "Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught." This was regarded as decisive. Zinzendorf entered into holy orders; and the Moravians sent missionaries abroad, and established colonies in various parts of the continent. Archbishop Potter, with whom Zinzendorf was in com-

munication, as to Moravians preaching in Georgia, recognised them as an "Apostolical and Episcopal Church, not sustaining any doctrine repugnant to the Church of England."

La Trobe, in his preface to the old translation of "Cranz's History of Greenland," quotes Potter as saying in words, that "no Englishman, who had any notion of ecclesiastical history, could doubt of their episcopal succession." If this means, that the kind of proof which ought to satisfy an inquirer that the Moravian Church can trace, as an historic fact, the succession of their bishops from apostolic times, we think it would require somewhat more than Potter's authority to fix such a fact. That their doctrines are not inconsistent with those taught in the Scriptures, is, in our mind, a matter of much more moment; and this may be safely affirmed. Potter's not discouraging the employment of their pastors in our American possessions, on grounds of form, when he was satisfied that their teaching was not repugnant to anything in the Church of England, does him honour.

Herrnhut, the chief settlement of the Moravian brethren, built on the great road from Zittau to Loban, consisted, in 1738, of about one hundred houses. Their rule of life was as strict as if it had been regulated in obedience to the monastic vows. "The sexes were divided, each into five classes—three of Children, according to their growth; two others of the Young and of the Married:—

"The single men, and single women and widows dwelt in separate houses, but each in community. Two women kept a nightly watch in the women's apartment, and two men in the street. They were expected to pray for those who slept, and to sing hymns which might excite feelings of devotion in those who were awake. There was an *Eldest* over each sex, and two inferior *eldests* over the young men and the boys, and over the unmarried women and the girls. Besides this classification according to sex, age, and condition, each household was considered as a separate class, and had its helper or deacon, its censor, its monitor, its almoner, and its servant or helper of the lowest order: in the female classes these offices were filled by women. The deacon or helper was to instruct them in their private assemblies; to take care that outward things were done decently and in order, and to see that every member grew in grace, and walked suitably to his holy calling. The censors were to

observe the smallest things, and report them either to the helpers or monitors, and the monitors might freely admonish even the rulers of the Church. And as if this system of continual inspection were not sufficient, there were secret monitors, besides those who were known to hold that office. They were subdivided into bands, the members of which met together twice or thrice a-week to confess their faults one to another, and pray for one another. Every band had its leader chosen as being a person of the most experience, and all these leaders met the superior *Eldest* every week, for the purpose of 'laying open to him and to the Lord whatsoever hindered or furthered the work of God in the souls committed to their charge.'—pp. 166-7.

The pastors or teachers at Herrnhut were regularly ordained. Madame de Stael probably wrote from imperfect information, or perhaps the congregation which she visited, at Dindendorf, differed in some respects from the original community; for she describes that congregation as having no persons in holy orders, and says, that the ministerial office was taken in turns by the most religious and venerable persons in the society. At Herrnhut there were perpetual conferences, in which superintendents and elders were engaged in exhorting the members of each class—the married as well as the unmarried. After the evening eight o'clock service the young men went about the town singing hymns. On the first Saturday in the month the sacrament was administered, and they washed each other's feet. "A round of perpetual prayer, through every hour in the day, was kept up by married men and women, maids, bachelors, boys and girls, twenty-four of each, who volunteered to relieve each other in this endless service:—

"The children were prepared by their education for a life of such continual pupilage. They rose between five and six, prayed a while in private, and worked till seven; an hour's schooling followed, and then the hour of public service. From nine till eleven they were at school; they were then indulged with an hour's walk: at twelve they dined altogether, and worked till one: from one till three writing or working were the order of the day, arithmetic at three, history at four: work again at five, supper at six, and more work till seven: a little prayer at seven, and a little walking till eight, when the younger children went to bed, and the larger to public service, and when this was done they were set again to work till bed-

time, which was at ten. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and English were taught. There were no holidays or relaxation of any kind, except the little time allowed for walking."—pp. 168-9.

Madame de Stael tells us, that, in the Moravian town which she describes, "instead of bells, wind-instruments, of a very sweet harmony, summoned them to divine service." Her imagination brought before her the trumpets of the last judgment—"Not such as remorse makes us fear them, but such as a pious confidence makes us hope them." The church was decked out with white roses and blossoms of whitethorn; there were pictures in the church. The service consisted chiefly—she seems to say exclusively—of psalmody. "There was no sermon, nor mass, nor argument, nor theological discussion; it was the worship of God in spirit and in truth."

She describes the Moravian burying-ground as she saw that at Dindendorf. It was cultivated as a garden; at each gravestone was planted a flowering shrub. "All these gravestones are equal; not one of these shrubs rises above the other, and the same epitaph serves for all the dead—"He was born on such a day, and on such another he returned into his native country." . . . A sepulchre and a prayer exhaust all the power of the pathetic; and the more simple the faith, the more emotion is caused by the worship." In Montgomery's "World before the Flood," the burial-place of the patriarchs is described in a passage of great beauty. It is pictured from those of the Moravians:—

"Javan linger'd in that burying-place,
A scene sequester'd from the haunts of men,
The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose:
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who dress'd with duteous hands each hal-
low'd sod:
No sculptured monument was taught to
breathe
His praises, whom the worm devour'd be-
neath;
The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there;
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
By one dishonour'd or by all forgot;
To some warm heart the poorest dust was
- dear,
From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a
- tear.

And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But, white and red with intermingling flowers,
The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers.
Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their
bound,
Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring
sound.
'Twas not a scene for Grief to nourish care;
It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to
prayer.

"Why linger'd Javan in that lone retreat?
The shrine of her that bare him drew his
feet;
Trembling he sought it, fearing to behold
A bed of thistles, or unsightly mould;
But lo! the turf, which his own hands had
piled,
With choicest flowers, and richest verdure
smiled;
By all the glen, his mother's couch of rest,
In his default, was visited and blest."

At the Moravian establishment at Fulneck, even half a century after Montgomery had been placed there, all the peculiar observances and discipline of the Moravians was, as far as possible, carried out. It may be said, as it is by the biographers of Montgomery, that works of imagination were discouraged. But we can conceive no circumstances more likely to keep the imaginative faculty wakeful than those which surrounded a boy placed in one of those seminaries, where entire seclusion from the world was, as far as possible, secured, and where the mind was kept engaged in the effort to realise to itself a life above and beyond that which surrounds us. That Montgomery should have lived in a dream does not surprise us—that he should have sought early to escape from the happy valley, and make out what the world was like, was but too natural. Of the school at Fulneck a very interesting account is given in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, for June, 1845, to which we can but refer, by one who had been a pupil in the school, and afterwards became a clergyman, we believe in the Church of England.

We wish we had room for this writer's account of the Easter Sunday's services. The Boys' Sleeping Hall was a vast room, extending over the whole of the building appropriated to the school. A piano-forte was taken, on the evening of Easter-day, to one

end of this room, where "it threw a dim light on a splendid painting of a dead Christ, removed from the brethren's house. We stood in front of the picture. The piano, accompanied by a French bugle, broke the silence with one of the old Moravian hymn tunes. The hall, except the spot where the worshippers were gathered, was in darkness. They, for a while, remained in silence contemplating the picture. The music, which had ceased for a little while, recommenced, and the congregation sung the old hymn—

"Met around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why these tears?"*

This was followed by an anthem.

The next morning they assembled in the chapel, followed by an immense crowd. The service opened with a voluntary on the organ, and the leading persons in the congregation entered the chapel, chanting as they walked, "*The Lord is risen indeed.*" Then the Litany commenced—the responses were sung by the choir and congregation. On reaching the part which relates to the Church triumphant, all adjourned to the burial ground, and the service was finished in the open air.

Passion week was also kept holy, and celebrated with hymns and devotional music. Christmas-eve, Christmas-day, Whit-Sunday, Palm-Sunday, and the days which the Church of the brethren calls "Memorial and Choir" days, were also devoted to religious services. On these days the boys were awakened by music from the choristers, who, in imitation of German customs, perambulated the streets from an early hour in the morning. On Christmas-eve, the only sound heard in the village was that of the chapel bell. The chapel was decorated by the Sisters with festoons of evergreens. Immediately in front of the pulpit was a scroll, fringed with holly, fir, and all such flowers as could be procured in winter, bearing the inscription, "UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN." The choir performed the Christmas Anthem, and tea was handed round, while children sang—

"Christ the Lord, the Lord most glorious,
Now is born. Oh, shout aloud!"

On the last night of the year the Moravians have a solemn service. The

congregation at Fulneck assembled for a love-feast at eleven, p.m., a full choir attended. One of the pastors addressed the audience; before his address was concluded, the swelling organ was heard, accompanied with flutes, horns, and trombones. The congregation rose and sang—

"Now let us praise the Lord."

These old Moravian hymns have been translated from German, for the most part by Germans, and often with great skill. We regret that in each reprint of them the peculiarities of the first translations are filed away, and the effect diminished. After the hymn there was a form of benediction, and thus was the old year sung out. The festival days used to bring distinguished strangers to Fulneck. Among those who were thus brought, was Montgomery himself, in the noon of his reputation, and Chalmers.

In the paper to which we refer in the *Metropolitan*, there is abundant evidence that whatever was the case in Montgomery's time, the Moravian walls were not as strong against the Imagination as Messieurs Holland and Everett would have us believe. That the young should dream dreams, and the old see visions, was but natural. That ghosts should be vouched for, and show themselves in evening twilight to persons who seemed to live among the dead, does not excite in us any surprise. The German masters in the school, had their stories of the Hartz Mountains. "Gabriel's Hounds" were mentioned in many a Yorkshire legend, which the boys could scarcely avoid bearing something of. Robin Hood, like the sprite Robin Goodfellow, could scarcely have been kept out if there was any crevice whatever left open. Montgomery himself, in one of his earliest poems, has availed himself of the popular tradition which then, and still leads the villager to watch on St. Mark's-eve, in order to see the phantoms of those destined for death within the ensuing year. The Moravian hymns themselves raising the thoughts above earth and its incidents, and colouring all things with a light from other skies than that illumined by the sun and stars of earth, when in reality felt, and when the

* The hymn is printed in Montgomery's "Christian Psalmist," who refers it to Latrobe.

thoughts which they seek to convey are not lost in a cloud of words, could not but powerfully influence the spirit of an imaginative boy; but, above all, the sort of distinctness into which Scriptural incident is brought before the mind—not as illustrating or teaching doctrine, but in such a way as to have each fact come out in perfect relief. We think it impossible to read Montgomery's principal poem—"The World before the Flood"—and not see that his early education was that which shaped his imagination. The paper from which we have given an account of Fulneck describes a later period than Montgomery's—a day when Mrs. Radcliffe had been smuggled into the school, and when Scott's "Old Mortality" was read aloud by one of the schoolmasters.

It may appear irreverent to pass from these sublimities to the fact that Montgomery had red hair. So, say his biographers, had some of the old Montgomeries, which, as they do not trace any connexion between them and the poet, seems to be information out of place. A circumstance of more moment, as connected with the very early development of his talents, is, that his constitution early manifested, what his biographers call, "a scorbutic taint of blood":—

"He had also a common defect of vision, owing to excessive convexity of the pupil of the eye—a circumstance, which, co-operating with morbid sensibilities, was likely enough to throw back upon itself, or into communion with books, the mind of a boy so generally shut out from the excursive and adventurous recreations of his fellow-pupils."—p. 35.

The intention of Montgomery's parents was, that their son should become a Moravian minister. With this view, his education was conducted. "In addition to Latin, Greek, German, and French, he received instruction in history, geography, and music." Delicacy of constitution, and the fact of being short-sighted, tended to separate him from the other boys, whose sports he could not enjoy; and the poetical talent, or rather the habit of composing verses, in which it is apt first to exhibit itself, began early with him. "Blair's Grave" was the first poem he remembered to have heard read aloud by one of his masters. A few lines, describing the unconcern of

the grave-digger—which bring to the recollection the passage in *Hamlet*—were those which impressed him most. The poem is written, for the most part, in a tone of dreary solemnity, which is far from unimpressive; and the introduction of homely and familiar images, side by side with language cast in the moulds of such poets as Young, and the dramatists of Rowe's days, every now and then produce the good effect of keeping the reader attentive, by the proof which they give that the author, in spite of his using a formal and conventional stage-and-pulpit dialect, is wide awake to what he is saying, and is thinking for himself.

Montgomery himself describes his poetical malady:—

"At school," as he wrote in 1794, "even when I was driven like a coal ass through the Latin and Greek grammars, I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy, brought upon me by a raging and lingering fever with which I was suddenly seized one fine summer day, as I lay under a hedge with my companions, listening to our master whilst he read us some animated passages from Blair's Poem on the Grave. My happier school-fellows, born under milder planets, all fell asleep during the rehearsal; but I, who am always asleep when I ought to be waking, never dreamed of closing an eye, but eagerly caught the contagious malady; and from that ecstatic moment to the present, Heaven knows, I have never enjoyed one cheerful, one peaceful night."—p. 39.

The whole life of a child is imitation. A boy of twelve years old, who writes verses, cannot but be an imitator; and the models which he imitates will probably be the works which he sees others admiring. The old Moravian hymn-book, which contains much of true feeling, and which is the very strangest collection of spiritual songs that has ever appeared, was, in Montgomery's youth, perhaps the only permitted book of verse which he could at all times see—for "Blair" and "Blackmore" were but occasional tracts read aloud by his master, probably to show his own powers of declamation. Modern manners render it impossible to give such extracts from this old book as would exhibit its enthusiastic language. Enough to say, that metaphors, taken from human passion in all its excesses, are perpetually used to express and to stimulate religious feeling—that the wildest

thoughts are expressed in the very oddest language. In German, the book must have been a very strange one; but the English translation, executed, no doubt, by Germans, who had but an imperfect knowledge of English, unites with the thousand strangenesses of the original the oddity of perpetual blunders of language. Take, as a specimen:—

"What is now to children the dearest thing here?
To be the Lamb's lambskins and chickens most dear:

Such lambskins are nourished with food which is best—
Such chickens sit safely and warm in the nest."

"And when Satan, at an hour,
Comes our chickens to devour,
Let the children's angels say,
They are Christ's chicks—go thy way."

The Moravian hymn-book was the chief source of Montgomery's inspiration. His first poems were, accordingly, hymns; and when he began uttering politics, the form which he adopted was that of hymns of benediction on reform societies and patriotic associations. But this is the tale of an after-day. While he was yet at school, a volume of extracts from Milton, Young, and Thomson found its way to Fulneck. One of the masters cut out the "unprofitable" passages before it was thought safe to allow it to appear among the boys. The boys were kept at Fulneck in as strict separation from any commerce "with the world" as if they had been in the cloisters of a monastery. During the years Montgomery was there, he never conversed for ten minutes together with any one except his masters, or some Moravian visitor.

It is not wonderful that Theopathy should, with a contemplative boy, brought up in the discipline of the Moravians, become an engrossing passion. The visible world in which men live was lost sight of, and the unseen was almost exclusively before the mind; the thought of our Lord was perpetually before the mind. Count Zinzendorf used, when he had pen and ink, write notes to our Lord—would tell him how his heart felt towards him; and then throw the letter out of the window, in the hope that it would reach him. Spangenberg tells us that, on one occasion, Zinzendorf, when travelling with a friend, sent his companion home, that he might converse more unreservedly with his Saviour, with whom he was accustomed to speak

when alone, as if he were present in the person. Montgomery describes himself as in the same way living in a world of imagination; but the visionary was, from the first, a framer of verses. He thought he could write better than Cowper, whose style was too pure to give much pleasure to the ambitious boy; and his first verses were more like the Moravian hymns than any other verses he had read. The books which he saw, he obtained secretly. The stolen waters were sweet, but the result was bitter. Infidel books fell into his hands. "I studied," he says, "I studied, I reasoned, I doubted, I almost disbelieved." His tutors, who discouraged the reading of poetry, encouraged their pupils to write verse, and some execrable specimens of what pleased them are preserved. Among the visitors at the school, in Montgomery's time, was Lord Monboddo:—

"The late learned and venerable but eccentric Lord Monboddo, on visiting Fulneck; was introduced by the Moravian bishop to the seminary, and the names of several of the boys were told over to him. To these the old judge seemed to pay but little attention, till the good bishop said, 'Here, my lord, is one of your countrymen;' at which he started, as from a brown study, and, brandishing a large horsewhip over Montgomery's head, cried out, 'I hope he will take care that his country shall never be ashamed of him.' 'This,' said the poet, 'I never forgot; nor shall I forget it while I live: I have, indeed, endeavoured so to act hitherto, that my country might never have cause to be ashamed of me—nor will I, on my part, ever be ashamed of her.'—p. 58.

The paintings in their chapel made the Moravians, at Fulneck, fear a visitation from the Protestant zealous of Lord George Gordon's days. This storm blew over, and the repose of their seclusion was not disturbed by any actual invasion. There were schoolboy quarrels and schoolboy dreams of heroics. Montgomery, now somewhat more than twelve years old, had already written hymns innumerable—framed one heroic poem in imitation of Homer, and another, in which Milton was to be outdone. Blackmore had immortalised Alfred, which did not interfere with Montgomery's making him yet more immortal. The "Day of Judgment" was another of his themes; the "Castle of Ignorance," he began, but not till he was seventeen. This was to be in

hexameter, but here the English language broke down under him. This earnest application to verse his schoolmasters regarded as the worst idleness; and deeming it hopeless that he should ever become a minister among them, as was originally intended, they determined to put him to business. He was sent on trial, it would appear, with the intention that he should become apprenticed to a baker, in Mirfield—a member of the Moravian brotherhood. He remained there about a year and a-half; wrote verses, and cultivated a talent for music. We ought to have said, that, while yet at Fulneck, one of his teachers is said to have been musical. But we must give his biographer's own words. The teacher (Molther, author of some Moravian hymns), "appears to have been musical, as he gave Montgomery lessons on the harpsichord, sometimes striking him and the other boys, when in a passion, with his fiddle-stick."

The fine-bread baker's counter was no place for Montgomery. He got tired of his business—packed up his poetry—dressed himself in his old clothes—new ones had been bought to honour his approaching apprenticeship, but these he did not regard as his own—and, without knowing whither he was about to go, took to the high road, with a single change of linen, and three-and-sixpence in his pocket. Accident made him take the road to Doncaster, where he slept the first night of his travels; the next found him at Wentworth. A stranger, of the name of Hunt, saw him at an inn, learned that he wished for employment, and said that his father, a grocer, at Wath, a neighbouring village, wanted an assistant, and intimated that if Montgomery obtained testimonials of respectable character, he might have the situation. On a communication from Montgomery, his old master came to try and persuade him to return. Finding this impossible, he bore favourable testimony to his conduct while with him; and Montgomery remained for a year with Mr. Hunt, his new master.

A bookseller in the neighbourhood gave him a letter of introduction to a London publisher, of the name of Harrison. Harrison seems to have been a good-natured man, wrote much mortal verse himself, and dealt fame

at will in magazines and journals of the day. He gave Montgomery employment in his shop, but refused to publish his verses.

Our biographers find resemblance to Byron in an Ode to Winter, of which we can only give the following lines:—

"Dread, with unutterable terror vast,
Resounds, resounds, resounds the loud'ning
lengthening blast.
The mountains reel, and from their bursting
sides
The rushing rivers roll rough, raging tides;
The frantic inundations sweep
Trees, flocks, and cottages into the deep."

Montgomery seems to have lived in a world of abstraction, and not to have seen what was going on around him. While in London, at this time, he never went into a theatre, nor did he even go to the British Museum.

In an Edinburgh magazine, which offered prizes for composition, Montgomery at last succeeded in getting some of his writings printed. He wrote a novel, and sundry poems, but found no one to print them. The novel was refused because he made his heroes curse and swear too much. Montgomery thought he ought to imitate what he supposed to be fashionable manners. He got tired of London, and returned to Hunt's counter.

While at Harrison's, he saw among the customers some persons whose names were known in literary circles, and his passion for fame was thus kept awake. When he returned to Wath, "the Queen of Villages," his business was often to collect money due to his master; and this gave him pleasant excursions on horseback, during which he meditated many of the poems which he afterwards brought before the public.

In the year 1791, Montgomery's parents, who were missionaries in the West Indies, died:—

"My father, mother—parents, now no more,
Beneath the lion-star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep,
And where the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines, without a shadow on their graves."

Montgomery was in the twenty-first year of his age, when, while busy with Hunt's weekly accounts, he took up the *Sheffield Register*, and saw an advertisement for a clerk. Letters passed between him and the advertiser, and he became the clerk of Joseph Gales, a worthy who united the crafts

of printer, bookseller, and auctioneer, and conducted a radical newspaper. When Montgomery arrived, Gales was busy cataloguing for sale the library of Parson Bullock, and his shopman grieved as he was obliged rapidly to pass through his hands folios which he wished to have the opportunity of perusing. The sight of Bullock's old tomes of Divinity—

" Might well be dangerous food
To him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood."

He was actually in a fever with hopes of fame. We remember no instance in which the passion for distinction burned with such strength as in this cloister-bred boy; and we have no doubt that his placing himself as clerk in a printer's office, arose from the ultimate hope which inspired all his movements having a chance of being earlier realised, from the opportunities which would be thus procured of frequent communications with the public. There can be equally no doubt that the peculiar tone of his compositions was very much created by the circumstances in which he was placed. He had, every week, the opportunity of circulating, through a newspaper, his verses; and he was not unlikely to learn, at the very moment of their production, something of their effect on the minds of others. The wife of Gales was herself an adept in the mysteries of authorship. She had written novels. She dealt liberally in politics—she, too, was a great authority in Sheffield on matters of divinity; as she attended regularly a chapel, which, passing through various shades of doctrine, ended, in 1798, by calling itself Unitarian. Montgomery now and then attended this place of worship with his master's family; and would also, occasionally, drop in of a Sunday evening to see what was going on in the Methodist chapel. The Moravians had no congregation in Sheffield: one widow lady there constituting the whole church—being, in fact, "the Moravian brethren meeting in Sheffield." Montgomery was, on the whole, a bad church-goer in these days.

The *Sheffield Register* was the name of Gales's newspaper. It advocated Parliamentary Reform, and Popular Rights, but was open to

correspondents of all shades of opinion. Some neatly written articles, of a very inoffensive character, appeared soon after Montgomery's connexion with the printing-office, with the signature "J. M." These were not Montgomery's, but Mrs. Gales's; who, it would seem, thought she might adopt a disguise sure to mislead as to the true author. Montgomery wrote also, but his seem to have been words of sound and fury, signifying nothing—"War, that gigantic murderer! the grim idol, adored by tyrants and their titled slaves. The globe is his altar, man his victim; his mouth is famine; his breath, pestilence; his look, death; and his footsteps, graves!" &c. Montgomery, all this time, wrote in a hundred different styles, having, it would seem, considerable powers of imitation. Ossian, and Peter Pindar, were imitated to the death: German plays and romances, such as the English public of that day were familiar with, were about as bad, it was thought, as could be; but Montgomery out-did them in their own way. Of these things too much is told. We have also local squabbles with editors of rival papers—all which might have been well omitted; at all events, told at less length.

The State trials of 1794 occupy a good deal of this book—Montgomery was accidentally connected with them. A public fast having been ordered by royal proclamation, the Sheffield patriots observed it after their own way, and at their meeting a hymn of Montgomery's was sung.

A pamphlet describing "the fast-day, as observed at Sheffield," was published, and sent to the London Corresponding Society. This was seized on the arrest of Hardy, their secretary, "and thus," as Montgomery once said, "one of the first hymns of mine ever sung found its way into Billy Pitt's green bag." He might have added—and was afterwards recited by Mr. Gibbs in the sessions-house of the Old Bailey.

Among Hardy's papers was found a letter advising the persons discontented with the Government to have recourse to arms; this letter was written by a printer in Gales's employment, and Gales was himself suspected of the authorship. Both fled. Gales made his way to America, where his after career was one of prosperity. His paper, however, after a life of eight

years, perished. A friend of Montgomery's purchased the concern. He and Montgomery, immediately on the death of the *Register*, advertised *The Iris*. Montgomery's partner was a more sensible fellow than himself—at all events, was more experienced. He would have nothing to say to the "high-spiced politics" with which the *Register* was seasoned; and Montgomery was compelled to try and amuse their readers with sentiment and sense. It is not improbable that Hardy's impending trial tended to tame their spirits. At Hardy's trial it was proved that treasonable meetings were held at Sheffield—that pikes were made and distributed there—that a hymn was sung in full chorus by the whole assembly of "The Sheffield Society for Constitutional Information"—that Gales printed, and that Montgomery wrote this hymn. Evidence was given—Gales denied its truth—that Gales was connected with letters calling on the people to arm themselves against the ministry. Whether Gales was guilty or not, he was, no doubt, wise in flying the country at the time. On Hardy's acquittal, there were meetings of the "Friends of Reform," and at one of these another hymn of Montgomery's was sung. Montgomery inherited somewhat of the principles, and was, at all events, regarded by the Government as representing, sufficiently for the purposes of punishment, all the responsibilities of Gales.

Montgomery was a suspected man, and opportunities were sought to punish him. Accident supplied the occasion. A ballad-singer called for copies of a ballad of which Montgomery knew nothing, but which had been standing in type since Gales's time. Montgomery allowed the copies, while the man waited, to be struck off, charging little more than the price of the paper. The verses were of Belfast manufacture—were seditious, or said to be so. Montgomery was convicted, fined twenty pounds, and imprisoned for three months in the Castle of York. For a second alleged libel—but in this case it was a political article of his own—he was again imprisoned for six months, and fined thirty pounds. While in prison, Montgomery was occupied in writing poems, and a letter of his is preserved, in which he tells something of the history of his mind.

It ought to be stated, that no one of the persons whom Montgomery offended by paragraphs in his paper continued his enemies. The excitement of political passion was his excuse and theirs. He himself gracefully says—"I had many foes; but I did not overcome them in battle; I outlived their enmity." In the case of the second prosecution which we have mentioned, the prosecutor at one time startled the poet by stopping him in the street to accost him with some kindly message or other; and, on another occasion, when presiding as a magistrate, happening to see Montgomery in the crowd, he invited him to sit beside him on the bench. In point of fact, Montgomery at no time was morally guilty of the offences of which he was convicted, and this was soon felt by every one.

During his imprisonment he amused himself with writing verses, and he also put together a novel. The verses were printed, and some of them have a place in his collected works; the novel was never printed. He also manufactured a play, which was returned him by the manager at Covent-garden, with a polite note, telling him "it was too full of wit to be acted." Of the poems which he called "Prison Amusements," the Sheffield printer found no difficulty in striking off, and disposing of, with the aid of his friends, a small edition.

Of Montgomery's prose writings in *The Iris*, his biographers give us too many specimens, and we feel the same may be said of his poems. The former were the birth of the moment, and to regard them as anything more is essentially to mistake the nature of such things. With respect to a good deal of Montgomery's verse, the same thing is to be said. Montgomery printed too much, not too little. In some of his poems there is vitality; but the collected volume of his poetical works is, in bulk, far greater than the poems which have come down to us under the name of Homer; and to those who read, more service would be done by publishing small selections from this vast mass, than increasing its bulk by printing forgotten manuscripts.

For some years after Montgomery's establishment as a printer, in Sheffield, he appears to have been watched as an enemy by the Government. Prosecutions were every now and then ap-

prehended. But on the occasion of Nelson's death, and on the threatened invasion of England, the ardour of his writings was felt to be such as gave animation to the warlike spirit which it was the object of the Government to awake. Bonaparte was the raw-head-and-bloody-bones of *The Iris*; and this saved Montgomery from his fear of any serious danger for his political articles.

The biographers of Montgomery seem not sufficiently to have considered that his only claim to being remembered beyond the circle of his immediate friends, rests exclusively on his poetry. In politics, he could have taught nothing new; and whether his views of political occurrences, expressed at the moment at which they occurred, were just or not—whether his predictions of the effect of certain measures were or were not verified by events, is a matter of no importance at all to any one, living or dead. As to his theology, it is not unlikely that he often succeeded, by an effective speech at a public meeting, in stimulating some of his neighbours to subscribe more largely than they otherwise would, to some local charity. But records of this kind are little worthy of preservation, and if told of at all, it should be within some reasonable compass.

Of all that Montgomery has written—plays, poems, romances, novels, theology, criticism—of all that can be gathered, either from his writing-desk or the sweepings of his printing office, or from the somewhat discreditable source of private letters—the indiscriminate publication of which is the great disgrace of modern literature—nothing whatever can live, except a few of his poems. Of some of these, the writers of the volumes give a few illustrations.

Montgomery's newspaper gave him the opportunity, as we have said, of communicating his verses to the public, as fast as they were written. They were copied from the *Sheffield Iris*, into other local papers, and also into a volume called the "Poetical Register," which appeared annually, and with which we believe Southey was, in one way or other, connected. In this way, these poems—to which Montgomery in general affixed the signature of Alcæus—became known to the Aikins and Barbaulds, who edited magazines and reviews, read and wrote

all sorts of poems, and told the public what they were to admire.

The "Poetical Register" was each year reviewed in the "Aikin's Annual Review," and Montgomery's poems were always praised in it. When the "Wanderer of Switzerland" appeared, Miss Lucy Aikin expresses her delight, and says, "She has sent friendly trumpeters into the polite circles to sound his praise." That she and her trumpeters admired the poems there can be no doubt. The only voice raised against them was Jeffrey's, in the "Edinburgh Review." His review—unreasonably severe—produced a panegyric from Southey—who was always in extremes, and who, in addition to the pleasure which he felt in praising Montgomery, wished to disparage Jeffrey's poetical criticism—unreasonably laudatory. The "Edinburgh Review," in this way, was probably of infinitely more service to the poet than if it had praised him. He describes himself as having gained over £800 by this volume.

The "Wanderer of Switzerland" is in a metre which does well enough for a few stanzas, but which soon becomes tiresome, and is less manageable in the dramatic form in which Montgomery's story is cast, than if it had been, as in "The Wæles of War," a poem of Hector Mac Neil's, employed merely in narrative:—

"Galla's tigers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold.
Down the mountains, o'er the flood;
Dark as thunder-clouds they rolled."

Such a metre as this, however skillfully managed—and our poet has managed it with great skill—will not do for a long poem; and we have no doubt that the great popularity of the volume arose from the smaller poems which it contained. Of two of the poems in that volume the authors of the book before us are able to tell something. In *The Iris* of August 29th, 1807, a poem appeared, with the title, "Sacred to the Memory of Her Who is Dead to Me." When Montgomery's "Wanderer of Switzerland" was printed, this little poem was among those contained in the volume, and there appeared with the name of "Hannah." It is found out, by Messrs. Holland and Everett, that on May 26th, of the same year, Hannah Turner, the daughter of a respectable yeoman, living near Wath, where

Montgomery had lived many years before, was married to William Maunsell, a game-keeper of the Duke of Rutland. Maunsell died suddenly; his wife, hearing of his death, died within a few days. The absurdity of all this being told with reference to Montgomery's poem, is one of those things which renders it impossible to condemn it as it deserves. Assume that there is some truth in any part of the story — assume that the persons from whom the biographers must have received these unimportant facts were accurate, as they very probably were, in the narrative — will they swear to the additional fact that Montgomery ever thought of this particular Hannah? Will they say that any one fact in the poem is identical with those of Hannah Turner's marriage? The poem is a very pretty one; but plainly, from beginning to end, an imaginary picture is traced — a picture true to nature, but which can have but an accidental reference to anything in a particular individual's life. A boy of sixteen is represented as indulging in a boy's dream of love. In a few years after, he visits the home of his fair one:—

"'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way;
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the spring.

"There, as I climbed the mountains o'er,
I lived my wooing days once more;
And fancy sketched my married lot—
My wife, my children, and my cot!

"I saw the village steeple rise,
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes.
The rural bells rang sweet and clear;
My fond heart listened in my ear.

"I reached the hamlet—all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday:
I saw a wedding—stepped aside;
It passed—my Hannah was the bride!

"There is a grief that cannot feel—
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
My heart grew cold—it felt not then;
When shall it cease to feel again?"

We see no reason to think that Montgomery was thinking of his own disappointment or escape, or of the game-keeper's good or bad luck. But suppose he was, what can be the object of resolving a poetical creation into the dust, out of which it possibly

was made? Montgomery never spoke on the subject. It does not occur to the worthies with whom we have to deal, that the reason, probably, was, that he had nothing to say. It is probable that his did not differ from the common lot; but of anything in particular in his fortunes we know nothing—

"He loved; but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh! she was fair, but nought could save
Her beauties from the tomb."

The account which Montgomery's biographers give of the way in which the poem called "The Grave" originated, might have taught them how little of actual truth of incident is to be sought for in such things. Who could have imagined, when reading the very startling lines entitled, "The Grave," in which lessons that ought to be impressed on every man's conscience are uttered with a voice of almost superhuman power — a poem that, to those who truly feel it, seems almost inspired — originated in the fanciful arrangement of composing a dirge on the death of a bullfinch? The poem, as worked out, seems in actual contrast with the incident by which it was suggested. It opens with very beautiful lines:—

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

"The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than winter evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose."

The incident of the bullfinch, which we believe was first told in the volumes before, could not by possibility have been known to the author of the following poem, which appears to have been suggested in the same way. Wills's poem is less startlingly impressive than Montgomery's, but is more beautiful than any part, except, perhaps, the opening stanzas of that poem, than which we do not know any-where lines of more touching beauty.

It is really a curious accident that Wills's poem should be cast in the same metre as Montgomery's. Byron's last poem is in this measure. The peculiar effect of the metre, though the

actual form of the stanza is different, we find in several of Burns' shorter poems:—

"Awake—not Greece!—she is awake—
Awake my spirit! think thro' whom
My life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!"

The stanza is the same as in Pope's lines on "Solitude," his first poem, and it will also be found in one poem, at least, of George Herbert's.

We have said that at Sheffield, when Montgomery first went there, he did not find any Moravian congregation, and that he was mixed up with political societies. In 1806, or perhaps a little before that time, he gave up going to the public-house where he and a few political friends were in the habit of sitting, smoking a pipe, and discussing the news of the day. Till about this time, too, he occasionally went to the theatre; he now found it was too fascinating, and gave it up altogether. He began to frequent places of religious resort:—

"We never knew a man of equal piety and intelligence, whose conduct and sentiments were at once so decidedly evangelical, and so signally unsectarian. Hence he joined freely and frequently in public worship with Churchmen, Independents, Baptists, and Methodists; co-operating with them, as we shall find, in all their directly religious objects; while with Romanists, Unitarians, and Quakers, he was a cordial and conscientious fellow-labourer in the wide field of local charity, popular education, and general philanthropy. After such a statement, it need hardly be added, that he enjoyed the personal friendship of individuals belonging to every religious denomination."—p. 119.

Montgomery had become now a reviewer in the "Eclectic Review." We have not seen any of his reviews; but it is plain that he dealt his thunders pretty severely. His praise could not be always worth having. In his lectures on poetry, he describes Dermody as one of the greatest geniuses that ever existed; and Henry Kirke White promised to have been a greater poet than Scott. There are letters from Bloomfield and Coleridge, both of whom admired his poems. Bloomfield, we learn from the correspondence, supported himself at the time by making Æolian harps. Wordsworth, in a note to one of his poems, gave a sentence of oracular recognition of a poem of Montgomery's, on "The

Daisy." James was rather offended, and said, his own one poem on "The Daisy" was worth three which Wordsworth had devoted to the same field-flower.

A packet of epigrams, entitled "Paper Pellets," directed against Jeffrey, was sent him for publication. This he declined. He afterwards had reason to believe that they were sent by Byron.

Montgomery's reputation each year increased. On the abolition of the slave-trade, a magnificent publication, in which whatever could be done by splendid engravings and by commemorative verse to express the public feeling of triumph, was projected by Bowyer. On this occasion Montgomery was applied to, and his poem of the "West Indies" was the result. The poem was afterwards published in the same unambitious form in which "The Wanderer of Switzerland" had appeared, and a number of short poems was added. We are unable to say how the leading poem was received, but some passages from it are repeated in every book of extracts, and deserves to be repeated, as a specimen of eloquent declamation, admirable in its kind.—

"There is a land, of every land the pride," &c.

The smaller poems in that volume did not differ in character from those printed with "The Wanderer of Switzerland." If in this publication Montgomery could not be said to have advanced, he yet did not lose ground. In the first volume there was one poem which he called "The Pillow;" in which he described his own disappointment, and adopting the form of a narrative, relating the fate of another, anticipates for himself oblivion as the result of all his efforts for fame, and early death. The second volume contains a sort of companion poem to this, which describes the death of a young "female, whom sickness had reconciled to the songs of sorrow." Neither of these poems please us as much as those in which there is a less distinct reference to individual feelings and circumstances, though we have little doubt that both aided his immediate popularity.

"The World before the Flood" is, in our estimate, far superior to any of Montgomery's former poems. He has united the passage in Genesis, which

mentions the translation of Enoch, with that in which Milton adopts the ascent of Elijah, when describing Enoch's passing away from earth. The passage in the eleventh book of "Paradise Lost" might almost be printed as the argument of Montgomery's poem. He at first designed little more than a picture of patriarchal life, and wrote an account differing in nothing from that of Scripture, except that what is stated in a few sentences in the Bible was exhibited in somewhat more of ornamental detail than the narrative he found written. He had sent off the original sketch to his friend Mr. Parken, the editor of the "Eclectic Review," to have it transmitted to Longman's house for immediate publication. Parken urged its being extended, and Montgomery complied with the advice. He then sent copies of his manuscript poem to several friends, and the original poem, in conformity with the opinions of all but Roscoe, who did not wish the first draft altered, was broken up.

Montgomery was told that Southey expressed regret at hearing he had chosen the heroic couplet, "the measure least adapted for a long poem." This led Montgomery to write to Southey, sending him, at the same time, extracts from the poem. He received from him a kindly and encouraging letter. One of the best and pleasantest things in this book is, that we have in it three or four of Southey's best letters. The history of his life and opinions is given in this letter. In an after one, written when Southey was about thirty-eight years of age, we have some mention of nervous disease made, as almost to prepare one for the calamity by which the close of his life is darkened :—

"You wish me a sounder frame, both of body and mind, than your own. My body, God be thanked! is as convenient a tenement as its occupier could desire. When you see me you will fancy me far advanced in consumption, so little is there of it; but there has never been more: and though it is by no means unlikely (from family predisposition) that this may be my appointed end, it is not at all the more likely because of my lean and hungry appearance. I am in far more danger of nervous diseases, from which nothing but perpetual self-management, and the fortunate circumstances of my life and disposition, preserve me. Nature gave me an indefatigable activity of mind, and a buoyancy of spirit which has ever

enabled me to think little of difficulties, and to live in the light of hope; these gifts, too, were accompanied with an hilarity which has enabled me to retain a boy's heart to the age of eight-and-thirty: but my senses are perilously acute — impressions sink into me too deeply: and at one time ideas had all the vividness and apparent reality of actual impressions to such a degree, that I believe a speedy removal to a foreign country, bringing with it a total change of all external objects, saved me from imminent danger. The remedy, or, at least, the prevention, of this is variety of employment; and that it is that has made me the various writer that I am, even more than the necessity of pursuing the gainful paths of literature. If I fix my attention, morning and evening, upon one subject, and if my latest evening studies are of a kind to interest me deeply, my rest is disturbed and broken; and those bodily derangements ensue that indicate great nervous susceptibility. Experience having taught me this, I fly from one thing to another, each new train of thought neutralising, as it were, the last; and thus in general maintain the balance so steadily, that I lie down at night with a mind as tranquil as an infant's.

"That I am a very happy man I owe to my early marriage. When little more than one-and-twenty, I married under circumstances as singular as they well could be — and, to all appearances, as improvident; but from that hour to this, I have had reason to bless the day. The main source of inquietude was thus at once cut off; I had done with hope and fear upon the most agitating and most important action of my life, and my heart was at rest."—pp. 320, 321.

In this letter, replying to some inquiries of Montgomery's, he tells him of a poem on the deluge, which he had planned in his youth. His intention, he says, was to assume "Burnett's Theory of the Earth," and to have united with it "Whiston's Theory of the Deluge." Burnett's book he describes "as almost unequalled for its power of imagination;" and those who have read it in the original Latin will be disposed to join in his praise of the work. In the English translation, every thing peculiar in the style is disguised, and the whole is deadened and destroyed.

Montgomery had a brother resident in London, a Moravian minister; in the spring of 1811 he visited him. His great attraction to London was what are called the "May Meetings" of the several religious societies :—

"I love the country; I love the month of May; yet the month of May, when the

country is most beautiful (had I freedom of choice), I would spend in London. And why? Because in *that* month the assemblies of the people of God are most frequent and most full. Then, too, the tribes from the provinces go up to worship there at the anniversaries of various institutions. The bliss and festivity of nature in spring are but faint and imperfect resemblances of the enjoyment of those seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Most High."—p. 837.

We have a conversation with his biographers, in which he tells of lectures on poetry by Campbell and Coleridge.

There are printed here some letters from Montgomery to Parken, which we think might better have been omitted. To have stated in general terms that Montgomery suffered from ill-health and from depression of spirits, would have been enough. Why have we whole pages of "colds, coughs, pains in the chest, numbness of brain, bowel irregularities, and nameless and numberless hypochondriachal plagues," of which we fear that even the sentence we extract is too much? Somewhat of more moment follows; and it would appear that though the feeling did not, as in Cowper's case, amount to actual insanity, it approached it, unless the passage in his letter somewhat overstates what could not, under any circumstances, be stated accurately.

Parken died about this time. Soon after we have letters of Montgomery's, written in the same temper of despondency, to another friend.

Montgomery passes a few weeks at Buxton. His power of clothing his thoughts in verse is soon in exercise; and the poem entitled the "Peak Mountains" is produced. "The World before the Flood" was also in hands, though it would appear it proceeded but slowly.

With the year 1812 these volumes close. They contain a good deal of interesting matter, but the authors seem to have no thought of the proportion which the different parts of their subject bear to each other. They are diffuse over unimportant trifles; but it must be said for them, that as their work proceeds its interest increases. The future volumes will bring us to the period of Montgomery's life when their own acquaintanceship with him commenced, and when they probably will have a good deal to record with which the public are as yet unacquainted.

The poems of Montgomery are likely to be read by many persons with increased interest, in consequence of this publication. Of his poems, that which we regard as the best is "The World before the Flood;" and of this, in its "ante-natal" state, we learn more than we had before known, and some of which is calculated to render more distinctly intelligible a poem, which in truth describes, under the names of the old patriarchal times, his own fortunes—for it is impossible not to identify him with the Javan of the poem:—

"The bard was homeless—

All else that breathed beneath the circling sky,

Were linked to earth by some endearing tie.
He only, like the ocean weed, upturn,
And loose along the world of waters borne,
Was cast companionless from wave to wave,
On life's rough sea, and there was none to save."

Extracts from a poem do little or nothing, or we might quote whole pages from this poem of almost unequalled beauty, in the style which Montgomery has adopted.

Javan, the lover in the story, sees his Zillah after years of absence:—

"Time had but touched her form to finer grace,

Years had but shed their favours on her face;
While secret love and unrewarded truth,
Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth,
Gave to the springing flower a chastened bloom,
And shut from rising winds its coy perfume."

The picture of Adam is beautifully conceived; we have room only for a line or two:—

"Children were his delight;—they ran to meet

His soothing hand, and clasp his honour'd feet;

While 'midst their fearless sports supremely blest,

He grew in heart a child among the rest:
Yet as a Parent, nought beneath the sky
Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye;
Joy from its smile of happiness he caught,
Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought,

His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain,
As if he fell from innocence again."

But of Montgomery, as a poet, we shall find future opportunities of speaking.

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.*

THE world has long associated with the name of Lady Blessington, beauty, wealth, rank, intellect, splendour of position, and the lavish homage of all the gifted minds of the age. Our interest, therefore, is excited to know what life an individual thus endowed wrought out of such rare and precious gifts. Besides, for twenty years she held a prominent position in the literary world of London; reigning there, indeed, as queen paramount of intellect; so that the mental history of the century would be incomplete without a page devoted to her remarkable career.

By the desire of her family, her papers and correspondence were placed in Dr. Madden's hands for publication; a man admirably fitted for the important task of editing a literary life so inwoven with the social present, with names of living persons, and with recent events, as his own literary career had likewise brought him into contact with all the leading celebrities of modern English literature; so that most of those associated with Lady Blessington's memoirs he had himself known personally.

The panorama of literary life which he exhibits passed before his own eyes; and the interesting sketches introduced of remarkable persons have the additional value of being also personal recollections.

Dr. Madden likewise was the confidential friend of Lady Blessington for twenty-seven years. He had seen her in the pride of her beauty, had sunned himself in the flashes of her wit, and been a witness of her intellectual triumphs in the brilliant circles of Gore-House; and finally, when the splendour of her life had passed away, we find him standing beside her grave, in a foreign land, a mourning friend amongst the few left to mourn.

With all these advantages of personal knowledge upon most subjects of which he treats, it is not surprising that Dr. Madden has not only produced a work of intense interest—

the very best contribution to literary history which has been given to the world during the present century—but has also accomplished the task of biographer, in a manner that may well serve as a model to all future lords and gentlemen who shall undertake to edit literary lives. There is nothing trivial inserted—nothing that has not some permanent interest, as illustrating the characters of remarkable persons. The correspondence, also, is admirably selected, comprising every great name that England has known for the last fifty years. Letters from all the celebrated men of the era may be found in it, forming a collection of wit and wisdom, unrivalled in any modern published literary correspondence for variety, extent, and interest.

Dr. Madden is, besides, a practised and eloquent writer—a man of considerable literary eminence, of singular and extensive erudition, to which his far extended travels have greatly contributed; an historian, philosopher, and man of science; with penetrating judgment, extensive experience, and fine, cultivated taste; and yet more, he is a man of a high moral tone of mind, who, as a biographer, would not descend to palliate errors, though with clear, calm intellect he can trace the exoteric causes that led to them, and separate the unhappy results of circumstance, fatality, destiny, from the soul itself, which may still struggle bravely on to assert its nobility through all the weakness and vascillation of the unguided senses—a struggle which, to those who witness it, is matter for profound sympathy and earnest pity; pity for the combatant called to fight the warfare between the passions and the soul.

Very different judgments have been dealt out by the world upon Lady Blessington—some laudatory, as to a shrunken idol; others remorseless as death, and cruel as the grave. The philosophic biographer pronounces no ultimate dictum. He only lays the

* "The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington." By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: T. C. Newby. 1855.

human life before us, with all its faults and follies, for us to search into and reflect upon, and work thereout, for our own life, whatever help we can; this being the primary meaning of all biographies, not the mere satisfying of curiosity. But side by side with the failings and short-comings, he shows us also the indestructible, noble elements of a nature; the generous heart—the tender, womanly feelings; and makes the ever-during good plead pardon, as it were, for the transient evil. One is of the soul, immortal and eternal—part of its own undying essence; the other was the result of circumstance—an unguided youth, an unorganised education, a fatal, miserable marriage; and later, the seductive influence of an atmosphere of adulation—the Maelstrom of literary excitement, warring vanities, and agonies of display, into which she was plunged; the turmoil and the glory with which the world always surrounds the beautiful, the wealthy, and the brilliant.

And out of all these mighty influences to evil, she had to work out a pure law of life, for she had been taught none—that stern law which says, LOVE NOT THE WORLD. Was it an easy task, think you? Let him or her who has been so gifted, tried, and tempted, answer. And yet there were strivings after it; and deep sadness at conscious failures. And sometimes a sense of the awfulness of life rose up before her in the still silence of the night, when the incense-clouds of praise no longer threw a mist between her and heaven. For in the record she has left of those hours, called “The Book of Night Thoughts,” we can trace dim yearnings for a higher life of purity and power; aspirations for pardon and peace; the viewless sorrow, the inner weeping of a soul over its own sin.

That she was happy, appears nowhere, either in her letters or diaries; yet hers was a life diffusing happiness—all were benefitted who approached her. Her kindness was instinct, yet ardent as though it had been passion; and, above all women of her time, she fascinated: and fascination is a moral grace, for it has its source in the soul—it is gentleness, kindness, charity. In this, therefore, we find whereon to rest an admiration of her, and out of which to seek a model. A life of radiance and glitter was not wholly lost

for higher ends. There were some divine elements in it that at the last hour angels might carry up to the throne of God, to plead for the weak woman's nature that was to stand before his judgment seat. How many timid, struggling intellects she encouraged, till they rose into power and success! How she sympathised with the suffering, relieved the distressed, and supported honourably those who had sacrificed her young life for their own sordid interests. These things we can trace through her correspondence. “I write for money,” she says, “and what will sell.” “I never write,” says Landor, “but to better men.” Here was the contrast between a weak and an exalted nature. But why does she write trash and twaddle—“whatever the publishers want, and that is always trash”? Was it to deck her person with more jewels? No. In a letter to Landor, she says—“I have been very unwell of late. The truth is, the numerous family of father, mother, sister, brother, and his six children that I have to write for, compels me to write, when my health would demand a total repose from literary exertion.”

This father, who was supported, throughout his very good-for-nothing life, by his daughters, three countesses, like the poor old *Père Goriot* in Balzac's novel, was a Mr. Power, of Waterford, who afterwards resided at Clonmel with his family—a rough, rude specimen of the Irish middle class of sixty years ago; handsome and rollicking, illiterate and pretentious, fond of rioting and revellings, of field-sports and garrison society, dissipated abroad and brutal at home. In '98 he was a magistrate, hunting rebels, though a Roman Catholic himself; the end of which hunting was, that he shot one under suspicious circumstances of undue haste, was tried for murder, but acquitted. The mother, of the maiden name of Sheehy, was a plain, uncultivated woman, without pretension of any sort; a negation of all gifts, of whom nothing particular is recorded but that she died in Clarendon-street, Dublin, some twenty years ago. Of this unpromising pair were born three daughters—Marguerite, who became afterwards Countess of Blessington; Ellen, Viscountess Canterbury; and Mary Anne, Countess de St. Marsault. This exaltation of

the Power family seems a strange freak of destiny; nothing leads up to it by any perceptible sequence. That *one* girl out of the obscure Irish village of Knockbritt should have been raised to the peerage, were a triumph of Irish beauty sufficient to satisfy the imagination of any romancist; but here are *three*, from the one family, too, all destined to wear the coronet.

However, the Sheehys could claim kindred with the best blood in Ireland, though it was only in the old time, long ago. Latterly they had sunk to minor situations, such as provincial editors, masters of workhouses, and the like. Amongst her ancestors by the mother's side, Lady Blessington could claim the chiefs of Thomond, Desmond, Ormond, and the O'Sullivans—dukes, marquises, and barons—high blood and noble, and rebel blood, too; for without it her nature would not have been so intensely Irish. Her mother's father, Edmund Sheehy, was executed for rebellion in 1766; a maternal cousin, Father Sheehy, was, for a like political offence, hanged, drawn, and quartered at Clonmel; and her mother's brother was murdered on his own property. These events, probably, disgusted her early with the romantic theories of Irish revolutionists, out of which no fact ever comes but Death. In one of her letters to Dr. Madden, she says:—"Women, in my opinion, have no business with politics; and I, above all women, have a horror of mixing myself up with them. I must content myself in wishing well to my poor country."

The early days of the young Marguerite were passed at Clonmel, where the father's house became the resort of the usual Irish provincial society—the garrison, the assize bar, and the political adherents of the favourite member. The usual Irish provincial life followed—dancing and drinking, politics and love; but none excited the latter passion, at assize ball or other provincial festivities, like the two Miss Powers, Marguerite and Ellen. Every one talked of their beauty, their grace

in dancing, and their elegance in dress. Every one was in love with them, especially the garrison; and in one day Marguerite, then but fifteen, had two offers for her hand from officers of family and fortune. One of these gentlemen she liked; the other she feared and dreaded, with an intuitive shrinking dislike and repugnance. But he was "a better match," and her parents accepted him for their daughter, without consulting her at all on the subject. In her own account of the circumstance, given to Dr. Madden, she says, that when her father announced to her that she was to marry Captain Farmer, she burst into tears, prayed, and protested, but was answered by menaces and violence; so that finally "she consented to sacrifice herself, and marry a man for whom she felt the utmost repugnance." She had not been long under her husband's roof, when it became evident that he was subject to fits of insanity (of which her father had been aware, though he concealed the information from her). She lived with him about three months, during which time he frequently treated her with personal violence; he used to strike her on the face, pinch her till her arms were black and blue, lock her up whenever he went abroad, and has often left her without food till she felt almost famished." Finally she fled from him. Was she to blame for so far? We think not. As her biographer observes justly, "The interests of religion, of truth, and morality do not require us to throw aside all consideration of the influence of surrounding circumstances, as the antecedents of error, when judging of a single fact." She fled to her father's house, but there was no longer a home for her there. The parents had provided her a destiny, and thought she ought to accept it, and make the best of it. There was a Captain Jenkins, also, of the dragoons, paying attention to Ellen, the second daughter, at this time, and they fancied the beautiful Marguerite made him waver in his allegiance.*

* This gentleman never did become connected by marriage with the Power family. Dr. Madden states that, "when rather advanced in years, he married the Baroness Callabrella, the sister of a gentleman of some notoriety in his day—Mr. Ball Hughes—the widow, first of a Mr. Lee, and secondly of a Mr. De Blacquire. This lady, who was possessed of considerable means, purchased a small property on the Continent, with some right of seigniorage, from which she derives her title."

"The father was unkind, more than unkind. She was looked on as an interloper in the house — as one who interfered with the prospects and advancement in life of her sisters." The young girl had again to seek a home, and she went to reside with an aunt. At fifteen, with her beauty and quick warm feelings, and without a father's home or a husband's protection, she was left to battle as she might with the waves of life alone.

About this time the Tyrone militia was stationed at Clonmel; of which corps Lord Mountjoy and Col. Stewart, of Killymoon, were the successive colonels. They became acquainted with the Power family. Chance brought together people destined for a life-long connexion. Twelve or thirteen years later Lord Mountjoy, afterwards the Earl of Blessington, became the husband of Mrs. Farmer. But we are anticipating. Lord Mountjoy went away, and took a Mrs. Browne under his protection, then living separated from her husband, and, on the husband's death, he married her. They had many children; but the only legitimate issue of this marriage was Lady Harriett Gardiner, afterwards Countess D'Orsay, and a son who died young.

Meanwhile these thirteen years of Mrs. Farmer's life — the warm spring of life, with its hot sunshine and quick tears — pass by in obscurity, we scarcely know how; some in Paris, some in London, but her biographer offers no record of them. She has not attempted literature as yet; and if her name is heard in the great world of fashion, it is not with plaudits. At length, in 1815, we find her residing in London, and there she again meets Lord Blessington. With extravagant sorrow, and funeral obsequies that cost £4,000, he had buried his first wife, and was now a widower. Three years after, the iron fetters that bound Mrs. Farmer to a dead marriage were also broken. Her husband, Captain Farmer, killed himself in a fit of half madness; and, four months after the catastrophe, his widow became Countess of Blessington.

From this period her real life begins. The former had been a mere protozoic period — chaos and darkness. Now she emerges from the cloud into full splendour and magnificence — wealth, rank, distinction, and celebrity. At once her *salons* are crowded with all the distinguished men of England;

she begins to recognise that she, too, has genius; and, if ladies of fashion will not patronise her, she can take her position at once as leader of intellect. Now she has attained her proper sphere, and moves in it with such grace and harmony, that all are fascinated who approach her.

It was a long way from the poor Irish village of Knockbriert to the summit of London distinction; but she has reached it, and graces the elevation. The statue is worthy of the pedestal. Her life we see is opening out into great dramatic scenes, full of startling contrasts. In the first we beheld a poor young girl, locked up, half-starved, beaten, pinched, insulted by her husband. There seems no hope for her there; and the scene closes upon a general sobbing of the audience. But the curtain rises for the second act, and lo! a beautiful woman — throned like a sultana, with all London worshipping at her feet. Is this a compensation, or a trial, to our poor Irish girl? We shall see. But such is destiny. She is now twenty-eight. Let us pause to contemplate her, as described by her biographer at this period:—

"In the perfection of matured beauty, her form was exquisitely moulded, inclining to fulness, but no finer proportions could be imagined; her movements graceful and natural at all times, in her merriest as well as gayest moods. The peculiar character of her beauty consisted in the correspondence of every feature with the emotion of her mind. The instant a joyous thought took possession of her fancy, you read it in her sparkling eyes, her laughing lips; you heard it in her ringing laugh, clear and sweet as childhood's merriest tones."

But here was the grand secret of her fascination:—

"There was a geniality in the warmth of her Irish feelings, an abandonment of all care, of all apparent consciousness of her own powers of attraction; a glowing sunshine of good-humour and good-nature in the smiles, and wit, and laughter of this lovely woman, seldom surpassed in the looks and expression of any person, however beautiful. Her voice was sweetly modulated, and low, clear, silver-toned. All her beauty, without this exquisite sweetness of her voice, and the witchery of its tones, would have been only a secondary attraction."

Her voice, and this "sweet Irish laugh of hers," are continually alluded

to by her admiring correspondents. Indeed, though we cannot speak from experience, her existence to us being nothing more than a tradition of past beauty and mystery, yet it is impossible not to believe in the many fascinations of Lady Blessington, but especially in her beauty and gentle kindness. All her correspondents bear witness to those graces. Her hand had been copied in marble, and Prince Schwartzberg thus writes concerning it:—

"I kiss that lovely hand, even as you permitted me when I took my leave. Send me the one of marble, that I may warm it with my lips. . . . In the midst of my solitude your image comes to console me. I love to recal your enchanting form, and the hours I passed near you seem to me a dream. . . . Write to me two lines, and a third which says Marguerite, and I am happy. When shall I see you again, and recount my adventures while you listen, resting your beautiful hand upon that lovely hair I have admired so often?"

And Moore reminds her of the day when he beheld "two *dazzling* faces popped out of a window in Sackville-street" (those of the sisters Marguerite and Ellen).

Lord Blessington had kept his second marriage a secret, even from his own friends. None of them were aware of it, until at a dinner given to a distinguished circle in Henrietta-street, in the same room where the £4,000 catafalque of the deceased wife had lain, he entered "with a lady of extraordinary beauty, and in bridal costume, leaning upon his arm, and presented her as Lady Blessington." Decorations, costly as the catafalque, were now lavished on the new bride. At Mountjoy Forest she found her private sitting-room hung with crimson silk velvet, trimmed with gold. At their hotel in Paris the reception-rooms were fitted up with crimson satin and gold. Gold, and marble, and mirrors, abounded everywhere. But her ladyship's bed-room and dressing-room was "a surprise of splendour, prepared for her by her gallant husband" (to use her own words). The bed was silvered in place of being gilt, and rested on the backs of two large silver swans. It was placed in a recess, lined with fluted white silk, while pale-blue silk curtains, lined with white, fell from the

frieze, which was supported by columns at each side. A silvered sofa, resting on a velvet carpet of pale blue, rich coffers for jewels and India shawls, a silver lamp, and all the ornaments silvered, complete the picture. The dressing-room had hangings of blue silk, covered with lace, and the furniture was all silvered like the bed. The bath-room also, with its draperies of white lace, its marble floor, painted ceiling, and alabaster lamp, in the form of a lotus, is a pretty picture to contemplate; but we have had enough of sybarite upholstery.

The splendid town mansion of the new-married Lord and Lady became, as we have said, the rendezvous of all men of intellect — *literati*, statesmen, artists, eminent men in all professions, were the habitual visitors of the house. Two royal dukes even condescended to do homage at the new shrine of Irish beauty and intellect. Canning and Castlereagh, Lords Palmerston and Russell, Scarlett, Jekyll, Erskine, and other celebrities paid their devoirs there. Kemble and Matthews, Laurence and Wilkie; eminent divines, Parr and others; Rogers and Moore were among her votaries; and all murmured around the fair Countess their homage of admiration, respect, or gratitude; for to all she had shown some courtesy or kindness, special and graceful. All who approached her found sympathy, and by this quick sympathy with others she won their confidence. This was perhaps the great secret of her powers of attraction, and for this beautiful and womanly grace, that made her presence, her letters, her kind words and smiles synonymous with happiness, may many errors be forgiven.

About three years after Lady Blessington's marriage, among the distinguished foreigners who appeared at her house were the Duc de Grammont, and his brother-in-law, the young Count D'Orsay. The Count was handsome as the divine Apollo, and clever and brilliant in addition. With such qualities he soon won the ardent friendship of Lord and Lady Blessington. They were meditating a tour through Italy, and proposed that he should accompany them. The rest of the party consisted of Miss Power, afterwards the Comtesse de St. Marsault, and Mr. Charles Matthews, the present great comedian, then a youth of twenty, and a protégé of Lord Bles-

sington's. At Genoa they met Lord Byron, who describes Lady Blessington, in a letter to Moore, as "highly literary, and very pretty, even in a morning—a species of beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so frequently as the chandelior."

Her ladyship was "disappointed" in Byron:—

"He expressed," she says, "warmly at their departure the pleasure which the visit had afforded him, and she doubted not his sincerity, not from any merit in their party, but simply that Byron liked to hear news of his old associates, and to pass them in review, pronouncing sarcasms on each as they were mentioned. His laugh is musical," she continues, "but he rarely indulged in it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity.

"Were I asked to point out the prominent defect in Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of 'Childe Harold,' 'Manfred,' and a want of self-possession and dignity that ought to characterise a man of birth and genius. Yet his manners are very fascinating—more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet."

"His lordship," Dr. Madden states, "suffered Lady Blessington to lecture him in prose, and what was worse, in verse;" especially on the publicity he gave to his domestic unhappiness, when, as was said, "Byron wept for the press, and wiped his eyes with the public." His lordship wrote her some complimentary lines in return, but her inspiration could not make him rise above some very commonplace doggrel.

That same year, 1823, they parted at Genoa, with much mutual regret, even tears—the Blessingtons for the gaities of Rome and Naples; Byron for glory, and a grave in Greece.

If any intellect be lying latent in a human frame, it must awaken in Italy, where the earth is grand and the heavens beautiful; and especially in the silent Rome, where the great dead of old lie stretched upon their monumental seven hills. Besides, travelling is employment—what all women want, and the increased activity of the brain finds a manifestation somehow in the life. Lady Blessington not only beheld, but studied the world around her. Then it was her literary ambition was aroused, and the sense of power awoke in her. She read much, and strove to pene-

trate the beauty and mystery of the Past, whether in art or literature; always, too, under the guidance of some leading intellect. At Genoa she had studied poetry in a poet's heart. At Rome, Naples, and Florence, she talked of antiquities with Sir William Gell; of literature with Lord Morpeth; and of all that was deep and noblest in the antique life with Walter Savage Landor.

Uwins the painter, Westmacott, Maclise, Sir John Herschell, were also her daily companions. With them she could investigate the heavens and the earth, temples and tombs, fallen columns, and fragments of dead gods, a new planet, or a buried city. Mr. Charles Matthews thus describes the mode of life at the Blessington Villa, in Naples:—

"A paradise of a place, with a splendid view of the Mediterranean and surrounding mountains, Vesuvius in the centre. Nothing can be more delightful than the exterior and interior. Lady Blessington is more charming than ever. This is the place, with all its associations, to draw out the resources of her mind; to discover her talents, and be captivated by them. Our evenings are charming; we have each of us a table in the same room, at which we prosecute our various studies, writing, drawing, reading, &c. All our conversations, which are frequent, are upon improving subjects; the classics, the existing antiquities around us. We write essays upon various subjects proposed, which are read in the evening, opposed, and defended. I am treated as one of the family. I make all my drawings in the room with them, and am going to instruct Lady Blessington in architecture. It is proposed, as all of us desire to improve ourselves in Italian, that we should learn in a class, devoting an hour each day to that study. For antiquarian research we have all the ancient authors here to refer to. In short, there never were people so perfectly happy as we are. Whenever any excursion is proposed, the previous evening is employed in reading and informing ourselves thoroughly about what we are going to see."

Every one of these distinguished Italian friends continued their intimacy with Lady Blessington by frequent letters, after her return to London; and thus we are indebted to this continental tour for the brilliant correspondence, which forms the chief interest of her published life.

In 1823, while in Genoa, Lord Blessington lost his only legitimate son,

the heir to his estates — the son of his first wife — for the second Lady Blessington had no children; upon which event he drew up a will, so singular in its provisions that Dr. Madden imputes it to partial insanity. By this will he bequeathed all his property, except some legacies and the Tyrone estate, to Count D'Orsay, and whichever of his two daughters Count D'Orsay chose to marry; and in case of refusal on the part of either of the daughters selected, she was to receive but £10,000. These two daughters were Mary Gardiner, illegitimate, aged twelve, and Lady Harriet Gardiner, legitimate, aged eleven, both daughters of the one mother. To Lady Blessington he left a jointure of £3,000 a-year. But two months after, when the will was legally executed, this jointure was reduced to £2,000 a-year, while the other provisions remained the same. A strange infatuation for Count D'Orsay this appears, to offer him the choice of either of his daughters, with a bribe of a vast property appended, while the daughters themselves were then but children, who had never seen Count D'Orsay, having been brought up in Dublin under the care of an aunt.

When the will was executed, General Count D'Orsay, father to Count Alfred, accompanied by Lord Blessington, went to Ireland to see the estates, and the young ladies. Lady Harriet was selected as the future bride, her legitimacy, perhaps, being the motive of preference with the proud D'Orsay family. Meanwhile, as the young Count is not mentioned as being of the party to Ireland, he probably remained in Italy with Lady Blessington. Curiosity even did not prompt him to go and see his bride.

Four years after this arrangement, the young girl was sent for to Naples from Ireland, and the marriage took place. Count D'Orsay was then twenty-six, the bride fifteen; and her supposed rival in the Count's affections was thirty-seven; a disparity of years which almost precludes the idea of any rivalry whatever.

The Count received £40,000 fortune with his wife, and "separated himself from her almost at the church door."

Dr. Madden, when on his way back from Egypt, met the Blessingtons about this time at Rome, and thus describes the young bride:—

"Lady Harriet was exceedingly girlish-looking, pale and rather inanimate in expression, silent and reserved. There was no appearance of familiarity with any one around her; no air or look of womanhood, no semblance of satisfaction in her new position, were to be observed in her demeanour or deportment. She seldom or ever spoke, she was little noticed, and looked on as a mere school-girl.

"I think her feelings were driven inward by the sense of slight and indifference, and by the strangeness and coldness of everything around her; and she became indifferent, and strange, and cold, and apparently devoid of all vivacity and interest in society. People were mistaken in her, and she, perhaps, mistaken in others. Her father's act had led to all these misconceptions, ending in suspicions, animosities, aversions, and total estrangements. In the course of a few years, the girl of childish mien and listless looks, who was so silent, and apparently inanimate, became a person of remarkable beauty, *spirituelle*, and intelligent, the reverse in all respects of what she was considered when misplaced and misunderstood.

"It was an unhappy marriage (he adds), and nothing to any useful purpose can be said of it, except that Lord Blessington sacrificed his child's happiness, by causing her to marry without consulting her inclinations or interests."

However, the D'Orsays and the Blessingtons continued to reside together during the remainder of their stay abroad; but as eight years had now been passed travelling, they thought of turning homewards. At Genoa, on their return, Lady Blessington was reminded at every spot of Byron, from whom she had there parted five years before:—

"While thus musing one day, she saw a young English girl, who resembled Byron in an extraordinary degree, accompanied by an elderly lady. The English girl was 'Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart,' and the elderly lady was her mother—the widow of Lord Byron."

The year 1829 was passed at Paris in the splendid Hotel Ney; but the sudden death of Lord Blessington broke up the establishment at once. By this event her ladyship found herself reduced to an income of only £2,000 a-year, in place of £30,000; and besides she really seemed to regret her husband's death from personal affection for him.

In her confidential letters long after, she speaks of much unkindness expe-

rienced at this period, after his death—of much suffering she had gone through, we know not of what nature; for Dr. Madden states only, that “painful circumstances” obliged the family to leave Paris; and accordingly, the year following, 1830, Lady Blessington proceeded to London, accompanied by the Count and Countess D’Orsay. In a short time the Countess D’Orsay returned to Paris, and her husband rented a small house in Curzon-street, adjoining Lady Blessington’s residence, in Seymour-place; but after her removal to Gore-House, the Count took up his abode entirely under the same roof with her ladyship. Some time after a deed of separation was drawn up between the Count and Lady Harriet, by which he relinquished his claim on the Blessington estates for the sum of £100,000, which was agreed to, and paid by successive instalments.

On Lady Blessington’s return to London, she seriously turned her thoughts to authorship, as a means of increasing a very diminished income. First appeared, in *The New Monthly*, her “Conversations with Lord Byron.” The papers attracted immense notice, in consequence of the morbid curiosity, then quite an epidemic, to know something or anything of what Byron thought, said, or did. The literary reputation of the Countess was at once established, and from that till her death, novels, tales, reviews, verses, &c., never ceased flowing from her pen, all of the most mediocre nature certainly, but still they brought her an income of about two thousand a-year, or more. Not that we are to judge of their merits by that fact. Her ladyship did not write absolute trash certainly—on the contrary, she sometimes uttered very shrewd, common-sense opinions; but there was such a total want of elevation of feeling or depth of thought in all her works, that it was impossible to read them with profit, or remember them with interest. She had neither Lady Morgan’s wit, nor Mrs. Norton’s almost agonising pathos; and if compared with the lady authoresses her contemporaries, must in all things be named the lowest of the list. We speak of her works in the past tense, for they have probably disappeared from all memories and all libraries; or if they have not, we would recommend them (in Carlyle’s phrase) to gather themselves up with

all possible speed, and be off to the dust-bin.

Something vastly more attractive than penmanship and authorship were the fascinations that surrounded Lady Blessington, and which made her irresistible—grace, beauty, brilliancy, and kindness. Why should a woman with these gifts stain her fair hands with ink, and dim her eyes at midnight manuscripts? Yet this she did for twenty long years of her life, working, ay, as hard as any factory-girl at her loom, and for the same reason—to support herself—not only herself, but seven or eight members of her family besides; and in addition, all the poor Irish cousins from Clonmel—an interminable, exacting, long-lived, vigorous race, like all Irish cousins, requiring a great deal to keep up their systems. In one of her letters, she says:—

“I am so constantly and fatiguingly occupied in copying and correcting, that I have not a moment to myself.”

Again:—

“When I tell you that I have no less than three works passing through the press, and have to furnish the manuscript to keep the printers at work for one of them, you may judge of my uneasiness and overwhelming occupations, which leave me time neither for pleasure nor for taking air or exercise enough for health. I am literally worn out. I look for release from my literary toils more than ever a slave did from bondage. I never get out any day before five o’clock. I am suffering in health from too much writing.”

The entire novel of “The Repealers” was written in five weeks; and in a letter to Dr. Madden, dated 4th March, she says:—

“When I tell you that I have six hundred pages to write and compose between this and the end of the month for a work, which, unless completed by that period, I forfeit an engagement, you will understand why I cannot read over the story you sent me, and which, I am persuaded, is like all I have seen from your pen—graphic, and full of talent.”

And yet, withal, year after year, her expenditure was more than double her income. Fashionable life and literary notoriety are expensive pleasures, as she found one day to her cost, when the poor brain, with all its toil, could no longer meet the expenses of the

worthless body with all its necessary luxuries, and appanages, and decorations. Upon this state of affairs the wise editor remarks :—

“ Little was she aware of the nature of literary pursuits, or the precariousness of their remuneration, if she imagined that secure and permanent emolument could be derived from such sources. A lady of quality who sits down in fashionable life to get a livelihood by literature, or the means of sustaining herself or her position at the hands of publishers, had better build any other description of castles in the air, however ethereal the order of architecture may be.”

Too true; for does not Carlyle describe this weird race of publishers as “ seated in their back-parlour Valhallas, drinking wine out of the skulls of authors.” Very terrible to think of! But when the pen was laid aside, and the weary daily task ended, then the enchanted gates were unfolded, and the tired toiler over manuscript became transformed into the brilliant idol of a brilliant circle.

Every evening, from ten to half-past twelve, Gore House was thrown open to visitors, like to a temple of Minerva, to which all literary votaries went up nightly to worship. The high-priestess takes her position at once, as centre and leader, and all revolve around her, suns, satellites, and stars. Stars there were in plenty. They came, not singly, nor even in binary combination, but in whole systems. A perfect *via lactea* of literary luminaries flashed through her *salons* each evening. What was this strange, indefinable, subtle, yet permanent charm which attracted to her circle every man of note in England, from the great Wellington down to the small annualists, and Alaric Watts? Her writings, we have said, were not beyond mediocrity, and her conversation, however gay and sparkling, was yet wholly devoid of real wit or energetic power. Compare her with the supreme De Stael, the deep wise Rabel of Germany, the intensely earnest Margaret Fuller of America, and how commonplace and unsatisfying, as mental reagents, do all her recorded sayings fall upon the ear and heart. Was the flattery, then, that gilded her life, elicited mainly by the coronet on her escutcheon? Perhaps so; especially likely, when the coronet on the brow crowned so much beauty and enough of genius to found

sonnets on; for beauty makes a surprising difference in the reception a woman meets with in society, and the air of superiority she is privileged to assume there :—

“ The swinging of the censor before the fair face of Lady Blessington never ceased in those *salons*; and soft accents of homage to her beauty and talent seldom failed to be whispered in her ear, while she sat enthroned in her well-known *fautuil* (Willis tells us it was of yellow satin), holding high court in queen-like state—the most gorgeous Lady Blessington !”

Truly, a life of intoxicating excitement, but fatal to all earnestness of thought; talent laid on the salver of publicity, to be breathed upon and dimmed, so at best only to reflect the shows and surfaces of things. Was it wonderful that her literature reflected her life, dealing only with the follies and crimes, or the fashion and glitter of social life, and never descending with searching analysis into the real healthy humanity, such as God created, and meant to be immortal, to seek for noble types and strengthening principles of action.

The editor makes some very just remarks on the inevitable tendencies of a nature fed by indiscriminate flatteries; and on the bad effects of a life of literary display upon the mind :—

“ Those to whom the art of pleasing becomes a business daily to be performed, pass from the excitement of society into exhaustion, languor, and ennui, and from this state they are roused to new efforts in the *salons* by a craving appetite for notice and for praise. Lady Blessington had that fatal gift of pre-eminent attractiveness in society, which has rendered so many clever women distinguished and unhappy. The power of pleasing indiscriminately is never long exercised by women with advantage to the feminine character of their fascinations.

“ The facility of making one's self so universally agreeable in literary *salons*, as to be there ‘ the observed of all observers,’ becomes in a time fatal to naturalness of character and sincerity of mind. Relations with intellectual celebrities must be kept up by constant administrations of cordial professions of kindness and affection, epistolatory and conversational, and frequent interchange of compliments and encomiums.

“ The praised and the praiser have a nervous apprehension of depreciation; and those who live before the public in literature or society, get not unfrequently into the habit of lavishing eulogies, with a view to

repayment in the same coin. The queen regnant of a literary circle must at length become an actress there; she must adapt her manners, her ideas, her conversation, by turns, to those of every individual around her. She must be perpetually demonstrating her own attractions and attainments, or calling forth those of others. She must become a slave to the caprices, envious feelings, contentions, rivalries, selfish aims, ignoble artifices, and *exigents* pretensions of literati, artistes, and all the notabilities of fashionable circles.

"Besides, the wear and tear of literary life leave very unmistakable evidence of their operation on the traits, thoughts, and energies of bookish people. Like the ceaseless efforts of Sisyphus, are the pursuits of the literati, treading on the heels of one another, day after day, tugging with unremitting toil at one uniform task — to obtain notoriety, to overcome competition, and having met with some success, to maintain a position at any cost."

It was in Lady Blessington's time that the epidemic of illustrated annuals broke out in England, which raged with considerable flimsiness and platitude for about twenty years. Her ladyship of course became an editress; for, as her biographer asserts, with laudable candour, "she had a great facility for versification, and her verse was quite equal to the ordinary run of *bouts rhymées*."

Besides, a titled editress was indispensable as nurse to the small literary buds of fashion that lisped their pretty twaddle in gilded annuals, while the lady herself loved celebrities and display; and—

"This occupation brought her into contact with almost every literary man of eminence in the kingdom, or of any foreign country who visited England. But it also involved an enormous expense, far beyond any amount of remuneration derived from editing the works. It made a necessity for entertaining continually persons to whom she looked for contributions, or from whom she had received assistance. It involved her, moreover, in all the drudgery of authorship, in all the turmoil of contention with publishers, communication with artists, and never-ending correspondence with contributors. In a word, it made her life miserable."

The whole system of the annuals was, in fact, a speculation based upon personal vanity. Court beauties had their pictures engraved with (as Dickens describes) the traditional back-

ground of flower-pots; and then verses were ordered by the editor to suit these portraits. When the mothers of the nobility were exhausted, the annualists turned to the children of the nobility, whose portraits came out with impossible eyes and hair, white frocks, the flower-pot, and a dog. For them verses were in like manner ordered; and of course the sale was unprecedented. Thus, we find Lady Blessington petitioning a contributor, and really a man of genius, though he had caught the epidemic, Dr. William Beattie, for "three or four stanzas for the work named 'Buds and Blossoms,' to contain the portraits of all the children of the nobility—the children for the illustration are the three sons of the Duke of Buccleuch, and an allusion to the family would add interest to the subject."

To the same poet, too yielding, perhaps, not to be made the prey of these infantile bores, she writes again with lamentable pertinacity:—

"Will you write me a page of verse for the portrait of Miss Forrester; the young lady is seated with a little dog on her lap, which she looks at rather pensively; she is fair, with light hair, and is in mourning."

During the palmy days of the pen-sive annuals, Lady Blessington made about £2,000 a-year by them; for they had this advantage to editors, that contributors were seldom paid except where a great name was sought for, at any price, to look impressive in the index. Thomas Moore was offered £600 for one-hundred-and-twenty lines, in either prose or poetry, for "The Keepsake," which he declined. But at length "the public were surfeited with illustrated annuals. The perpetual glorification even of beauty became a bore; the periodical poems, sung in honour of the children of the nobility ceased to be amusing. Lords and ladies ready to write on any subject, and fashionable editors and editresses, there was no dearth of; but readers were not to be had for love or money." A failure in Lady Blessington's income was the result. Besides, of late years it was with difficulty she could find a publisher for her novels. They would not sell; yet she continued to write them, for it kept up the excitement of her life, and friends still praised—how falsely and absurdly

it is painful to read, for the sake of literary and critical honour and veracity. Had she no friends, who, when they saw her with all these irons in the fire, about new novels and the like, for making money, would boldly say, as did Dr. Johnson on a similar occasion, "Madam,—Put your novels with your irons." On the contrary, they write thus to the poor blinded one—"You have all the tact, truth, and grace of *De Stael*." And concerning another novel, whose name is not even worth remembering now, "It reminds me greatly of *Godwin's* writings." Again, "Your style is peculiarly fluent and original; I do not remember any specimen of 'The Rambler' equal to it." This is only equalled by Lady Blessington telling some poet, never heard of since, who had sent her a poem of his for her perusal, that it was "beyond anything in Shakspeare!"

When annuals and publishers had all failed, her ladyship turned her attention to newspapers. Her last novel, "Country Quarters," appeared in one. And she accepted an engagement from the *Daily News*, at the rate of £400 a-year, for contributing *Exclusive Intelligence*, or *Gossiping News from High Quarters*; but she thought her services worth £800 a-year, and gave up the engagement after six months. Still her writings, such as they were, brought her an average income of about £1,000 a-year; while Southey, with all his great wisdom, great learning, and undoubted ability, was, at the same time, only making about two or three hundred, and glad even to secure that. But then, four times the amount of Lady Blessington's literary gains was spent in keeping up the *prestige* of her name as a literary leader. With what lavish magnificence she threw open Gore-House for the entertainment of authors and publishers, contributors, high-bred eulogists, and unscrupulous laudators! All who could write or help writers, all aspirants or conquerors in the lists of Fame, found themselves in the enchanted palace of the beautiful Armida, and unable to resist her spells.

Meanwhile, the handsome and gifted Count D'Orsay added not a little to the brilliancy of these celebrated receptions. We have said he was twelve years younger than Lady Blessington; a man, by all accounts, of surprising

wit, and beauty of appearance; so that for twenty years he led the fashion, rather laid down the law, in London, in dress, manners, and conversation. In fact, as a French periodical expressed it, "D'Orsay taught the English aristocracy how to converse." Beyond this, too, he was a gifted artist. 150 portraits, executed by him, of the celebrities of Gore-House, are in existence, and have been lithographed and published by Mr. Lane. His statuettes and busts excited unmeasured praise from all judges—from the cold, severe Wellington, as well as the spiritual Lamartine. Haydon the painter, with one of his vivid picturesque touches, thus describes him in his "Diary":—"About seven D'Orsay called, whom I had not seen for long. He was much improved, and looking 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form;' really a complete Adonis, not made up at all. He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were sound impressions, and grand. He bounded into his cab like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus. I looked after him. I like to see such specimens." Again, another entry—"D'Orsay called, and pointed out several things to correct in the horse (the Duke's Waterloo charger), verifying Lord Fitzroy's criticism. I did them; and he took up my brush in his dandy gloves, which made my heart ache, and lowered the hind quarters by bringing over a bit of the sky. Such a dress—white great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with eau-de-Cologne, or eau-de-jasmine, primrose in tint, skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism, he took up a nasty, oily, dirty hogtool, and immortalised Copenhagen by touching the sky."

We have mentioned the strange circumstances of his marriage, and how he had separated himself from his young wife, and taken up his abode entirely at Gore-House. A life of literature and magnificence, of artistic employment and thoughtless expenditure, seemed to suit his Athenian nature. Tradespeople gave him unlimited credit, for his taste in dress was so perfect, that whatever he wore became the fashion, and they felt sufficiently compensated by being allowed to have the honour of announcing that he employed them.

But how strangely are the extremes of society connected! Because the fields are lying black round an Irish cabin, the great London world of life and light is thrown into terror and dismay!

The potato blight fell upon Gore-House. Irish rents were not paid; and as soon as the suspicion of inability to meet demands got abroad, demands poured in. There were no means of meeting them. Lady Blessington's expenditure had long been more than double her receipts. Confusion and dismay came gathering darkly over the magnificence.

The lady's diamonds are pledged to meet the most urgent claims. But bills are like the frogs of Egypt, interminable and obtrusive. They came up into Pharaoh's chamber. £300 for Count D'Orsay's boots; £4,000 for India shawls, silks and laces for my lady. Day by day payment was evaded. Then executions were threatened; and so, while rank and genius were glittering in the *salons*, bailiffs were watching at the hall-door. For two years it was thus; the hall-door never opened but with precautions. For two years the brilliant D'Orsay could only venture out on Sundays for fear of arrest.

At length, a bailiff got entrance in disguise. The lady sees that all is over, and sends a quick message to the Count's room that he has not a minute to lose. So he escapes by a back door, with a single valet and a portmanteau, and flies for refuge to France — never to behold England more — leaving debts behind him to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds.

Thus ended the magnificent London career of Count D'Orsay — the man who had revolutionised London society, and made the English aristocracy, for twenty years, his servile imitators.

A fortnight after his flight, Lady Blessington, with her nieces, also quitted London, never more to return either, and followed the Count to Paris, leaving her entire property at the mercy of her creditors.

The sale then commenced at Gore-House. The library of 5000 volumes, the magnificent specimens of the fine arts, the costly ornaments of these celebrated *salons*, were all sold. By the express command of Lady Blessington, nothing was reserved from the credi-

tors, except her own picture by Chalon. The sale realised above £13,000, out of which eleven pounds balance, after paying the debts, was handed over to Lady Blessington. Twenty thousand persons visited the house previous to the auction; and of all these, but one is recorded as having shewn any visible emotion at the wreck of a prosperity in which most of them had shared. Who, think you? Thackeray, the caustic satirist of women, the harsh denouncer of their follies, the author whose name, above all others, is hateful to the sex; whose theory of woman is expressed with bitter irony in one formula: all clever women are wicked, and all good women are fools; and yet this man, with the oblique vision that sees only distortions of humanity, must have felt that some beautiful quality, some gentleness, kindness, generosity, or tenderness, existed in the heart that had once vivified that desolate magnificence; for he wept; and one thinks better of Mr. Thackeray for those tears.

Dr. Madden happened to be present at the sale, and thus describes this tragedy of fashion: —

"There was a large assemblage of people of rank. Every room was thronged; the well-known library-saloon, in which the *conversations* took place, was crowded, but not with guests. The arm-chair, in which the lady of the mansion was wont to sit, was occupied by a stout, coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand extended on a book, the fingers of which were modelled from a cast of those of the absent mistress of the establishment. People, as they passed through the room, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornaments of various kinds that lay on the table, and some made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed. In another apartment, where the pictures were being sold, portraits by Lawrence, sketches by Landseer and MacIise, innumerable likenesses of Lady Blessington, by various artists; several of the Count D'Orsay, representing him driving, riding out on horseback, sporting, and at work in his studio; his own collection of portraits of all the frequenters of Gore-House, in quick succession, were brought to the hammer. It was the most signal ruin of an establishment of a person of high rank I had ever witnessed."

Gore-House itself had also a destiny: first, it belonged to the great Wilberforce, who records how he

"repeated the 119th Psalm there in great comfort;" then Lady Blessington became the proprietor, upon which James Smith wrote—

"The chains from which he freed the Blacks
She rivets on the Whites;"

from her hands it passed to those of the renowned Soyer. "The culinary replaced the literary," and so for ever after, Gore-House will be associated with social freedom, mental light, and corporeal regeneration.

Lady Blessington quitted London in April, 1849. The whole fabric of her greatness had crumbled in the dust. At sixty years of age, she found herself a fugitive in Paris — youth, beauty, wealth, *prestige*, magnificence, all gone. Nothing remained to her but her energetic intellect. By this she strove to build up another future. Already she planned new works of literature, and new modes of life. A biography of remarkable women was to issue from her pen, and she was to spare no pains in reading up for it. She took a new residence, and furnished it with all that elegance of luxury and oriental brilliancy of decoration which she could not help evidencing. The taste was instinctive to her—part of her nature. The spirit of her youth seemed to come back to brave the desolation of her age, but the heart was silently breaking the while; what wonder if it were so? On the 3rd of June, just seven weeks after the flight from her London home, she removed to her new residence in Paris, from the hotel where she had been located, her health and spirits apparently good, even better than usual. But that morning she had already entered the dark shadow of death, although those around her saw it not. Pomp and pleasure, praise and fame, and all the lights of life were going out, one by one, and God alone is by her in the last darkness. That night she died, not without some suffering, but yet apparently unconscious that the fiat of her doom had gone forth. No priest knelt by her bedside, no prayer seems to have been uttered. Her last words were, "*Quelle heure est il?*" and then she passed calmly into eternity. The last hour of the clock of time had tolled for her.

She was buried at St. Germain. Her mausoleum was designed by Count D'Orsay, and her epitaph written by Barry Cornwall and Walter Savage Landor; while Irish ivy, brought for the purpose from her native village, was planted round her grave. The story of her life seemed thus symbolised by her tomb.

Count D'Orsay's grief at her death is described as almost frantic; besides, he experienced most bitter disappointment, it is said, at the cold reception given him by Louis Napoleon, of whom both he and Lady Blessington had once been the friends and benefactors.

Once, indeed, they had been invited to dine at the *Elysée*; but, for eighteen months previous to the Count's death, the Emperor took no notice of him whatever.

Thus, without fortune, without friends, and deprived of her who had been his companion for twenty years, Count D'Orsay naturally fell into melancholy, then into bad health; and finally, about three years after Lady Blessington's death, he died, and was laid in the same tomb, in the stone sarcophagus which he had ordered to be placed there for himself at the time of her interment. Five months after his death the Countess D'Orsay married a second time.*

Count D'Orsay had many gifts, yet, withal, he can never stand before the mind as a character that interests. A life of vanities and fopperies, of egoism and weakness, though passed amidst the beauties of art and the excitement of literary society, was still a life without divinity; and we turn, with feelings stronger even than disapproval, from the contemplation of the marriage, and the neglect of the young wife, while at the same time he squandered her patrimony. When friendless and fallen, we feel, not sorrow, but a sort of gladness that retribution was exacted; and then only when he is weak and suffering, wounded and broken in spirit, does the man attain any dignity in our eyes. Suffering seems to purify and ennoble all natures; for we recognise it as the shadow of God's presence upon a human life. But one has true pity for the sunny heart darkened into error by the force of circumstances, and

* The Honourable Spencer Cowper, brother to Lady Jocelyn.

the harsh will of those who ruled its fate. The biography of a woman is always sad—a war between feeling and destiny—but that of a gifted woman especially so; for high intellect and vivid passions are hard to rule, and tame, and formalise: and such exceptional natures seem to have a singular inaptitude for the contracted sphere within which society places them.

Even in the limited space of the current half-century, how many, if not wretched, at least unhappy hearts and blighted lives can be enumerated amongst those who possessed the fatal gift of intellect. Mrs. Hemans; the beautiful and most richly endowed Caroline Norton; Lady Lytton Bulwer, who seems to have flung down the gauntlet to male humanity with helpless rage; they only smile at her indignant sense of wrong, and bid her suffer and be silent. And saddest of all, lies “L. E. L.” in her death-sleep on that fatal foreign shore; but we cannot think beside such a grave, it is enough to weep.

All these lives were no doubt beautiful in their aurora light; but the moment they rose in mental power above the proscribed level of their sex, the lightning struck them.

Lady Blessington was not exempt from this apparent law of Providence; her own testimony of herself is, “I have drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs.” The great fault of her character seemed to be an incapacity for profound thought on any subject. She lived on passionately from day to day—excitement the very vital breath of her existence; never caring or thinking whither it was all tending, but purposing, some day or other, when she had time, to think seriously about religion—and thus it was till the end came. There is, therefore, no tragedy in her life; no deep earnestness, and therefore no despair. If she begins a letter with a few melancholy phrases, she ends—“The opera is charming; I never miss a night.”

Though born and reared a Roman Catholic, yet she talks of herself, on one occasion, as “a stern Protestant,” merely because those around her were so; and she forgot, for the moment, exactly what she believed. Another time, with the same comprehensive sympathy, she speaks of her “proud feelings as an Englishwoman,” quite

oblivious of Tipperary and the murdered Sheehys; though, when writing to Dr. Madden, her love for “her poor country” is ardently expressed—and this, not from the falsehood, but the levity of her nature; for, being herself incapable of deep fanatic feeling on any subject, she unconsciously, or good-naturedly, from a wish to please, echoed the sentiments of those more earnest souls with whom she came in contact. Therefore we seek in vain in her writings for any revelations of the inner world, wrought out of earnest, patient reflection on the mystery and the sacred ends of life. No spirit-voice chanted to her, as it has done to higher natures:—

“Each word we speak has infinite effects;
Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell—
God! fight we not within a cursed world;
And this, our one chance through eternity?
Be earnest, earnest, earnest: mad, if thou wilt;
Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
And it thy last deed, ere the judgment day.”

Yet every life, however weak, has something in it which may teach, either as a warning or a model. It is only in the lives of others, not in our own, that we can study human life as a whole—our own life is fragmentary. We pass blindfold into each successive moment with trembling volition, knowing not what the dictum of our decision may bring forth. Clear vision comes only when it is too late, and we see then how error and misery came of egoism and blind passion. But in biography, if uttered truly, we trace clearly the inseparable connexion between weakness and suffering, error and punishment, sin and remorse; and we start back warned from the same fatal path. While, on the other hand, the records of courage will strengthen, and earnestness inspire, long after the heroes or martyrs have been laid low in their graves. And thus it is that the hands of the dead guide us best through the future.

We have spoken of the correspondence of Lady Blessington as full of interest, and to this we turn willingly; for though she herself did not contribute much to it either of wit or learning, yet she elicited both, in a remarkable degree, from those who came within her influence; and we can estimate the power she exercised

over her age by the number of celebrated men who felt proud to be ranked amongst her correspondents.

A woman, truly, is the genius of epistolary communication. Men always write better to a woman than to their own sex. No doubt they conjure up, while writing, the loving, listening face, the tender, pardoning heart, the ready tear of sympathy, and passionate confidences of heart and brain flow rapidly from the pen—confidences that never would have been revealed to spirits made of sterner stuff.

There is one noticeable characteristic of Lady Blessington's own letters, which is, the entire absence of literary egotism. There is no seeking for praise or compliment upon her own works; on the contrary, they are treated of slightly, thrown off in a phrase as things of no value; while whatever concerns the friend she may be writing to, his acts, words, works, and feelings, are discussed with the most ardent and apparently genuine interest.

Always she has some pleasant word of praise to utter, or favourable notice of them to repeat, which had come to her knowledge. Besides which, we find her aiding them always as best she could, with publishers and the public; getting their works printed, often correcting the proofs herself, and undertaking to write favourable reviews in the leading journals. No wonder that all her friends loved to hear from her, and to cultivate the correspondence of one who never wrote but to please. Landor, in one of his letters to her, says, with an intensity of appreciation, one cannot help feeling half jealous of when uttered by such a man:—"With your knowledge of the world, and what is rarer, of the human heart, the man is glorified who enjoys your approbation; what, then, if he enjoys your friendship!"

What articles of kind flattery and graceful falsehood she must have poured from her pen for the thousand literary friends who all wrote books or verses, and who all demanded from her praise-public or praise-private. Every literary journal, probably, could bear evidence of this amiable mendacity of friendship. Vicomte D'Arlingcourt, a French gentleman who travelled through England and Ireland, and who assisted, it is said, at the coronation of O'Connell upon Tara of the

Kings, writes to her ladyship on the publication of his travels, in this strain:—

"I long to hear what the London journals say about it. No doubt at your solicitation they will accord me a favourable notice. Let some rays of your glory fall upon my humble work laid at your feet, and its success will be brilliant, and its author will bless you."

Again:—

"Sweet sister, my travels will soon appear; oh, sustain them, protect them! Let a palm leaf from your coronal fall on them as a talisman of protection. There is no need to recommend my pecuniary interests; for I know that you will look after them also.

"Talk of my book! Make it talked of! patronised by you, it must become the fashion. . . . My tutelary angel, a thousand thanks for your charming article in the *Court Journal*. Continue to help my book, sweet sister; sustain its steps upon a foreign soil."

As we have said, the correspondence includes every memorable name in English literature, from the dead Lord Byron to the living Walter Savage Landor, that noblest of literary veterans, the last of a Titan race, who still retains the energy and force of youth, with the matured wisdom of an eighty years' life, and who stands, like Mont Blanc, among his present youthful cotemporaries, in grand and unapproachable majesty. His letters alone, full of originality and deep thought, are worth the whole of Moore's published correspondence put together. What wisdom, beauty, poetry, and sublimity in his "Conversations," a work that will be immortal in our literature! Lady Blessington tells him in one of her letters how he is praised, and he answers scornfully, yet feelingly:—

"I did not believe such kind things would be said of me for a century to come. Perhaps, before we meet, even fashionable persons will pronounce my name without an apology, and I may be patted on the head by dandies, with all the gloss on their coats, and unfayed straps to their trousers.

"It occurs to me that authors are beginning to think it an honest thing to pay their debts; and that they are debtors to all by whose labour and charges the fields of literature have been cleared and sown. We have been a rascally gang hitherto. Few writers

have said all the good they thought of others, and fewer have concealed the ill. They praise their friends, because their friends, it may be hoped, will praise them. As these propensities seem inseparable from the literary character, I have always kept aloof from authors where I could.

"*Southey* stands erect, and stands alone. I love him no less for his integrity than his genius. No man, in our days, has done a twentieth part for the glory of literature."

Of Coleridge he says :—

"The opium-eater calls Coleridge the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive that has yet existed amongst men. Impiety to Shakspeare! treason to Milton! I give up the rest, even Bacon. Certainly, since their day, we have seen nothing at all comparable to him. Byron and Scott were but as gunflints to a granite mountain. Wordsworth has one angle of resemblance; Southey has written more, and all well, and much admirably. Foster has said grand things about me; but I sit upon the earth with my heels under me, looking up devoutly to this last glorious ascension. Never ask me about the rest. If you do, I shall only answer in the cries that you are likely to hear at this moment from your window—Ground ivy! ground ivy! ground ivy!"

One would like to quote every line that Landor has written, but as that is impossible, we must content ourselves with plucking and setting down a stray thought here and there; and refer the reader to the correspondence itself, where he may wander in a wilderness of thought which we must leave unexplored :—

"Do not be angry with me for my sincerity as regards Byron. The bosom of Byron never could hold the urn in which the muse of Tragedy embalms the dead. There have been four magic poets in the world. We await the fifth monarchy, and like the Jews with the Messiah, we shall not be aware of it till it comes."

"The Rhine, exclusive of its castles and legends, will bear no comparison with the Lake of Como. It wants majestic trees, it wants Italian skies, it wants idleness and repose. The two most heavenly of heavenly things, the most illusory of illusions—

"Most things are real to me, except realities."

"I detest the character of Rousseau, but I cannot resist his eloquence. He had more of it, and finer than any man. Demosthenes' was a contracted heart, and even Milton's was vitiated by the sourness of theology."

"I have this instant sent your note to poor —. It has made him very ill. He is about to publish a drama on the Deluge, on which he tells me he has been engaged for twenty years. You cannot be surprised that he is grievously and hopelessly afflicted, having had water on his brain so long."

"I find that Coleridge has lost the beneficent friend at whose house he lived. George IV., the vilest wretch in Europe, gave him £100 a-year. Enough, in London, to buy three turnips and half an egg a day. Those men surely were the most dexterous of courtiers who resolved to show William that his brother was *not* the vilest, by dashing the half egg and three turnips from the plate of Coleridge. No such action as this is recorded of our administration in the British annals."

"The author of the 'Arabian Nights' was the greatest benefactor the East ever had, not excepting Mahomet. How many hours of pure happiness has he bestowed on six-and-twenty millions of hearers. All the springs of the desert have less refreshed the Arabs than those delightful tales, and they cast their gems and genii over our benighted and foggy regions."

"I am sorry you sent my 'Examination' by a private hand. I never in my life sent even a note by a private hand. Nothing affects me but pain and disappointment. Hannah More says, 'There are no evils in the world but sin and bile.' They fall upon me very unequally. I would give a good quantity of bile for a trifle of sin, and yet my philosophy would induce me to throw it aside. No man ever began so early to abolish hopes and wishes. Happy he who is resolved to walk with Epicurus on his right and Epictetus on his left, and to shut his ears to every other voice along the road."

"After a year or more I receive your 'Reminiscences of Byron.' Never, for the love of God, send anything again by a Welshman. I mean anything literary. Lord D.'s brother, like Lord D. himself, is a very-good man, and if you had sent me a cheese would have delivered it safely in due season."

"When I was at Oxford, I wrote my opinion on the origin of the religion of the Druids. It appeared to me that Pythagoras, who settled in Italy, had ingrafted, on a barbarous and blood-thirsty religion, the humane doctrine of the Metempsychosis. It would have been vain to say, Do not murder. No people ever minded this doctrine; but he frightened the savages by saying, If you are cruel even to beasts and insects, the cruelty will fall upon yourselves; you shall be the same."

"Pardon me smiling at your expression, *going to the root of the evil*. This is always said about the management of Ireland. Alas! the root of the evil lies deeper than the centre of the earth."

"The surface of Wordsworth's mind—the poetry—has a good deal of staple about it,

and will bear handling; but the inner, the conversational and private, has many coarse, intractable, dangling threads, fit only for the flock-bed equipage of grooms. I praised him more before I knew more of him, else I never should; and I might have been unjust to the better part, had I remarked the worse sooner. This is a great fault, to which we are all liable, from an erroneous idea of consistency."

"Infinite as are the pains I take in composing and correcting my imaginary conversations, I may indulge all my idleness in regard to myself. Infinite pains it has always cost me, not to bring together the materials, not to weave the tissue, but to make the folds of my draperies hang becomingly. When I think of writing on any subject, I abstain a long while from every kind of reading, lest the theme should haunt me, and some of the ideas take the liberty of playing with mine. I do not wish the children of my brain to learn the tricks of others."

"There are single sentences in the world far out-valuing three or four hundred authors, all entire, as there have been individual men out-valuing many whole nations. Washington, for instance, and Kosciuszko, and Hofer, were fairly worth all the other men of their time."

"I feel I am growing old, for want of somebody to tell me that I am looking as young as ever. Charming falsehood! *There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.*"

"I will never write to please the public, but always to instruct and mend it. If Colburn would give me twenty thousand pounds to write a *taking thing*, I would not accept it."

These are but a few fragments chipped off a great, resplendent mind; yet we can judge of the quality by the specimen. Most true, as the age and posterity will affirm, is the testimony he has given of himself. Landor has never written a line that does not speak to the spirit of man, as with an angel's voice, bidding him come up higher; though he has selected pagan forms to be the oracles of his wisdom, and shrined his genius in the old marble gods of the past.

The letters of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer and those of Charles Dickens overflow with humour, and radiant, playful brilliancy, though the contrast of the two natures is manifested in every opinion uttered. Dickens evidently looks on life with the same earnest sadness and grave humour that characterise his works; while the sparkling, mocking irony of Bulwer is flung recklessly over everything; one

true, sad feeling, however, pervades all his letters — "*Primavera per me non è piu mai!*" (with me the spring of life is over). The contrast of the two minds is strikingly shown in their opinions upon Italy. Bulwer writes:—

"I freeze in the desolate dulness of Rome, with its prosing antiquaries and insolent slaves. In Venice I found myself on board a ship, viz., in prison, with the chance of being drowned. In Florence I recognised a bad Cheltenham. In Naples I, for the first time, find my dreams of Italy. What a climate, and what a sea! I should be in Paradise but for the mosquitoes; they devour me piecemeal; they are worse than a bad conscience, and never let me sleep at night."

Of his Italian tour Dickens writes:—

"I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties. A thousand and one realisations of the thousand and one nights could scarcely captivate and enchant me more than Venice. . . . Naples disappointed me greatly. If I had not mud I had dust, and though I had sun I still had the Lazzaroni; and they are so ragged, so dirty, so abject, so full of degradation, so sunken and steeped in the hopelessness of better things, that they would make heaven uncomfortable if they ever get there. I did not expect to see a handsome city, but I did expect something better than that long dull line of squalid houses, which stretches from the Chiapa to the Porto Capuana; and while I was quite prepared for a miserable populace, I had some dim belief that there were bright rags among them, and dancing legs, and shining, sun-browned faces; whereas the honest truth is, that connected with Naples I have not one solitary recollection. The country round it charmed me. Who can forget Herculaneum and Pompeii? As to Vesuvius, it burns away in my thoughts, beside the roaring waters of Niagara, and not a splash of the water extinguishes a spark of the fire; but there they go on, tumbling and flaming night and day, each in its fullest glory."

If Bulwer was not satisfied with Italy, he was at all events more than pleased with Ireland, and writes thus:

"I have been enchanted with the upper Lake of Killarney, and a place called Glengarriff; and I think that I never saw a country which nature more meant to be great. It is thoroughly classical, and will

have its day yet. But man must change first."

In one of Dickens's letters we have an interesting glimpse of his own state of mind while composing those wondrous novels that enchant the world. He writes from Milan:—

"I have been beset in many ways; but I shut myself up for one month, close and tight, over my little Christmas book, 'The Chimes.' All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I wrote the end. When I had done, I fled to Venice, to regain the composure I had lost."

Again, two years later, when from the ocean-depths of thought a new creation is about to rise, he writes:—

"Vague thoughts of a new book are rife within me just now, and I go wandering about at night into the strangest places, according to my usual propensity at such a time, seeking rest and finding none."

How completely this description gives one the idea of a man "possessed," spirit-driven—a prophet commissioned to utter the life-giving word to men's souls, and finding no rest until he uttered it. And this is no extravagant expression of the mission of a great writer—one who, like Dickens, reveals to the world how beautiful a thing Humanity may be made, and descends even to the very depths of physical wretchedness to show us that God's impress of divinity on man is universal and eternal. No writer, perhaps, ever softened and strengthened, melted and warmed human nature with such omnipotent power as Dickens. He can give courage to the soul while tears rain from the eyes, and there is not a work brought forth from the tossings, and heavings, and unrest of that mighty heart of his, that does not fall like a cascade from heaven upon our stony age.

Had we space, we might continue stringing epistolary gems, *ad infinitum*, from the Blessington correspondence. There are letters from that wonderful compound of poetry and politics, D'Israeli, in which can be traced evidence of both these tendencies, along with the sarcastic contempt he seems to cherish for all political parties; and eulogistic letters from the great Wellesley, and friendly ones from the

greater Wellington—one of whose wise remarks touching visits of ceremony is worth quoting. He writes: "There is no time so uselessly employed as by a visiter, and him upon whom the visit is inflicted." In fact, the ceremonies of Juggernaut are mild to the sacrifices exacted by social ceremonial. There, the body only is killed—crushed, and killed at once—but in the meaningless morning visitings of ladies, deliberate murder and patient suicide of souls is perpetrated with remorseless punctuality. "Time," says Goethe, "is a great curse to those who believe that they are born only to kill it." When will men and women learn the value of our most precious heritage—the golden sands of life.

Sir William Gell and Jekyll are the two correspondents who pour forth best that clever gossip in the French style of a century ago. The latter tells anecdotes pleasantly; as thus—"We had at the bar a learned person, whose legs and arms were so long as to afford him the title of *Frog Morgan*. In the course of an argument, he spoke of our natural enemies, the French; and Erskine, in reply, complimented him on an expression so personally appropriate."

"A toady of old Lady Cork, whom she half maintains, complained to me of her treatment. 'I have,' she said, a very long chin, and the barbarous Countess often shakes me by it.' It seemed without remedy, as neither the paroxysm nor the chin could be shortened."

Jekyll's love for London life was so great, that he said, If he were compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and a hackney coach to drive up and down all day long.

An act of kindness towards the memory of "L.E.L." gives Dr. Madden the opportunity to introduce a vast deal of most interesting matter concerning the last few, fatal months of Mrs. Maclean's life at Cape Coast Castle. Lady Blessington had commissioned the editor to erect, at her expense, a marble slab over the grave of the unhappy poetess, which, up to that time (three years after her death), had remained without a record. Dr. Madden having an official appointment at the time on the west coast of Africa, became a guest of

Mr. Maclean, at Cape Coast Castle, for some weeks, and thus had ample means of informing himself as to the kind of person with whom "L.E.L." had unfortunately united herself, and also could judge of the desolate existence for which she had exchanged the brilliancy of a successful London literary career. No European lady resided at the settlement. The castle was nothing better than a lone, dismal fort, near a village of half-caste population. The scenery, "a wilderness of seared verdure, a jungle and a swamp, realising the very idol of desolation." And the husband of the first lyric poetess of England, the Sappho of the age, is described by Dr. Madden as a person whose only intellectual qualification was a study of barometers and thermometers, and whose only taste was for algebraic calculations. "He spoke contemptuously of literature, and affected scorn, even *loathing*, for poetry and poets. By long privation of the society of educated women previous to his marriage, he had become selfish, coarse-minded, cynical, a colonial sybarite; who when his bouts of revelry were over, devoted himself to theodolites, sextants and quadrants." Openly he expressed to his wife his contempt for verse-making, and wished to force her to devote her entire time to the performance of the lowest household duties.

Everyone knows what led her into this fatal marriage. Unlike Lady Blessington, she had no *prestige* of rank or wealth to enable her to bear up against social opinion, whether slanderous or true; and, to escape the evils of her position, she rashly, in a fit of terrible desperation, resolved to go through with the marriage then offered to her at all hazards, even of her life. Her feelings at the time may be judged of by some verses, almost the last she wrote, and which conclude with these mournful stanzas:—

"Still is the quiet cloister wanted,
For those who look with weary eye
On life, hath long been disenchanted,
Who have one only wish—to die.

"Then were that solemn quiet given,
That life's harsh, feverish dreams deny;
Then might the last prayer rise to heaven,
My God! I prithe thee let me die!"

The circumstances of her death are also familiar to everyone. On the morning of the 15th of October she rose early to write letters to some

friends in England, by a ship to sail next day. In about an hour she called for a cup of coffee; and when the attendant brought it to her chamber, "L.E.L." lay stretched a corpse upon the floor—she had drunk poison. That same night she was buried, just four months after her ill-omened marriage.

These events are known, but not the secret misery she had endured during those four months, and which she revealed but to *one* person. All her other letters, written to friends and acquaintances, are full of fabled accounts of her happiness. And if the poison-cup was lifted to her lips *intentionally*, we cannot wonder, after reading those revelations.

Lady Blessington, in a letter full of startling details, gives the true account of "L.E.L.'s" position, as she had it herself from the one only person to whom the unhappy Mrs. Maclean confided the misery endured in her African bondage. We shall quote the letter entire, as every line has interest:—

"Gore-House, January 29th, 1839.

"MY DEAR MADAM, — Indisposition must plead my excuse for not having sooner given you the sad particulars I promised in my last; when that cause for my silence had subsided, the dangerous illness of Lord Canterbury threw me into such alarm and anxiety, that it is only to-day, when letters from Paris assure me that he is recovering, that I feel equal to the task of writing.

"Poor, dear L. E. L. lost her father, who was a Captain in the army, while she was yet a child. He had married the widow of an army agent, a woman not of refined habits, and totally unsuited to him. On his death, his brother, the late Dean of Exeter, interested himself for his nephew and niece, the sole children left by Captain Landon; and deeming it necessary to remove them from their mother, placed the girl (poor L. E. L.) at school; and the boy, at another. At an unusually early age she manifested the genius for which she afterwards became so deservedly popular. On leaving school, her uncle placed her under the protection of her grandmother, whose exigence rendered the life of her gifted grandchild anything but a happy one. Her first practical effusions were published many years ago, and the whole of the sum they produced was appropriated to her grandmother.

"Soon after, L. E. L. became acquainted with Mr. —, who, charmed with her talents, encouraged their exertion by inserting her poems in a Literary Journal, with all the encomiums they merited. This notice drew the attention of publishers on her,

and, alas! drew also the calumny and hatred of the envious, which ceased not to persecute her through her troubled life; but absolutely drove her from her native land. There was no slander too vile, and no assertion too wicked, to heap on the fame of this injured creature. Mr. —, a married man, and the father of a large family, many of whom were older than L. E. L., was said to have been her lover, and it was publicly stated that she had become too intimately connected with him. Those who disbelieved the calumny, refrained not from repeating it, until it became a general topic of conversation. Her own sex, fearful of censure, had not courage to defend her, and this highly gifted and sensitive creature, without having committed a single error, found herself a victim to slander. More than one advantageous proposal of marriage was made to her; but no sooner was this known, than anonymous letters were sent to the persons who wished to wed her, filled with charges against her honour. Some of her suitors, wholly discrediting these calumnies, but thinking it due to her to refute them, instigated inquiries to trace them to the original source whence they came; not a single proof could be had of even the semblance of guilt, though a thousand were furnished of perfect innocence. Wounded and humiliated, poor L. E. L. refused to wed those, who could, however worthy the motive, seem to doubt her honour, or instigate inquiry into her conduct; and from year to year, dragged on a life of mortification and sorrow. Pride led her to conceal what she suffered, but those who best knew her were aware that for many months sleep could only be obtained by the aid of narcotics, and that violent spasms and frequent attacks of the nerves left her seldom free from acute suffering. The effort to force a gaiety she was far from feeling, increased her sufferings, even to the last. The first use she made of the money produced by her writings, was to buy an annuity for her grandmother; that grandmother, whose acerbity of temper and wearying exigences had embittered her home. She then went to reside in Hans-Place, with some elderly ladies, who kept a school, and here again calumny assailed her. Dr. M., a married man, and father of grown daughters, was now named as her paramour; and though his habits, age, appearance, and attachment to his wife, ought to have precluded the possibility of attaching credence to so absurd a piece of scandal, poor L. E. L. was again attacked in a manner that nearly sent her to the grave. This last falsehood was invented a little more than four years ago, when some of those who disbelieved the other scandal, affected to give credit to this, and stung the sensitive mind of poor L. E. L. almost to madness by their hypocritical conduct. About this time Mr. Maclean became acquainted with her, and after some months proposed for her hand. Wrong to the quick

by the slanders heaped on her, she accepted his offer; but he deemed it necessary to return to Cape Coast Castle for a year, before the nuptials could be solemnised. He returned at the expiration of that term, renewed his offer, and she—poor, dear soul!—informed all her friends, and me amongst the number, of her acceptance of it, and of her intention of soon leaving England with him; soon after this, Mr. Maclean went to Scotland, and remained there many months, without writing a single line to his betrothed. Her feelings under this treatment you can well imagine. Beseet by inquiries from all her friends as to where Mr. Maclean was? when she was to be married? &c., &c., all indicating a strong suspicion that he had heard the reports, and would appear no more. A serious illness assailed her, and reduced her to the brink of the grave; when her — wrote and demanded an explanation from Mr. Maclean.

“He answered, that fearing the climate of Africa might prove fatal to her, he had abandoned the intention of marrying, and felt embarrassed at writing to say so.

“She, poor soul! mistook his hesitation and silence for generosity, and wrote to him a letter fraught with affection; the ill-starred union was again proposed, but on condition that it should be kept a secret even from the friends she was residing with. From the moment of his return from Scotland to that of their departure, he was moody, mysterious, and ill-humoured—continually sneering at literary ladies—speaking slightly of her works—and, in short, showing every symptom of a desire to disgust her. Sir — remonstrated with her on his extraordinary mode of proceeding; so did all her friends; but the die was cast. Her pride shrunk from the notion of again having it said that another marriage was broken off; and she determined not to break with him. Mystery on mystery followed; no friend or relative of his—though an uncle and aunt were in London—sanctioned the marriage; nay more, it is now known that, two days previous to it, he, on being questioned by his uncle, denied positively the fact of his intention to be married.

“The marriage was a secret one, and not avowed until a very few days previous to their sailing for Africa; he refused to permit her own maid, who had long served her, to accompany her, and it was only at the eleventh hour that he could be induced to permit a strange servant to be her attendant. His conduct on board ship was cold and moody; for her broken-hearted —, whom I have seen, told me that the captain of the ship said, that Mr. Maclean betrayed the utmost indifference towards her. This indifference continued at Cape Castle, and, what was worse, discontent, ill-humour, and reproaches at her ignorance of housekeeping met her every day, until, as she writes to her —, her nerves became so agitated,

that the sound of his voice made her tremble. She was required to do the work of a menial; her female servant was discharged, and was to sail the day that the hapless L. E. L. died. She has come to England. L. E. L. thus writes to her —:—‘There are eleven or twelve chambers here empty, I am told, yet Mr. Maclean refuses to let me have one of them for my use, nor will he permit me to enter the bed-room from the hour I leave it, seven in the morning, until he quits it at one in the afternoon. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron; in short, to do the work of a servant. I never see him until seven in the evening, when he comes to dinner; and when that is over, he plays the violin until ten o’clock, when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad.’

“This was the last account Mr. — ever received. Judge, then, of his wretchedness.

“It is now known that Mr. Maclean had formed a *liaison* at Cape Castle with a woman of that country, by whom he has a large family; such *liaisons* are not considered disreputable there, and the women are treated as wives. This person lived in the Castle as its mistress, until the arrival of Mr. Maclean and poor L. E. L., when she was sent off up the country. This woman was the niece of one of the merchants who sat on the inquest. All the servants, with the exception of the man and his wife, brought out by L. E. L., were the creatures of the former mistress; the whole of the female natives detest English women, because the presence of one then banishes them from the society where they are tolerated in their absence.

“Mr. Maclean admits that indisposition and mental annoyance must have rendered him far from being a kind or agreeable companion to poor Letitia; but adds, that had

she lived a little longer, she would have found him very different, as he was, when not ill and tormented by various circumstances, which he does not explain, easy and good-tempered to a fault. He says, that never was there so kind or so faultless a being on earth as that poor, poor girl, as he calls her, and that he never knew her value until he had lost her. In fact, his letter seems an answer to charges preferred against him by the departed, and, what is strange, the packet that brought the fatal news brought no letter of recent date for her —, though she never missed an opportunity, and they occur rarely, of writing to him. Her letters, all of which have breathed the fondest affection for him, admit that she had little hope of happiness from her stern, cold, and morose husband. I have now, my dear madam, given you this sad tale. I have perused all her letters to her —, as well as Mr. Maclean’s to him. I ought to add, that when they landed in Africa, Mr. Maclean set off, leaving his wife, and proceeded to the Castle, to dislodge his mistress and children. The natives were angry, and offended at seeing their countrywoman driven from her home.

“Believe me, my dear Madam,

“Your Ladyship’s very sincerely,

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

This is a mournful tale, with which to conclude our notice of this most brilliant addition to our literary history. Did space permit, we might cull details of other celebrities, equally interesting, though none so mournful, from the vast accumulation of biographical matter crowded into the work, which may take permanent rank in the world of letters, not merely as the life of one literary individual, but as a miniature biographical encyclopedia of all the modern celebrities of England.

A MYTH.

I.

THERE sat a lady in an ancient room,
 Amid an odorous garden's golden bloom—
 The Lady Alice ; and her hair was dark
 As dusky forest pool
 Beneath the branches cool,
 Far from the choral gladness of the minstrel lark.

II.

Bright were her eyes with visions. Yet more bright
 Streamed through the casements the sweet sunset light,
 In which the chamber quaint shone crimson-clear ;
 While Lady Alice saw
 Across the open shaw,
 Down to the forest fountains troop the fallow deer.

III.

There came a youth with lilies ever-fair,
 And ruddy roses in his clustering hair,
 Into the chamber. With his azure eyes
 He gazed on Lady Alice—
 Bearing a brimful chalice
 Of sapphire brigher than the cloudy sapphire skies.

IV.

"I am the Spirit of Summer, maiden tender,"
 He said. "To thee, O lovely one, I render
 Homage ; for sprites to mortal maidens ever,
 When beautiful as thou,
 For purest worship bow.
 Into this goblet look, and fathom 'Time's dark river.'"

V.

Therewith in that blue vase the magic water
 Sparkled and leaped ; earth's vision-loving daughter
 Gazed, hoping for a happy future there—
 Gazed, hoping that the time
 Would echo Love's wild rhyme,
 And fill with high delight the fragrant Summer air.

VI.

What saw she there ? The blushful face of him
 Who held the sapphire goblet ? . . . Shadows dim
 Crossed the fair lymph ; and a wierd form of eld,
 Crowned with a coronet
 Of ice and hoarfrost wet,
 Pale with an unknown woe, the maiden there beheld.

VII.

"The Spirit of Winter !" cried the youthful shade ;
 And from the lady's vision did he fade.
 Sweet Alice ! when the Summer came again,
 Those dreamy eyes of thine
 Saw not the sunset shine,
 Nor watched the fallow deer wind slowly down the glen.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

A SISTER'S PRAYER.

I.

A white-robed maiden, seventeen summers old,
 Stands in a moonlit chamber, calm and fair,
 Dreamily gazing over hill and wold,
 Towards the bright ocean. Her white feet are bare—
 Ripple the ringlets of her chesnut hair,*
 Freed from their silken fetters. Star by star
 Heaven's host arise, the while she breathes a prayer
 For one well-loved, 'mid perilous toil afar,
 Where France and England strive to crush the maniac Czar.

II.

"Brother of mine!" the loving dreamer cries,
 "Wherefore must these wild deeds of warfare claim
 Thy golden youth?" Tears gem her bright blue eyes
 For the boy-soldier whom glad hopes of fame,
 The love of freedom, valour nought can tame,
 Have urged at glorious Alma. But she knows
 One only solace in the Almighty Name—
 One only source whence mortal safety flows;
 And calmed by prayer, she sinks in youth's serene repose.

III.

Sleep sweetly! May no shadow of mischance
 Ruffle the breathings of that guileless breast;
 Nor any vision of his countenance,
 Toilworn and anguished, break thy happy rest!
 Slumber in this safe islet of the West!
 Him far away a sister's prayer shall aid,
 And from his heart the fatal sabre wrest,
 Even though through blood of friend and foe he wade,
 And down the deadly breach with hot, ensanguined blade.

IV.

Rise, rise Heosphoros, by Euxine marge,
 And usher in the great decisive day,
 When our twin chivalry, with headlong charge,
 Shall sweep the countless Scythian serfs away;
 When France and England, with victorious sway,
 Shall give the nations peace. And thence must grow
 Freedom and power to Russia's ancient prey—
 Dwellers by Vistula, who long ago
 Drove from Vienna's walls the fierce barbarian foe.†

MORTIMER COLLINS.

* "Anon she shook her head,
 And showered the *rippled ringlets* to her knee."—*Tennyson's Godiva*.

† Under John Sobieski, A. D. 1683.

PAPERS ON POETRY.

NO. I.—THE NATIONALITY OF SPANISH POETRY.

SPANISH poetry, like the poetry of most nations that have possessed a vigorous and fruitful literature, divides itself almost naturally into four distinct classes, of which the Ballad, the Lyric, the Epic, and the Drama, are the representatives. The first of these, the ballad, being the earliest offspring of the Spanish muse, and, next to the drama, the most important department of Spanish poetry, will form the subject of the present series of papers. In attempting a dioramic view of Spanish poetry, so varied by scenes of beauty and of terror, perhaps the BALLAD may be regarded in the light of a martial and spirit-stirring prelude; but before listening to its music, it will be well to have some knowledge, not only of the instrument from which it breathed, namely, the Spanish language, but of the Spanish people themselves, who commenced so early, and kept alive so long, a strain of such unequalled melody and power.

In first becoming acquainted with the romance or ballad poetry of Spain, and, indeed, with every other department of Spanish poetry that is intrinsically valuable, we are generally struck, earlier even than by its simplicity or its enthusiasm, by the intense and all-embracing spirit of nationality that pervades it. In a little while, that naked literalness, which at first sight seemed somewhat cold and unadorned, glows and breathes with all the beauty and the vigour of life, the lovelier and the more vigorous from being unconcealed and unimpeded. In a little while, the exquisite tenderness and pathos that characterise many of the oldest ballads, find their way to our hearts, though obstructed and turned aside, for a time, by some rude or barbarous trait of character or circumstance; in a little while, our feelings, though chilled unconsciously, or even in our own despite, by the ungenial atmosphere of a cold, of a disbelieving, and of an unheroic era, soon grow warm and expand, as beneath a southern sky, from breathing those enkindling airs wafted to us from

the land of ecstatic devotion and of chivalrous enthusiasm. In a little while, as we wander over the poetic expanse which, at the beginning of our journey, looked as unrelieved by variety or vegetation as the treeless plains of Castile which it reflects, we come unexpectedly upon some little grove, carpeted by the delicious verdure of the unburned grass, where the birds sing concealed within the deep foliage that surrounds them, like the maidens of the country behind the green *jalousies* of their windows, and where even the rivulet lingers and takes its siesta in the shade. But the nationality of the entire ideal prospect is as obvious and unmistakeable as are the characteristics of the material one to which I have compared it—the outstretched plain beneath our feet, and the snowy sierra that bounds the horizon. Perhaps, with the exception of the Greek, there is no literature in either ancient or modern times so thoroughly, so entirely national, as the Spanish; and even with regard to the Greek, its apparent equality in this respect may be doubted, for even with our limited means of investigation, evident traces of Egyptian and Asiatic influences may be discovered. Hebrew poetry, indeed, if its tremendous significance and supernatural associations did not raise it from the level of literature altogether into a purer and sublimer region, might be adduced as a more striking example than either. For the same awful voice that spoke in thunder from the top of Sinai to the people of Judah, and told them they should have no God but Jehovah, seemed to have limited the music of their harp to the same glorious theme, to HIM, who was not only the God of the universe, but in an especial manner the God of Israel—not only the Father of the Human Race, but by preference the friend and protector of the great men of their own nation, of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. If those old Roman songs had been preserved, that are alluded to by many of the Latin writers, which, composed

and sung in the loose and irregular form of verse which the ancient Italians called the Saturnalian, were the delight of the people before the fascinating but fatal influence of Greek poetry destroyed the vigour or originality of the native muse, Latin literature would have something to boast of free from the traces of direct and servile imitation: those songs and legends, I mean, which form the foundation on which Livy has erected the semi-fabulous and romantic edifice of his earlier history, the subject of which Schlegel has epitomised, giving us the outline which Macaulay has with so much felicity filled up:—

"If it should be asked (says Schlegel) what were the subjects of these old Roman poems? the Roman histories, I conceive, may easily furnish us with an answer. Not only the fabulous birth and fate of Romulus, and the rape of the Sabine women, but also the most poetical combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, the pride of Tarquin, the misfortune and death of Lucretia, with their bloody revenge, and the establishment of liberty by the elder Brutus, the wonderful war of Porsenna, and the steadfastness of Scævola, the banishment of Coriolanus, the war which he kindled against his country, the subsequent struggle of his feelings, and the final triumph of his patriotism, at the all-powerful intercession of his mother—these, and the like circumstances, if they be examined from the proper point of view, cannot fail to be considered as the relics and fragments of the ancient heroic traditions, and heroic poems of the Romans."*

Latin literature, in its turn, became the model of imitation at the revival of letters, or rather at the time when the modern dialects and languages of Europe had assumed such consistency and firmness as to be able to receive the first foundations of those literatures which have since risen to a height and a glory that seem to surpass the old. How strong this influence was felt in Italy, where, indeed, it was only reasonable, to a certain degree, to expect it, may be understood by the significant fact, that the great and original Dante—he who fixed the Italian language, and who added one additional world-poem to the very few which it can boast—he, with a genius as original as Homer's, and with an imagination more sublime, had still,

as it were, to place himself under the protection of the most famous of the Roman poets; and, by selecting Virgil as his guide and companion through the awful regions of the *Inferno*, thus make this needful apology to those prejudices in favour of the dominant literature which his education taught him to admire, but which his genius compelled him to surpass. Even Chaucer himself—the morning-star of English poetry—had, for many years, to struggle through the rosy mists of imitation exhaled from the moist love-lays of Petrarcha and the warmer tales of Boccaccio; and it was not until the planet of his own life was setting in the west—it was not until the poet had reached his sixtieth year—that the brilliant day-star, in whose early light the Canterbury pilgrims set out on their eternal journey, arose on the eastern horizon of British song. But there was one great and memorable exception—one fountain of originality bubbling up abundantly and refreshingly from the heart of a romantic land, and reflecting only the scenery in the midst of which it arose, or the events which took place around its margin, glittering and melodious with natural brilliancy and native harmony—an impulse often attracted to earth, but ever recovering from this depression, and aspiring heavenward—a murmuring centre of enjoyment, in which beauty was reflected, and passion appeased, where the soldier refreshed himself from the fatigues of bygone conquests, and strengthened himself for new, and whose light crystal panoply was not despised even by the hermit and the recluse, when arming themselves for the sterner battle of life: a Spanish poetry sprang, spontaneous and majestic, from the Spanish soil; no seeds, carried hither and thither by the destructive waters which swept over the Roman empire, settled on its fertile bosom, subsequently to be forced into unhealthy growth, in sickly rivalry of the myrtles that bloomed in the garden of Horace, or the great pines that lean from the top of Posilipo over the tomb of Virgil. Whatever it produced was hardy, healthy, and indigenous; not transplanted, or imported, and reared tremblingly in artificial conservatories, but

* *Lectures on the History of Literature*, p. 79.

bursting vigorously from the rich marl of the Iberian nature, flourishing in the open air, and blossoming and bearing fruit under the influence of one of the most varied and genial temperaments ever given to a people, capable at once of the vigour of the north and the softness of the south — even like their own skies, of which it is an emblem, nourishing with the same care, and at the same moment, the ever-green oaks of the Sierra Morena, as well as the palm-trees and orange-groves of the Andalusian valleys.

But although the early ballad poetry of Spain is marked in an especial manner by this broad exclusive stamp of nationality, which left no room for any foreign influence to be traced upon it, it is certain that this originality did not arise from an ignorance of classical or other models, but from the overwhelming and all-engrossing interest of the national cause, which for eight centuries supplied the inspiration, and suggested the theme of Spanish song. Spain was not only at all times well acquainted with whatever enlightenment existed in other portions of Europe, but had herself a literature (if we are to credit the authority of Strabo) long before either Grecian civilisation arose, or the seven-hilled city was built:—

“It is historically certain,” says a learned and eloquent writer, “that the primitive metrical poems of the aboriginal Iberians existed before Greece emerged from barbarianism, or Rome was founded. When Lope de Vega observed that there were *Iliads* in Spain without a Homer, he might also have added that they existed before the blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle was born. The ancients paid great attention to Spain, which being their Peru, was a subject of interest to their avarice. Among other things, Strabo tells us the Turdetani (the Andalusians) possessed early memorials in writing, and preserved metrical poems and laws of six thousand years.”*

This phrase of “six thousand years” was a favourite one with the Roman writers, and was used to express, by a definite term, an indefinite remoteness, as evidenced by Pliny fixing the antiquity of the poems of Zoroaster at the same date; but without giving it this very rational and unforced interpretation, though we may smile at the ex-

travagance of supposing the existence of Spanish literature at a time which must have preceded the creation of man, we cannot resist receiving the statement as the strongest possible evidence of the belief in its extreme antiquity entertained by the most learned men of the time of Augustus. Spain at this period seemed to have been to the wise men of Rome what our own country was to those zealous antiquaries who, about the beginning of the present century, received with such loving faith, or embellished with such fruitful fancy, the bardic legends of Ireland, and the result has been the same in both cases; for while later and more accurate investigation has dispelled a good deal of the venerable mist which, though it occasionally magnified, too often concealed the distinct outlines of history, it has brought out into clearer light the rugged but still romantic reality which undoubtedly existed. A disclaimer of those legendary glories would perhaps be too much to expect from the national pride of the early Spaniards themselves; and thus we learn from the Latin Gothic writers of the sixth and seventh centuries, that Moses was considered the author of those “*Cantilenas*” to which I have just referred; while a thousand years later we find Salazar de Mendoza gravely insisting, in the very spirit of Vallancy himself, that “a code of laws in couplets” had been given to whatever inhabitants we may imagine existing in Spain at the time, by Tubal, son of Japhet, and grandson of Noah, 140 years after the deluge, and 2163 years before the birth of Christ. The possession, however, by the ancient Iberians of a rude national ballad-poetry, long anterior to the invasion of their country by the Romans, cannot be doubted; and as it preceded, so did it exist side by side with, as well as survive, the more correct literature of the conquerors. The native muse indeed retired before the Roman, as it did long after before the Moorish invader, to the fastnesses of the mountains. And while the softer children of Bœtica, who inhabited the sunny plains of Andalusia, received easily the laws, language, and dress of the new comers, the hardy Celts or Celtiberians of Galicia, of Asturias,

* Mr. Forde (Author of the “*Handbook for Spain*”) in *Edin. Rev.*, Jan. 1841.

and of Biscay, still folded their mantles around them, and, as we are told by Silius Italicus (3. 346), who, there is reason to believe, was himself a Spaniard, still continued "to howl their national ballad after the manner of their fathers."

A most interesting fragment of one of those ancient poems has been preserved, which, if it does not absolutely possess the antiquity claimed for it by many learned writers, is unquestionably the oldest specimen of the literature of the Peninsula which is known to exist. William von Humboldt, the brother of the celebrated traveller and scientific writer, when Prussian minister at Madrid, while investigating the origin of the language of the Biscayans, was led to visit Biscay in order to pursue his studies on the spot. The most ancient document which he there discovered was a poem in the Basque dialect, referring to the Cantabrian wars of Augustus, which, though still intelligible to the Basque, is believed by some of the learned, and by those of Biscay in particular, to be cotemporary with the events which it describes. It is a tale of passion and of crime — a lamentation over the fate of a brave Biscayan chieftain, who, after returning from the patriotic struggle against the Roman invader, was basely murdered by his faithless wife. It resembles, if not in its catastrophe at least in its motive, some of those ballads of after-times to which we shall allude in their proper order. It presents a still more singular resemblance to certain varieties of the modern ballad in the structure of its verse, which is a stanza of four lines — the first three being pentasyllabic, and the fourth a syllable shorter, which serves for the refrain or chorus. It is said to contain traces both of rhyme, and of that peculiar species of half or vowel rhyme called the *asonante*, which we shall more particularly describe hereafter, and which is the distinguishing feature of the true national poetry of Spain. It thus supplies, as far as the latter point is concerned, some additional evidence against the generally-received opinion that this peculiar species of versification was directly and solely borrowed from the Arabian poetry introduced into Spain by the Moors, in their sub-

sequent invasion, and suggests the idea that it descended to the mountain poets of Biscay in the days of Augustus, as it did to those of the Alpujarra in later times, from the first Celtic invaders of Iberia, and carried by them (as is evidenced by a somewhat kindred peculiarity in the most ancient poems of Ierne) in that remote period when these adventurous warriors

"Set sail in their good ships gallantly,
For the sunny lands of Spain,"

in search of that "sparkle of radiant green," that island of destiny whose fate it would be to preserve the relics of their language and their race, when these had almost utterly disappeared from the face of continental Europe.

But though the existence of these rude cotemporary national ballads is established, the almost universal supremacy of the Latin language and literature throughout the greater part of the Peninsula must be admitted; and the poets of Hispania, like her soldiers, were content, nay proud, to enrol themselves under the standard of imperial Rome:—

"From the outset," says the latest and best historian of Spanish Literature,* "there was a tendency to a union between the two races, wherever the conquerors were able to establish quietness and order; for the vast advantages of Roman civilisation could be obtained only by the adoption of Roman manners and the Latin language. This union, from the great importance of the province, the Romans desired no less than the natives. Forty-seven years only after they entered Spain, a colony, consisting of a large body of the descendants from the mingled blood of Romans and natives, was established by a formal decree of the Senate, with privileges beyond the usual policy of their Government. A little later, colonies of all kinds were greatly multiplied; and it is impossible to read Cæsar and Livy without feeling that the Roman policy was more generous to Spain than it was to any other of the countries that successively came within its control. Tarragona, where the Scipios first landed; Carthagens, founded by Asdrubal; and Cordova, always so important, early took the forms and character of the larger municipalities in Italy; and in the time of Strabo, Cadiz, for numbers, wealth, and activity, was second only to Rome itself. Long, therefore, before Agrippa had broken the power of the mountaineers of the north, the whole south, with its rich and

* "History of Spanish Literature." By George Ticknor. 3 vols. London: 1849.

luxuriant valleys, had become like another Italy—a fact of which the description in the third book of Pliny's Natural History can leave no reasonable doubt. To this, however, we should add the remarkable circumstance, that the Emperor Vespasian, soon after the pacification of the north, found it for his interest to extend to the whole of Spain the privileges of the municipalities in Latium.

"Spaniards too, earlier than any other strangers, obtained those distinctions of which the Romans themselves were so ambitious, and which they so reluctantly granted to any but native citizens. The first foreigner that ever rose to the consulship was Balbus from Cadiz; and he, too, was the first foreigner that ever gained the honour of a public triumph. The first foreigner that ever sat on the throne of the world was Trajan, a native of Italica, near Seville; and, indeed, if we examine the history of Rome from the time of Hannibal to the fall of the western Empire, we shall probably find that no part of the world, beyond the limits of Italy, contributed so much to the resources, wealth, and power of the capital, as Spain, and that no province received, in return, so large a share of the honours and dignities of the Roman government.

"On all accounts, therefore, the connexion between Rome and Spain was intimate, and the civilization and refinement of the province took their character early from those of the capital. Sertorius found it a wise policy to cause the children of the principal native families to be taught Latin and Greek, and to become accomplished in the literature and elegant knowledge to be found in those admirable languages; and when, ten years later, Metellus, in his turn, had crushed the power of Sertorius and came home triumphant to Rome, he brought with him a number of Cordovan poets against whose latinity the fastidious ear of Cicero was able to object, only that their accent had *pingue quiddam . . . atque peregrinum*—something thick or rude, and foreign.

"From this period Latin writers began to be constantly produced in Spain. Portius Latro, a native of Cordova, but a public advocate of the highest reputation at Rome, opened in the metropolis the earliest of those schools for Roman rhetoric, that afterwards became so numerous and famous, and, among other distinguished men, numbered as his disciples Octavius Cæsar, Mæcenas, Marcus Agrippa, and Ovid. The two Senecas were Spaniards, and so was Lucan, names celebrated enough, certainly, to have conferred lasting glory on any city within the limits of the empire. Martial came from Bilbilis [now called Búlbiera, in the kingdom of

Arragon], and in his old age retired there again to die in peace amidst the scenes which, during his whole life, seem to have been dear to him. [This famous epigrammatist, it may be parenthetically mentioned, though himself writing in accordance with the classical models of the Latin language, in which he had been educated, and with which a long residence of thirty-five years in the Eternal City had rendered him still more familiar, retained even amid his literary and official successes in the metropolis, such a fondness and recollection for the old poetry of his country, as to advise a native balladist, named Licinius, to persevere in his cultivation of it, notwithstanding that the "delicate reader" might disparage it by the name of "rustic."] Columella, too, the best of the Roman writers on agriculture, as a Spaniard, and so, it is probable, were Quintilian and Silius Italicus. Many others might be added, whose rights and reputation were fully acknowledged in the capital of the world during the last days of the Republic or the best days of the Empire, as orators, poets, and historians; but their works, though famous in their own time, have perished in the general wreck of the larger part of ancient literature. The great lights, however, of Roman letters in Spain, are familiar to all, and are at once recognised as constituting an important portion of the body of the Latin classics, and an essential part of the glory of Roman civilisation."†

Nor was Spain, which lit up with so many brilliant luminaries the deepening twilight of Pagan literature, less liberal of her lights when the glorious dawn of Christianity was breaking over the world. She has the distinction of giving birth to the first Christian poet, Juvencus, who in the fourth century translated the New Testament into hexameter verse, an experiment which the reverential piety of St. Jerome condemned as being somewhat unworthy of the sacred majesty of the Gospel. The second Christian poet, Prudentius—a more famous name—who speedily followed, was also a Spaniard. He was born at Zaragoza in the year 348, and his "*Peristephanon*," written in continuous octo-syllabic metre, according to the opinion of some writers, resembles both in appearance and meaning the *redondilla* of a modern Spanish song of devotion. The style of those poems, however, contrasts very unfavourably with the classical purity of the Augustan writ-

* Ep. iv. 55. *Edinburgh Rev.* Jan., 1841, p. 891.

† Ticknor, vol. iii. pp. 888-5.

ers, and gives us some faint idea of the extent of corruption to which the spoken language of the people, particularly in the provinces, must have reached, even before the descent of those innumerable tribes from the north and from the east, whose barbarous dialects, mingling with the degenerate Latin, and gradually cementing into a neutral jargon, formed the foundation of the principal languages of modern Europe. The Franks, who were the first to rush from the banks of the Rhine through the rocky passes of the Pyrenees, and who, in a brief but terrible foray of twelve years, swept over the Peninsula from Tarragona to Cadiz, left little durable impression after them but the memory and the evidence of their atrocities. Craving after novelty, or fearing the revenge of the people whom they had so outraged, they seized the fleet of merchant vessels lying in the harbour of Cadiz, and in these they passed over into Mauritania, whence they never returned. About one hundred and fifty years later, when the Romans and the Spaniards of Spain were slowly recovering from the effects of this dreadful visitation, a newer and a more devastating torrent burst upon them through the same mountain-chasms, in the irruption of the Suevi, the Vandals, and the Alani. The cruelties and excesses of the new invaders far surpassed those of the old, while the sufferings and privations of the people were so extreme, assailed as they were at the one moment by a war of the most ruthless kind, as well as by famine, pestilence, and their attendant evils, that we cannot read the eloquent description of Mariana without a shudder. The Goths, who succeeded, were scarcely looked upon in the light of invaders; their original barbarism had been a little mitigated by a residence in Italy, and they were thus in some degree familiarised to the laws, language, and civilisation of Rome; so that when they entered the country in the name of the Emperor, they were received as protectors rather than as enemies. The races which had preceded them, by interminable warfare with each other, had become weakened and sensibly diminished, so that for a while they were unable to oppose the advance of the victorious Goths. But the Vandals quickly regained their strength, and, after hemming in the rival Suevi in the

Nervaskan hills, and after ignominiously routing an army of Goths and Romans who were sent to oppose them, swept on through the gates of Seville and Carthagera to the shores of the sea, and were not deterred, even by that new and untried element, from pursuing their ravages further; for after crossing and returning with their spoils, plundered from the inhabitants of the Balearic Isles, they renewed their depredations on the southern coast of the mainland, until, finding little remaining there to reward their rapacity, they gladly listened to the invitation of the Governor of Africa, and prepared to cross thither. But, even on the very eve of their departure, they postponed their embarkation to punish the presumption of the Suevi, who had again descended from the comparatively inhospitable region between Leon and Oviedo to the fertile plains of Bœtica. The Suevi hastily retreated, but were pursued by the avenging Vandals as far as Merida, where their flight was interrupted by the river Anas, into whose waves the King and his army were precipitated, after which the victorious pursuers calmly returned to the sea coast, and embarked on their interrupted expedition.

The Suevi, after the departure of the Vandals to Africa, and the Goths to Aquitain, slowly recovered a portion of their former power, and aimed at the entire dominion of Spain; but were effectually, and for a while almost completely, subdued by Theodoric, King of the Visigoths, publicly, indeed, in the name of the Emperor, but with a private stipulation for the absolute possession to him and his successors of the rich conquest of Spain. After occasional reverses, the Visigoth power was firmly established throughout the greater part of the peninsula, and continued to flourish for a period of about three centuries, until the invasion of the Saracens, in the year 711:—

"During that time," says Southey, in his introduction to the "*Chronicles of the Cid*," "the original language of the Visigoths, which was of the Teutonic stock, seems very early to have been abandoned by all but the common people, after the conquest of Spain. There it was never used for the purposes of written composition, all the laws and chronicles of the kingdom which have come to us being composed in Latin, which con-

tinued to be written with comparative purity, even to the time of the celebrated St. Isidore of Seville, or about the first quarter of the seventh century."

The necessities of every-day life led, however, among the people, to the gradual formation of a new language, which, being neither strictly Teutonic nor Roman, would be intelligible to both races. A compromise had to be effected between the rude and limited dialect of the North, and the richly inflected vocabulary of the South; but so much to the advantage of the latter, that the great preponderance of the Roman element in the new combination is significantly suggested by the name which it subsequently obtained, namely, the *Romance*, and which, being the language used by the earliest minstrels and troubadours of Spain and Provence, who ventured to use the idiom of the people in their songs of love and chivalry, has given its own name to all narrative poems of this class in the peninsula, and has been accepted throughout Europe as the distinguishing title even of prose fictions, when either the enthusiasm of the writer or the elevation of the subject raises them into the regions of the poetic. The principal change which the Latin underwent was, in the cases and declensions of its nouns, and the tenses of its verbs. The artfully-concocted elaborateness of those inflections, which gave such compactness, variety, and expression to the Latin, was a machinery too complicated and too tedious for the necessities of the warlike and illiterate Goth. Instead of these, the simpler aid of prepositions and auxiliary verbs was found to be more expeditious and more intelligible. The principal words of the language, like the principal sorts of the kingdom, were taken possession of and held by the enemy, but the outer works and intrenchments were broken down and destroyed, and their places supplied by the supernumeraries and auxiliaries that crowded the camp of the invader. But still so great a proportion of the original garrison remained, that many centuries later, even when its ranks had been greatly increased by Saracenic and even American contingents, and when the language passed from the rudimentary stage of the Romance into the full completion of the Castilian, whole dis-

courses, and even poems of the most difficult and elaborate versification, were written and published, every word of which could be read and understood either as Latin or as Spanish—not, indeed, of a very elegant or classical kind in either, but sufficiently correct to show the intimate connexion of the two. The great and enduring influence of the Saracenic invasion on the language and literature of Spain we shall more particularly allude to when we come to describe that most interesting and attractive class of Spanish ballads which treat of Moorish subjects; but even from the beginning this great event, with its consequences, must be ever kept in view. At present we shall content ourselves with giving, in reference to this subject, on the authority of Sarmiento, a Spanish writer of considerable learning, the proportions in which the various languages, that in the course of time built up the Spanish tongue, contributed their respective shares, premising that the subsequent researches of Humboldt, and others, have clearly entitled the Basque to a place in this classification—that being the oldest existing dialect of Spain, and probably the offspring of the aboriginal Iberian, and the Celtic of the first invaders. According to Sarmiento, six-tenths of the present Castilian is drawn from Latin sources; one-tenth from the Greek, including the later ecclesiastical writers in that language; one-tenth is Northern; one-tenth Arabic; and the remaining tenth East Indian and American, gypsy, modern German, French, and Italian. If we introduce the Basque, as we have already said, and follow some writers more conversant with Arabian literature than was Sarmiento—such as Gayangers—in raising the Moorish contingent from one-tenth to one-eighth, some slight alteration must be made in the proportions. But fundamentally the calculation is correct, and leaves no doubt, from the extraordinary position which the Latin holds therein, that from it, as from the base of a pyramid, did the superstructure of the Spanish language arise.

But to build up that pyramid to its topmost point; to decorate its majestic sides with medallions of men so noble and commanding as to attract the gaze of the world; to hang around it, from Christian lance and Moorish jereed, the memorable trophies which

it can boast ; to lower the Saracenic crescent from the ambitious position to which it aspired ; to wear it, like the golden torque of a Celtic warrior, for ornament upon its breast, rather than for dominion upon its brow ; and to plant the triumphant cross over all, like the cruciform hilted sword of the Cid himself, now consecrated and bloodless, was the work of many long-glorious and eventful ages. No people, perhaps, had ever so grand an object for national struggle, and so inspiring a theme for national song, as the Spaniards ; and nobly did they win the one, and use the other. Their country had gradually grown into one of the most powerful monarchies of Christendom. Their faith, introduced by the Apostle St. James, had purified itself from the early stains of Arianism, and had again become worthy of Santiago. Great saints and learned men had grown up in the cloisters of the Goths ; while in the field, the hereditary valour of the race was still worthily upheld ; and yet, almost in one moment, this stately edifice was levelled to the dust, and all but its foundations scattered to the winds. The fanatical followers of a false prophet had, in the short space of about eighty years, seized upon the fairest portions of Asia and Africa. Within three years less than that period, had Mahomet fled, discomfited and in disguise, from Mecca to Medina ; and yet, already was the standard of Islam waving in triumph from the shores of the Persian Gulf to the confines of Mauritania. Across the narrow strait, which was destined for ever to bear the name of the first Moslem invader, El Taric, they beheld the smiling shores of Andalusia, lit up by a sun as warm and as bright as they had left behind them in the east. The outrage of Don Roderick, and the treason of Count Julian, were scarcely necessary to give them a pretext for undertaking an expedition which offered them such new glory, and so tempting and congenial a home. History is somewhat doubtful on this point ; but the earliest songs of the Spaniards, and the traditions of both races, are in its favour. Whether invited or uninvited, the visit of these eager warriors was soon paid. Disembarking on the shores of those green Islands, now almost covered by the sea, which lay opposite that part of the coast where the present city of Algeiras stands,

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Taric soon fortified himself, at the extremity of that famous rock, called, in honour of himself, Gibal-Taric, or the Mount of Taric, and now corrupted into Gibraltar. "Thou Calpe," says Southey, apostrophising the hill in the beginning of his poem of "Roderick" :—

"Thou, Calpe, saw'st their coming. Ancient Rock
Renown'd ; no longer now shalt thou be call'd—

From gods and heroes of the years of yore—
Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
Bacchus, or Hercules ; but doomed to bear
The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth

To stand his everlasting monument.
Thou saw'st the dark blue waters flash before
Their sinuous way, and whiten round their
keels ;

Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy
sands.

There on the beach the misbelievers spread
Their banners, flaunting to the sun and
breeze.

Fair shone the sun upon their proud array—
White turbans, glittering armour, shields
engrailed

With gold, and scymiters of Syrian steel ;
And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
Curl their long flags outrolling, and display
The blazon'd scrolls of blasphemy."

The Goths seemed to be astonished more than alarmed at the suddenness of the invasion ; though, with characteristic bravery, a troop, numbering about 1,700 men, disputed the landing of the strangers. The dispatch of the Christian knight, Theodomir, who led the gallant but unsuccessful band against the invaders, as given by the Arabian chroniclers, is curious, as evidencing the complete unexpectedness of the attack :—

"My lord," he says, writing to Roderick, "there have come forces adverse to us from parts of Africa, whether they have dropped from Heaven or sprung up through the earth, I know not, having found them suddenly before me, and encountered them in my path. I resisted them with all my power, and did my utmost to maintain the passage ; but have been compelled to yield to their numbers and the impetuosity of their attacks ; wherefore they have finally encamped on our soil in despite of my efforts. And now, my lord, since the matter is thus, I entreat you to succour us with all speed, and with the largest force you can muster. Come yourself, also, in person, for that will be better than all."

The King was not slow to obey this summons. He advanced at the head of a vast army to the fatal banks of the Guadalete, but with an elaborate dignity and splendour that seemed intended to invest his approach with a semi-judicial character, as if he came to chastise the insolence of the intruders, rather than to contend with them on terms of equality for his kingdom and his throne. The magnificence of the chariots in which the Gothic kings rode to battle, was a favorite subject with the old chroniclers, and the one used by Roderick on this occasion, which is referred to both by Christian and Moorish writers, seems to have taxed their ingenuity and imagination to the utmost to describe. Suleyman himself could have desired nothing more gorgeous:—

"The wheels of this car," says the unknown author of the '*Cronica del Rey Rodrigo*' (of which editions are cited as early as the year 1511), "were made of the bones of elephants, and the axle-tree was of fine silver, and the perch was of fine gold. It was drawn by two horses, who were of great size and gentle; and upon the car there was pitched a tent so large that it covered the whole car, and it was of fine cloth of gold, upon which were wrought all the great feats in arms which had been achieved until that time; and the pillar of the tent was of gold, and many stones of great value were set in it, which sent forth such splendour that by night there was no need of any other light therein; and the car and the horses bore the same adornments as the King, and these were full of pearls, the largest which could be found; and in the middle of the car there was a seat placed against the pillar of the tent, and this seat was of great price, inasmuch that the value of it cannot be summed up, so many and so great were the stones which were set in it; and it was wrought so subtly and of such rare workmanship, that they who saw it marvelled thereat. And upon this seat the King was seated, being lifted up so high that all in the host, little or great, might behold him. And in this manner it was appointed that the King should go to war. And round about the car there went a thousand knights, who had all been knighted by the hands of the King, all around; and in the day of battle they were to be on foot round about the car; and all pledged homage to the King not to depart from it in any manner whatsoever, and they would rather receive their death there than go from their place beside the car."

This description, which proves how thoroughly the gorgeous orientalism of the Arabs had imbued the Spanish mind at the time when the materials which were afterwards collected into the chronicle were written, is pleasing and valuable, notwithstanding its extravagance, from the laudable desire of the chronicler to invest with as much dignity and splendour as either fact or fiction could supply, the last moments of his country's independence. But neither valour nor splendour were of any avail against the fanatical enthusiasm of the invaders. After a conflict of several days—eight if we are to credit the Christian account, but only three if we follow that of the Moors—the army of the Goths was routed. Roderick himself was either slain or disappeared; for though Poetry, as we shall hereafter find, has long settled the question, History will have its doubts; his diadem of pearls, his gold-embroidered chlamys of purple, and his ivory inlaid chariot, became the spoil of the conquerors, and the embalmed head of some Christian warrior, dignified by his name, was sent to the Caliph, at Damascus, as the most precious trophy of this memorable fight. The monarchy of the race which had ruled Spain for three centuries was subverted—

"The fortresses of the Goths fell as fast as they were summoned; and in almost as little time," says Southey, "as the Moors could travel over the kingdom, they became masters of the whole, except only those mountainous regions in which the language of the first Spaniards found an asylum from the Romans, and which were now destined to preserve the liberties and institutions of the Goths."†

Then it was that that unparalleled conflict commenced which has given so many heroes to Spain and hopes to the world—a conflict handed down as a most precious inheritance from father to son, through twenty generations, increasing in value and in interest at each transmission, and yielded up finally into the hands of Peace and of Religion, at no less an equivalent than the fee-simple of the Spanish soil and the safety of Christendom. The remnant of the Gothic host retired

* Cr. Part i., c. 215. Southey's Poetical Works, p. 634.

† Introduction to the Chronicle of the Cid.

from the banks of the Guadalete to the mountains of Asturias. They had been taught a terrible lesson, but they speedily turned it to good account:—

"Confined for a while," says the eloquent Thierry, "within this corner of the earth, which had now become for them their only country, Goths and Romans, victors and vanquished, foreigners and natives, masters and slaves, all united by the same misfortune, forgot their old hatreds, their old estrangements, their old distinctions. They had henceforth but one name, but one law, but one condition, but one language—all were equals in this land of exile."

Pelayo, a scion of the House of Roderrick, but perhaps more for his personal valour and military genius than for his royal birth, was raised upon a shield by the reviving Goths, or rather Spaniards, as we shall henceforth call them, and proclaimed king. In many a bloody fray did he descend from the mountains on the astonished Moors, often assisted, and always welcomed, by those Christians who, tempted by the comparatively mild rule of the conquerors, had continued to dwell amid the old scenes with which they were familiar, and who, in the course of ages, had adopted so much of the customs and manners of the Moslems (everything almost but their faith and their morality), as to be called Mozarabs, or imitators of the Arabs, from an Arabic word which has that signification. In less than a century the descendants of those who fought under Pelayo had made good their advance over those great plains stretching southward from the base of the mountains of Asturias, and had covered them with outposts and *castles*, so numerous as to have conferred upon this region the expressive name of *Castile*. Step by step, as with the stride of a giant, but with a century between each, the awakened spirit of Spanish nationality marched forward, now to the chain of the Guadarama, now to the ancient city of Toledo, for three hundred and sixty-three years in possession by the Moors, now to Saragossa, and at length to the famous plains of Tolosa, where, in the year 1212, the Saracenic power received a blow from which it never thoroughly

recovered. Gradually the Christian kingdoms grew consolidated, or sprang into existence, miraculously, indeed, in many instances, if for no other reason than for the great results which arose from circumstances apparently so trivial. The apparition, at a critical moment, of a mysterious knight mounted on a white steed, and bearing a white banner emblazoned with a blood-red cross, saved the kingdom of Leon from destruction; and the accidental meeting of six hundred hidalgos round the grave of a holy hermit on the summit of Mount Urucla, by revealing to each other their strength, and by showing them that the pious instinct which had brought them together to honour God by paying respect to the remains of one of his humblest but most devoted servants, would be the firmest bond to unite them together in a civil community, led at the moment to the election of a leader, and the establishment of the kingdom of Navarre. But it was not for merely local independence that these kingdoms started into existence; it was for the general recovery of the entire Spanish soil. Nothing is recorded in history more heroic than the manner in which each of them acted its part in the great drama of deliverance, and contributed to the catastrophe which, though long deferred, was inevitable and foreseen. The Moorish territory was mapped out in idea, and divided among the Christian kingdoms; each had its allotted share to conquer; and this, though frequently larger than itself, was called its *conquest*. And so strictly was this distribution observed, that wars sometimes arose between them, if one king trespassed upon the conquest of another; for they regarded it as a manor, and the Moors as game. This very metaphor, we are told, was used by King Jayme of Arragon, on a certain occasion when, one day, having started a herd of them, he clapped spurs to his horse and cried out to his followers—"After them! after them, brethren! These deer, who are to be the food and sustenance of our honours, must not be suffered to escape."† But events like these were only the amusements of the campaign, not the every-day business of the war. Far different

* "Dix, *Ans d'Etudes Historiques*," p. 846.

† Miedes, *liv. vi. ch. 5. Notes to Southey's "Ch. of Cid,"* p. 426.

were the trials, the privations, the continued watchfulness of generation after generation in this sacred struggle — a watchfulness that is painted with much simplicity and force in the old “Chronicle of Spain.”*

“In that time,” we are told, “was the war of the Moors very grievous; so that kings, and counts, and nobles, and all the knights that took pride in arms, stabled their horses in the rooms where they slept with their wives; to the end that, when they heard the war-cry, they might find their horses and arms at hand, and mount instantly at its summons.” “A hard and a rude training,” says Martinez de la Rosa, in a passage quoted from his graceful romance of “Isabel de Solis,” by Mr. Ticknor — “a hard and a rude training, the prelude to so many glories, and to the conquest of the world—when our forefathers, weighed down with harness, and their swords always in hand, slept at ease no single night for eight centuries.”

No wonder that amid such exciting scenes, surrounded by circumstances so calculated to arouse all the martial energies of a brave and hardy people, amid the neighing of the war-horses and the brazen clang of the trumpets, Spanish poetry should be born into the world a vigorous child of the camps; not as in Provence, the fair but delicate offspring of the court—a bronzed mountaineer, instead of the rosy child of the bowers that hang over the Mediterranean waters—to whom the bugle of the *reveille* was as welcome as the voice of a mother in the morning, and whose sweetest lullaby was the tramp of the night-watch among the hills.

Spanish poetry being the offspring of religious, as well as of national enthusiasm, combined within itself, as the source of its inspiration and the substance of its song, the elements of two of the most memorable events in the history of the world—the union of the Greek chieftains for the subversion of Troy, and the alliance of the Christian princes for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. It was thus in some respects an Iliad, whose epic interest was diffused over eight centuries — a crusade not for the recovery of the rock in which the body of Christ once lay, but for the preservation of that faith in which his spirit lived for ever. In one

point of view, every Moorish town was a lesser Ilium, in which, perhaps, some innocent and reluctant Helen was detained—in another, some sacred shrine dishonoured and defiled by the presence of the infidel, which should be rescued at all hazards. If Ajax and Achilles seem to revive among the Christian host in the chivalrous forms of Pelayo, Bernardo, and the Cid, the gentler heroes of Troy had no unworthy representatives in the Zegriss and Abencerrages, the Gazuls and Abenamors of the Moors. Nor, we may be sure, were there romantic episodes wanting, which, unchronicled by the Grecian poets, remained for the fancy of Chaucer and of Shakspeare to adorn, thereby investing “the tale of Troy divine” with a new and imperishable interest. From the ramparts of the Christian camp or the walls of the Moorish city, many a night, doubtless, when the moon was hid behind the sierra, and the stars alone were in possession of the sky, had some fond gazer from either point of observation thought, in the very spirit of Lorenzo—

“ ——— In such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.”

Such intimacies, if we are to credit the later Moorish ballads, may have sometimes arisen on the vigil of St. John,† which seems to have been observed as a festival with both nations, when for once throughout the entire year the Spaniard forgot his hatred and his pride, and the Moor his jealousy and his suspicions — when the doors and windows of both races were flung open, and filled with the flowers and odorous blossoms of the season; and when the green alameda resounded with the laugh and the jest, and the sighing music of the mingled people; and the white turban gleamed in the moonlight beside the dark mantilla; or the silken cymar fluttered about the feathered cap of the Christian knight. But such reunions were rare, except, indeed, in those villages remote from the contested frontiers, where Spaniards and Moors lived in comparative peace together, enjoying the same delicious climate, and the same lovely skies, and not only having many interests, amuse-

* “Cronica General de Espana,” fol. 275. Ticknor, i. 9 (note).

† See “Romancero General” of Duran, vol. i. p. 57.

ments, and customs in common, but some treasured recollections of which both were proud.

This state of things, of course, could not exist amid the defiles of the Guadarama or on the plains of Castile. There the two races only met as foes, and parted, whether as victors or vanquished, with feelings that little encouraged a friendlier meeting. They separated, doubtless, with a mutual admiration of each other's bravery; but this, instead of leading to any amicable result, only rendered them doubly impatient again to meet an enemy whom it was now more glorious to subdue. Happily for Spanish liberty and for Spanish poetry this was so, since, if even an occasional blending of the two peoples had taken place throughout the whole peninsula, as was effected in particular portions, it is incalculable how injurious to the intellectual, as well as political independence of Spain, the Saracenic influence might have been. Nothing retards so much the birth and growth of an original native literature, as the close neighbourhood of a strong and attractive foreign one. The advance of Arabian letters had been almost as rapid and as extraordinary as the success of the Arabian arms. In the year 641, nearly a quarter of a century after the Hegira, the soldiers of the Saracenic general, Amron Ebn al Aas, could find no worthier use for the invaluable book-treasures of the royal library of Alexandria, than to make them serve as fuel for the public baths of that city—a use to which they were applied for the space of six months, and, it is believed, with the express consent of the Caliph Omar himself; and yet, within about one hundred and fifty years of that period, another Caliph filled the throne of this Caliphate, whose encouragement of literature reads like the extravagance of an eastern tale. This was the celebrated Al-Mamoun, the son of the more famous, but (except for the "Arabian Nights") the less deservedly remembered Haroun al Raschid:—

"Even in his father's lifetime," says Sismondi, "and during his journey to Khorasan, he had chosen for his companions the most celebrated among the Greeks, the Per-

sians and the Chaldeans. Having succeeded to the throne [which he occupied from the years 813 to 833], he rendered Bagdad the centre of literature; study, books, and men of letters, almost entirely engrossed his attention. The learned were his favourites, and his ministers alone were occupied in forwarding the progress of literature. It might be said that the throne of the Caliphs seemed to have been raised for the Musea. He invited to his court, from all parts of the world, all the learned with whose existence he was acquainted, and he retained them by rewards, honours, and distinctions of every kind. He collected from the subject provinces of Syria, Armenia, and Egypt, the most important books which could be discovered, and which, in his eyes, were the most precious tribute he could demand. The governors of provinces and the officers of administration were directed to amass, in preference to anything else, the literary relics of the conquered countries, and to carry them to the foot of the throne. Hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with nothing but manuscripts and papers; and those which were thought to be adapted for the purposes of public instruction, were translated into Arabic, that they might be universally intelligible. Masters, instructors, translators, and commentators, joined the court of Al-Mamoun, which appeared rather to be a learned academy than the centre of government in a warlike empire. When the Caliph dictated the terms of peace to the Greek Emperor, Michael the Stammerer, the tribute which he demanded from him was a collection of Greek authors.*"

The Arabs of Spain, though, from their remoteness, seemingly out of the reach of this influence, soon showed a capacity and an enthusiasm for the cultivation of letters that far surpassed even those of their brethren of the east. In Cordova, Granada, Seville, and many lesser towns, libraries and colleges were founded, and munificently endowed. History and Philosophy had their teachers and professors as well as Rhetoric and Poetry. Aristotle was translated into Arabic, and expounded in the schools of Cordova. Valencia could boast of her historians, and Malaga of her botanists, while chemistry, and other departments of medical science, received an impulse, the beneficial effects of which are felt throughout the world to this day. What could be more fatal to the existence of a native Christian litera-

* Sismondi, v. I., p. 52.

ture, than the presence of this attractive and gorgeously endowed rival? In later times, when that literature had taken root, and had produced some of its most beautiful blossoms as well as its wholesome and vigorous fruit, so racy of the soil in which it grew, how often has it been neglected—how often has it pined, and nearly died, for that national care and culture too often wasted on French and Italian exotics, that the prejudices of the court, or the caprices of the learned, forced into a fashionable, but, fortunately, an ephemeral existence.

There are protecting talismans, however, too strong even for such magical influences; and these the Christians of Northern Spain possessed in the two potent spell-words—Religion and Liberty. The same spirit that could not bend to Moorish laws would not allow itself to be seduced by Moorish letters. For more than three hundred years, all those ballads which, though unwritten, were transmitted from mouth to mouth, from heart to heart, and from generation to generation, and which were the delight and solace of the Christians, whatever their condition—the soldier and the citizen, the peasant and the prince—those most interesting relics, of which, when more peaceful times permitted their being collected and given to the press, upwards of one thousand were found living in the fond and faithful memories of the people—these, we repeat, show little or no traces of an Arabic influence. It was only about the time of the conquest of Granada, when the strength of Moorish power was overthrown, that the conquerors had leisure or inclination to stop and admire the graces of Moorish poesy. The Saracenic Thalia did not accompany the warriors of her race to the battle-field. It was only for the mimic tournament, the games of Canes, and the festal Zambra, that she left her favourite haunts, the orange-shaded fountains in the marble courts of the palaces of Granada; and it was only when the triumphant Christian soldiery burst into those luxurious retreats, that they found her singing and dancing in the shade, and made her captive. Infatuation took the place of indifference; the peculiar style of beauty, the oriental dress, the foreign melody of the airs she sung, were all too much for the surprised captors. They became enslaved in

their turn, and, as we shall subsequently find, out-Arabed even the Arabs themselves in the extravagant worship which they paid to the new idol. This was their first infidelity to the Castilian muse; but it was the most excusable and the most memorable for splendid and beautiful results. Hitherto nothing could exceed the strictness with which they observed their vows to her, who was to them the idealism of their kings, their country, and their creed. On these fertile themes the singers—and they seem to have been innumerable—could never tire of singing. The evils of the feudal system, and the cruelties or rapacity of individual monarchs, were lost sight of in the intensity of that feeling of loyalty with which the kingly authority was regarded. Some instances of the excess of that power are preserved among the earliest of the ballads, to which we shall, on another occasion, draw the reader's attention. We shall be shocked and pained at the occasional suffering which they exhibit; but the feeling which has been alluded to seems to explain and to sanctify them. Without the instincts of an enthusiastic and unconditional loyalty, the foundations of European society could never have been laid. The crown was the keystone of the social arch, holding, of necessity, the highest place therein, and being often more richly sculptured and adorned than the other materials of which it was composed, but keeping each in its place, and preventing all from falling into ruin. Neither civil government, nor military combination, nor commercial enterprise, nor domestic security were possible without it; for it was by reverence, and not force, that they were created and maintained. We should bear this in mind, when contemplating the picture presented to us, so simply and so touchingly, by some of the oldest ballads. While we sympathise with the sufferer, let us not forget the great object for which the suffering was endured, and the wrong permitted; let us, at the least, recollect the spirit in which it was received. To fix our eyes exclusively on the anguish that distorts the face of the martyr, would be to lose the highest teaching of the sacrifice. We must embrace in our glance the resignation that is mirrored in the upturned eyes, and the serene and atoning glory that surrounds his brow.

BY THE FIRESIDE IN THE FROST.

"BLESSED be the man," said Sancho Panza, "that invented sleep." Blessed, say we, be the man that invented letters, whether he were Mennon the Egyptian, or Athoth the son of Menes, or even the antediluvian Seth the son of Adam. And thrice blessed be they, the men who invented, and improved, and brought to its perfection the wondrous art of printing—John Koester, with his wooden blocks; Faust, who dealt in the black art, but it was the black art of ink; and Gutenberg, with his type of metal; and Peter Schœffer; and all the worthies that followed them—William Caxton, and Wynkin de Worde, and the two Alduses. Blessed may they all be, those great benefactors of the human kind—the true magicians who know how to raise the dead of all times and of all climes; who can exorcise them till they speak, not unwillingly, as did the spirit of the prophet to the king of Israel, nor in scant words and mysterious phrases, but freely, and fully, and familiarly, pouring out their whole thoughts, even as they did when in the flesh, in pleasant converse, or in deep knowledge.

It is now the 21st of February, and here we are, in this season of unwonted severity, when the snow lies deep and wide, in drifts, choking up the roads, and in deep covering upon the fields, locking up the treasures of the earth from the starving cattle; and the keen frost pinches by night; and by day the leaden clouds sail lazily through the gloomy heavens, and the sun looks out through the haze like a disc of copper. The skater is on the pond in the Zoological Gardens, jealously supervised by the life-preserving policeman, who prowls along the margin of the ice-bound water with a coil of rope and hooks of iron: even as an angler steals along a stream side, ready to hook an unwary fish, so is he ever on the watch, not for a rise to the surface, but for a go-down beneath it, that he may fling his line with fatal accuracy of aim, and fix his many-hooked engine in some nobler part of the unhappy diver—the jaw or the ear, or it may be the eye—and at last restore him again to the kingdom of this

world, maimed or blind. There is a tinkling of little bells, musical and merry, and it comes nearer and nearer up the smooth, white street; and we look out and behold an extemporised sleigh, drawn by two gaily-trapped horses, whose heads carry the chimies, being for the nonce transformed into locomotive belfrys. The gentleman in the sleigh is covered with bearskins, and is making-believe, with all his might, that he is in the prairies of America, or in the wilds of Siberia. We look for a moment with somewhat of pity upon the folly that would seek for discomforts, when discomforts are so likely to seek us out of their own accord. Look at that poor fellow, with a hunger-pinched face and frozen fingers, that are tremulously essaying to evoke the ghost of an air out of that tin flageolet. He is stone-blind, and his groping steps are led along the channel by a dirty-white French poodle, which, in deferential sympathy to its master, has but one eye—farther than this no reasonable man could expect any reasonable dog to go in the way of sympathy. The air that the blind man is jerking out, is enough to freeze one's blood—"My lodging is on the cold ground!" Poor soul! likely enough—thy lodging may be cold and cheerless, if the hand of thy brother man do not minister to thy wants. And so we flung our mite to the one-eyed dog, who picked it up, after the fashion of dogs-mendicant, and then dropped it into the hand of his eyeless master: so they pass on, and we hobble back to our fireside, and to our books.

And with our fireside and our books, what care we for "winter and cold weather"? The old Duke in his exile found his "books in the running brooks;" but now that the very brooks are chained in ice-fetters, and that the stones may no longer preach their "sermons," for they are hidden by a deep snow-vest, how would he have fared in his sylvan solitudes? Right badly, we guess, unless he could do what we can—shut to his door, close the fastenings of the windows to keep out the keen, chill wind, plunge the poker magnanimously in the sea-coal fire, put his feet on the fender and his elbow on

the arm of his easy chair, and then take into his hand, and to his heart, some book-friend to help his musings, to cheer his heart, to make a warm, sunny, genial world within him, despite of the cold, gloomy, desolate one without him.

There are many volumes lying around us—old friends, with their well-remembered, dear old faces, that have been smiling upon us for many and many a year past, and who now and then come down from their shelves, to discourse to us upon the profitable and the pleasant things of life—upon the things that are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely. Here, too, are the new-arrived, strangers to us as yet, to whom we have not assigned a place in our household; but we turn from them just at this moment, and sigh for the face of a friend. Our eye has fallen upon something that looks not altogether new: the name, as we name it, has the sound of old times in it, that recalls memories of years long gone by. “Wolfert’s Roost”* we know not, but Washington Irving we do know; and we take the little volume gladly to our heart, and welcome an old friend, though he do come to us with something of a new face. What a host of our earlier-life thoughts does the name of Washington Irving evoke in our mind!—what a tangled, and tattered, and strained, and stained life-web is again spread out before our mental vision, as we recur to the time when we first took up a volume of Geoffrey Crayon! How the name raises up a crowd of pale and flickering phantom-feelings within us! Here is the wizard who enchanted us in our boyhood, to whom we gave up heart and imagination—the essayist who pleased our sober manhood—the moralist, the humorist, the scholar, the historian—the man who, at every age of life, and in every tone of the mind, has something suitable and companionable about him, that will not suffer us to put him away.

Undoubtedly we owe much in the department of literature, as we do in many other departments, to the Americans. Great names during the present century have arisen in the far west, and, following the true motion of the heavenly bodies, traversed the

intervening space of the horizon, till they shone with a bright light upon ourselves, and on lands eastward, to the eastern limits of the far Pacific. Cooper and Irving were the morning-stars of the firmament; then others rose, whose names we shall not stop to tell. And of later times we have Bryant, and Sigourney, and Dana, and in chief, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, whose reputation is as world-wide as it will of a surety be world-enduring. And in fiction there is Nathaniel Hawthorne; and in wild, fitful, and dazzling light, shone out the meteoric blaze of Poe’s genius—a light that, soaring high into the heavens, sank down, down, in the deep, miry, weltering abyss—

“Son étoile tombe à l’instant
Entre amis que la joie inspire
Celui-ci buvait en chantant—
Encore une étoile qui file
Qui file-file, et disparaît.”

And here amongst those stars, when so many have passed away,

“Like the lost *Fleiad*, never to return,”

one still shines above the horizon; and that which was the morning-star near half a century ago, is now sinking downwards towards its limits in the horizon, as the evening star of our day. Long distant may the hour be when that light shall pass away from our sight; and when it shall, indeed, pass away, may it be tranquilly, as it shall be tenderly, solemnly, holily, to the eyes that shall watch it, leaving a long line of radiance streaming upwards along the path through which it has travelled, and a twilight of sweet memories to linger still about its decadence. As we turned over the pages of the volume which Mr. Constable has lately given us, we felt that it needed no name on the titlepage to assure us of the authorship—every page betrays the writer. These papers are evidently written, for the most part, in past years; they have all the freshness of fancy which we found in the “Sketch-Book”—all the sly, pleasant, and most racy humour of “Knickerbocker,” which, like the lambent flame of the Roman fable, plays so genially and innocuously round the brows of the doughty Dutch heroes of the New World: they possess the same meditative spirit and sweet phi-

* “Wolfert’s Roost, and other Papers.” By Washington Irving. London: Constable and Co. Dublin: James McGlashan. 1855.

lanthropy, the same exquisite appreciation of character, and life-like power of painting things animate and inanimate, that charmed us in "Bracebridge Hall," and the "Tales of a Traveller." In a word, we have our old favourite once again by our side, moralising, joking, gossiping, story-telling, criticising, and drawing all sorts of pleasant and fantastic pictures, such as he was to us in days so far back, that we care not to measure the time-distance; nay, rather, it shrinks away from our vision, and we feel ourselves young once more with the companion of our youth, living over again our boy-life, and dreaming anew our youth-dreams. There is one characteristic in the writings of Washington Irving which, no doubt, in a large degree, conciliated the favour of the English public — we mean his thorough English feeling. This shines out in every page of the "Sketch-Book" and "Bracebridge Hall." Fed in his childhood upon the literary food of the parent land, taught to look upon Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Johnson, and Herrick, and innumerable other worthies, as the bards of his forefathers, in whom he could, as of right, claim an ancestral property, he had this great advantage over the resident natives of England, that he could view her literature, her institutions, and her people, unaffected by the prejudices which cling round the denizen, be he never so clear-sighted; while, on the other hand, he had so much acquaintance with our history, social and political, and so much love for the parent stock, that he was prepared to like and to love. And so it was that he was able to stand at a distance, and view the picture, moral and physical, in its true light and its true proportions. He has charmingly described his own feelings on his first visit to England, in one of his earliest productions:—

"In fact, to me everything was full of matter; the footsteps of history were everywhere to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful freshness of feeling of a child, to whom everything is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants, and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and its cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be sated with the

sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture and the honeysuckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of its notes. And I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky."

The kindness of tone with which Washington Irving has dealt with everything English, is the more praiseworthy, because there was much to irritate Americans, and provoke them to retaliation, in the observations of those who had written upon America at the time when he first visited England. In a paper upon this subject, full of manly and independent, yet gentleman-like and inoffensive remonstrance, he gives expression to his regret, that a feeling so prejudicial to both countries should exist. Asserting for America the respect to which she was justly entitled, he acknowledges all the qualities and endowments which have placed Britain in the exalted position which she occupies. In a fine spirit he mediates between the writers on both sides. He deprecates national prejudices, and thus concludes a paper full of the best feelings, as well the most sterling good sense:—

"But above all let us not be influenced by any angry feelings, so far as to shut our eyes to the perception of what is really excellent and amiable in the English character. We are a young people, necessarily an imitative one, and must take our examples and models, in a great degree, from the existing nations of Europe. There is no country more worthy of our study than England. The spirit of her constitution is most analogous to ours. The manners of her people—their intellectual activity—their freedom of opinion—their habits of thinking on those subjects which concern the dearest interests and most sacred charities of private life, are all congenial to the American character; and, in fact, are all intrinsically excellent; for it is in the moral feeling of the people that the deep foundations of British prosperity are laid; and however the superstructure may be time-worn, or overrun by abuses, there must be something solid in the basis, admirable in the materials, and stable in the

structure of an edifice, that so long has towered unshaken amidst the tempests of the world.

"Let it be the pride of our writers, therefore, discarding all feelings of irritation, and disdaining to retaliate the illiberality of British authors, to speak of the English nation without prejudice, and with determined candour. While they rebuke the indiscriminating bigotry with which some of our countrymen admire and imitate everything English, merely because it is English, let them frankly point out what is really worthy of approbation. We may thus place England before us as a perpetual volume of reference, wherein are recorded sound deductions from ages of experience; and while we avoid the errors and absurdities which may have crept into the page, we may draw thence golden maxims of practical wisdom, wherewith to strengthen and to embellish our national character."

How pleasant for us to know that all this is now changed. How gratifying for the writer to have lived to see the fruits of his own kindly admonitions. We have long since learned to appreciate to the full everything appreciable amongst Americans, and in America. Her authors enjoy with us a high popularity; her institutions command such respect as they are entitled to; and her people receive at our hands the consideration which their genius, intelligence, and enterprise merit. We may, in support of these observations, refer to some of the later English writers on America, especially to Mr. Chambers, whose sensible volume we recently noticed.

But we are wandering — wandering to the past, when we should be talking of the present. Let us take a glance at the volume that is now in our hand, and which has set us rambling so far back in imagination. The papers in this book are all detached sketches; they resemble the pencil-jottings of an artist such as you may see any day that you visit the studio of some painter friend, with whom you are upon terms of sufficient intimacy to walk into the room, and toss over his portfolio. But every sketch shows the hand of a master: whether it be filled in with more or less care, or a mere bold outline, it is still true to its nature. Here is a finished picture of the Boblink, in a pleasant paper on "The Birds of Spring," which might delight equally the moralist and the naturalist:—

"The happiest bird of our spring, how-

ever, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the Boblink, or Bob-link, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: 'the rains are all over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.' The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-briar and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

"This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

"Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood—a school-room. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. O how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo—

" Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
No winter in thy year.

" Oh ! could I fly, I'd fly with thee ;
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring !"

" Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury ; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits ; doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear ; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a ' bon vivant,' a ' gourmand,' with him now there is nothing like the ' joys of the table.' In a little while he grows tired of plain homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in travelling. Boblincon no more—he is the *Reed-bird* now, the much sought for titbit of Pennsylvania epicures ; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan ! Wherever he goes, pop ! pop ! pop ! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

" Does he take warning and reform ?—Alas ! not he. Incurrible epicure ! again he wings his flight. The rice-swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting ; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *Rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

" Last stage of his career ; behold him spitted with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some Southern gastronome !

" Such is the story of the Boblink ; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favourite bird of spring ; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all

little birds and little boys ; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career ; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end."

In nothing, perhaps, is Irving more eminently felicitous than in his depiction of the early Dutch settlers. Their houses, their habits, their peculiarities, are touched with a light and lively touch that throws them out as if alive, and make one almost fancy that he is gazing upon a family piece of one of the old Dutch painters. The first paper in the collection, "*Wolfert's Roost*," exemplifies this sketching power very strikingly ; but better still is the description of a certain village in Holland, near Amsterdam, pronounced by the worthy Dutchmen to be the terrestrial paradise, and known to less-prejudiced topographers as the village of Broek. There is a charming, quiet satire in the whole that is admirably in keeping with the drowsy repose which the author describes as pervading the Dutch paradise ; and one almost falls asleep in reading the drowsy details of voluptuous and stagnant tranquillity. There are abundance of individual portraits—some descriptive of the class, some of the particular personage. We might select many. Here are a couple. The first is the Grand Seigneur, or great man of one of the creole villages originally peopled by the French, and in which the national character still maintains its ascendancy :—

" This very substantial old gentleman, though of the fourth or fifth generation in this country, retained the true Gallic feature and deportment, and reminded me of one of those provincial potentates that are to be met with in the remote parts of France. He was of a large frame, a ginger-bread complexion, strong features, eyes that stood out like glass knobs, and a prominent nose, which he frequently regaled from a gold snuff-box, and occasionally blew with a coloured handkerchief, until it sounded like a trumpet.

" He was attended by an old negro, as black as ebony, with a huge mouth, in a continual grin ; evidently a privileged and faithful servant, who had grown up and grown old with him. He was dressed in creole style—with white jacket and trousers, a stiff shirt-collar, that threatened to cut off his ears, a bright Madras handkerchief tied round his head, and large gold

ear-rings. He was the politest negro I met with in a western tour; and that is saying a great deal, for, excepting the Indians, the negroes are the most gentlemanlike personages to be met with in those parts. It is true, they differ from the Indians in being a little extra polite and complimentary. He was also one of the merriest; and here, too, the negroes, however we may deplore their unhappy condition, have the advantage of their masters. The whites are, in general, too free and prosperous to be merry. The cares of maintaining their rights and liberties, adding to their wealth, and making presidents, engross all their thoughts, and dry up all the moisture of their souls. If you hear a broad, hearty, devil-may-care laugh, be assured it is a negro's.

"Besides this African domestic, the seigneur of the village had another no less cherished and privileged attendant. This was a huge dog of the mastiff breed, with a deep, hanging mouth, and a look of surly gravity. He walked about the cabin with the air of a dog perfectly at home, and who had paid for his passage. At dinner-time he took his seat beside his master, giving him a glance now and then out of a corner of his eye, which bespoke perfect confidence that he would not be forgotten. Nor was he; every now and then a huge morsel would be thrown to him, peradventure the half-picked leg of a fowl, which he would receive with a snap like the springing of a steel-trap—one gulp, and all was down; and a glance of the eye told his master he was ready for another consignment.

"The other village worthy, travelling in company with the seigneur, was of a totally different stamp—small, thin, and weazen-faced, as Frenchmen are apt to be represented in caricature, with a bright, squirrel-like eye, and a gold ring in his ear. His dress was flimsy, and sat loosely on his frame, and he had altogether the look of one with but little coin in his pocket. Yet, though one of the poorest, I was assured he was one of the merriest and most popular personages in his native village.

"Compère Martin, as he was commonly called, was the factotum of the place—sportsman, schoolmaster, and land-surveyor. He could sing, dance, and, above all, play on the fiddle—an invaluable accomplishment in an old French creole village, for the inhabitants have a hereditary love for balls and *fêles*; if they work but little, they dance a great deal, and a fiddle is the joy of their heart.

"What had sent Compère Martin travelling with the Grand Seigneur I could not learn; he evidently looked up to him with great deference, and was assiduous in rendering him petty attentions; from which I concluded that he lived at home upon the crumbs which fell from his table. He was gayest when out of his sight, and had his song and his joke when forward among the deck passengers; but altogether Compère

Martin was out of his element on board of a steamboat. He was quite another being, I am told, when at home and in his own village.

"Like his opulent fellow-traveller, he, too, had his canine follower and retainer—and one suited to his different fortunes—one of the civilest, most unoffending little dogs in the world. Unlike the lordly mastiff, he seemed to think he had no right on board of the steamboat; if you did but look hard at him, he would throw himself upon his back, and lift up his legs, as if imploring mercy.

"At table, he took his seat a little distance from his master, not with the bluff, confident air of the mastiff, but quietly and diffidently; his head on one side, with one ear dubiously slouched, the other hopefully cocked up; his under teeth projecting beyond his black nose, and his eye wistfully following each morsel that went into his master's mouth.

"If Compère Martin now and then should venture to abstract a morsel from his plate to give to his humble companion, it was edifying to see with what diffidence the exemplary little animal would take hold of it with the very tip of his teeth, as if he would almost rather not, or was fearful of taking too great a liberty. And then with what decorum would he eat it! How many efforts would he make in swallowing it, as if it stuck in his throat; with what daintiness would he lick his lips; and then with what an air of thankfulness would he resume his seat, with his teeth once more projecting beyond his nose, and an eye of humble expectation fixed upon his master."

Now, that is what we call an admirably-grouped picture. The human figures would not disgrace Hogarth's pencil, while the dogs might have been done by the hand of Landseer. Indeed, in the portraiture of lower animal life, and even of insentient things, Washington Irving has a master-hand, and to this a very high order of genius is necessary. Cruikshank and Doyle can give a sentient expression to a clock or a chimneypiece. Irving can give character to an old French cabinet, or an antique chair; while a house-front under his hand becomes highly intelligent, and beams with expression. His countryman, Hawthorne, has the same power, even in a higher degree, as every one who has read his wonderful description of "The House of the Seven Gables" will remember. Talking of houses, there is a description of a French mansion in "The Sketches in Paris"—almost the pleasantest papers, by the way, in the volume—which is admirably correct as a piece of descriptive writing. A

Paris hotel is, indeed, a very singular combination of all classes of society, or, as Irving happily calls it, "a street set on end ; the grand staircase is the highway, and every floor or apartment a separate habitation." These sketches, though manifestly written many years ago—we should surmise, not very long after the restoration of Louis XVIII.—are still, in most of the prominent points of the characters which they describe, as true as ever. The descendants of the Englishman and the Frenchman may to-day look at these portraits of their fathers, and find the likenesses undeniably true, though the fashion of the garb or of the nationality of each may be a little modified at the present day. Here now are two of these pictures, in which are presented the characters of the two nations which, the writer observes, are like two threads of different colours, tangled together, but never blended :—

"In fact, they present a continual antithesis, and seem to value themselves upon being unlike each other ; yet each have their peculiar merits, which should entitle them to each other's esteem. The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lightning ; seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound ; and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering ; less sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and mobility of the French enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act more from immediate impressions than from reflection and meditation. They are therefore more social and communicative—more fond of society, and of places of public resort and amusement. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more self-existent and self-dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment ; even when abroad, he, in a manner, makes a little solitude around him, by his silence and reserve—he moves about shy and solitary, and, as it were, buttoned up, body and soul.

"The French are great optimists : they seize upon every good as it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth sallies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunbines were perpetual ; but let the sun beam never so brightly, so there be but a cloud in the horizon, the wary Englishman ventures forth distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand.

"The Frenchman has a wonderful facility at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means ; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practises a kind of gilding in his style of living, and hammers out every guinea into gold-leaf. The Englishman, on the contrary, is expensive in his habits, and expensive in his enjoyments. He values everything, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show, unless it be solid and complete. Everything goes with him by the square foot. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

"The Frenchman's habitation, like himself, is open, cheerful, bustling, and noisy. He lives in part of a great hotel, with wide portal, paved court, a spacious dirty stone staircase, and a family on every floor. All is clatter and chatter. He is good-humoured and talkative with his servants, sociable with his neighbours, and complaisant to all the world. Anybody has access to himself and his apartments ; his very bedroom is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion ; and all this not from any peculiarly hospitable feeling, but from that communicative habit which predominates over his character.

"The Englishman, on the contrary, encloses himself in a snug brick mansion, which he has all to himself ; locks the front door ; puts broken bottles along his walls, and spring-guns and man-traps in his gardens ; shrouds himself with trees and window-curtains ; exults in his quiet and privacy, and seems disposed to keep out noise, daylight, and company. His house, like himself, has a reserved, inhospitable exterior ; yet, whoever gains admittance is apt to find a warm heart and warm fireside within.

"The French excel in wit, the English in humour ; the French have gayer fancy, the English richer imaginations. The former are full of sensibility, easily moved, and prone to sudden and great excitement, but their excitement is not durable ; the English are more phlegmatic, not so readily affected, but capable of being roused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are, that the vivacity of the French is apt to sparkle up, and be frothy ; the gravity of the English to settle down, and grow muddy. When the two characters can be fixed in a medium—the French kept from effervescence and the English from stagnation—both will be found excellent.

"This contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown ; he fights for glory—that is to say, for success in arms. For, provided the national flag is victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or the inutilty of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin. A great victory is most

and drink to him; and at the sight of a military sovereign bringing home captured cannon and captured standards, he throws up his greasy cap in the air, and is ready to jump out of his wooden shoes for joy.

"John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasoning, considerate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it. He is a moral person, and makes war upon his neighbour for the maintenance of peace, and good order, and sound principles. He is a money-making personage, and fights for the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have been fighting, time out of mind, for glory and good. The French, in pursuit of glory, have had their capital twice taken; and John, in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt."

Well, some thirty years have passed away since Geoffrey Crayon made these sketches, and these years have wrought great changes in the relative position of the two nations towards each other, and with the changes have come changes of feeling. The two threads still retain each its own colour, it is true, but they tangle no longer, nay, they are actually twined agreeably, so as to form a bond all the stronger, and they blend too in that manner in which the weaver has learned to blend colours together in "shot silk," so that they harmonise agreeably, while the hue of each may yet be distinguished when looked at in a particular light, and from a particular point of view. And this process has been wrought out by many co-operating circumstances; first, and in chief, the two nations have learned to recognise fully each the merit of the other, and to accord a full, and frank, and generous esteem, each to its neighbour. Intercourse has increased wonderfully, till the facilities of modern locomotion have made the passing from one country to the other little more than the stepping from one shire or parish into another; and the telegraph has enabled the Frenchman and the Englishman to converse as readily in their respective lands, as two farmers could do while standing each at his own side of a common meadow. With this has naturally come a giving way mutually of old prejudices, then a wearing off of many of those antithetical points of character, and an adoption by each of something characteristic of the other. From French literature we have adopted in a larger degree than most peo-

ple, perhaps, imagine, French habits of thought; and a similar change has been wrought by similar means over the French. Every day we are reciprocating kindnesses, lending and borrowing forms of speech, forms of dress, forms of thought — till at last came this great common peril and common interest, which has bound the two nations together, as with bands of iron; and the adhesion, which was at first but the result of pressure from without, has now become an amalgamation, cemented by the fusion of French and British blood in the same battle-field. The Frenchman still fights for glory, but he recognises as the highest glory the liberties of Europe, the succouring the oppressed, and the subjugation of the most arrogant tyranny that the world has ever seen; and John Bull, while he still fights for the substantial blessings for which nations should ever be ready to do battle, emulates, in a friendly rivalry, the glory of his Gallic ally. Long may it be as it now is between them! May they battle together, as long as the sad necessities of the world shall require these bloody ordeals, like true brothers in arms; and when their valour shall have purchased the rights for which they contend, and shall eventuate in peace, may the memory of what they have done and suffered together bind them to each other in mutual esteem and friendship, which their children's children shall inherit.

In looking over the pages of a contemporary French periodical within the last few days, we were struck with some remarks upon the subject of the growing good feeling between the two countries. After alluding to old prejudices, and "le singulier revirement d'opinion qui dans ces dernières années s'est fait en Angleterre autour du nom de l'empereur Napoleon I^{er}," the writer observes—

"Aujourd'hui, grâce au progrès des temps, ces sentiments hostiles se sont peu à peu calmés, la fusion des intérêts a fait disparaître les haines, et l'histoire peut élever librement la voix. Les Anglais reconnaissent que dans l'apreté de leurs jugements ils ont dépassé le but. On les voit continuellement revenir sur leurs arrêts, on dirait même que pour faire oublier les temps de discorde politique aucune concession ne leur coûte plus dès qu'il s'agit de réhabiliter chez eux le drapeau de la France. C'est au moins une tendance que tout le monde a pu remarquer dans les écrivains Anglais du temps présent

qui se sont occupés de notre histoire nationale."

Well, well; what has all this to do with Washington Irving? Nothing at all, we admit, except that somehow his reflections have been suggestive of this excursion from the past into the present. We would not give a farthing for a writer who does not constantly tempt us away from the matter immediately in hand; and we would not give a smaller coin, if such we had in our English currency, for the reader that would not be ready, at a moment's notice and the slightest hint, to set off on an excursion. Herein lies much of the excellence of a good writer, and much of the pleasure of a good reader. There is a great deal more in every good book than the compositor's type puts together, or the printer's ink transfers to the paper. And exactly in proportion to the skill of the author and the fancy, or, if you will, the imagination of the reader, does all this concealed treasure come out, just as the invisible colours upon paper are brought to light beneath the influence of a glow of heat or a ray of light. There are few authors more suggestive than Washington Irving. All his essays—and who has written more agreeable or philosophical essays than he has?—are sure to set you thinking far beyond what is written for you. And this, dear readers, is one of the pleasantest things in the world. Just such a day as this, while you sit at the fire-side, and having finished a sketch or a disquisition, what can be pleasanter than to lay the book gently down upon its face, on your desk, and then, looking at the bubbling gas-jets from the coal, or the puffing smoke-wreaths winding round the bars, surrender your soul up to a reverie, and speed away full chase after a thought that your author has started for you, and so run down your game far, far away from the spot where you have set out, passing over all sorts and diversities of country in your chase—wide lying plains of easy thought, where the soul goes in a hand-gallop, valleys of pathos, hills of sublime speculation, dark forest mazes of metaphysics, where the soul wanders and well-nigh loses her way, and scarce sees the light of heaven above her, till at last she emerges again into sunshine. All this is, as we say, very pleasant, and sometimes very profitable, and

sometimes, let us make the confession, very idle, or worse than idle. Still, as we say, it is very pleasant, and the more so, when, as now, outside you there is not a leaf on the trees, nor a spot of green or even of brown earth on the surface of our civic little garden-plots, and snow, snow everywhere around you—snow in the heavens, snow on the earth, snow in the air, snow in the streets, snow on the slates.

Now, let us take up our book again, and go through its pleasant pages. Here are scraps of history, mingling with pieces of fiction—the real and the unreal relieving each other in a manner that is very agreeable. But above all, we have two or three legends told in that happy, easy, off-hand style which Washington Irving has made his own, and in which he has, as yet, been unrivalled. Who forgets "Rip Van Winkle"? Is it not as familiar as a nursery tale? "The Adalantado of the Seven Cities" scarce yields to it in comic humour or lively touches; and the return of the hero, after the sleep of a century, to mistake the great-granddaughter of his *quondam innamorata* for the object of his early love, is scarce inferior to the incidents in the legend of the "Sleepy Hollow." One other legend, "Guests from Gibbet Island," has taken our fancy so strongly, that we must read a passage from it aloud. They who will listen to us may do so. Vanderscamp, the hero of the adventure, was by no means the best of characters—whereby we mean, of course, that he was about the greatest rascal extant, especially as three of his greatest cronies had been elevated to the gallows for their achievements in the piratical line of business, and were adorning their respective gibbets at the time of the following occurrence:—

"It happened late one night, that Yan Yost Vanderscamp was returning across the broad bay in his light skiff, rowed by his man Pluto. He had been carousing on board of a vessel newly arrived, and was somewhat obfuscated in intellect by the liquor he had imbibed. It was a still, sultry night; a heavy mass of lurid clouds was rising in the west, with the low muttering of distant thunder. Vanderscamp called on Pluto to pull lustily, that they might get home before the gathering storm. The old negro made no reply, but shaped his course so as to skirt the rocky shores of Gibbet Island. A faint creaking overhead caused Vanderscamp to cast up his eyes, when, to

his horror, he beheld the bodies of his three pot-companions and brothers in iniquity dangling in the moonlight, their rags fluttering, and their chains creaking, as they were slowly swung backward and forward by the rising breeze.

"'What do you mean, you blockhead,' cried Vanderscamp, 'by pulling so close to the island?'"

"'I thought you'd be glad to see your old friends once more,' growled the negro; 'you were never afraid of a living man, what do you fear from the dead?'"

"'Who's afraid?'" hiccupped Vanderscamp, partly heated by liquor, partly nettled by the jeer of the negro; 'who's afraid? Hang me, but I would be glad to see them once more, alive or dead, at the Wild Goose. Come, my lads in the wind!' continued he, taking a draught, and flourishing the bottle above his head, 'here's fair weather to you in the other world; and if you should be walking the rounds to-night, odds fish! but I'll be happy if you will drop in to supper.'

"A dismal creaking was the only reply. The wind blew loud and shrill, and as it whistled round the gallows, and among the bones, sounded as if they were laughing and gibbering in the air. Old Pluto chuckled to himself, and now pulled for home. The storm burst over the voyagers while they were yet far from shore. The rain fell in torrents, the thunder crashed and pealed, and the lightning kept up an incessant blaze. It was stark midnight before they landed at Communipaw.

"Dripping and shivering, Vanderscamp crawled homeward. He was completely sobered by the storm; the water soaked from without, having diluted and cooled the liquor within. Arrived at the Wild Goose, he knocked timidly and dubiously at the door, for he dreaded the reception he was to experience from his wife. He had reason to do so. She met him at the threshold, in a precious ill-humour.

"'Is this a time,' said she, 'to keep people out of their beds, and to bring home company, to turn the house upside down?'"

"'Company!' said Vanderscamp meekly; 'I brought no company with me, wife.'

"'No indeed! they have got here before you, but by your invitation; and blessed-looking company they are, truly!'"

"Vanderscamp's knees smote together. 'For the love of heaven, where are they, wife?'"

"'Where? — why in the blue room up

stairs, making themselves as much at home as if the house were their own.'

"Vanderscamp made a desperate effort, scrambled up to the room, and threw open the door. Sure enough, there at a table, on which burned a light as blue as brimstone, sat the three guests from Gibbet-Island, with halters round their necks, and bobbing their cups together, as if they were hob-or-nobbing, and trolling the old Dutch freebooter's glee, since translated into English: —

"'For three merry lads be we,
And three merry lads be we:
I on the land, and thou on the sea,
And Jack on the gallows-tree'

"Vanderscamp saw and heard no more. Starting back with horror, he missed his footing on the landing-place, and fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom. He was taken up speechless, and, either from the fall or the fright, was buried in the yard of the little Dutch church at Bergen, on the following Sunday."

And now we have passed our day most comfortably, from noontide, turning over these leaves, and have gone fairly through them, from cover to cover; and there is the great, round, red-faced, frost-bitten sun going down below the horizon — no, not the horizon, but below the straight sky-line, drawn along the dull, dim, foggy heaven, by the roofs of the opposite houses. We close the book, and we lay it by in an honoured corner of our book-shelf, to be reproduced again, it may be, on some wintry day, or summer evening; and we bid farewell for the present to Washington Irving. Since the day when he first sought and obtained the suffrages of all classes of readers to the present, he has contrived to maintain his popularity through all changes of time and things. Others, many others, have arisen in the interval, who have won the admiration of the world, and shared its applause, but none of them have weakened the estimation in which Washington Irving has ever been held; and he is, we venture to say, no less a favourite to-day than when he first instructed and delighted the world, as Diedrich Knickerbocker or Geoffry Crayon.

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THE BARRIED STATES OF EUROPE.

POLAND.

It is not surprising that passing events should have recalled to the thoughts and to the conversation of men the once familiar name of Poland. The idea cannot be awakened without arousing many recollections glorious and painful; and it may not, just now, be unacceptable to our readers that we should endeavour to shape out of their obscurity a rude portrait of the great barrier state as it was in form and substance, and of the shadow that still remains. Well-nigh a quarter of a century has elapsed since the ruins of the ancient republic, set up as a sort of antiquarian curiosity under the care of the Congress of Vienna, have been finally scattered and defaced. Poland, since that event, has been obliterated from the political map of Europe, and, in the confusion of the current movements of diplomacy and war, it is easy to conceive that the realities of its past history should be imperfectly remembered, and the possibility of its ever enjoying a national future be generally looked upon as a feverish dream of exiled patriots. Nevertheless, the facts are certain, that it is no more than one hundred and seventy-two years since John Sobieski drove three hundred thousand Turks from before the walls of Vienna, when the existence of the Austrian empire was preserved only by the power of the Polish arms: and that the Poland which sustained the gallant struggle for liberty in 1831 was but a renovated fragment of the nation that had been already blotted out, and was for twelve years, to all appearance, as complete a nullity as it now is. The restoration of the Polish nation may be impossible; to consider its possi-

lity may be inconvenient to statesmen whose object is but to tide over the obstacles of the passing hour; but it is certainly not despaired of by the Poles themselves, and the fact is sufficiently remarkable to justify an examination of its relations. It is but a few months since Prince Czartoryski, in the exercise of his acknowledged chieftainship, formally addressed his countrymen, bidding them to wait and hope. There lies this moment before us the first sheets of a historic vindication of his country, dedicated by a noble Pole "to the Sovereigns and people of Great Britain and France, from whose happy union Poland expects the restoration of her national independence." Nor is it only in the obstinate home-sickness of these unhappy exiles that a belief in the advent of such a resurrection has its foundation. The future of the oppressed and of the oppressors was spoken of long after the events of 1830-1, by an ardent Russian patriot, an old servant and enthusiastic admirer of Catherine, the first partitioner of Poland, in the following terms:—

"The harsh treatment of the Poles only exasperates and disposes them to revolt, and the Russian government must therefore look upon them as a vanguard of the enemy. It is evident that, should Russia engage in a foreign war, her enemies would make good use of the hatred of the Poles for their oppressors. He who is resolved to exterminate a nation exposes himself to the consequences of its despair; and its victims, until they are annihilated, will display all that is most sublime in civic virtue. . . . It must also be borne in mind that the Russians and the

Poles are, with regard to their respective moral characteristics, two races widely different, and that no power can ever fuse them together. . . . Two races of men, thus directly opposed to each other, have at length been found in the Russians and Poles. Their respective moral contrasts, acting as a permanent cause, which has thrown the Poles into a false position—a state of violent constraint—just as the English, a nation independent by nature, long struggled against all kinds of tyranny with more or less success, until they ultimately gained, by perseverance, a government suited to them. Let the Poles, too, persevere, and equal success awaits them.”*

Whether the true prophetic spirit has here directed the pen of Pole or Russ, time alone can determine. The persistence of the faith in which the prophecy is uttered is proof enough that it has its foundation in circumstances well deserving of attention at the present critical epoch of European history.

It is now nearly eighty-seven years since, on the 30th of October, 1768, the Sublime Porte issued a manifesto, announcing that “the illustrious Doctors of the Law had given their answer, that according to the exigency of justice, it was necessary to make war against the Muscovites.” The reasons upon which this opinion was grounded are set forth in the document. They turn chiefly upon the facts that for some five previous years the Czarina had overrun Poland with her troops, under the pretence of protecting the liberty of the republic; that on the death of the late King Augustus, “the Court of Russia set up for a king a private Polish officer, to whom royalty was not becoming, and had, by siding with this king, intruded on and traversed, against the will of the republic, all the affairs of the Poles.” The Sublime Porte further dwelt upon its own patience, and the frequency and moderation of its demands for satisfaction, answered continually by Russian assurances and declarations of the most pacific and upright intentions, but also continually followed by new expeditions of “troops, cannon, and ammunition, under the command of Russian generals, who continued to attack the Polish

liberty, and put to death those who refused to submit to the person that themselves had not elected for their king; stripping them, with clamor and violence, of their goods and estates. Such conduct being productive of confusion in the good order of the Sublime Porte, the Resident was given to understand that, according to the tenor of the articles of the old and new imperial capitulations, the Court of Russia must order her troops to evacuate Poland. This the said Resident promised by several memorials signed, but this promise was not fulfilled.” Her Imperial Majesty’s answer, a perfect model of a Nesselrode note, concluded, just as if it had been written last month for the Court of Turin, with an “appeal to all Christian courts on the situation she found herself in with regard to the common enemy of Christianity, certain as she was, that her conduct would meet with equal approbation from each of them, and that she should have the advantage to join to the divine protection the just assistance of her friends, and the good wishes of all Christendom.”

In truth, the Eastern quarrel of that day was all but identical in nature and origin with that which broke out last year. The interference of Russia in the domestic affairs of Poland was undertaken (according to the Czarina) in the purest spirit of religion and humanity. Her Majesty’s troops first crossed the frontier in order to obtain a material guarantee for the Polish constitution, and their subsequent operations were designed for the amelioration of the condition of the Greek religionists, whose Protectorate Catherine had assumed. Catherine had no more desire than Nicholas to engage in war with the Sultan, provided the latter potentate did not interfere with her ardent love of peace, her care for the Polish Dissidents of the Greek communion, and her great concern (expressed in a memorial delivered in 1763, by her Chancellor, to the Polish resident at St. Petersburg) at the circumstances “that the laws and liberties of Poland are oppressed, as well as the friends of Russia, who are kept from all employments and from all favours, because they support liberty and the laws; and

* Inedited Memoirs of Admiral Chichagoff, a Russian Minister of State; quoted from the *N.S.* in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. LIII., April, 1841.

who, on that very account, merit the protection of Russia, who, being the guarantee of the rights of the Republic, must not suffer any change in its constitution, but must be its firmest support."

At the time when this paroxysm of Russian sympathy for Poland and liberty was brought to a crisis by the forced election of Stanislaus Poniatowski to the crown, the territory of the Republic extended from the Oder and the Carpathian mountains to the Dwina, and from the Baltic nearly to the shores of the Black Sea. Its seaboard on the former reached from Dantzic to Riga, and it was connected with the latter by the great rivers Dnieper and Dniester. Thus favourably placed for commerce, towards the west and towards the east, its fertile plains supported more than twenty millions of inhabitants. A glance at the map will show that, in a military and political view, its position was that of a barrier of Europe — a barrier complete as against the barbarians of the north, and of considerable strength and importance as against the eastern enemy, from whom the danger to Christendom was more imminent when Poland was in its prime. That it had often effectually resisted the one tide of danger and the other, is proved by constantly recurring passages in its history, from the period when that assumed an authentic shape in the tenth century. Boleslau, the second Christian Duke, and first King of Poland—made King, by the way, *ex mero motu*, and without leave of the Pope — invaded Russia, and penetrated as far as Kiow so early as the year 1018. In 1562 Sigismund II., having conquered Livonia from the Order of Knights Sword-bearers, defended it with much honour, though but small profit, from the furious invasion of the Czar Ivan the Terrible, at the head of 120,000 men. During the interval frequent conflicts occurred, but still the barrier state stoutly resisted the northern flood of barbarism. In the fifteenth century again, Wladislas VI., raised to the throne of Hungary, became the chosen champion of Christendom against the Great Sultan Amurath, and, with the support of his general, John Huniades, ably vindicated his claims to that position. While Amurath was besieging Belgrade, the Poles and Hungarians carried the war into Bulgaria, took So-

phia, the capital, and inflicted such heavy damage upon the Turks that the Sultan found himself forced to sue for peace, yielding up nearly all his conquests, and agreeing to a truce for ten years. The treaty was sworn to by the one party on the Gospels, and by the other on the Koran; and it was only upon its perfidious infraction by Wladislas — to which he was influenced by the unscrupulous policy of the Papal Court — that the Polish King lost at once the championship of Europe, his honour, and his life. He was totally defeated and slain near Varna, in a battle, in the crisis of which (tradition says) Amurath drew from his bosom the violated treaty, and, appealing to the God of the Christians, invoked the Divine intervention in the words — "Christ, if thou art the true God, avenge thyself and me of the perfidy of thy disciples!" To one of the exploits of John Sobieski we have already referred. By it the aggressive ambition of Turkey was finally arrested, when, at the urgent entreaty of the Emperor of Germany and the Pope, that gallant King marched some 30,000 Poles to the relief of Vienna, then closely invested by the Turks, its walls breached, and on the point of being stormed. On the evening of the 11th of September, 1683, Polish lancers were descried upon the Calemberg mountains, approaching the apparently-doomed city, and, upon the following morning, the Christian army, numbering with the Poles about 70,000 men, fell upon the Moslems with cries of "Sobieski! Sobieski!" and "God bless Poland!" The mighty host of 300,000 Turks and Tartars was routed, after an obstinate struggle which lasted during the entire day; their intrenched camp, with a great booty, was taken, and the King of Poland was received in the Church of St. Stephen as the acknowledged champion and hero of Christendom, when a solemn thanksgiving was offered for its delivery from the hands of the infidels. Immediately upon his entry into Vienna, Sobieski repaired to the church of the Augustines, followed by applauding crowds of the citizens, and there, as the priests were not in attendance, he had himself chanted the *Te Deum*. During the subsequent more regular performance of the same service in the Cathedral, he lay prostrate with his face upon the steps of the altar, while the enthusi-

asm of the assembled multitude was raised to the verge of adoration when the officiating priest read aloud from the Gospel of the day the words — "There was a man sent from God whose name was JOHN."

The battle of Vienna was, perhaps, the most important and the most decisive of the fate of the world ever fought. In it the might and valour of Poland stood as an impregnable barrier between the Cross and the Crescent; the victory then gained fixed the limits between Europe and the East. A short description of its immediate results in the hero's own words may be interesting, by the illustration it affords of the magnitude of the achievement, as well as by the light it throws upon the Polish character; the gallantry, mental activity, and sensibility of which seem to have been concentrated in the heart of this last of Poland's independent kings. On the night after the battle Sobieski wrote thus to his worthless, but, with him, all powerful Queen :—

"From the Vizier's Tent, Midnight, Sept. 13th.

"Only joy of my soul, charming and well-beloved Mariette! God be for ever praised! He has given our nation the victory — a triumph such as past ages have never beheld. All the artillery, the whole camp of the Mussulmans, with infinite riches, are become our prey. The approaches towards the city, the fields around us are covered with the dead infidels, and the survivors flee in consternation. . . .

"This very night I have witnessed a spectacle which I had long desired to see. Our baggage train set fire to the powder in several places; the explosion resembled the judgment-day, but no one was hurt. On this occasion I remarked how clouds are formed in the atmosphere. But, after all, it is a bad job; there is above half a million lost. The Vizier in his flight has abandoned everything, all but his horse and the dress he wore. I am his heir; the greater portion of his riches is become mine.

"As I advanced with the first line, driving the Vizier before me, I met one of his domestics, who conducted me to his private tents; they occupy a space equal in extent to Warsaw or Leopold. I have obtained all the decorations and ensigns usually borne before him. As to the great standard of Mahomet, which his Sovereign had confided to him, I have sent it to the Holy Father by Talenti. We have also rich tents, superb equipages, and a thousand fanciful things equally fine and valuable. I have not yet seen everything, but what I have seen is beyond comparison superior to what we found at Ketzin. Here are four or five

quivers, mounted with rubies and sapphires, which alone are worth many thousands of ducats; so, my life, you cannot say to me what Tartar women say to their husbands, who return without booty — 'Thou art no warrior, for thou hast brought me nothing; none but the foremost in the battle ever gain anything.'"

John Sobieski was a "Piast," as the native born kings were denominated. His glory was Polish, without foreign alloy; and seldom has monarch or nation performed more extraordinary military actions than those which render his career memorable in the history of Europe. While he was yet but Castellan of Cracow, and Grand Hetman of the Crown, he became famous throughout the civilised world as the victor of Podhaic, where, with 10,000 men, he routed 80,000 Cossacks and Tartars. His achievements, in 1670, when he opposed 300,000 Turks, Tartars, and Cossacks, with but 6,000, although necessarily unsuccessful in result, were known over Europe as "the miraculous campaign." Three years afterwards, having collected an army of 40,000 men, he crossed the Dniester into Moldavia, fought the great battle of Kozlzin, in which 40,000 Turks were slain or drowned, on the 11th of November, 1673; and, driving Caplan Pasha across the Danube, liberated the Principalities, which forthwith declared for Poland. In 1676, after his election to the throne, he was again called to the field to resist another powerful Moslem invasion; and in the course of the campaign was forced to intrench himself at Zuranow, on the Dniester, with a force of less than 10,000 men. It was one of those occasions, unhappily but too numerous, in which internal dissension compromised the safety of Poland. Sobieski defended himself gallantly in his camp for twenty days against, it is said, some 200,000 assailants. His little army was reduced to 7,000, provisions and ammunition failed, and no prospect of relief appeared. At this conjuncture the Lithuanian contingent threatened to desert. "Desert who will (replied the King), alive or dead I remain; the infidels must pass over my corpse before they reach the heart of the Republic." The camp soon, however, became untenable; and then, determined upon fighting to the last, Sobieski evacuated it, and drew up his little band in battle array in front

of the enemy. This display of gallantry was not lost upon the Turks, whose commander, Ibrahim Pasha of Damascus, surnamed "The Devil," instead of crushing the hero, offered him peace upon terms that, although humiliating to the Republic, were, under the circumstances, honourable to the King.

We might multiply, to an almost indefinite extent, the proofs of the military qualities of a people, whom Napoleon characterised as the fittest for soldiers of any with whom he was acquainted. The few examples we have cited are invested by their circumstances with peculiar interest at the present time; but they also illustrate the vices of political constitution and of national temperament, from the destructive operation of which the highest military virtue and the noblest love of freedom did not save Poland. When Ivan the Terrible was beaten back from Esthonia, the Polish nobles, satisfied with barren victories, disbanded their soldiers, and Esthonia fell to Sweden. While John Sobieski was defending Christendom, at Vienna, he found himself obliged to concede Smolensko and Kiow, and other possessions, to Muscovy. His brilliant triumph at Kotzim would have brought about the incorporation of Moldavia and Wallachia with Poland, and so, perhaps, have prevented some of the difficulties of our own day, had he not been obliged, at the critical moment of victory, to quit the field of war for that of intrigue and tumult, by the death of the King, his predecessor. Even then his own election to the throne was but an accident, not, to all appearance, contrived by himself. A French and an Austrian candidate for the crown were put forward—the cause of the former being espoused by Sobieski; and that of the latter, by Paz, Hetman of Lithuania. The description of the scene that ensued is picturesquely told by a modern writer, and it will probably convey a more truthful notion of the real character of the constitution of the republic than would be afforded by a lengthened disquisition. "That a stormy election was apprehended was evident from the care with which the *szopa*, or wooden pavilion of the senators, was fortified. Everywhere on the plains

were seen small bands of horsemen, exercising their daring feats—some tilting; some running at the ring; others riding, with battle-axes brandished, to the entrance of the *szopa*, and with loud hurras, inciting the senate to expedition. Others were deciding private quarrels, which always ended in blood. Some were listening, with fierce impatience, to the harangues of their leaders, and testifying, by their howls or hurras, their condemnation or approval of the subject. At a distance appeared the white tents of the nobles, which resembled an amphitheatre of snowy mountains, with the sparkling waters of the Vistula, and the lofty towers of Warsaw. Sobieski, who in the meantime had arrived from Kotzim, proposed the Prince of Conde. He soon found, however, that the prince was no favourite in the *kolo*; and his personal friend Jablonowski, Palatine of Russia, commenced a harangue in support of his pretensions. The speaker, with great animation, and not without eloquence, showed that the Republic could expect little benefit from any of the candidates proposed, and insisted that its choice ought to fall on a *Piast*; on one, above all, capable of repressing domestic anarchy and of upholding the honour of its arms, which had been so lamentably sullied during its two preceding reigns. The cry of 'A *Piast*! a *Piast*! and God bless Poland!' speedily rose from the Russian Palatinate, and was immediately echoed by thousands of voices. Seeing their minds thus favourably inclined, he proposed the conqueror of Slobodisza, of Podhaic, of Kalasz, and Kotzim; and the cry was met with 'Sobieski for ever!' All the palatinates of the crown joined in the acclamation; but the Lithuanians entered their protest against a *Piast*. Fortunately for the peace of the Republic, the grand duchy was not, or did not long continue, unanimous; Prince Radzivil embraced the cause of the crown; Paz was at length persuaded to withdraw his unavailing opposition, and John III. was proclaimed King of Poland."

The constitution of which this strange scene was the most solemn rite was, nevertheless, a growth from germs identical with those out of which our

own has sprung. An association of small local communities in both cases grew into a federation, and, following the most powerful instinct of man's nature, submitted to or chose a kingly general and magistrate. The feudal system was the natural development of such a social organism, which contained within it forces both of attraction and repulsion. The dread of foreign subjugation drew the nobles together into a union for defence, the head of which was the sovereign. The love of personal independence set them at variance with each other, and fostered among all a jealousy of the kingly power. Out of these discordant elements grew the singular institutions, some of whose peculiarities we shall endeavour to recall to the recollection of our readers. The inhabitants of Poland consisted of two races; the Polish nation—the nobles, or *liberi homines*, as the same class is named in our annals—and their serfs, the cultivators of the earth. This latter class seems to have been originally formed in Poland of captives taken in war—of imported helots, not as among us of conquered aborigines of the soil. Out of it grew, in time, a small body of burghers liberated from serfdom, and enjoying a sort of citizenship by means of the substitution in their favour of the German municipal, instead of the feudal law.* To the difference in the proportion of the development of this element in the political systems of Poland and of England may, perhaps, be chiefly ascribed the difference in the destinies of the two nations. In England, the burgher, or middle class, recruited from below, gradually absorbed into itself large numbers of the oppressed races, and finally extinguished serfdom. In the process a people was formed, a third estate, by whose energy the kingly prerogative and popular power were developed in large proportions as compared with the growth of the aristocratic element. In Poland the burgher class was composed mainly of Jews†—a foreign tribe dwelling in, but not a part of the nation. There was, therefore, out of the class

no development of a people; but only a numerical increase of a race of parasites, such as the Jews must ever be, by reason of their unsocial character and general aversion to agriculture and bodily labour. Under those circumstances the nobles, or *liberi homines*, originally the Polish people, grew into an exorbitantly privileged aristocracy, while the crown remained powerless, and a third estate was never called into existence. In theory the Polish polity was purely democratic: every Pole was free, and therefore noble; but, like every unmixed democracy known in the world, the Polish nation, despising menial service as inconsistent, in their notion, with the dignity of freemen, maintained in bondage amongst them another nation of servants. In the great Diet, or *comitia paludata*, the whole body of the nation took part. Each noble Pole was entitled to attend, armed and mounted, on the plain of Praga, near Warsaw, then and there to give his free vote for a king, or to be himself elected to that high but perilous office. The attendance was, of course, limited by the condition of being ready for knightly service in the field implied in the epithet *paludata*; and out of the condition grew the distinction of the *Pospolite* or equestrian order, that, nevertheless, numbered from one to two hundred thousand fighting men. Each one of these enjoyed upon his own estate the powers of high judicature, and an almost complete immunity in person and house from civil and criminal justice. The limitation of the power of the crown fixed by the *Pacta Conventa*—a sort of *Magna Charta*, which each king was required to sign upon his election—was practically enforced by the authority of the great officers, of the senate, and of the ordinary Diets, which were required to be held upon all occasions of emergency, and regularly every two years. The great officers were appointed indeed by the crown; but once appointed they were irremovable, and neither dependent upon, nor responsible to, the king. They were the hetman, the

* Sir Archibald Alison seems to think that the feudal law was never introduced into Poland; but there can be no doubt that the principle of tenure by military service—the feudal principle—was the essential element of Polish law.

† Of the 4,000,000 of inhabitants in the Vienna-made kingdom of Poland, according to a census taken in 1829, 400,000 were Jews. As that people have a strong objection to be numbered, it is supposed that they bore even a greater proportion to the population than these figures show.

chancellor, the treasurer, and the marshal; and they administered respectively and independently the army and the departments of justice, finance, and police. The senators were also appointed by the king, but for life, and from a limited class of bishops, palatines, or governors of provinces, and castellans, or governors of districts, of a somewhat inferior rank. Their sworn duty was to advise the king with truth and boldness; and they formed, with the *nuntii*, or elected deputies, the ordinary Diet, or *comitia togata*. In the progress of the increase of the population, the representative model became, of course, a necessity. Amongst us it was developed into a free parliament; in Poland the fatal presence of an extra-national slave-class was probably a main cause influencing the limitation of the function of deputies to the power of expressing the wishes of their constituents. The *nuntii* were in theory and generally in practice truly the *messengers* of the *diestines*, or local bodies of electors, (by whom they were chosen; and these consisted of every gentleman (our *liber homo*) possessed of three acres of land within the district. In the Diets an absolute unanimity in all proceedings was required; and it was thus in the power of any single deputy, by the exercise of what was called the *liberum veto*, to stop the progress of the most important and urgent measure. If the enemy was on the frontier, or the traitor within the gate, all power of resistance might be paralysed by the utterance of the formula, *Nie pozwalam*—"I cannot consent"—which often, indeed, cost the speaker his life under the dagger of some patriotic colleague, but which was a privilege too capable of being made serviceable to the enemies of the republic not to be frequently the object of a corrupt traffic. By this absurd practice, more extravagant than our own unanimity of juries only in the extent of its operation, all real government, either in the legislative or executive branches, was rendered a mere affair of chance or caprice. Who does not wonder that the struggle against its influence was so long successful, or that the consummation described by Mr. Burke was postponed to his own day? The spirit of freedom and nationality must, in-

deed, have been persistent and durable which survived for centuries under a system in which there was a "king without authority, nobles without union or subordination, a people without arts, industry, commerce, or liberty; no order within, no defence without; no effective public force, but a foreign force, which entered a naked country at will, and disposed of everything at pleasure."*

Such, in fact, was the condition of Poland, when her last king was forced upon the throne by Catherine of Russia, in the year 1764, and when that course of active aggression commenced which led to the Sultan's declaration of war to which we have referred. Shortly after the death of King Augustus, in October 1763, the Courts of Petersburg and Berlin inaugurated that league of plunder, which has subsisted between them up to our own day, by a treaty, in a secret article of which it was engaged to maintain Poland in its right of a free election, and to prevent all hereditary succession. The object really in view was to countervail the influence of Austria and France, who desired a continuance of the crown of Poland in the House of Saxony by the election of the son of the late king. The pretence of maintaining a free election really meant the elevation to the throne of Stanislaus Poniatowski, a Polish nobleman, who having been Secretary to Sir Hanbury Williams, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, had been promoted, on his special recommendation, to the post of lover of the Czarina. From the period when the Turks finally succumbed to the genius of John Sobieski, and abandoned their projects of conquest in Europe, the Porte seems to have been actuated by an honest desire to support the liberties of Poland. The uses of a barrier became then, no doubt, evident to the followers of the Prophet; and upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Pruthi in 1711, they compelled Peter the Great to swear that he would never interfere in the internal affairs of the republic. The oath was not long kept; but again, in March, 1764, the Porte interposed, delivering an "amicable memorial" to the ministers of Russia, Germany, and Prussia, "importing that as the Sublime Porte takes it to be honourable to

* "Appeal from the Old to the New Whigs."

maintain and support the ancient liberties of the Poles, and as the same Sublime Porte does not cramp the election that ought to be made of a king in the person of a native of the country; the Sublime Porte therefore desires, that the other powers will likewise do honour to the liberties of the Poles, and that they will not oppose the election of a king in the person of such Piast as the Poles may judge eligible." These diplomatic preparations for the care of poor "sick" Poland were followed by suitable action. An army of Russians entered the republic, and approached Warsaw; 40,000 Prussians appeared on one frontier, and a body of Turks on the other. Nor was the gold and the influence of Russia unemployed. The choice of Czartoryski, a kinsman of the Russian candidate for the crown, to the place of Marshal of the Diet of Election was procured, and the Archbishop of Gnesna, the constitutional convener of diets during an interregnum, was gained over to Russian views. There was not wanting, however, a faithful band of Polish patriots. Forty-five nuncios and twenty senators, headed by Prince Radzivil and Count Branicki, the Grand Hetman, protested against the legality of the Diet of Election, on the ground of violent foreign interference. "The Diet (they said) cannot be held in presence of the foreign troops that surround the city. The senators did not engage the Russians to come; they gave no thanks for their being sent; and have not in any way given occasion for their arrival."

After specifying some acts of violence committed by the Russian troops, the protesters concluded by inviting "all good patriots, who love justice, to unite for the support of liberty."

The remnant of the Diet replied by depriving the Grand Hetman of his office, whereupon he and his friends flew to arms, but were defeated by the Russians in two battles, in one of which, upon the 3rd of July, 1764, the sister and wife of Prince Radzivil, both of them young and beautiful, fought on horseback with sabres, and contributed much by their words and their example to the spirit and obstinacy of the struggle. Many scarcely less remarkable proofs that the ancient Polish virtue still existed were exhibited during this interregnum. Upon the occasion of the delivery of the protest at the preliminary meeting of

the Diet, the Marshal, Count Malachowski, a man eighty years old, refused to give the signal for opening the session, by raising his staff, while the Russian troops had armed possession of the approaches to the place of meeting. He was threatened with death by crowds of armed traitors in the interest of Russia, if he would not at once raise his staff or resign it into other hands. "Never! (he replied) you may cut off my hand, or you may take my life; but as I am a marshal elected by a free people, so by a free people only can I be deposed. I wish to leave the place!" It is a fact, curiously illustrative of the influence of even the shadow of law over men's minds long after the substance has been broken down, that the noble old man was suffered to depart uninjured, and that it was not until they had formally, though of course illegally, appointed Czartoryski marshal, that the creatures of Russia who remained in the Diet proceeded with the preparations for the election of a king. The work was accomplished on the 7th of September, when Stanislaus Poniatowski was declared King of Poland and Grand Duke of Lithuania. The packed Diet had, during the interregnum formally recognised the Elector of Brandenburg, Frederick the Great, as King of Prussia, and the Czarina, Catherine, as Empress of all the Russias, by which latter title a concession was made of the claim of sovereignty over the Russian provinces of Poland.

The conduct of the new king did not fully answer to the expectations of his maker. He was a Piast, although a creature of the Muscovite empress, and the love of Poland seems to have prevailed in his heart over that of his imperial mistress. The efforts he made, not without success, to improve the administration and even the constitution were, however, soon interrupted. It was found that a sufficient cause of quarrel could be made out of the grievances of the dissidents in religion, and Prince Kępnin, the Nesselrode of the day, contrived to induce the Courts of Berlin, Great Britain, and Denmark to address memorials for their removal to the Polish Diet. There was, of course, in that assembly a bishop ready to maintain the divine right of persecution, and the Czarina prepared to take a material guarantee for liberty of conscience, by advancing her troops

to within a few miles of Warsaw. Great heat and excitement were the result; but upon the last day of the Diet, the 29th of November, 1766, reason or fear prevailed, and a resolution was passed acknowledging the receipt of the memorials from the several courts, and assuring the ministers that the Diet would "fully maintain the Greeks and dissidents in all the rights and prerogatives to which they are entitled by the laws and by treaties," and that "as to their griefs in respect to the exercise of their religion, the College of the Most Reverend Archbishops and Bishops, under the direction of the Prince Primate, would endeavour to remove these difficulties in a manner conformable to justice and neighbourly love." The purpose of the resolution was simultaneously carried out by the signature by the Episcopal College of nine articles, securing to Greeks and Protestants free exercise of worship in their churches and in private houses, with such restrictions as marked the dominant character of the established rite. The concession, much less sincere than that made by the Sultan Abdul Medjid, only produced, like it, a Menschikoff note from the Czarina; and thus the crime of religious intolerance, which was in fact a modern Romish innovation upon the ancient Polish constitution, became the wedge that first disrupted Poland. The dissidents forthwith began to form confederacies, in which the important cities of Thorn, Elbing, and Dantzic joined, and Catherine, having reinforced her troops already within the territory of the republic, published a declaration announcing her intention to support them with her utmost power. Prussia followed with a strong manifesto to the same effect; and declarations in favour of the confederates, who, numbering among them many Roman Catholics, thenceforward took the name of malcontents, were also published by England, Sweden, and Denmark. In a word, there was performed in 1767 a rehearsal of the diplomacy of 1852, to be followed by a prototype of the violence of 1853. The Poles rushed upon their fate. Prince Charles Radzivil, who had so vigorously opposed foreign intervention at the election of the king, took advantage of the state

of affairs to return from exile, and place himself at the head of the malcontents, when it was agreed upon by all parties that an extraordinary Diet should be convoked. The king assented, but in all the *diétines*, or electoral colleges, Russian officers attended, and, although their presence gave rise to many tumults, the power of the Czarina was manifestly ascendant throughout. The Diet met on the 5th of October, but the bishops were inexorable in their purpose of sacrificing the state to the church, and Radzivil, who had been chosen to perform the functions of marshal, found himself obliged, on the next day, to adjourn the sitting to the 12th, hoping that in the meantime the voice of reason, justice, and patriotism might influence the prelates and their supporters. The hope was vain: on the 12th the bishops of Cracow, Kiowia, and some others, were more violent than ever, and the next day the Russian troops entered the city. The bishops we have named and several deputies were at once seized and carried off, no one at first knew whither, and Prince Repnin having taken the management of affairs, the interference of Russia was carried on with such open violence, as to draw out, in the subsequent year, the declaration of war by the Sublime Porte, to which we have already referred, when (to use the words of a cotemporary writer) "the despotic power of Russia became the guardian of Polish freedom, and the Catholic religion fled for protection to the standard of Mahomet."^a

No sooner had Russia fixed herself in the desired position than the hollowness of the pretence of her intervention became manifest. The dissidents having played their part in the work, were at once cast off, the confederacy of malcontents put down, and the government taken bodily into the hands of the Czarina. This had scarcely been done when a new association, known as the Confederacy of Bar, was formed to resist the Russian tyranny, and in this the Roman Catholic party enlisted, under a standard bearing the Polish eagle wounded, with the motto, "For Religion and Liberty, to conquer or die." Upon the other side were then ranged, with the Russians and the king, Prince Radzivil and

^a Annual Register, xi. 2.

Count Branicki, once the bitter opponents of both. For four years the miserable struggle continued, during which Poland suffered under almost every calamity that could visit a nation. The confederates, rising in disjointed bands, were successively destroyed or driven out of the country. Cracow was stormed by the Russians after a desperate resistance. Wherever for a time the confederates prevailed, they poured out their fury upon their Protestant fellow-countrymen, whose persons they ill treated, and whose houses and lands they pillaged, burned, and ravaged. In the confusion, the Greek peasants of Kiovia, the Ukraine, and Lithuania, themselves included among the dissidents, rose and devastated the country, murdering, without distinction, Protestants, Jews, Catholics, and even their own bishops. But above all other actors in that saturnalia of savage fury, the Russian troops maintained a diabolical pre-eminence, and chief among those demons was one Drewitz, a Russian colonel, whose name was rendered infamous throughout Europe by a spectacle exhibited in Warsaw of nine Polish gentlemen, whose arms he had caused to be cut off at the wrists. In addition to these calamities—the direct work of man's hand—unhappy Poland was visited by the plague, which, in the year 1770, depopulated whole villages, and swept off, it is said, 250,000 of the people.

During all this time the war between Russia and Turkey continued to rage, and the records of the period, both military and political, acquire at this moment a fresh interest. Varna was in 1768, as it has been in 1854, a base of Turkish operations, for which troops, provisions, and military stores were daily shipped from Constantinople. The Danube and the Pruth were crossed and recrossed by hostile armies, Giurgevo was the scene of a gallant Turkish exploit. There was an invasion of the Crimea; in the narrative of which Perekop, Cherson, and Bala-klava are familiar words. An insurrection, the work of Russian intrigue and Russian gold, broke out in Greece. Even such small affairs as the surprises in the Dobrudscha during the autumn of 1854, are but re-presentments of sudden and successful movements of the Russian troops in 1771

upon Tultcha, Matschin, and Babadagh. But these material resemblances, which must occur in wars carried on in the same localities, are but slightly interesting in comparison with the remarkable similitude between the political features of the two epochs. We have seen how blindly, though, no doubt, in an honest love of freedom, England joined with Russia and Prussia in promoting the internal dissensions of Poland, by her memorials and declarations in favour of the religious dissidents of the Republic. The memorial delivered at Warsaw by Mr. Wroughton, the British minister, on the 4th of November, 1766, may very possibly have been actually used as the model of some of those effusions of Lord Clarendon in favour of the Christian subjects of the Porte, which we have seen described in terms similar to those in which the original document was characterised as "remarkable as well for its energy, as for the tender and friendly terms in which it is expressed."* There was great protocoling going on in those days as in these, all turning out to the furtherance of the aggressive designs of Russia. Nor was material assistance of a most important kind withheld by England from the great enemy of Pole and Turk, then as now. While war was impending in 1853, Russian men-of-war were received and refitted in a British naval arsenal. In October, 1769, a Russian fleet of twenty ships of the line rendezvoused at Spithead, and, assisted by English officers and pilots, were enabled to repair damages caused by a storm, and to proceed to the Mediterranean, there to strike that blow upon the naval power of Turkey, which gave the Crimean peninsula to the Muscovites. The following passage, penned probably by Mr. Burke, in the same year, may possibly have suggested to the late Czar his celebrated metaphor of the "sick man":—"It is the interest of all the potent states that surround this large and once great country [Poland then, Turkey now], never to suffer it to emerge out of its present wretched situation. The officious neighbours have too great a regard for its constitution to admit the natural physicians to prescribe anything for its benefit."† Whether shaped upon the same model or not, the practice of the neighbours

* An. Reg. ix. 12.

† *Ibid.* xii. 6.

was the same upon both occasions. Austria and Prussia armed and negotiated; both affected neutrality; but while the latter power supported Russia in every way, except by an open recourse to arms, the former undertook to mediate between the Czarina and the Sultan; and the Empress Queen, Maria Theresa, wrote a letter, with her own hand, to the King of Poland, in the month of January, 1771, assuring him of unalterable friendship. She did not even hesitate to volunteer a specific promise that she would touch no part of his dominions, nor suffer any other power to do so. The movements of the Austrian troops were then such as might excite the fears of Stanislaus; to-day we have Austria solemnly pledged to protect Turkey, and the Principalities simultaneously occupied by an Austrian army. The passing speculations of the politicians of the earlier epoch do indeed form a curious subject of reflection for those who now, like them, look on at passing and unfinished events. The following passages might have been written for 1854-5 as they were for 1769:—

“The Emperor of Germany, though deeply interested in its consequences, has not interfered in the war. His conduct, however, seems mysterious. His armies are large, complete, and ready for action; camps are frequently formed in Bohemia and Hungary; the magazines are kept stored, and great bodies of troops lie upon the frontiers. The present situation of the war being upon the Danube, brings it home to the Austrian dominions. Many occasions will necessarily follow of communication and interference, and opportunities must be given of showing favour or dislike.

“A powerful neighbour, supported by a great military force, and not afraid of either of the warring parties, is almost as troublesome to them, when his territories lie intermingled with those in contention, as they are ruinous and destructive to a weak and defenceless state in the same situation. Chance, heat, or danger, necessarily occasion a violation of territory, and irregular troops will commit excesses in the most friendly country; all which produce altercations, and often something worse. Nothing could be more opposite to the interest of the house of Austria, nor, perhaps, so dangerous to its security, as that Russia should extend its power on the side of Turkey.

“The King of Prussia observes the same reserve in this respect that the emperor has done. He is also armed, and equally guard-

ed against all events. It is possible that, as these princes seem now to be upon a very friendly footing, this object may appear to them both in the same point of view.

“This would certainly be their interest; however their connexions, their alliances, and their mutual jealousies may prevent it.”

All this is, doubtless, as true to-day as it was the moment it was written. What followed, then, we can see upon the open page of the past. In the year 1770 there were evident signs that the estrangement which had existed between the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia was diminishing. The respective states had been long rival candidates then, as they were in 1848, for the political supremacy of Germany; but visits began to be interchanged between the Princes, and there was a meeting of the two Sovereigns at a grand Austrian review in Moravia. This occurred on the 3rd of September, and upon the 29th of the same month a body of Prussian troops suddenly took possession of the suburbs of the free Polish town of Dantzic, upon some pretence of an interference of the magistrates with Prussian recruiting officers. They did not withdraw until they had levied a considerable sum of money upon the city, and imposed conditions, one of which was, that the inhabitants should so comport themselves as not to give any future cause of complaint to his Prussian Majesty. Next year a body of Austrian troops marched into Poland, and took a “material guarantee” for the settlement of some pretended claim of the Empress Queen. The Prussians also overran Prussian Poland, under pretence of forming a sanitary line against the plague. Thenceforward the work of plunder proceeded rapidly. A peace was negotiated between Russia and Turkey in 1772, and the treaty between Russia, Austria, and Prussia for the first partition of Poland was signed at St. Petersburg on the 5th of August in that year.

It is no part of our design to make any comment upon this transaction—our object being rather to call to the minds of our readers a recollection of the character of its attendant circumstances. We have slightly sketched the process by which Russia prepared the country for the designed catastrophe. Both Prussia and Austria also

made their preliminary arrangements in a characteristic and workmanlike fashion. Their occupation of the Polish territory we have already noticed. The manner in which they respectively conducted themselves there was not the same. The Prussians practised every form of oppression and cruelty, plundering the country, and even the Protestant cities of Dantzic and Thorn, for which they might have been supposed to entertain some feelings of sympathy, without scruple or limit. The young men were carried off to serve as soldiers — the young women were levied by requisition as marriageable stock for depopulated parts of the Prussian dominions, the villages being forced to supply each bride with a portion, fixed at a feather bed, four pillows, one cow, two hogs, and three ducats in gold. The Austrians worked more tenderly. Even after the occupation, no extraordinary violence seems to have been used: previously to it a show of friendship had been exhibited, and a promise of protection freely given to Poland. The existence of the Treaty of Partition was even denied by the Austrian minister, Kaunitz, nearly two months after its conclusion. "As the movements and designs of the King of Prussia are at all times alarming and suspicious, they were at this time particularly so to the Poles [*hodie* Turks], who, from his intimate connexion with Russia, as well as his own particular disposition, could make no doubt of his entering into, or furthering her most pernicious designs. As the Empress Queen was well known to be adverse to the whole conduct of the Court of St. Petersburg, with respect to Poland [*hodie* Turkey], and her jealousy both of that and the Court of Berlin were equally well understood, her military movements were observed with the greatest pleasure."*

The Treaty of Partition was followed by a manifesto delivered at the Court of Warsaw, on the 18th September, 1772, in which the Empress of all the Russias, the King of Prussia, and the Empress Dowager Queen of Hungary announced, that "having communicated reciprocally their respective rights and claims, and being mutually convinced of the justice thereof, are determined to secure to themselves a proportionable equivalent, by taking

immediate and effectual possession of such parts of the territory of the republic as may serve to fix more natural and sure bounds between her and the three powers." These steps were, of course, taken, "in order to re-establish tranquillity and good order in Poland; to stop the present troubles, and to put the ancient constitution of that kingdom, and the liberties of the people, on a sure and solid foundation." It was also ordered in the manifesto, that a Diet should be legally assembled to co-operate with their said Majesties, and to "ratify, by public and solemn acts, the exchange of the titles, pretensions, and claims of each of their said Majesties, against the equivalents." A counter-declaration was issued, under the signatures of the Grand Chancellors of Poland and Lithuania, in which the king appealed to the compassion of their Majesties, and to several solemn treaties guaranteed by the crowns of France, England, Spain, and Sweden, protesting "solemnly, and before the whole universe, against every step taken, or to be taken, towards the dismembering of Poland." The protest drew forth a reply from Maria Theresa, in which she expressed her unspeakable astonishment at the little impression made upon the King by the manifesto, and warning him that "the justice and dignity of the three courts prescribed bounds to their moderation;" hinted plainly that the wisest course would be to assemble a Diet without delay, in order to terminate the evils to which private interest, ambition, hatred, and dissensions have given rise. No alternative remained, and, accordingly, the king issued letters convening, for the 8th of February, 1773, a meeting of the Senate, preparatory to the summoning of a Diet, which was ultimately convoked for the 19th of April, for the purpose, among other things set forth in the king's circulars, of acknowledging that the claims of the partitioning powers were respectively founded in justice. In the meantime the negotiations for peace between Russia and Turkey had failed — chiefly in consequence of the determination of the Porte to sustain the independence of Poland, and to prevent Russia from obtaining the means of establishing an ascendancy in the Black Sea. The

essential point of the negotiation, in fact, turned then, as now, upon the question of the maintenance by Russia of a fortress in the Crimea. The war upon the Danube was accordingly reopened in 1773, under favourable auspices for the Turks. In the course of the campaign, Silistria was twice besieged, and twice the Russians were beaten back from before it; on one of these occasions, with the loss of their General Weisman, and in such consternation, that their successful retreat behind the Danube was celebrated by a *Te Deum*. These transactions in some degree revived the spirit of the Polish patriots. Protests were made against the intended proceedings at the Diet, and the intervention of France, England, Sweden, and the United Provinces of Holland was claimed. The struggle, however, only gave an excuse for further oppression and violence. The country was filled with foreign troops, who were quartered in the houses of the principal nobles, upon whom every species of insult was heaped, while direct threats of the severest measures were uttered by the ministers of the three powers. Nevertheless, the Diet, although it was composed almost entirely of mercenaries of Russia, did not fail to show that a spark of the ancient refractory spirit still lived within it. The *liberum veto* was used by the deputies of Podolia and Volhinia, and the appearance of legality thus removed from the proceedings. The Diet having thus failed, a confederacy of deputies was formed under the orders of the partitioning monarchs, to which the question of the ratification of the treaty of partition was submitted almost literally at the point of the bayonet, and even thus was only affirmed after a discussion of six days, and upon a division of fifty-two to fifty-one votes.

In this first dismemberment Prussia acquired the Palatinates of Malborg, Pomerania, and Warmia, Culm, except Dantzig and Thorn, and a part of Great Poland. Austria had Red Russia, or Galicia, with a part of Podolia, Sandomir, and Cracow. Russia took Polish Livonia, and about a half of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania; and thus the republic was docked of about a third of its ancient territory, at a single blow. The fact and its attendant circumstances reflect a light upon the utility of paper treaties which might prove serviceable to the plenipoten-

tiaries now in conference at Vienna, if indeed history were ever, in the eyes of diplomatists, of more value than an old almanac. The treaty of Oliva, concluded in 1660, between Poland and Sweden, and which is frequently referred to in the accounts of those transactions, was, in fact, converted into a snare for the unhappy Poles. By its stipulations the religious liberties of the dissidents were confirmed, and the Courts of Russia, Prussia, Great Britain and Denmark were guarantees of the treaty. By the joint action taken by those powers in behalf of that portion of the citizens of the republic, in 1766, they sanctioned the beginning of a *quasi* lawful intervention in its domestic affairs. This letting out of waters was analogous to the recent intermeddling of the great powers in the relations between the Sultan and his Christian subjects, and it was followed up by Russia and Prussia in the manner in which, no doubt, the similar policy was designed to be followed up in our own time had Great Britain and France adopted the same view of the condition of the "Sick Man" as that which influenced them in 1772. The rights of the republic to her territory were, in fact, grounded (as is stated in the counter-declaration to the partition manifesto) upon an "uninterrupted possession of many ages, assured and maintained by the most solemn treaties, and particularly by those of Velaw and Oliva, guaranteed by the house of Austria, by the crowns of France, England, Spain, and Sweden; by the treaty of 1686 with Russia; by the express and recent declaration of this last power; by those of Prussia in 1764; and lastly, by treaties with the house of Austria, still in full force and vigour." Neither treaty nor guarantee proved to be possessed of more efficacy than the treaty of Vienna has been, or than a decree of Mr. Bright's peace-congress arbitration would be. In truth, treaties, like statutes or writs, are nothing more than the expression of the will of the party strongest at the moment of utterance. And all these have been, from time immemorial, and, as long as man continues to be human, they ever will be, abrogated, repealed, and rendered naught at the moment when the power and the will to maintain and execute them cease to be at one. But if the vanity of diplomacy be shown in the history of the most important public event of the eighteenth

century, which the dismemberment of Poland certainly was in its nature and results, the short-sightedness of the advocates of peace-at-all-hazards, as a commercial policy, was no less forcibly demonstrated in the details of the work of treaty-breaking. The old cities of the Teutonic Knights—Dantzic and Thorn—were expressly excepted from the share of Poland acquired by Prussia in the partition. Dantzic was a free city of the Hanseatic League, but under the suzerainty of the republic; and, as the great mart and port of the extensive territories watered by the Bug and the Vistula, its trade, especially with Great Britain, was very considerable. Our exports there comprised woollen goods, hardware, malt liquors, metals, coal, and colonial produce in large quantities, for which we received in return corn, timber, and bees-wax. There was an English factory at Dantzic which enjoyed great privileges, confirmed by several treaties, especially one concluded by Queen Anne in the year 1707. By this treaty English merchants were secured in the right of storing and dealing in their goods at their own discretion, the import duties payable by them being fixed, and very low. No sooner did the King of Prussia take possession of his share of the spoil of Poland, than the value set by him upon these provisions of international law was exposed. He did not, indeed, enter within the walls of Dantzic, but he seized upon the territories belonging to it, including its suburbs and the keys of its port; and forthwith set at defiance the flag and the privileges of England. Disregarding the commercial treaty of Queen Anne, he imposed heavy, almost prohibitory duties upon British colonial produce, and established monopolies in the trade in salt and bees-wax; at the same time abolishing the privilege of bonding enjoyed by English merchants, and forcing them to pay all duties immediately upon the arrival of their ships.

"There is not, perhaps, in history a more striking instance of the futility, if not of the absurdity of treaties, so far as they are considered as guarantees or acts of security, than the fate of Dantzic. Few cities ever existed, and it is probable that none do at present, that have been comprehended in so many general and particular treaties, whose

rights and liberties have been so frequently secured and guaranteed by so many great powers, and by such a long and regular succession of public acts as that of Dantzic has been. Nor have the commercial powers of Europe so often armed in the defence or support of any other.

"Even so late as the year 1767, the Empress of Russia concluded a treaty with the Dantzigers, by which she engaged them to join in the confederation of the dissidents, and in which, besides renewing and confirming the former guarantees, she engages, in the strongest terms, for the maintaining of that city in all its rights, liberties, privileges, customs, religious or civil, and especially in the possession of its territories and lands: also in its right of navigation, port, coinage, and garrison, without any diminution thereof; she also engages, that if a war should be the consequence of the present dissensions, and that it should sustain any injury, either as to its goods, revenues, or rights thereby, it should not only receive full reparation for its losses at the conclusion of a peace, but that besides, all its rights and privileges should be again most strongly guaranteed, not only by herself, but also by all the other high powers who were engaged with her in the cause of the dissidents. Such is the faith and security of treaties."

England passively sanctioned—

"The ancient rule, the good old plan,
That he shall take who has the power,
And he shall keep who can."

Having used her guarantee to sanction the beginning of foreign interference in the domestic affairs of Poland, she renounced its obligations when called upon to act under them for the preservation of the integrity of the Republic. The immediate commercial result was an interruption of British traffic with Poland; and a proposal made in 1773, by a thousand Dantzic families to emigrate to Marseilles, there to build themselves houses, to carry on new manufactures, and to build a number of vessels to export them to all ports.†

During some fifteen or sixteen years that followed the troubles of the first dismemberment, the Republic remained in the calm of a collapse. The interval, nevertheless, teemed with events that at the time, to all appearance favourable to the fortunes of Poland, were, in the result, but the heralds of its final doom. It was not long before the peace patched up between Russia and the Porte began to show abundant signs of its unsoundness.

* An. Reg. xv. 41.

† An. Reg. xvi. 116.

There were disputes from an early period about the passage of the Dardanelles, and at length after the Czarina had thrown aside the pretence of recognising the independence of the Crimea, and had seized upon that peninsula, the Sultan's patience was wearied out, and in 1787 war was again formally declared. In the meantime there had been a rupture between Austria and Prussia, and a coolness had arisen between Russia and England, notwithstanding the many services rendered by the latter to the Czarina's fleet during the previous Turkish war. The wild inhabitants of the Caucasus, too, had even then begun to offer a formidable opposition to the progress of Russian aggression. We have heard frequently of late of the pacific tendency of the visits of sovereign princes to each other, as entitling them to be classed among the surest and most extraordinary signs of the golden age of telegraphs and railroads. It is a fact not unworthy of notice, that the grievous and complicated wars of the last quarter of the eighteenth century were preceded by similar phenomena. The King of Sweden and the Emperor of Germany visited St. Petersburg—the latter after a meeting had been given him by the Czarina in Poland—and they had joined in a triumphant procession to the shores of the Black Sea. There were other similar conjunctions about the same time, and they notably preceded, if they did not portend, such millenary glories as the butcheries of Ismail, and the fall of Kosciusko and overthrow of Polish freedom. Nevertheless, the ferment of war and diplomacy which then set in seemed to offer a good opportunity to the Poles to re-establish their independence, and they availed themselves of it in a spirit of patriotism, and with an amount of administrative ability which have fixed in the minds of mankind a permanent belief in their capacity to be a nation. The Emperor of Germany, Joseph II., having engaged in the Turkish quarrel, in pursuance of the plans of aggressive ambition agreed upon between him and the Czarina, the geographical position of Poland gave occasion to a

marked manifestation of the vitality that still remained in the mangled republic. On the 10th of Feb. 1788, the Emperor declared war upon Turkey, after his arms had been disgraced by treacherous and ineffectual attempts to surprise Belgrade and Gradisca, and many outrages had been committed by Austrian troops within the Turkish frontier. In the manifesto issued by the court of Vienna, upon this occasion, there was no pretence made of any breach of treaty, or other direct cause of quarrel between the two nations. The ground assigned for the step was the indisposition of the Porte to yield to the demands of the court of Russia, and to the Sultan's "shutting his eyes against salutary advice and pressing exhortations." The Ottoman was no better disposed to listen to Vienna reason then than now; and war was accordingly declared against him, as "the common enemy of Christianity." His ancient enemies, nevertheless, saw in him the honest and loyal friend to their strength and independence, as a barrier state; and, when the Austrian minister at the court of Warsaw applied for permission to march the Imperial troops through the territory of the Republic, in their advance against Turkey, the King and council replied that they had no authority to grant the leave of passage demanded without the consent of the Diet; that Poland could furnish neither corn nor forage, and that it was hoped the Emperor would find another passage.*

The death of Frederick the Great had also produced a change in the policy of Prussia, which then came to be influenced by the knowledge that the schemes concerted at Cherson, by Catherine and Joseph, embraced a curtailment of the power of Prussia, as well as the demolition and partition of the Ottoman empire. Under these circumstances, a convention was concluded at Loo, on the 13th of June, 1788, between Great Britain, Prussia, and Holland, having for its object the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe; and this alliance was subsequently made to embrace Poland, Sweden, and Turkey, by a treaty signed between Prussia and the Porte

* Upon this occasion the King of Sardinia refused to allow recruiting for the Austrian armies to be carried on in his dominions; and the Hungarians took advantage of the new crusade to press for and to obtain redress of their grievances from the Emperor. The facts are not without interest at the present moment.

on the 31st of January, 1790. By this his Prussian Majesty engaged to support the Sultan, if necessary, by declaring war against Austria; and to co-operate with the Porte for the recovery of the Crimea and other Turkish provinces seized by the Austrians and Russians during the war then raging. The Sultan engaged to employ all his force in order to obtain, at a general pacification, the restitution of the Polish provinces appropriated by Austria; and a permanent alliance, offensive and defensive, was contracted between the Porte, and Prussia, Poland, and Sweden. It was further covenanted that peace should not be agreed to, except under the mediation of England and Holland, and the King of Prussia bound himself, after the conclusion of peace, to guarantee all the possessions that should then remain to the Porte, and to procure the joint guarantee of England, Sweden, and Poland, along with his own, for all the territories of the Ottoman empire. The formation of this powerful confederacy, and a decided repulse of the Austrian troops by the Turks at Giurgevo, when the Imperial general, Count Thörn, was killed, shortly disposed the Emperor to listen to reason, and a separate peace between Austria and the Porte was concluded, at Sistov, on the 4th of August, 1791.

The Poles had, in the meantime, matured a project for the reformation of their political system; and upon the 3rd of May, 1791, a pacific, but complete, revolution was almost unanimously effected. Into the particulars of the new constitution it is unnecessary that we should enter at any length; but the manner in which its adoption was brought about is worthy of the most attentive consideration. Foreign violence demolished the fabric of the constitution of Poland in a few months; but the love of freedom, the exalted courage, and the civic virtue that constructed it may still continue to be inherent elements of the Polish character. In October, 1788, a Diet was opened at Warsaw, and its proceedings soon proved that the Russian element, which had for some years exercised so fatal an influence over the legislative proceedings of the Republic, did not exist in its usual strength. A new organization of the army, and a new system of finance were at once resolved upon, and the permanent council, which had been formed immediately

after the partition, was suppressed, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the King, who still retained feelings of gratitude or fear towards Russia. The withdrawal of Russian troops, and the indemnification of the inhabitants of the districts they had occupied, were then demanded and obtained; and with these successes the national spirit rapidly rose. A desire for liberty, earnest and sincere, yet moderate, seemed simultaneously to take possession of all classes of the people; and in the course of the year 1790, projects for the extension of the privileges of the nobles to the commercial classes were freely discussed and favourably received throughout the entire nation. During the progress of these discussions, a great step was taken by the adoption of a resolution, which was confirmed by the dietines, or local electoral assemblies, nominating the Elector of Saxony as the successor to the crown. The period of the legal duration of the Diet, which was but two years, now drew near, and it was determined to obviate the dangers to be apprehended from a committal of the delicate work of reform to inexperienced hands, by a novel expedient, which, it was hoped, might be less mischievous, as a precedent, than an illegal prolongation of the session. An election of nuncios was ordered, without dissolving the Diet; and the new members being associated with the old, a duplicate representation of the nation was thus effected. The fresh appeal to the people produced no discord in the assembly, and the bold measure of proposing a new constitution was resolved upon. The precaution had been taken of obviating the difficulty of the *liberum veto*, by declaring the Diet to be one of confederation, in which custom sanctioned the decision by a majority, and deprived a single recusant of the power of interrupting the progress of business. Still great fear was entertained of the divisions that might be occasioned by the gold or influence of Russia; and at three o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of May, a large number of the senators and nuncios met in the palace of Prince Radzivil, and having heard the new constitution read, they solemnly swore to carry the work through on that very day, and not to separate until it should be accomplished. The meeting of the Diet was opened by the King himself, who laid before the assembly

and the citizens of Warsaw, who crowded the hall, a full statement of the evils under which the nation suffered, and the proposed remedy in a thorough reform of their political institutions. Twelve dissentients were all that foreign influence or perversity of disposition could muster in opposition, and the arguments of these were listened to with temper and calmness. A resolution was then adopted, absolving the King from the obligations of his coronation oath; and the constitution having been agreed to in its entirety, by a majority of more than ten to one, an oath for its observance was administered by the Bishop of Cracow to Stanislaus and the assembled Diet; after which the King and all the senators and nuncios, with the exception of the few dissentients, repaired to the cathedral, where they renewed their oaths before the altar, and addressed solemn prayers to heaven for the prosperity of their work.

The main features of the new Constitution were "peace in matters of faith," and full toleration to all religions, the Roman Catholic being dominant; recognition of nobility, but with full extension of civil rights to the burghers, and freedom to the peasants. The *liberum veto* was abolished, and the decision of every question referred to a majority of votes, all sorts of confederacies and confederated diets being utterly annihilated, as ruinous to society. The Crown was declared to be elective in families, and, for the present, to be vested hereditarily in the Electoral House of Saxony, the right of election of a new dynasty being retained to the nation, in case of the extinction of the reigning House. These principles were shaped into a system by many details, the judicious and moderate character of which drew from Mr. Burke, at that critical period, the following fervid eulogium:—

"So far as it has gone, it probably is the most pure and defecated public good which has ever been conferred on mankind. We have seen anarchy and servitude at once removed; a throne strengthened for the protection of the people, without trenching on their liberties; all foreign cabal banished, by changing the crown from elective to hereditary; and, what was a matter of pleasing wonder, we have seen a reigning king, from an heroic love to his country, exerting himself, with all the toil, the dexterity, the management, the intrigue, in favour of a family of strangers, with which ambitious men la-

bour for the aggrandisement of their own. Ten millions of men, in a way of being freed gradually, and therefore safely, to themselves and the State, not from civil or political chains which, bad as they are, only fetter the mind, but from substantial personal bondage; inhabitants of cities, before without privileges, placed in the consideration which belongs to that improved and connecting situation of social life; one of the most proud, numerous, and fierce bodies of nobility and gentry ever known in the world, arranged only in the foremost rank of free and generous citizens. Not one man incurred loss, or suffered degradation. All, from the king to the day-labourer, were improved in their condition. Everything was kept in its place and order, but in that place and order everything was bettered. To add to this happy wonder (this unheard-of conjunction of wisdom and fortune), not one drop of blood was spilled; no treachery, no outrage; no system of slander, more cruel than the sword; no studied insults on religion, morals, or manners; no spoil; no confiscation; no citizen beggared; none imprisoned, none exiled. The whole was effected with a policy, a discretion, an unanimity, and secrecy such as have never been before known on any occasion; but such wonderful conduct was reserved for this glorious conspiracy in favour of the true and genuine rights and interests of men."

We have seen that there were a few opponents to this glorious revolution, and it was said at the time that a foreign minister at Warsaw distributed 50,000 ducats, on the eve of the 3rd of May in the purchase of traitors. The market was for once badly supplied with that miserable stock, and on the 5th of May, the proceedings of the 3rd were formally confirmed. For a time all went on prosperously. Circular letters (*universalia*, as they were termed) were despatched to the palatinates to inform the nation of what had been done; and the assent to the constitution was all but unanimous. To the King of Prussia, then bound (as we have seen) in alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Republic, the intelligence was communicated by a special envoy, and he responded in the most favourable terms. On the 16th of May, his minister at Warsaw, Count Goltz, congratulated the Diet, in the name of his master, "on the happy revolution which had at length given to Poland a wise and regular constitution;" and on the 22nd of the same month, Frederick William himself, in acknowledging the letter of Stanislaus, expressed his approval of the selection made of a successor to the throne. "I

felicitate myself (he said) on having been able to contribute to the maintenance of the liberty and independence of the Republic, and one of my most agreeable employments will be that of preserving and strengthening the bonds which unite us." While these affairs were in progress, the Czarina had the Turkish war upon her hands; but the Ottoman power was for the time irrecoverably prostrated by the fall of Ismail, which took place in the end of December, 1790. On that occasion the fierce barbarian, Suwarrow, when forming his men for the assault, addressed each of his eight columns in words which had not lost their influence over Russian soldiers upon the day of Inkermann—"My brothers, no quarter; provisions are dear." Leading one of those columns, Suwarrow planted a standard, with his own hand, upon the wall of a Turkish battery, and in the carnage that followed 24,000 Turks are said to have perished. The war continued to linger on for a few months, but a convention having been concluded at Galatz, on the 11th of August, 1791, and a treaty of peace signed at Jassy, in the following January, Russia was at liberty to look to the affairs of Poland. Catherine's estimation of the value of her triumph was communicated to the English ambassador, Sir Charles Whitworth, in the memorable words—"Sir, since the King, your master, is determined to drive me out of St. Petersburg, I hope he will permit me to retire to Constantinople." It was not long until she showed plainly enough the meaning she covered in this taunt. Mr. Pitt is entitled to the merit of having clearly perceived the nature and necessary tendency of the Russian designs; and on the 28th of March, 1791, a message from the King was delivered to both Houses of Parliament, calling attention to the importance to the interests of England, and of Europe in general, of the possible consequences of the war between Russia and the Porte, and asking for an augmentation of naval force to be employed for "the restoration of tranquillity on a secure and lasting foundation." The necessity for the measure was supported by the minister on the ground of the direct interest of England in the struggle then going on, and for the sake of good faith towards allies with whom we had contracted offensive and defensive alliances. Should Turkey be

further weakened by Russia, Prussia would shortly be placed under pressure; and not Prussia only, but all Europe, the political system of which might be shaken to its very foundation. The measure was opposed by Messrs. Fox and Grey, and even by Mr. Burke, whose reasoning was a type of that employed by the peace advocates of the present day. Mercantile cupidity was set against honour, good faith, and the liberty of mankind; and Mr. Burke did not disdain to support the cause of Mammon by a clap-trap appeal to religious bigotry to discredit a policy that tended to bring Christian nations under the yoke of severe and inhuman infidels. Mr. Grey, anticipating his grandson, contended that the larger Russia grew the weaker she would be; and that even though the wildest dreams of her ambition should be realised by the possession of Constantinople and the extermination of the Ottomans from Europe, we should be none the worse, and mankind would be greatly benefitted. The generation that has been treated to a re-hashing of these sophisms sixty years after the event, need not wonder at the impression they then made. The views of the Opposition became popular, and Mr. Pitt, although he carried his address by a majority of ninety-three, abandoned the policy sanctioned in it, and England, turning her back upon Turkey, Poland, Prussia, and her own honour and interest, declined to fulfil the engagements of her treaties.

The result of this conduct of England was an immediate change in the policy of Prussia. Frederick William at once felt the force of the ridicule thrown by the agents of Russia upon the parade of an English fleet in the Baltic, which they said was "dangerous only to itself, and, at the utmost, could do no more than throw half-a-dozen bombs to destroy the counting-houses or warehouses, possibly, of as many British merchants, in Riga, Revel, or Cronstadt." The wise king accordingly turned his views from the limitation of the ambition of Russia and the defence of Poland, to the saving out of the wreck of the latter of the cities of Dantzic and Thorn, upon which he had long cast a covetous eye. He accordingly, in July, 1791, signed a new treaty with Austria, to which England acceded in the following year. It was a league of general plunder, and provided, among other

matters, for a new partition of Poland, which was to be invaded by the Czarina. Under its stipulations, his Majesty, the King of Prussia, was to make an acquisition of Thorn and Dantzic, while Russia was to take Kaminiac and part of Podolia, and the Elector of Saxony was to be raised to the throne of the remnant of the Republic. It was further agreed that the daughter of the Elector should be married to the Grand Duke of all the Russias, "who will be the father of the hereditary Kings of Poland and Lithuania."*

During the latter part of 1791 and beginning of 1792, the Russian agents were active in exciting dissensions in the newly-constituted Republic, and unhappily they found but too much of the ordinary material of civil discord ready to their hand. There were bishops furious against toleration, nobles discontented with the diminution of their privileges, and, worst of all, mad patriots, then influenced by the early triumphs of the French Revolution, whose bigoted rage for freedom was as intolerant as the religious hatred of the clergy. By the wild proposals of these latter, many good citizens were alarmed, and from among the small number of the former classes the Confederation of Targowitz was formed in the interest of Russia on the 14th of May, 1792. On the 18th, the Russian Ambassador at Warsaw delivered a manifesto to the Diet, in which it was announced that her Majesty the Empress of all the Russias, in her "vigilance over the integrity of the rights and prerogatives of the illustrious Polish nation," and moved by grievances, the least of which "would justify, in the face of God and man, the resolution of her Majesty to take signal vengeance," had ordered part of her troops to cross the frontier and take measures for "the re-establishment of the rights and prerogatives of the Republic." The Poles and the world, then, got another lesson in the nature and uses of treaties. Deserted by Prussia and England, and with the preparations for defence they had been zealously making as yet incomplete, they were unable to resist the host of barbarian soldiers immediately poured into their territory along the whole line of the Russian

frontier. Yet they did not yield without a struggle; and it was not until several fierce combats had been decided against them by the force of numbers, that the unhappy king found himself obliged, by the advance of the Russian armies upon Warsaw, to accede to an act of the Confederacy of Targowitz, by which the whole of the proceedings of the 3rd of May were annulled, and the new Constitution utterly annihilated. In this short campaign, Prince Joseph Poniatowski earned his earliest laurels, and Thaddeus Kosciuszko first served his country in the field. No sooner was it ended than a Russian general was placed in command of the Polish armies. A ukase and a manifesto were speedily issued, announcing the respective shares of the spoil appropriated by Catherine and Frederick William, the latter of whom had previously marched his troops into the territories of the Republic. The Czarina took her portion, because the Poles had violated their ancient Constitution, and overturned their liberties, by changing a republic into an hereditary monarchy; the King laid hands upon the cities of Dantzic and Thorn, and many provinces and voivodeships, in order to oppose an antidote to the "dangerous poison" with which the country was infected by "Jacobin emissaries." All was done for the honour of "the Holy Christian Religion," and "to give real proofs of affection and good-wishes."

The end was now not far off. Incensed by many provocations, the Poles rose against their oppressors in the beginning of 1794, the immediate cause of the outbreak being an order issued by the Czarina to reduce the national army to 16,000 men. This command Madalinski, a brigadier, refused to obey, and, being quickly joined by several regiments, he soon mustered a little army of some 4,000 men. The command of the insurgents (if they can be properly so named) was taken by Kosciuszko about the middle of February, when he immediately attacked the Prussians, and drove them from the districts they had newly occupied, with great slaughter. This exploit for the time set up the Polish cause; and when Kosciuszko immediately marched upon Cracow, the town was deserted by the

Russians, and he was forthwith declared commander-in-chief. Even if our space permitted, we trust it would be superfluous to dwell upon the deeds of this heroic man during the short campaign that followed. They ought, at least, to be ever present to the memory of every freeman. Kosciusko made his proofs in arms under Washington; his life proved that he could emulate the civic as well as the military virtue of his teacher; and tried by adversity, not more severely perhaps than Washington was tried by success, he passed through the ordeal equally unblemished. Pressed by three mighty nations, he kept Prussians, Russians, and Austrians at bay during the whole summer, forcing Frederick William, himself commanding in person, to raise the siege of Warsaw, and to retire with 40,000 men from before some 12,000 irregulars. At length, on the 4th of October, 1794, came the fatal day of Maccowice, when—

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—*—on Kosciusko fall!*"

Three horses were killed under him: when the last fell, he was at the same time wounded by a Cossack, who was only prevented from dispatching him by the interference of a Russian officer, whose admiration and pity were excited by his undaunted courage. He prayed in vain to his captors to put an end to his sorrows and sufferings; they treated him with unwonted tenderness, and it was only when he was brought to the presence of their ferocious mistress that the respect due to a brave enemy was withheld. Catherine threw him and the Polish poet, Niemcewicz, who was wounded and taken prisoner by his side, into prison, from which he was not released until her death. The fall of Kosciusko was speedily followed by that of Warsaw, the suburb of which, Praga, was stormed by Suwarow at the head of 60,000 men, on the 4th of November. Men, women, and children were slaughtered indiscriminately, and it is said that 20,000 human beings perished in that horrible massacre. Poland was forthwith divided between its three neighbours, and thus the great barrier Republic was blotted out of the list of nations. The King, whose intrusion was the first overt act of the spoliators, abdicated upon the order of his former mistress, on the 25th of November, the thirtieth anniversary of his coronation.

For eleven years Poland was scarcely even a geographical expression. All that its oppressors could do to erase the name from the memories of men was done; yet with but small ultimate success. The remnant of the army of Kosciusko, which was able to escape, found its way to France, and formed a nucleus for the celebrated Polish Legion, which soon numbered some 15,000 men. Nominally in the service of the Italian Republic—as the laws of France did not then permit the enlistment of foreign troops—the Poles, commanded by Dombrowski, found many opportunities, which they never neglected, of avenging the wrongs of their country.

The mere separate existence of a corps distinguished by the national uniform and name of Poland, kept the spirit of nationhood alive, and, upon more than one occasion, was the cause of grave embarrassment to the oppressors. Its use in that sense was so well understood by Napoleon, that in entering upon the doubtful campaign of Eylau in 1806, he did not disdain to forge the name of Kosciusko (who had found an asylum at Fontainebleau) to bombastic proclamations, calling the Poles to arms, and promising, with the aid of France, the restoration of their country. The words, though false, were words of power. Poland rose as one man. Her oppressors were taught the new lesson, that a barrier may be useful in staying a current setting against either of its faces. The Republic did, indeed, present an obstacle to the efflux of Russian barbarism; but it can scarcely be doubted that, had it retained its pristine strength, regulated by the Constitution of 1791, it would have opposed an equally formidable difficulty in the way of French aggression towards the North. Bonaparte, no doubt, well understood the true character and importance of Poland as a barrier State; but the curse of an Austrian alliance was upon him, and that fatal blight withered the hopes of a secure peace for Europe at the Conference of Tilsit in 1807, as completely as it is likely to stop their growth at the Conference of Vienna in 1855.

Nevertheless, the battle of Friedland brought a partial restoration of vitality to Poland. The meeting on the pontoon, moored in the centre of the stream of the Niemen at Tilsit, was its necessary result; and there the Czar Alex-

ander delivered a lesson to England and the world, which was too little laid to heart at the time, but which is pregnant with instruction at the present moment. At one o'clock, on the 25th of June, 1807, the two Emperors stepped each into a boat on their respective sides of the river, and proceeded towards the raft. Napoleon's crew pulled under the influence of the fortune of the day, and won the race. He at once entered the glazed chamber erected on the pontoon, and, passing across it, opened the door on the opposite side to admit the Czar. A year before, Talleyrand had opened a conference with Mr. Fox in these words:—

"Our interests are easily reconciled from this alone, that they are distinct. You are the masters of the sea; your maritime forces equal those of all the kingdoms of the earth put together. We are a great continental power, but other nations have as great armies as ourselves. If, in addition to being omnipotent on the ocean from your own strength, you desire to acquire a preponderance on the Continent by means of alliances, peace is not possible."

The English minister declined to enter into a separate treaty, independent of Russia, and nine long years of bloodshed and suffering were entailed upon England. The first words Alexander spoke, when he stood before his conqueror on the day of Tilsit, were—

"I hate the English as much as you do, and am ready to second you in all your enterprises against them."

"In that case," replied Napoleon, "everything will be easily arranged, and peace is already made."

Prussia now felt the bitterness of humiliation and dismemberment, and few narratives are better fitted to excite feelings of contempt for mankind and kingkind than Napoleon's own dramatic sketches of the writhings of Frederick William and his Queen in the course of the operation. It was, nevertheless, performed, and with as little tenderness as was due to the ruthless robber of Poland. All the Polish provinces seized by Prussia, in the several partitions, were retaken, and, with the exception of the small palatinate of Bialystock, which was given to Russia, they were formed into a *Grand Duchy of Warsaw*, and annexed to the crown of Saxony. Dant-

sig, the chief object of Frederick's cupidity, was also severed from Prussia, and erected once more into a free city, under the protection of the King of Saxony, free right of transit through the Prussian territories being given to that monarch. A secret treaty was also concluded between Napoleon and Alexander, one of the articles of which is now suggestive of important considerations. It was, in fact, a project for a division of the world between Russia and France. One year before, Napoleon had assured the ambassador of the Sultan of his friendship and protection. In the secret article to which we refer, it was agreed that, in case "the Porte shall decline the intervention of France, France will make common cause with Russia against the Ottoman Porte, and the two contracting parties will unite their efforts to wrest, from the vexatious and oppressive Government of the Turks, all its provinces in Europe, Roumelia and Constantinople only excepted."

The Treaty of Tilsit endured, like other treaties, until it became convenient or necessary to break it; but the restoration of Polish nationality, partial as it was, had the effect of bringing the case of Poland in a distinct form before the Congress of Vienna, in which the boundaries of Europe were settled. The course then taken, and the reasons of the policy that ruled we have already adverted to.* Another, though a very imperfect and halting step, was then made towards the reintegration of the barrier state, by the construction of the kingdom of Poland, and of the free Republic of Cracow. These measures for a short time seemed to promise more than a rational consideration of their nature would seem to warrant, and the treacherous kindness of Alexander—for treacherous it no doubt was—revived for a while the spirits of the Poles. The brutal tyrant, Constantine, was removed from the throne of Russia, which, according to the ordinary rules of succession, was his right, and sent to rule as viceroy at Warsaw. His savage and indiscriminating harshness, and above all, his habitual violations of the decencies of society, soon induced discontent, secret confederacies, and plots; and these in their turn engendered spies, imprisonments, and degrading punish-

* "Boundary Map of Europe" in DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for February, 1855.

ments. The French Revolution of 1830 stimulated these movements on both sides, until, upon the 29th of November in that year, a report was circulated in Warsaw that the military school was to be occupied by Russian troops, and measures of extraordinary severity to be dealt upon all offenders against the Russian authority. That very evening the old cry of "God bless Poland!" was raised by the pupils; they were joined by one or two regiments in the garrison; and before morning Constantine thought it prudent to fly. The flame spread instantaneously, and a provisional government was formed. The names of Czartoryski, Radzivil, Zamoyaki, Potocki, Niemcevice, and many others, among the men who then came forward, attested the indestructible nature of the spirit of freedom. In a people once deeply imbued with it, it can only be destroyed by the extinction of the last of the race. Another noble struggle followed; but it is needless to pursue its events. It terminated as a conflict of four millions against fifty millions is likely to terminate; yet the victory was doubtful, until the perfidy of the King of Prussia without, afforded a basis to the Russian operations, and the criminal folly of a Red Republican faction within, decided it in favour of Russia. The chiefs of the Poles, including many men of the noblest hearts and purest blood, were transported to Siberia, or found security in exile. The soldiers and inferior officers were dispersed among distant provinces, or drafted into regiments serving in the remotest parts of the Czar's dominions. A corps of 15,000 of them took refuge in Prussia, surrendering their arms and military equipage on a pledge of being protected and subsisted; they were driven back over the Russian frontier, and fired upon when they attempted to escape from the doom that awaited them within it. The Vienna-made Constitution of the new kingdom was then abolished, another solemn guarantee of England was shown to be but waste paper, and Poland was finally annexed to the crown of Russia.

Many grave thoughts arise as we close the brief narrative of this sad, eventful history. That the Republic of Poland long served its uses as a barrier state, and with advantage to the freedom and civilisation of Europe, is an historical fact. That without

strong barriers it is vain to hope that a lasting peace can be secured by treaties, will be admitted to be equally true, if the facts of the past be not disregarded in calculating the probabilities of the future. Nor is it to be forgotten that a barrier has two faces, and that it may be used as an advanced basis of attack. It was probably, indeed, the perception of this truth that influenced those sagacious sovereigns, Frederick and Maria Theresa, to concur in the first partition. Poland, as a nation, vassal to Russia as it in fact was in 1772, was an advanced post of the Czarina; and, in that sense, it became less dangerous to Prussia and Austria, when dismembered and weakened. The second partition, in 1791, was manifestly not sought by Frederick. That sin, in truth, lies rather at the door of England than of Prussia, which had no alternative, when the support of England was withheld, but to make the most of a junction with Russia. Had Prince Talleyrand's sound views of British policy been adopted by Mr. Fox in 1806, it would have been possible for Napoleon to have reconstructed Poland, by forcing Russia as well as Prussia to disgorge her spoils, and in all probability that would have been the result of the battles of Eylau and Friedland. The necessity for the existence of an independent barrier extending from the Baltic to the Euxine, was recognised in 1815 by Metternich and Castlereagh, and even by Hardenberg, until the personal relations of his master to the Czar forced him to surrender the real interests of Prussia. The recapitulation of these truths naturally suggests the thought, that they are at this moment as valid as ever, and that the policy which would flow from their recognition would be as sound now as the lamentable results of its abandonment at former periods shew that it would then have been. "But," the cautious politician will ask, "is the actual condition of Poland such as to warrant a hope that it could again be re-constituted as an independent state?" A satisfactory answer to this question would involve a consideration of many points which we cannot discuss at the close of this already lengthy paper, but which demand a close examination. In our own mind, the matter is simplified by a conviction that there are but two courses open which reason, experience and humanity recommend to the choice

of Europe. Either the war should be abandoned and Russia suffered to proceed on the mission prescribed for her by Peter — other states preparing their defences for the moment of the ultimate crisis of each — or, a new barrier state should be constructed with its north-eastern frontier-line marked by the Dwina and the Dnieper, and extending from the gulf of Riga to the harbour of Odessa. If that cannot be done, we are expending blood and treasure to no other purpose than the weakening of our power of future re-

sistance. The question presses, and it ought to receive the prompt attention of every man in Europe who has a country. The hope of safety for England and for Europe dwells either in a cautious retirement behind fortresses and guard-ships, or in a bold advance upon the enemy in the whole force of freedom. "Better," said the old Anglo-Irish chieftain, "a castle of bones than a castle of stones." "Better either," say we, "than a pent-house of protocols."

FLIGHTS TO FAIRYLAND.

BY CRAWFORD WILSON.

THIRD FLIGHT—THE STOLEN CHILD.

In traditions of eld, we have often beheld
Quaint phrases, and strangeness of diction ;
The scribes all delighting in constantly writing
As facts, what they knew to be fiction.

Now my readers may say, "Such is always the way,
When authors desire to be funny ;
Who care less for name, and a posthumous fame,
Than the dross still yclept *Ready Money*."

In every tradition we find superstition
The principal filling ingredient ;
Though signs of contrition, for sins of commission
Are few, because not deemed expedient.

And why? There's the query! My pen would grow weary
Attempting to cite half their reasons ;
For "truth's" an exotic, where "lies" are despotic,
And only can bloom in its seasons.

Some long-bearded sages, of far distant ages,
With diligence seem to have sought her ;
And say that she dwells at the bottoms of wells,
Like mermaids, submerged in the water.

Now sceptics may question, or raise an objection,
Against what those sages have stated ;
And build their theorem on common decorum,
Whose chasteness they deem underrated.

A mermaid ne'er dresses, but combs her long tresses
Exposed, whilst she sings like a syren ;
But "truth," if discovered, is *never* uncovered,
She's masked, like the virtues of Byron.

A fable, I take it, is "Truth" talked of, naked :
Absurd ! such a thought is outrageous ;
Each lady of honour would look down upon her,
As though e'en her touch were contagious.

When mixing with creatures, she half hides her features,
 Wears spangles, and flirts like a belle ;
 But if you would find her as God has designed her,
 Go seek her, far down, in the well.

This preface is stronger, and stretched out much longer
 Than I at the first had intended ;
 I've dealt with "Truth" chiefly, and now let me briefly
 Crave pardon, if I have offended.

"So pass we on ; I only meant
 To show the reed on which you leant,"
 Was sung by him whose ready pen
 Created Fays by lake and glen ;
 Whose wand of inspiration drew
 A magic charm round Ben-venue,
 And cast a golden gleam afar
 O'er Cambus-more and Uam Var,
 Immortalising, wide and free,
 Old Scotland's rugged scenery.
 "So pass we on ; I only meant
 To show the reed on which you leant ;"
 When deeming "Truth" could e'er be found
 Disrobed, where men and vices abound ;
 Where courtiers fawn and ladies smile,
 And specious Falsehood reigns the while.
 If "Truth" you'd find, go search some glen
 Untrodden by the feet of men ;
 Or seek her in some lonely grot,
 Where Nature is, and Art is not,
 But as for me I'll take my stand
 Within the realms of Fairyland ;
 If ancient seers in fiction dwelt,
 Then who can blame the modern Celt ?

"Come dwell with me
 'Neath the greenwood tree ;"
 Or, no ! let us go, where the fairies be.
 Away, then away, on our steeds of air,
 With the speed of thought they'll waft us there.
 Ere the sun's last ray o'er the valley creeps,
 We'll rest on the green hill's side ;
 Where the child of earth in beauty sleeps,
 And the Daoine Shi' his vigil keeps,
 And the "men of peace" abide.

"Away, then away, for the babe is thine,
 And it needs a mother's care ;
 Let it once more rest on the parent breast,
 And the draught of nature share ;
 For thy mortal line is but *half* divine,
 And we are the things of air."

So spoke to a mother the fairy guide
 "Who tended the babe at birth ;"
 And bore it away on its natal day
 (For the "good" folk love with the young to play),
 But it pined, and cried, and must soon have died,
 For 'twas but a child of earth.

The mother was brought to the fairies' home—
 A glittering pile with a crystal dome ;

Pillars of silver, and floors of gold,
 And diamonds too bright for the eyes to behold.
 Gems of all kinds lay scattered there,
 Priceless and sparkling, rich and rare,
 Gendered in earth or annealed in air ;
 Flinging around them a changeful glare,
 And the least too pure for a king to wear.
 On dais of brilliants lay mother and child ;

Around them the fairies sped.
 And the guide that had been, was the Fairy Queen,
 In emeralds deck'd with a robe of green ;
 Her zone bore a circlet of gems, whose sheen,
 Though gay and resplendent, was still serene.
 And when she moved, or her red lips smiled,
 The step was soft, and the curves were mild,
 For the soul of the fairy was undefiled.
 Amid her brow, and around her head,
 The topaz gleamed, or the ruby red,
 Its crimson rays in richness spread.

Oh, bright was that elfish hall ;
 But the Queen as she sped, with sylph-like tread,
 In glory outshone them all.

And knights there were there, whose armour shone
 As around the Queen they passed one by one ;
 Equipp'd were they in the brightest steel,
 With sparkling spurs at each armed heel.
 Each bright cuirass was inlaid with gold,
 Wrought by the hands of elves of old.
 The rivets shone with a heavenly blue,
 Carved from the sapphire of mildest hue.
 The swords were all by the genii made,
 And hieroglyphics adorned each blade,
 The charm to wind, or the arm to aid.
 The plumes of their casques were of various dyes,
 But soft as the tints that adorn the skies,
 When 'neath the horizon the day-king lies,
 And the veil of twilight enchants the eyes.
 Above them their banners emblazoned streamed,
 And centred in each pellucid gleamed
 The crystal, by spirits the most esteemed.
 Onwards they swept, and it almost seemed
 To the mortal amid them that she but dreamed.
 Martial were they, yet no sounds they made,
 Though all in the trappings of war arrayed.

The ladies were fair, as the knights were brave !
 Lovely and modest, urbane or grave.
 Sportive were many—depressed were none,
 But all seemed in glee as the rout begun.
 Gaily they tripped, in gossamers bound—
 Lightly they gambolled around and around.
 Sweet as the breeze woo'd by spicy isles
 Was their breath as it wantonly fluttered thro' smiles.
 Joyous those smiles as the ripples that break
 In summer and eve on a sun-lighted lake.
 Yet noiseless each motion, and guiltless of sound,
 As midnight when fettered by silence profound—
 Still gambolled they, sportively whirling around.

No longer the dancers in files remain single,
 But ladies and knights in one body commingle.

Again o'er the pavement in silence they glide,
 Heart throbbing 'gainst heart, or side pressing to side;
 All heedless they seemed of their wondering guest,
 Who sat, with her infant asleep at her breast;
 Watching the motions of those she saw,
 Partly with pleasure, but still with awe.

She gazed on herself with expanded eyes,
 Fear pressing close on the heels of surprise;
 Her gown of grey stuff changed to tissue of gold—
 Her coif to a turban with jewels enrolled:
 Her kirtle to velvet with brilliants besprent—
 Gems taking the place of each well-cobbled rent.
 Her shoes with hobnails were for slippers exchanged,
 Round the insteps of which diamond clasps were arranged.
 So great was the change that she could not have known
 Whether feet, hands, or head, were the Fay's, or her own.

The child, too, was swaddled in linens so white,
 And beamed through his sleep with such smiles of delight,
 The fond mother doubted, and feared that the elves
 Had brought her to nurse one akin to themselves.
 Around him a halo of innocence played,
 So like to the ring in which saints are arrayed,
 That nature and love to conjecture were driven,
 He seemed so much less fit for earth than for heaven.

Again!—what a change!—for the first time she noted
 A table arranged 'neath the dome before quoted,
 To the head of which table a chairman was voted;
 (At least, she conjectured as much from the signs,
 For voices she heard not). The wealth of the mines
 Is piled up, they say, where the Daoine Shi' dine.
 It seem'd so to her; for the choicest of wines,
 Together, with every sweet, reft from the vines,
 Were brimming in goblets, or piled upon plate
 Of gold thrice refined, rich in carving and weight,
 And every way fitting the Fairy Queen's fête.

A moment scarce past,
 Ere she found herself seated
 Before the repast,
 And extremely well treated.

Confections of every kind rolled in around her,
 So various, that choosing alone would confound her.
 There were pâtés, and truffles, and condiments rare,
 And thousands besides—but of each she'd a share;
 In fact, she was one of the jolliest there.

But strange! when she spoke,
 Only echoes awoke,
 And every one laughed at so charming a joke.
 "Laughed"—stay, let me here that strange error recal,
 They all *seemed* to laugh, but no one laughed at all,
 For silence still reigned in that fairy-thronged hall.

She tipped the wine,
 And thought it divine,
 Oft wondering how people without it could dine.
 But yet not a word

Had she heard at the board,
 Their mouths seemed no language or voice to afford;
 And yet their lips parted,
 And gay glances darted,

From eyes whose gay owners were, doubtless, light-hearted.

There, nodding round to each other, they seemed
 To chat, though our wet-nurse the contrary deemed.
 At first, she conceived they were dumb, and then thought
 That perhaps she lost hearing since thitherward brought.
 Thus musing, and wond'ring, she drooped o'er the board:
 Slept soundly—and, must I confess it?—she snored.

“And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying,
 Who die in righteousness, she leaned.”

So said

Lord Byron, speaking of Haidee, when lying
 Within the cave, upon his furry bed,
 Don Juan slept—the sweet Ionian trying
 To bring back life to one three-quarters dead.
 The simile with him was sweetly sketched,
 But for my snoring nurse 'twould be far-fetched.

You see I'm modest. What says our grammarian?
 That 'tis “a quality adorns a woman,”
 Or man, in Ireland born—be he sectarian,
 High-churchman, Jesuit, or Catechumen;
 An Irishman, some think, is half-barbarian.
 So let him be; but yet he's *something* human.
 Go search your chronicles—*they* should be true;
 Stands *he* not there, a God-made man, like *you*?

Though rarely fawned on as the petted child
 Of fickle Fortune—has not Genius shed
 Around *his* brows those glories undefiled
 With which she decks each bold aspirant's head?
 Where statesmen thundered, or where warriors bled,
 Where Honor called, go search each foremost van;
 Throbb'd *there* no Irish hearts by duty led?
 Ask Alma's heights! since rightful strife began,
 Or Balaclava's charge, or Inkermann!

But truce to wild parentheses like these;
 They ill befit our Flights to Fairyland,
 Where every sentence should be penned—to please,
 And all should be—what babes might understand.

I've quoted our grammarian; and his name
 Strikes terror often into schoolboys' ears.
 Oh, Lindley Murray! have you built your fame
 On broken birches, and on urchins' tears?
 I've felt you; and, I now confess with shame,
 Abuse your rules in my maturer years.
 But hence digressions. Pass the magic doors,
 Where sleeps the infant, while its mother snores.

Betimes in the morning, whilst Sol was adorning,
 Our earth with the rays of his glory,
 We'll trace out the fairies, note down their vagaries,
 And take up the thread of our story.

The mother still slept, and the babe closely crept,
 As it woke, to the fount for its pure repast;
 She opened her eyes in the wildest surprise,
 For still she was caged where we left her last.

'Twas not in that hall, where were gathered all
 The fairies I quote in my fable;
 For there, recollect, she lost all self-respect,
 And snored, with her head on the table.

When awakened, she found a bed draped round
 With hangings that downward extended ;
 But greater the riddle, how she in the middle
 Was placed, when the supper was ended.

The walls of her chamber were hewn out of amber,
 The ceiling like glass was transparent ;
 Light shone through it clear from a gold chandelier,
 But day was by no means apparent.

She rose up and dressed—still her robes were the best—
 Embroidered, and gorgeously spangled,
 Whilst the tissues of gold, fitted just like the old
 Russet gown that about her had dangled.

When fully arrayed—lo ! her table was laid
 With viands no country could equal—
 (This assertion, I'm sure, cannot be premature ;
 Howe'er, we'll find out by the sequel.)

Thus weeks passed away, and she sought every day
 For doors, as for plunder she panted ;
 But her wish to get out, as she wandered about,
 By the Fairy Queen never was granted.

One day as she sauntered beneath the dome,
 Suckling her infant, and thinking of home,
 Filling her pockets with ingots of gold,
 Stitching up gems in each mazy fold,
 And asking herself "for how much they'd be sold?"
 She saw, in a splendid pavilion close by,
 A party of Fairies assembled.
 They danced round a caldron suspended on high,
 Performing, in passing, some magical tie.
 She watched them in silence, yet scarcely knew why
 Her limbs 'neath her weakened and trembled.

The dance was over, the charm was wound ;
 No longer in circles they flitted around,
 But all on their haunches sat down on the ground,
 As usual wakening no earthly sound,
 But acting and moving in silence profound.
 Then each in the caldron her finger inserted,
 And drew forth an unction rare,
 Of perfume so sweet, that the mortal asserted
 She longed to have some for her hair.
 Yet 'twas not their hair that those ladies fair
 Anointed with what was concocted there ;
 But the gazer's surprise all description defies,
 When she saw that each Fay rubbed it into her eyes.

A moment more, then one by one
 The airy elves passed swiftly on,
 'Till knights and ladies all were gone.
 And the woman saw that their eye-balls shone
 With a lustre strangely bright,
 That decked each face with a charming grace,
 And a sweet enchanting light.
 Oh, woman ! oh, woman ! why can't you remain
 Contented, and happy, and quiet ?
 Why can't you admire a rich diamond, or chain,
 Or robe, without longing to buy it ?

Why don't you, where feminine worth is, refrain
 From seeking forthwith to decry it?
 And why must my fairy-spelled heroine fain
 Seek out the elf-ointment and try it?
 But why to a woman?—the why is in vain,
 For women will always defy it.

She touched but one eye-lid, when strange to behold,
 In closing the other she found herself sold,
 Or rather (according to Cocker) cajoled.
 No longer she moved amid jewels and gold,
 But stood in a cave very musty and old.
 Around her large masses of granite were rolled,
 Which seemed the huge roof of the cave to uphold;
 From which hung down icicles spiral and cold.
 Bats flitted around her, and blue-bottles bold,
 And things that should ne'er in this fable be told.
 Let others that like it such horrors unfold,

But here I am monarch supreme,
 And I tell what was wrought in my magical mould,
 Or, as Bunyan has said, "in my dream."
 Her dresses were those that she always had worn,
 Not tissues star-spangled, but stuffs soiled and torn;
 And she looked like "the maiden all forlorn,
 That kissed the cow with the crumpled horn,
 That tossed the dog ———;" but I'll cease to quote,
 As every one knows what that author wrote.

Her pockets were crammed, but their burthens alone
 Were made up of pebbles, and pieces of stone;
 Not jewels that glittered and gems that shone,
 But here and there fragments of shells and bone.
 Her head bore the coil that for matrons was meet,
 And the hobnailed *high-lows* still were clasped round her feet;
 In fact her amazement was quite a treat.
 The dishes of gold and the goblets were shells
 Wrought on, and modelled by fairy spells;
 And the draped bed was a mossy stone,
 By tendrils of half-withered ivy o'ergrown.
 Great was the change by that unction wrought,
 And swift as the passage of light or thought.
 Around her in crannies the Fays lay at rest,
 Unconscious of what had been found by their guest.
 Wee creatures were they, like those Gulliver found
 When lying in Lilliput, pegged to the ground.

She closed up that eye, and, with proud exultation,
 Perceived that the other retained "speculation."
 By that phrase "speculation" I mean—but you know
 That Shakespeare himself coined that word long ago,
 Where the base Thane of Cawdor caused Banquo's o'erthrow;
 Or else, when requesting his ghost not to show
 His blood-boltered gashes! but straightway to go,
 Unhousel'd, unshriv'n, *sans* comment, *below*—
 By it's "speculation" she still seemed arrayed
 In diamonds, and tissues, and golden brocade,
 But vainly she sought out the face of an Elf—
 She stood 'neath the dome, and had all to herself.

And now, gentle reader, a word in thine ear—
 tart not, I assure you you've nothing to fear;

But as to the cave, don't you think it high time
To leave it, whilst I make an end of my rhyme?"
Agreed! But where left we the woman?—at home?
No, winking one eye, and erect 'neath the dome.

She took up her child, whilst the Fairies still slept,
And forth from their castle on tip-toe she crept,
The eye, late anointed, revealing the way,
And guiding her forth at the dawning of day.
Months passed, and she found that her eye could control
Each mortal, and read all that passed in the soul.
It scanned every thought, and so great was its sway,
That countryfolk deemed her a witch or a Fay.

One morn, as she mixed with a crowd in the street,
She chanced with the king of those Fairies to meet;
And straightway forgetting that he was unseen
By eyes unanointed, asked after the Queen.

He started, and asked by what power she detected
Invisible Fays, who such vision respected—
'Twas something he owed that he never expected.
She quailed. But, said he, "You must not be dejected,
As doubtless you've been to that honour elected."
She told him the story—he smiled as she spoke,
Assured her, 'twas all a most excellent joke;
Declared she had acted decidedly right,
Then spat in her eye, and deprived it of sight.
She heard his loud laugh as he vanished away,
And from that day to this never met with a Fay.

Note.—The story of the Stolen Child is founded upon one of the ancient traditions of Scotland. Vide "Graham's Sketches," pp. 116–118—"A woman whose new-born child had been conveyed by them into their secret abodes, was also carried thither herself, to remain, however, only until she should suckle her infant. She one day, during this period, observed the Sh'ichs busily employed in mixing various ingredients in a boiling caldron; and as soon as the composition was prepared, she remarked that they all carefully anointed their eyes with it, laying the remainder aside for future use. In a moment when they were all absent, she also attempted to anoint her eyes with the precious drag, but had time to apply it to one eye only, when the Daoine Shi' returned. But with that eye she was henceforth enabled to see everything as it really passed in their secret abodes. She saw every object, not as she hitherto had done, in deceptive splendour and elegance, but in its genuine colours and form. The gaudy ornaments of the apartment were reduced to the walls of a gloomy cavern. Soon after having discharged her office, she was dismissed to her own home. Still, however, she retained the faculty of seeing with her medicated eye everything that was done, anywhere in her presence, by the deceptive art of the order. One day, amidst a throng of people, she chanced to observe the Sh'ich, or Man of Peace, in whose possession she had left her child, though to every other eye invisible. Prompted by maternal affection, she inadvertently accosted him, and began to inquire after the welfare of her child. The Man of Peace, astonished at being thus recognised by one of mortal race, demanded how she had been enabled to discover him. Awed by the terrible frown of his countenance, she acknowledged what she had done. He spat in her eye, and extinguished it for ever."

WATER CURE.

"Having our minds sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water."

"Now, if I knew—Lord help me! I often feel as if I did not know—whether the next life be any better than this, whether getting rid of the body be any advantage to the soul—before heaven I would gladly die to-morrow!"

"By Jove! Alick, I haven't the slightest wish of the kind."

We two—Austin Hardy and Alexander Fyfe—as we sat over the fire in my lodgings, in Burton-crescent, were not bad types of two classes of men, not rare in this our day, who may stand convicted as moral suicides—mind-murderers and body-murderers.

We were cousins, but at the opposite poles of society—he was rich, I poor. The world lured him, and scouted me; its pit of perdition was opened wide for us both; but he was kissed, and I was kicked, into it. Now we both found ourselves clinging to its brink, and glaring helplessly at one another from opposite sides, wondering which would be the first to let go, and drop to—where?

It was the 1st of November. I had sat hour after hour, the MS. of my last book before me; the finished half on my left hand grinned fiendishly at the unfinished half on my right—to wit, a heap of blank sheets, two hundred; two hundred pages that, by Christmas, *must* be covered—covered, too, with the best fruit of my soul, my heart, and my brains; else, my dear friend, the public would say, compassionately, "Poor fellow! he has written himself out;" or, sneeringly, "If these authors did but know when to stop!"

Stop?—with life and all its daily needs, duties, pleasantnesses—*pehaw!* I may draw my pen through *that* word, hammering incessantly at the door! With old Age's ugly face, solitary and poor, peering in at the window—stop, indeed!

I was in this agreeable state of mind, when my cousin Austin lounged into my room on that November day.

"Do I interrupt you?" he said, for he was a kindly-hearted fellow, though not over-burdened with brains, and

wholly uninitiate in the life of literature.

"Interrupt! no, my good fellow. I wish you did," said I, with a groan. "There is nothing to interrupt. One might as well spin a thread-of-gold gown out of that spider-line dangling from the ceiling, as weave a story out of this skull of mine—this squeezed sponge, this collapsed bladder; it's good for nothing but a dining-hall to a select party of worms."

"Eh?" said he, innocently uncomprehending.

"Never mind. What of yourself, Hardy? How is the hunting and the shooting, the betting and the play-going, the dinner-parties and the balls?"

"All over."

He shook his head, and a severe fit of coughing convulsed his large, strong-built frame.

"I'm booked for the other world. I wish you were my heir."

"Thank you; but, for so brief a possession, it wouldn't be worth my while."

I lit a candle, and we stood contemplating one another. Finally, we each made the remarks with which I have commenced this history. Let us continue it now.

"Why do you want to die, Alexander Fyfe?"

"To escape the trouble of living. Live!—it's only existing; I don't live—I never lived. What is life but having one's full powers free to use, to command, to enjoy? I have none of these. My body hampers my mind, my mind destroys my body, and circumstances make slaves of both. I look without—everything is a blank; within—"

I beg to state, as I did to Austin the next minute, that I am not used to whine in this way; but I was ill, and I had sat for five hours with a blank page before me, upon which I had written precisely five lines.

Austin's face expressed the utmost astonishment.

"Why, I didn't know you had anything amis; you always seem to me the healthiest fellow alive. A successful author, with only yourself to look after—no property, no establishment, no responsibilities; just a little bit of writing to do each day, and be paid for it, and all is right."

I laughed at his amusing picture of an author's existence.

"Then, so hermit-like as you live here, all among your books. My poor dear aunt herself, if she could see you——"

"Hush! Austin."

"Well, I will; but all the world knows what a good woman she was. Saint-like fellow you are, easy enough, and you have no temptation to be otherwise. Now, I am obliged to go post-haste to destruction, if only to save myself from dying of *ennui*."

Another fit of coughing cut him short. I forgot my own despair in pitying him, for he seemed to hold that cheating vixen Life with such a frantic clutch, and she was so visibly slipping from him. There, at least, I was better off than he. This world was all my terror; of that to come, dark as its mysteries were, I had no absolute fear.

"You're hard up, Austin, my boy. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing. It isn't consumption, they say. It will turn to asthma, most likely—asthma brought on by—It's a pretty confession to make at my time of life; but you and I are old cronies, Alick. All my own doings, the doctors say—would have knocked up the finest constitution in the world, which I had ten years ago"—with a piteous groan.

"Well, confess what has done it?"

"Smoking, late hours, and," after a pause, "hard drinking."

"Whew!" It was a very dolorous whistle, I believe.

"What is a fellow to do?" said Hardy, rather sullenly. "Life is so confoundedly slow? You want excitement—you take to the turf or the gaming-table. If you win, you must drink and be jolly; if you lose, why, drink and drown care. Then other perplexities—womankind, for instance: you run after an angel, and find her out something on the other side of humanity; or she's sharp and clever, makes a mock of you, and marries your friend; or she tries to jump down your

throat, and you might have her so cheap, she isn't worth the winning."

"Is that the fact in your case?"

"My lad, you'd find it so, if you had ten thousand a-year."

This was a doubtful compliment, certainly; but he meant it in all simplicity. Besides, I knew enough of his affairs to be aware that the circumstances he mentioned in this impersonal form were literally true.

"I wonder, cousin, you are not weary of this hunting after shadows. Why don't you marry?"

"Marry! I? to leave a wife a widow next year. Not but that would raise my value in the market immensely. Seriously, Alick, do you think there is any woman in the world worth marrying? I don't, and never did."

I was silent. Afterwards he said, in an altered tone—

"I did not quite mean 'never.' Was she fourteen or fifteen when she died, Alexander?"

I knew he was thinking of his old child-sweetheart, my little sister Mary.

"No, no; marrying is out of the question. Whether I die early or late, I shall certainly die a bachelor. Shall you?"

"Very probably."

And, as I glanced at the two hundred blank pages, and the two hundred more scrawled over, I hugged myself in the knowledge that, if it came to starvation, there was only one to starve—no pale wife, fading slowly from a dream of beauty into a weak slattern, peevish and sad; no crying children, wailing reproaches into the father's heart, not only for their lost birthright, but for their very birth itself. "No," I thought, with set teeth and clenched palms, as if the time of my youth was as a bitter fruit between my lips, or a poison-flower in my hands, and I were grinding both to powder—"No, as old Will hath it, 'Tis better as it is.'"

"Still," cried I, rousing myself, for poor Austin's case was worse than mine, and he had more responsibilities in the world—"still life is worth a struggle, and you know you hate your next heir. Once more, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any doctor?"

"About a dozen."

"Then you are a dead man, Austin Hardy."

"So I believe."

Again a long pause.

"I can't leave you this estate, cousin, you know, and I have spent most of my ready money; but I have left you my cellar and my stud—they will be worth a thousand or two; so you needn't kill yourself with this sort of work," pointing to the MS., "for a few years to come. That will be one good out of my dying."

"My dear boy, if you say another word about dying, I'll—you see Corrie's Afghan cutlass there—I'll assassinate you on the spot."

"Thank you."

"By-the-bye," and a sudden brilliant thought darted into my mind, "did you ever meet my friend Corrie?"

"No."

"The finest, wholesomest, cheeriest fellow, with a head big enough to hold two men's brains, and a heart as large as his head. I had a letter from him this morning. He gave up army-service some time since, began London practice—searched fairly and honourably into all the nonsense going—tried allopathy, homœopathy, kinesopathy, and heaven knows how many pathies besides; and has finally thrown them all aside, and, in conjunction with his father, Dr. Corrie, has settled in——shire, and there set up a water-cure."

"A what did you say?"

"A hydropathic establishment—a water-cure. Have you never heard of such places?"

"Ah, yes, where people sit in tubs all day, and starve on sanitary diet, and walk on their own legs, and go to bed at nine o'clock—barbarians!"

"Exactly. They cut civilisation, with all its evils, and go back to a state of nature. Suppose you were to try it, you have so long been living 'agin nature,' as says our friend, the trapper—but I forgot you don't read—that if you were to return to her motherly arms, she might take you in, and cure you—eh?"

"Couldn't—impossible."

So many possibilities frequently grew out of Hardy's "impossible," that I was not a whit discouraged.

"Here is Corrie's letter, with a view of his house on the top of the page."

"A pretty place."

"Beautiful, he says; and James Corrie has visited half the fine scenery in the world. You see, he wants me

to go down there, even without trying what he calls 'the treatment.'"

"And why don't you?"

I laid my hand on the blank MS. leaves—

"Impossible."

Austin soon after went away. I shut the shutters, stirred the fire, rang for the student's best friend—a cup of hot tea, no bread therewith. Yet, though rather hungry, I dared not eat; we head-workers are obliged to establish a rigorous division of labour between the stomach and the brain. Ugh! that one piece of dry toast would have spoiled at least four pages—can't be! And that uncut magazine, with a friend's article therein, how tempting it looks! But no, if I fret myself with his fiction for ten minutes, I shall lose the thread of my own; and if I sit thus, staring into the cosy fire, I shall go dream, and then——Now for it. Come on, my MS., you demon, that I used so to love—you friend, you mistress, you beloved child of my soul! How comes it that you have grown into a fiend, that stands ever behind me, goading me on with points of steel, ready to pierce me whenever I drop? But many a human friend, mistress, or child does just the same.

Now, surely I can work to-night. Come back, dreams of my youth. I am writing about folk that are young; so let's get up a good love-scene—a new sort of thing, if I can—for I have done so many, and reviews say I am grown "artificial." Reviews! Ten years ago, what cared I for reviews! I wrote my soul out—wrote the truth that was in me—fresh, bursting truth, that would be uttered, and would be heard. To write at all was a glory, a rapture—a shouting out of songs to the very woods and fields, as children do. I wrote because I loved it—because I could not help it—because the stream that was in me would pour out. Where is that bright, impetuous, flashing, tumbling river now? Dwindled to a dull sluice, that all my digging and draining will only coax on for a mile or two in a set channel—and it runs dry.

Well, now for the page. These five lines—rich day's work—what drivelling inanity! There it goes into the flame. Let's start afresh.

Once, twice, thrice, four times, a new page goes up, in fine curling sparkles, up the chimney. Thank

heaven, I have sufficient wit left, at least, to see that I am a dull fool. Try again.

This time comes nothing! My pen makes fantastic circles over the white page—little bird's nests, with a cluster of eggs inside—or draws foolish, soft profiles, with the wavy hair brushed up Greek fashion, as I used to scrawl over my bedroom walls when I was a boy. My thoughts go "wool-gathering"—wandering up and down the world, and then come back, and stand mocking and jibing at me.

How is it all to end? I cannot write. I have no more power of brain than the most arrant dolt—that especial dolt whom I hear whistling down the Crescent—

"Cheer boys, cheer, the world is all before us."

Oh, that it were! Oh, that I were a backwoodsman, with a tree and a hatchet, and the strength of labour in these poor, thin, shaking hands! Oh, that I had been born a plough-lad, with neither nerves nor brains!

My head is so hot—bursting almost. This small room stifles me. Oh, for one breeze from the old known hills! But I should hardly feel it now. I don't feel anything much. My thoughts glide away from me. I only want to lie down, and go to sleep.

There! I have sat twenty minutes by the clock, with my head on my hands, doing nothing, thinking nothing, writing nothing—not a line. The page is as blank as it was three hours ago. My day's work, twelve golden hours—has been absolutely nothing.

This cannot last. Am I getting ill? I don't know. I never do get ill. A good wholesome fever now—a nice, rattling delirium—a blistering and bleeding, out of which one would wake weak, and fresh, and peaceful as a child. What a blessing that might be! But I could not afford it—illness is too great a luxury for authors.

But—as I said to poor Austin some hours since—what is to be done? Something must be done, or my book will never be finished. And, oh, my enemy—oh, my evil genius, that used to be the stay of my life—with a sad yearning I turn over your leaves, and think it would grieve me after all, if you, the pet babe of my soul, were never to be born alive.

If anything could be done! I do

not drink, I do not smoke; I live a virtuous and simple life. True, I never was very strong, but then I have no disease; and if I had, is not my soul independent of my body? Cannot I compel my brain to work—cannot I? for all you used to argue, my sapient friend, James Corrie, M.D. And his known handwriting, looking me in the face, brought back many a sage practical warning, disregarded when I was in health and vigour, mentally and physically—when it seemed to me that all authors' complainings were mere affectations, vapours, laziness. I know better now. Forgive me, my hapless brethren, I am as wretched as any one of ye all.

Can anything cure me?—any medicine for a mind diseased? James Corrie, what sayest thou?

"For any disorder of the brain—any failure of the mental powers—for each and all of these strange forms in which the body will assuredly, in time, take her revenge upon those who have given up everything to intellectual pursuits, and neglected the common laws of nature—that mind and body should work together, and not apart—I know nothing so salutary as going back to a state of nature, and trying the water-cure."

I sat pondering till midnight. It was a desperate chance, for each day was to me worth so much gold. Yet what mattered that?—if each day were to be like this day, I should go insane by Christmas.

At nine A.M., next morning, I stood by my cousin's bedside, in his chambers at the Albany. He was fast asleep. His large, white, sculptured profile, with the black hair hanging about, was almost ghastly. I sat down, and waited till he awoke.

"Hollo! Alexander. I thought you were a water-demon, waiting to assist me into a bottomless bath, out of which I was to emerge at the South Pole. Well, I'm meditating a similar plunge."

"I likewise."

"I am going to try the water-cure."

"So am I."

"Bravo!" cried he, leaping out of bed. "I am delighted to find there will be two fools instead of one. We'll start to-morrow."

"I'm ready."

"Give me the whip, Fyfe. Whoever

would have thought of such a place, so near London! That's a very decent hill; and that moorland wind is just like your own Scotland."

"Ay," said I, gulping it down—drinking it like a river of life.

The free, keen breeze; the dashing across an unknown country—made dimly visible by a bleak, watery November moon; the odd curves of the road, now shut up by high rocky sides, now bordered by trees, black and ghostly, though still keeping the rounded forms of summer foliage—above all, the country wildness, the entire solitude, when, not two hours ago, we had been in the heart of London! That drive has left a vivid impression on my mind. It always seems like a journey in a dream. It made a clear division between the former life, and that which was at hand.

I said to myself, in a dreamy sort of way, as, passing under a woody hill-side, the little foot-boy sprang down and opened the lodge-gate, and we drove in front of a lighted hall-door, between two white shadowy wings of building—I said, vaguely, "Old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new."

It is only in the middle of life, or when its burden has become heavier than we can bear, that one comprehends the stretching out of the spirit, as one could imagine it would stretch out of the husk of the body into a fresh existence. It is not till then we understand the feeling which created the fabled Lethé of Elvysium—the full deliciousness of oblivion—the intolerable craving after something altogether new.

Therefore, except to such, I can never explain the ecstasy of impression which this place made upon me, as producing that involuntary cry, "All things are become new."

Except its master! That is, its real master; for Dr. and Mrs. Corrie were in the decline of life, and nearly all the burthen of the establishment fell upon their son, their only child. No, James Corrie, I would not for the world have anything new in thee. Change could not improve thee, or novelty make thee more grateful to an old friend's heart.

If I were to paint him literally as he stood to welcome us, I fear the effect made would be but small.

He was not a woman's man, my lady readers! He had no smooth blandness, or charming roughness—the two opposite qualities which make the fortune of fashionable physicians. You would hardly take him for a physician at all. His large, well-built figure; his also large, well-balanced head, broad-browed, with a keen intellectual eye, but with a pleasant humanity smiling about the well-turned mouth—all indicated the wholesome balance between the mental, moral, and physical organisation, which made James Corrie, more than any person I have ever known, give one the impression of a true man.

Not a mere poet, or a visionary, or a philosopher, or a follower of science, made up of learning and dry bones, or a man of the world, to whom "the world" was Alpha and Omega; but a combination of all these, which resulted in that rare character which God meant us every one to be, and which about one-thousandth of us are—a man.

Dr. James Corrie was about forty. He had married early; it was an unhappy and childless union. He had now been a widower about five years. I do not know if womankind thought him handsome, but it was a very noble and good face.

"I like him," said Austin, decisively, when he had left us in our apartments—a sitting-room dividing two cheerful bedrooms—in each of which the principal feature was a large shallow bath, standing on end in a corner, like a coffin with the lid off.

"Tea at seven, bed at half-past nine," I heard Austin maundering drearily to himself, as he brushed his curly hair, and re-attired his very handsome person. "How the——. But I suppose one must not swear here—eh, Alice? Your Dr. James is not in that line."

I laughed; and we went down stairs.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, baronial-like, with long corridors to pace, and lofty rooms to breathe freely in. Something of the old feudal blood in me always takes pleasure in that sort of house, especially after London lodgings.

A dazzle of light, coming from a large bright table, of which the prominent ornaments were two vases of winter flowers, and a great silver urn. But

abundances of delicate edibles, too ; nothing in the starving line, as Austin indicated by the faintest wink of the eye to me ; and then, with an air of satisfaction, resumed his customary gentlemanly deportment.

We were introduced to Mrs. Corrie, a tall, spare, elderly lady, who sat, "frosty but kindly," at the head of the table ; beside her the old Doctor ; at the foot, our friend, Dr. James. There was also a Miss Jessie Corrie, a niece, lively, and bonnie-looking, though not so young as she might have been. A score of heterogeneous patients, of both sexes and all ages, in which the only homogeneity was a general air of pleasantness and pleasure, completed the circle. Its chief peculiarity seemed, that, large as it was, it had all the unrestrainedness and cosiness of *home*.

"That is exactly what we want to make it— isn't it, father?" said Dr. James, when, the meal over, the Corrie family, and we two, stood round the wide, old-fashioned, faggot-heaped hearth. "We want to cure not only the body, but the mind. To do our patients real good, we must make them happy, and there is no happiness like that of home."

"True," I said, with a sort of sigh.

"And have you not noticed that one half of the chronic valetudinarians we see are those who have either no home, or an unhappy one. To such we try to give, if not the real thing, at least a decent imitation of it. They have a far better chance of cure."

"I believe it," and, turning into the cheery drawing-room, we gave ourselves up—Austin thoroughly, I partially—to the pleasure of being pleased.

"Well," said he, when we retired, "for a sick hospital, this is the jolliest place I ever knew. How do you feel?"

I could hardly tell. I was stupid-like, so great was the change after months of hard work and solitude ; and Corrie and I had been talking over old times. As I lay dozing, with the glimmer of the fire on the tall, upright, coffin-like bath, there seemed to rise within it a mild, motionless figure, in soft white dead-clothes, shut eyes, and folded hands, and an inward voice kept repeating my favourite saying—in its simplicity one of the truest and

most religious that Shakspeare ever wrote—" 'Tis better as it is."

We began "the treatment" next day, in a November morning, to the light of a candle. I will not enlarge thereon, nor betray the horrors of the prison-house. Of course, it was a trial. I could hardly help laughing when I heard afar off Hardy's smothered howl. And when I found him out of doors, tramping the hoar frost, and gazing lugubriously over the dim, bleak, misty hills—for it was before sunrise—he, who was usually waked at eleven, A.M., to meet a valet, and silken dressing-gown, coffee, hot rolls, &c. &c., I could not hide an uncontrollable fit of mirth.

He took it good-humouredly ; he was a capital fellow ; but he shook his head when I proposed to climb the hill side—the lovely hill side, with its carpet of fallen leaves, which left still foliage enough to dress the trees, like Jacob's youngest darling, in a robe of many colours, yellow, brown, red, dark green—I never beheld more glorious hues. Sick and weak as I felt, they stirred my soul to something of its old passion for beauty.

"*Au revoir !* and then I must go up the hill. It is thirteen years since I saw the country in November ; it is fifteen years since I watched the sun rise."

So on I trudged. I was free ! free ! I had not to walk as I did in weary London, that the mere motion might stir up some new thoughts in my sluggish brains. Thoughts, not for the mere pleasure of thinking, but that each might be woven out for use, and coined into gold.

My demon, with its two hundred white, blank faces was fifty miles away.

I did not see the sun rise. Whoever did when he climbed for it ? But I found a sea of misty moor, sweeping in wave on wave of brown heather—how purple it must once have been !—over which the wind blew in my face, as it used to blow over the hills at home.

I met it—I who two days since had covered before the slightest draught. My throat choked, my eyes burned. I walked rapidly on, howling out at the top of my voice Victor Hugo's song of "*Le Tou de Tolède*."

"Gentilhomme, l'homme à la canaille

Chantait ainsi :

Quelqu'un a-t-il connu Louis Buffin ?

Quelqu'un d'ici ?

Dancez, chantez, villageois, la nuit gagne
Le mont Falâ :—
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou, oui, me rendra fou !"

Breakfast early ; rosy looks ; cheerful greetings ; everybody seeming to take a kindly interest in one another ; the Corrie family taking an interest in each and all ; the wholesome give-and-take system of life's small charities going on around, so that, perforce, strangers joined in the pleasant traffic.

These were my first daylight impressions of Highwood. Austin's seemed the same. He was busily engaged in doing the agreeable to the bright-eyed Jessie Corrie, and three other ladies ; his public devotion to the sex being very polytheistic in its tendencies.

I sat aloof and made professional "studies."

"Are these all the patients now with you, Corrie?"

"All but one."

Miss Jessie, filling a small tray with comestibles, took a chrysanthemum from the centre vase, and laid it by the toast.

"Ellice likes white chrysanthemums."

"Is Ellice your sister, Miss Corrie?"

"I have none."

"Your cousin, then?"

"No," half laughing, half blushing ; so I concluded it was a man's name, and owned by the invisible patient in whose floral tastes the lady took an interest.

After breakfast, the dining-room was left deserted ; everybody had something to do or suffer ; we nothing—stay—nothing, did I say ?

Enter bath-man.

"Gentlemen, will you please to be ready for me at twelve, and half-past?"

"There's something to suffer, at least," said I, as Austin pulled a long face. Then we settled, he into languid, I into restless dreariness.

"I shall go and smoke, Fyfe."

"And I shall go to my writing."

"I'll sit with you ; come along."

I had not meant that, being of those owl-like authors who can best ply their trade alone. But there was no help for it. Despite my resolutions, and the *magnum opus* left behind, a miserable restlessness drove me to commence some small operetto, so as any how to steal a march upon my enemy, Time.

I was cutting folios preparatively, and

inwardly execrating my cousin, who puffed gloomily at the fire, when in walked James Corrie.

"Welcome, doctor ; take a cigar?"

"Against Highwood rules, my good sir," said Corrie, pleasantly.

"Indeed ; but I never kept to a rule in my life. Quite impossible ; couldn't give up my cigar."

"So thought I once. Nor my glass of ale. Nor my brandy-and-water at supper-time."

"Yet you did. What cured you?"

"Necessity first. I became a struggling man. I had wants enough. I could not afford an artificial one. Now cigars only cost me, besides a hearty dyspepsia, thirty pounds a year ; and thirty pounds a year will keep one man, or two children from starving. It seemed a pity in this over-populated country that I should be slowly killing myself with what would save two other human beings alive."

Austin dropped his weed, still red, and paused a little ere he lit another.

"And your strong drinks?"

"Once in my life, Fyfe, I knew what it was to want water."

"When?" asked Austin, lazily, still irresolutely pointing his unlit Havana.

"Four years ago, on the Atlantic, in an open boat, for five days."

"How many?"

"Six men and one woman, all dying of thirst. I have never touched anything but water since."

The doctor became silent, Austin looked at him with a certain interest. The second cigar still remained in the case.

"Come, Mr. Hardy, I am sure, since you have put yourself under my care, you will allow me to confiscate these contraband articles. I belong to the preventive service, you know."

"But, Doctor, how ever am I to drag through the day without?"

"Leave that to me and mother Nature, or, as our friend here would poetically say, the goddess Undine. By-the-bye, Fyfe, what is this I see? MSS.?"

"Only an article I want to finish in the intervals of my courting this said goddess of yours."

"Can't be, my friend ; she will not take a divided heart. In her name I must seize all this. Best to be 'off with the auld love before you are on wi' the new.'"

"If Hardy will set the example. Come, old fellow, we have only to fancy ourselves at school again, with James Corrie instead of Birch for our Tyrannus. Let's submit."

"I know it will be the death of me," groaned Austin. But he met the doctor's cheerful, comical smile, and somehow the cigar-case vanished, likewise my MS., and I rather think the two great pockets of Corrie's shooting-jacket entombed both.

Making no more remarks on the subject, he continued talking about common topics, the Eastern war, Highwood, its neighbourhood, and lastly, its inmates.

"What odd varieties of humanity must come under your hands. How ever do you manage to guide, control, and amalgamate them all?"

"By two simple rules — the law of truth and the law of kindness. Sick people are not unlike children." Here we both slightly winced, but the doctor took no notice. "Have we not high authority for trying to become 'as little children?' That, it seems to me, is the principle of the water-cure; that is how I strive to carry it out."

"You certainly succeed. I have rarely beheld more cheerful and happy faces. It is quite a treat to look round at meal times. We have seen all the patients, I think, you said?"

"Except the one I mentioned."

"Who was that?"

"Miss Ellice Keir."

"I have heard about her," said Austin, languidly. "Something in your line, Fyfe; the high, heroic dodge. For my part, I don't fancy your middle-aged, strong-minded, self-devoted females."

"Miss Keir would be as much surprised as any one of her friends to hear herself put under that category. Indeed, you quite mistake, Mr. Hardy," said the doctor, quietly.

"What is she, then?"

"She has been, and still is, a great sufferer."

Something extra-professional and dignified in Corrie suppressed my cousin. Besides, he was too kind-hearted to make game of any "great sufferer."

But when our medico was gone, I scrupled not to question about the "high, heroic dodge."

"It might come in your know. Any scrap of an idea is valuable to such

addled brains as mine. I might put her in my next book."

"Do you put people in your books?" said Austin, with an open mouth of slight alarm.

"Never, my good fellow. That is, never in *toto* , never to their injury, and never while I think they would dislike it. I only make studies of "bits," heads and feet, noses and eyes, as a painter would. I wouldn't "show up" anybody. It's mean. But," for I saw I was talking miles over Austin's head, or at least his experience, "what of Ellice Keir?"

"She is an American."

"Stop! a Yankee? Then I don't wish to hear another word."

No, it was useless trying to get up an interest in anybody or anything. Chronic ill health of mind, or body, or both, is not cured in a day.

True, the charm of change lasted for some eight-and-forty hours or so, and I began greatly to enjoy the morning bath, the moorland walk to meet the sun, the cheery breakfast, where food tasted pleasant, and one was not afraid to eat, where conversation was pleasant, and one did not tremble to use one's brains, nor to waste in mere talk the thoughts which were one's stock in trade, valuable as bullion gold.

But as the day crept on all this brightness faded, and life became as dull and pale as it was everywhere to me.

And still in solitary walks, amid the soft droppings or wild whirlings of dead leaves, and the rustle of the dying fern, in the still deep solitude of parlour circles, merry and loud, I found myself moodily and cynically commenting, with the preacher, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." And out of the intolerable weight, the leaden-folded cloak, which seemed to wrap me round, or else to hang like a pall between me and all creation, I used sometimes, at twitter of a bird, or sound of moorland wind, or handbreadth of rosy, winter sunset lighting up the dull sky, I used to stretch out my hands, longing to sob out like a child, yet able only to sigh, "Oh, for the dreams of my youth!"

For Austin, he succeeded better. His soul did not trouble him much, or the dreams of his youth either. His fine animal nature responded to this uncer-

rupt animal existence. He grew rapidly better, and lived apparently a very jolly life, though at intervals still complaining of its being so "slow."

I sat by the dining-room fire, alone, for it was the forenoon. Let me draw the picture of that day.

A gloomy day. True November. Damp and raw. The terrace and the lawn strewn with dead leaves. More kept falling, fluttering down one by one, like shot birds. The only bit of warm colour the eye could seize on was a tall cedar, between whose branches shone a beech-tree beyond, making alternate lines of dark-red and dark-green. Every day at breakfast I used to look at it, often thinking, childish fashion, that I should like to be a beech, with its ever-moving leaves, so vocal in their prime, so rich in hue, to the very minute that they fall.

Maandering thus, I went "mooning" up and down the lone room, my hands in my pockets, thinking how long it was since I had been a child—wondering whether in the next form of existence I should be a child again.

Hark! a harmonium! I did not know there was one in the house. In the next room, probably. Somebody playing it well, too.

Now, I do not care for music in general—not the music one gets "in society." It is too flimsy for me. The love-songs sicken me; the sad, plaintive songs, badly sung, are atrocious; well sung, they tear one's heart; and at thirty, one begins to find that a very unnecessary piece of laceration—

"What is life, that we should moan—
Why make such ado?"

In heaven's name, troll a merry stave and have done with it. As for piano-forte playing, I had rather hear my aunt's kitten run over the keys—at least, almost always.

But I like an organ; and, second best, an harmonium. I liked this one. Corrie found me pacing up and down, or listening, rapt in a state bordering on sublimest satisfaction.

"What a lovely tone—calm, liquid, grand, dreamy, too—like the dreams of one's youth, with all the passions and pain burnt out of them. How exquisitely smooth and delicate the touch; and it isn't easy, for I have tried—listen."

"Yes—she plays very well."

"Who is it?"

"Miss Keir,"

"Miss Keir! — to make me almost cry—"yes I have! Even Handel! She with her Yankee fingers and Yankee soul!"

"My good friend, you mistake; even if Yankee were the terrible adjective you make it, which I beg respectfully to deny, having a great respect for brother Jonathan. But Miss Keir is a Canadian. She was born at Montreal. Come, I will introduce you."

We entered—a lady rose from the instrument; a very little lady, almost elfishly small; hands and feet so tiny, you would have crushed them with a touch. Dressed in black, of some soft material that did not rustle, but caused her to move softly and wind-like, without a sound. Not unlike that woman (oh, Charlotte Brontë, none of us will make such another in this generation!) —Jane Eyre; except that there was nothing in the least *impish* or *espiegle* about her. She was neither young nor handsome in the least; but—and that "but" contradicts both assertions—she had very dark Canadian eyes.

I say Canadian, because I have only seen them in Canadians by birth or descent. They are neither eastern nor southern, neither fiery nor voluptuous; but large, soft, calm, swimming and trembling in a tender passionateness, or breaking at times into a flash of the wild Indian blood—worth all your pale, placid, strong English eyes!

"Mr. Fyfe—Miss Keir. He is a very old friend of mine."

Miss Kier offered her hand—Scottish fashion—her little pale hand, soft as a bit of snow, only it was so warm.

Now, that is another of my crotchets—the feel of a hand. Some, it is martyrdom to me to touch. I hate your fishy, your skinny, your dumpling, your flabby hands—a hand that is afraid—a hand that clutches. I like a woman who comes and lays her soft, pure palm in mine, knowing I am a man and a gentleman, that I prize the little passing angel, and will entertain it honourably and well.

This was how Miss Kier shook hands with me. She said something; but it was in a whisper.

"I ought to have told you, Fyfe, she has long lost her speaking voice; but we can hear her sufficiently. So will you."

"Oh yes."

And her manner and looks were so expressive, so *spirituelle*; nay, rather let me use the English word spiritual; for that more truly indicates the way in which her soul seemed to be shining through and glorifying her little frail body—that she heeded language less than most women.

We had all three a very long conversation. We dashed at once in *medias res*—tried our several hands at solving some of the great world-questions of our day—some of the greatest problems of the universe. We grew earnest, excited, crazy—that is, I did—then calm. She calmed me. What she said, I know not. I cannot tell if she explained anything, because the most terrible of our spiritual, like our physical mysteries, are utterly incapable of explanation; but she calmed me down—like as a man in great mental anguish is quieted by being suddenly brought out into the open daylight, the summer air.

I have a perfect faith in instinctive attraction and repulsion. I believe there are people—I am one—who know at first meeting whom they will love and whom they will hate—who will do them harm, and who good. I believe this sensation is placed in them for warning and guidance. I myself have never run counter to it, except to my after peril.

It was blindly obeying this attraction, when, on leaving, I requested permission sometimes to join the Corries; Miss Jennie and the old lady had entered now, in Miss Kier's apartment.

She looked at the Doctor; he answered, smiling—"You are so much better now, that both my father and I may allow you a little society—especially that of so celebrated a literary character as my friend Mr. Fyfe."

Literature!—laugh! I had forgotten the very word.

"Why did you tell her I was an author?" I said, as we turned out of doors; Corrie remorselessly exacting the walk before the noon-day bath. "Why could you not let me stand for once upon my own footing; let her judge me not by what I do, but what I am. Yet"—and a bitter conviction of what a contemptible specimen of manhood I had sunk to, forced itself upon my mind—"Yet, a hard judgment that might have been."

"Not from her. But why should I

have kept incog. your best self—your books—she has read them all."

"Has she? I am sorry. No—glad. For after all, with all my shams, she will find the real Alexander Fyfe by snatches there. But enough of myself. I want to talk about her."

"You seem greatly pleased with her. Yet few take to her at once, she is so very quiet."

"But her quietness gives one a sense of rest, and her soft way of moving throws a harmony over the room. She is not unlike the instrument she plays. You cannot fancy her attuned to the drawing-room ditties and ball-room jigs of life—you cannot conceive of her either beautiful or young."

The Doctor silently smiled.

"But there is in her that which transcends both youth and beauty—a cheerful sacredness—a wholesome calm. She seems to do me good. I should like to know more of her."

"That is very easy, if her health keeps improving."

"Has she been long an invalid?"

"Four years."

"How did you meet her?"

"Literally, at the gates of death. In the boat I told you of, after our ship went down—"

"Was she that one woman?"

"She was. She had a brother and sister with her, bringing them to Europe. I got them into the boat safe. For six days she was the strength of us all. Then the little sister died on her lap. The brother survived."

James Corrie cleared his throat; we walked on a few yards—

"Such a little, quiet creature—who would have believed it of her?"

"Nobody does, and nobody need; and she has been quite as heroic—if you will use the word—in her illness since, as at the time of the shipwreck."

"How is she affected?"

"With almost constant neuralgic and rheumatic pains, together with the total loss of voice. Her brother says it was very beautiful once; she was to have been a teacher of singing."

"And the brother?"

"He is walking the hospitals in Edinburgh. She struggled on with him for six months, till she fell ill—fortunately in my mother's house. She has never quite recovered."

"Do you think she ever will recover?"

"Certainly. That is—if it be the will of God. Now, Fyfe, your hour is come—to the 'dripping-sheet'—away!"

I left him; and he walked rapidly up the hill.

"Small—plain—and not young! Very attractive description, truly. Why, the patients here seem all middle-aged—live any how. What with baths and walks to cut up the day, and your friend Corrie to look after one, what with his awfully honest, righteous eyes, one can't get the least bit of harmless amusement."

"Except with Miss Jessie. You flirt enough with her."

"Put that verb in the passive voice—do, my good fellow. I merely respond. What a wild devil it is—just like pepper and mustard—French mustard. It's the only bit of spice left in your terribly wholesome hydropathic diet. I might amuse myself really with it, if it were only young."

"*Le besoin de s'amuser*, seems the only possible element in your affairs of this sort."

"Exactly so."

And he sauntered back into the drawing-room, where, our aquatic duties all done, there was usually a most merry circle till bed time, into which circle my friend Hardy had dropped like a god-send, and even by his third night made himself acceptable to everybody there, and especially to Miss Jessie Corrie.

Yet I had no qualms on her account; if, indeed, I could have felt enough interest in life to suffer qualms about anything. The lady was—like Isopel, in Borrow's "*Lavengro*" (you see, unlike many authors, I do read other books besides my own)—"large and fierce, and able to take her own part." I did not think she had a heart; anyhow, it did not matter it's being broken—most people's are; else where would all the poems and novels come from?

"As you will, my good friends," thought I, watching them lounging, flirting, and laughing. "It's a case of diamond cut diamond. Skim away over life's shallows in your painted jolly-boats. You'll swamp no one—not even each other; or, if you did, it's no business of mine."

But just at that minute I paused—I caught a tone of the harmonium down stairs.

"Now," thinks I to myself, "I wonder what those eyes down below would say if they were looking on instead of mine. Would they have my cynicism—my contemptuous *laissez-aller*? But 'Physician heal thyself.' How can I be bothered to pull the mote out of another's eye, when I am still blinded by the beam in my own. Blinder than ever—or else coming into the light makes me feel it more—since morning."

Our fourth day at Highwood—and Sunday; Austin escorted a carriage-full of ladies to church—he thought it more "respectable." For me—

Oh, thou one Father of the universe—one infinite and unapproachable Wisdom—one all-satisfying and all-perfect Love—when wilt Thou visit me?—when wilt Thou enlighten me? when wilt Thou comfort me? I stand under the pine-wood on the hill-top, where the air is so rare, and the wind so wild—it seems nearer to Thee. I long to die and learn thy mysteries—to die and be filled with Thy love. My soul cries out unto Thee with an exceeding great and bitter cry—which is often the only evidence it has of its own existence. I do not believe in myself at all—my worthless, aimless, broken-spirited, miserable self; but I believe in thee.

"The fool has said in his heart, There is no God." But only the fool; or, perhaps, he who pays a guinea toll to heaven on a silver charity-plate, or keeps a bishop to pray for him. I prefer the hill-top, and Parson Breeze.

But coming down the hill, I met Corrie, and went in with him to speak to Miss Keir. He told her what I had been saying.

She pointed to a line she had been setting as a copy for the lodge-keeper's lame daughter, whom she usually taught to write of a Sunday:—

"In every place, he that *loveth God*, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him."

That was the best sermon after all. That was what the preacher on the mount would have said to us, Ellice Keir!

"Water-cure! I think, Doctor, your system is directed not only to the body, but the soul. Mine feels cleaner than of yore."

"Does it?"

We were pacing the terrace walk — Miss Keir and Miss Jessie watching us from the window. It had become a matter of custom that I should always spend a morning hour or two in her room. They were the best hours of the day.

"What a calm, clear mind—purified by suffering, full of inward faith. How she looks through all shames right down into truth — God's truth. Like — if it were not as hackneyed as Piccadilly in May — like a steady-eyed astronomer looking down into a well. We see only the glaring noon looking without, or the black encrusted sides: she sees the stars at the bottom. She knows where to look for them, because *she believes they are there.*"

"You are quite poetical."

"I feel so at times — here. I think I could write my book, if you would let me."

The Doctor shook his head.

"And sometimes I could almost fancy that Alexander Fyfe's boy-heart was only buried, with Sir William's, under that sun-dial, and that a trifle of digging would bring it to the surface again—slightly decayed, perhaps, but a human heart still."

"Are you thinking of marrying?" said the Doctor, very gravely.

"No; nor of loving, in that sense. It isn't in me. But simply of resuscitating from fast corruption that afore-said portion of human anatomy, which we authors trade in so much that we leave no material for home use."

"Do speak plainly; I am but a plain man."

"For the which thank heaven! Merely, Corrie, that we authors are liable, above most people, to the danger that, while preaching to others, ourselves should become castaways. We teach ourselves that to paint high virtue is to exemplify it. We like to act leader and chorus, instead of principals—to talk rather than to work. In brief, we write when we ought to live."

"Possibly. But what are you driving at?"

"This. Here have I been crying up the ideal these thirteen years; scribbled folios on moral power, heroism, self-denial, and that sort of thing."

"You have, indeed; your writings are beautiful."

"My writings! And what am I? A self-engrossed, sickly, miserable, hypochondriacal fool."

"My dear fellow!"

"It is true! And that woman, Ellice Keir, who never wrote a line in all her days, she lives a poem. Such a one as in all my days I will never be able to write."

"I will tell her what you say," answered the Doctor, smiling. "Come along."

He did so, almost word for word. She looked in his face, and blushed up to the eyes—a vivid, tremulous, happy blush.

"Mr. Fyfe is quite mistaken, you know."

"I know he is mistaken in one thing: that we need only judge ourselves, as we trust we shall be judged, according to our gifts. It is folly for a rose-bush to despise itself because it is not an oak."

"Yes," she said, with her kind eyes lighting on me; "it should rather abide in peace, and grow to the utmost perfection its own roses. They are very dear and sweet."

She held out her hand. It was better to me than a laurel crown.

Henceforward I began truly to *live*: the first time I had lived for years. Up ere daylight, instead of that stupor of body and soul which used to last till near mid-day. The baths—out of which one comes pure as a child and strong as a Hercules. The walks—claspng nature like a mistress; nature, always lovely and beloved to me, even when she pelted me with rain-storms, frowned at me through leaden skies, soaked me with her soft, perpetual tears.

I will not say what it was to be, every day, and many hours in the day, under the heavenly darkness of light—if I may coin the paradox—of the eyes of Ellice Keir.

She never grew, in mine, any younger or any handsomer; in truth, I hardly thought of her physical self at all. It was a pure, abstract recognition of my ideal of moral beauty—more perfect than in any woman I have ever known.

Pardon, pardon; a dream of my youth! Thine eyes are closed—closed!

"Well, if you ask me for my opinion (I don't think one man has a

right to give it to another — hardly even one friend to another friend, without) — I certainly feel you are not acting like that most sensible, upright, gentlemanly youth I knew ten years ago — Austin Hardy."

"Pshaw! don't bring up ten years ago. Our virtues wear out like our clothes; we can't go shabby. Best get another suit."

"But let it be, at least, as decent as the former."

"If it can, *i. e.* if there's any cash to get it with. But let's talk plain English. What have you to say? Do you think I shall get into a scrape?"

"Not a bit of it. Miss Jessie is a wise one, and a sharp one, too. She isn't the least likely to break her heart for you. She only coquettes a little."

"Mighty little. Your friend the Doctor keeps such a steady look out, one would think he wanted her for himself. The old people; I suppose it's their duty to watch black sheep for the credit of the establishment. Never was there a fellow who had so few opportunities of love-making, even if he chose. But he doesn't choose. He only wants to amuse himself."

"That is — he finds himself in a world where people live, work, struggle; and all he can do is to amuse himself! Tired of all his other shams, he puts on the largest sham of all — the highest, strongest feeling a human being can have — just to amuse himself."

"You're civil, Alexander."

"I'm honest."

"Don't fly in a passion; you know I always listen to you. Why did you not give me this sermon a week ago?"

"Why, indeed!"

"There's something changed about you, my boy. You don't talk such rigmarole as you used to do, nor in such a savage tone. Also, you look quieter — not so nervous. You will grow into a "show case," as our friend Corrie would say. It is really the water-cure."

"Probably. But never mind me. I'm talking about you, and Miss Jessie likewise. Mark me, Austin, that young woman —"

"Hold there. Middle-aged — twenty-seven, at least; else I might have thought seriously of her — for a quarter of an hour. She is a good figure, large and lady-like — very decent re-

quisites for Mrs. Hardy. More I can't expect. Well, what about that young woman?"

"Merely, that she never had any heart at all; or, if she had, she has worn it on her sleeve, till the daws have pecked it away."

"Just like mine."

"I wonder you'll even condescend to play at folly — still worse, at mock sentiment, with her. She who is all false, from top to toe, without and within."

"Heigho! So am I."

"You're not, Austin Hardy. You think it fine to sham vice; you're too lazy to struggle through to virtue; but you're an honest fellow at heart."

"Hold your tongue, Alick," in a gruff voice. "Here comes the lovely young Jessie. Welcome! She is just in time to spread her petals to the sunrise, my fair Flower of Dumbland."

For — and let me premise that this is a most original scene for a tryste, and quite peculiar to a hydropathic establishment — I ought to have said that we were taking our morning walk, all things being yet dusky in the cloudy winter dawn. Though in the east, and up even to the zenith, the sky was catching a faint rosy tinge; and between the two pine-woods one vivid sulphur-coloured cloud showed that somewhere, far below the visible horizon, the sun was beginning to shine.

I maintain, from personal experience at Highwood, that sunrise in general is what a schoolboy would call "a great humbug" — "a dead take-in." Sunset is twice as fine. But still it has a peculiarity of its own, especially on a winter morning. The worthy old sun seems to climb up so doggedly pertinacious, so patiently strong, though shorn of his beams — struggling through that mist and damp to smile upon a poor earth, who is so weary, ragged, and wan, she hardly dares to see him. But steadily he rises — like a high, honest purpose dawning in the hopeless winter of a man's days, when time is short and weather bleak; yet steadily it rises, and comes at last to day-break — daylight — ay, unto perfect noon-day.

I began to think sometimes on this wise — as if even though it was but yesterday that I had sat and watched my sun go down — steadily, stoically, with open eyes that never blenched or

moistened; yet every morning at this hour, it seemed as if he *might* rise to-morrow.

And Austin?

"Bless my life! I hayn't the least wish in all the world. Is that your wonderful Miss Keir? What a very plain woman."

It was her first appearance in the evening circle, and I had offered Hardy to introduce him. Of course, receiving this reply, I immediately turned, and left him to his own devices.

A "plain woman," was she? Perhaps. I could not tell; I had scarcely thought about it. If I did now, it was only vaguely—thinking of an observation once made on a friend of mine. Its object told it me herself, with a simple, grateful pleasure, even to tears: "One never knows whether she is pretty or not; one only feels one loves her."

And I loved Ellice Keir, in that sort of harmless way, with a tender friendship which, when both are well advanced in life, so as to make it safe and free, it does a man good to bestow, and is sweet for a woman to receive. So I reasoned. Oh! fool, fool, fool!

She sat in the fireside arm-chair, the same little black-stoled figure, the sound of whose voice was never heard, yet whose mute smile created around her a circle of brightness, "like the modérateur lamp," as Corrie said in his quaint way. All "looked to her and were lightened." She appeared to draw from the various calyx of every human heart some perfume—usually the best perfume it had.

Gradually nearly all the party gathered around her; and a few stragglers only were left apart, including Hardy and Miss Corrie. At last I heard him behind me.

"How glad every body seems to have Miss Keir back here again."

"That is not wonderful."

"There is a general seceding to her. I suppose I must e'en follow the herd. Come, you may introduce me, if you like."

"By no means. How could you be expected to do the civil to such 'a very plain woman'?"

"Pon my life, and so she is. But there's something odd about her. Those eyes—I felt them at the farthest corner of the room. They seem to be find-

ing one out. Confess—have you been telling her any of my misdeeds?"

"Austin Hardy!"

"Well, it would not be like you. Now for it; lead the victim to the horns of the altar. I'm prepared."

But Miss Keir was already retiring. A mere introduction passed—no more.

"Ah!" said Austin, drawing a deep breath, and giving me a slight wink, as Miss Jessie came on in full sail up to the chair where he was lounging, "No matter; I shall go back to my old ways. It's easier, now that woman is out of the room."

Hardy held out for one evening—two—the beginning of the third; said she was clever, and he hated clever women; quiet, and he liked to be amused. Afterwards, I saw him listening, with polite, abstracted smile, to the large dose of "amusement" Miss Jessie always furnished; but his eyes were rivetted on the fire-side circle, now a brighter circle than ever, since Miss Keir was its centre. No, not its centre; for her attraction in society was more of the passive kind. She did not shine herself, but she created a fresh, clear atmosphere, in which every one else shone brighter than before. Finally, Hardy was discovered leaning behind the velvet arm-chair, attentive to the discussion. It was something about Northumberland mines, and the improvement of the miners.

"Miss Keir is speaking to you," Mr. Hardy.

It was really droll to see him bend forward with that eager, pleased face, to "such a very plain woman."

"Yes, my property does lie among the mining country, but I never troubled my head much about it. I have had no time."

She apparently repeated his latter words with a gentle smile.

"That is, I fear I have never had energy enough to make time. I am a very lazy fellow, as Fyfe would tell you."

She smiled again, and said something more. He brightened up.

"Ay, my cousin always has a good word for me; but, indeed, I am not fit for anything of the sort. I couldn't take the trouble. My property, even such as it is, is the greatest burden of my life."

Here Jessie Corrie tittered out some very commonplace remark, to which he

replied with one of his usual fulsome speeches to women; but still kept talking to Miss Keir—

"Duties of property! Dreadful word, 'duty!' Quite out of my line. Besides, it's too late now. With my ill-health——"

Here he seemed conscious of an amused look resting on his brawny figure and ruddy face—

"Well, I fear you and the Doctor must find out a better man for the carrying out of your philanthropic plans. I have been too long given up to the '*dolce far niente*.'"

Yet he lingered and listened, gradually with some real interest gleaming through his elegant languor; now and then joining in the conversation with a word or two of the capital good sense he could furnish at will, though he was not cursed to any heavy degree with that commodity called "brains." Parting, Miss Keir shook hands with him, with a friendly word or two.

"By Jove, Fyfe, that isn't a bad sort of woman, just for a change. I'm rather sick of beauties. One is obliged to think before one speaks to her, just as if she were a man."

I smiled.

"Her sex is indebted to you."

"Fshaw! she is not a bit like a woman."

"Altogether like a woman," I think.

"Well, have your own way."

He stood meditating, a rare fact for Austin Hardy.

"There was some sense in those schemes of hers. When I was twenty-one I used to have grand notions about improving my estates, and living king of the country-side, after the good old fashion. But all vanished in smoke. It's too late now."

"No good thing is ever too late. Did you not hear her saying so? She thinks you might carry out ever so many of the Doctor's sanitary and educational schemes. She told me she wished you would."

"Did she? But I have not the power, and it isn't worth while. Let the world jog on as it likes, it will last my time. However, perhaps I may just hear what she says on the subject to-morrow."

I smiled to myself, and was satisfied.

"By-the-bye, Alick, I altogether forgot to bid good-night to Jessie Corrie."

Substitution, that is the true theory of amendment. Knock a rotten substance out by driving a sound wedge in.

So thought I, when two days after I saw Austin making himself busy—at least as busy as a man can well be who is going through the water-treatment—in this new interest, which perhaps was the only real interest he was capable of. It roused his best self—that for which nature intended him—the active, upright, benevolent country gentleman.

—He took to plans, drawings, blue-books, works on political economy, and spent half the morning in that little parlour I so loved, with Dr. James Corrie and Miss Keir.

The former said to me, watching him—

"Here's a change in our friend Mr. Hardy. I fancy he, too, is participating in the spiritual water-cure."

"It appears so."

Nor did I grudge him that healing.

It was a November day—November, yet so mild, so sunshiny, so heavenly calm, that but for the thinned trees, the brown heather, the withered fern, you would have thought it spring.

Her pony's feet were up to the fetlock in dead beech-leaves, making a soft rustle as we climbed the hill. We—that is, Miss Corrie, Hardy, Dr. James, and I. The old Dr. Corrie and his wife were a good way behind. They, too, had made a point of joining the triumphant procession which celebrated Miss Keir's return to the outer world; for everybody loved her—everybody!

She seemed to know and feel it—to sun herself in it almost as a child does. For, though thirty years old, there was still in her a great deal of the child. Trouble had passed over her, ripening, not blasting, and left her in the St. Martin's summer of her days, a season almost as beautiful as spring. In that golden brightness, one of us at least lived, morning, noon, and eve, and half believed it was the return of May.

"This day seems made on purpose for you, Miss Keir," said Austin, as he straggled up the hill, assisting Miss Jessie kindly and courteously (perhaps more kindly and courteously than ever since his manner had gradually sunk to

that and nothing more.) The lady looked cross, and complained of damp leaves. In her was nothing of the St. Martin's summer, but an affectation of girlishness, a frantic clinging to a lost youth, which is at once the saddest and most hateful thing I know.

"Eight hours since, when Hardy and I took our morning walk, this moor was all white with hoar-frost. Are you quite sure you are not cold, Miss Keir?"

"Let me run and get her my fur cape, Alick. Will you help Miss Corrie for a minute or two?"

"Mr. Hardy is certainly better; he has learnt to run like any school-boy," said the Doctor, with an amused satisfaction.

"And to fetch and carry like any spaniel," observed Miss Jessie Corrie, whose regard cooling down, gave out a satirical spark or two occasionally. "Marvellous change! A month ago, he thought of nobody in the world but his dearly-beloved self."

"He was ill then."

Laughing at my sharpness, she bent forward to a whisper of Miss Keir's, which she repeated aloud with variations afterwards.

"Mr. Hardy, Ellice is much obliged. She says you run like a school-boy, and carry like a spaniel, and have learned at last to think of other folk in the house besides your beloved self."

"Did she say so?"

That hurt look on Austin's *blasé* visage was something new—new as the odd shyness with which he gave the fur to me to wrap her in—he, the erewhile officious squire of dames!

Ellice turned on him her bright, true, heart-satisfying smile.

"Tell him"—her breath as she whispered me felt like the May-breezes of my youth—"tell him, I said, he thinks of everybody in the house except himself."

Austin showed that he could not only run, but blush like any school-boy; so pleasant seemed her praise.

On we went through the moorland, down in the ferny dell where those three cedars stood, huge and dark, with the faint sunbeams on their tops, and damp earthiness at their feet.

"This will not do," said Dr. James. "Very unsanitary spot. There's a wholesome breeze and a grand view half way up Torbury Hill."

So we ascended, knee-deep in hea-

ther, in which poor Miss Jessie was stranded. Austin took her safely to the old people, and came "tearing" back, his hair flying all abroad, and his dainty vestments catching on furze-bushes. How his London friends would have stared! I told him so.

"Never mind. You are growing just as much of a boy yourself, old fellow. I think, Miss Keir, it must be something in the air of Highwood that makes one young."

He might have said, only he never made one of his pretty speeches to her, that she herself furnished no exception to the rule. For, in truth, her cheek had a girlish rosiness and tint, like the inside leaves of those delicate, peach-coloured chrysanthemums she was so fond of. I think—oh, contemptibly-sentimental thought!—I would like to have my grave planted with chrysanthemums. They come so cheerful and fair in the winter time, and they always remind me of Highwood and of Ellice Keir. She once said, they looked like a handful of happiness when one is growing old.

But we all eschewed age to-day—ay, even the Doctor, whose general gravity was such, that most of the patients looked upon him as more antiquated and reverend than his father—he threw off his antiquity now. He strode through the heather, led the pony, pointed out the sunset. He had always the keenest sense of natural beauty; his large grey eye softened and brightened as he turned to Ellice Keir.

"How strange, how sad it must be to have to seek out God in nature! To us, all nature is but an emanation from God."

I listened. He and she together—Christian man and Christian woman—had said some sweet, Christ-like words before me now; and then, better still, had *lived* before me. It seemed strange now that I had ever cried out, in that temporary insanity of unbelief with which this history begins. I stood "clothed and in my right mind." It will be imagined the sort of feeling with which I often looked, as now, from one face to the other—what calm, noble, blessed faces they were!—of those two, especially hers.

Austin did the same. He had a great kindness for the Doctor; and as for Miss Keir—

"Do you know," he said, stepping

closer to her saddle, "this place is curiously like Netherlands. The countryside is all barren moor, just as this, dotted with tumble-down huts, where those brutes of riotous miners live. Ah! you smile. It shall not be so another year. Indeed, it shall not, Miss Keir. I'll see what I can do."

"Bravo! what you can do! That will be no little, Mr. Hardy."

"Thank you, Doctor. And there, behind just such a fir-wood as that, the house stands. Poor old Netherlands, I have not been there these ten years. It is getting sadly dilapidated, my steward tells me—but then it's his interest to tell me lies—they all do. What were you saying?"

He bent forward to hear her.

"I never thought of that," he answered, deprecatingly. Bless me, it never struck me my laziness was harming anybody but myself; but, for the future, I promise, and Fyfe knows I never break my promise. Doctor, you may well cry 'Bravo!' There's a good star rising over poor old Netherlands: You must come and see me there."

Then, in a lower tone—

"Will you come too, Miss Keir?"

She hesitated, coloured slightly, or I fancied so; finally, gave a smiling assent. Austin thanked her, and stood looking towards the fir-wood, that lay in a black bank under the sunset.

"Poor old Netherlands—dear old Netherlands!" he murmured more than once, in the soft tone he had used years ago, when talking to my little sister, Mary.

I, also, was young then. Heavens! what it is to be young!

"Oh, my youth—my youth!" cried out my heart, and seemed to catch at its last streaming, even as each wave of moor, each stump of tree caught at the sun as he was going down, with a wild clutch, as knowing that this glimmer was, indeed, the last—that afterwards there would be nothing but gloom. But he went down, and it was light still.

"This is the strangest winter evening. It will not grow dark. Did you ever see such a dainty, bright new moon? We must go home, for all that," said the Doctor.

"Not yet—just one minute longer, Miss Keir."

I put my arm on her pony's neck. I could see behind me a fold or two of her gown—just enough to feel she was

there. I fancied I heard her sigh. No wonder—everything was so still and beautiful.

For me, my sigh was almost a sob. My soul was come into me again. I was no longer a wretched clod, passionless, brainless. I could feel, enjoy, create; I was again an author, a poet—greater yet, I was a man.

"Oh, thank God, this is like my youth! And I am young—I am only thirty-two. I might live my life out yet."

"Live it!" said the brave, soft voice of James Corrie.

"Live it!" said the silent smile of Ellice Keir.

"I will!"

Though the vow was then taken somewhat in blindness of what was, and was to come, still, God be witness, I shall never break it either to Him or these.

"I've done it, Aliok—I thought I could."

And Hardy, after a three days' absence—I concluded in London—burst into our sitting-room, a huge peripatetic snow-drift.

"Done what?"

"I forgot—you don't know yet. But I'll tell you in a minute, when I'm not so out of breath."

"Did you come in by the six o'clock train, to-night?"

"Surely."

"Nobody expected you. You must have had to walk across the country."

"Of course I did."

"Tell it not at the Albany, lest Highwood should be inundated with a flood of bachelors seeking the water-cure, that I should have lived to see Austin Hardy, Esquire, taking a four-mile night-walk through a heavy Christmas snow!"

"Pshaw, don't make game of a fellow; it's only what a man ought to do, if he's anything like a man."

He certainly looked every inch "a man." His languid affectations, his fashionable drawl, were gone. Even his dress—that Stultzian toilet once rivalling the Count himself—was now paid no more attention to than any decent gentleman is justified in paying. His hair frizzled, guiltless of Macassar, for his oils and his perfumes the water-cure seemed to have washed them all away. Altogether he was a very fine fellow, indeed—in the phys-

cal line. My own small corporeality shrunk into insignificance beside him.

But I had been sitting for two hours shaking direct into those eyes, which looked as steadily into mine, in bright and friendly communion—those eyes which always sent a deep peace, a quiet rest down to the very bottom of my soul. No; I did not envy Austin Hardy.

"Now, my good fellow, when you have shaken off your snow, sit down and inform me of this mighty deed."

"Oh, it's nothing—a mere nothing," with that air of positive shyness, which was in him so new and so comical. "First, is all well at Highwood?"

"Certainly. You surely did not expect any great internal convulsions to happen in three days?"

"No; but when one is away, you know, one fancies. How deliciously quiet this place seems, after knocking about some hundreds of miles."

"Some hundreds of miles! Why, where have you been?"

"To Edinburgh."

"To Edinburgh. You who grumble at a fifty miles' journey. In this snow, too. What important business dragged you there?"

"Oh, none. Only I thought I ought." (The amusing novelty of Austin Hardy doing an unpleasant thing because he ought.) "I went to see young Harry Keir."

I was very much astonished.

"You see," he added, poking the fire hard, "I couldn't bear her sad looks, when the young fellow, and his doubtful prospects, were mentioned. He is a real fine fellow—only wants getting a start in life, and he'd get on like a house on fire. Now, last week a thought struck me——"

"Will you kindly leave off striking showers of fir-wood sparks into my face?"

"I didn't like telling her beforehand, lest, if it failed, she should be disappointed. She loves that lad—though, by-the-bye, he isn't exactly a lad; he took his doctor's degree this year, and is mighty clever, too—heigho! She is very fond of him, and he of her, and, by Jove, and so he ought to be."

"But you have not yet told me—that is, if you were going to tell me——"

"Certainly, though there's little to tell—merely, that I went to Edin-

burgh, found out the young man; then hunted up my friend, Lord C——, who is starting to Italy with his sick son. A tolerable hunt, too—followed him first to Yorkshire, and then to Bath. But, it's all settled now. Keir is appointed travelling physician, at £300 a-year. Not a bad notion—eh, Alick? The young fellow is so glad—it quite does one good to think of him."

"Does she know?"

"Of course not."

"How happy she will be."

And it was he who had the power to give her this happiness! For the first time in my life I envied Austin Hardy.

"When shall you tell her?"

"I don't know—I—I wish you would, Fyfe. You would do it so much better than I."

"No—no."

I was present when she was told—told in an awkward, unintelligible, and even agitated fashion, which no one would have expected from that finished gentleman, Mr. Austin Hardy.

She looked from one to the other of us vaguely. "I don't understand."

Hardy repeated the information—just the bare fact of her brother's appointment, which young Keir himself would confirm to-morrow.

She believed at last, asking pardon for her doubt. "But," with that rare tear, which showed how many could have, or had once flowed down her dear face, "Harry and I are not used to being so happy."

No more than this. Nothing in her of the tragic commodity—nothing that professional passion-mongers like me could study a scene out of. But my "studies" had gone to the winds weeks ago!

"And who has done me this kindness, for which I shall be grateful all my life? Who must I thank?"

He, generous fellow, had omitted that trifle.

Of course, I told her all.

Miss Keir was very much affected. She held out both her hands to him silently. Then she said, not in her usual whisper, but in a distinct voice—faint indeed, but an audible sound—the first that had passed her lips for years—

"Thank you, God bless you."

Good Dr. James Corrie started up, quite pale and incredulous.

"Yes," she added, smiling on him, "I can speak."

"This sudden joy has done it all. God bless you, Mr. Hardy."

But Hardy had disappeared.

That night, after the drawing-room was deserted, I sat alone there.

I leaned my cheek against the velvet arm-chair, which still seemed to keep the impress and even the perfume of her black hair. Long meditations seized me. All my past life glided before me in a moving picture—the latter half of it standing still like a diorama under my gaze. Then, it began less to fade than to change—new forms mingling with the old, confusedly at first. Gradually the old shapes melted out, without any sense of loss, and the new, the transcending beautiful and perfect scene stood out before me vivid as life itself.

I said in my heart: "Every man, at every great crisis of his existence, has a right, within reasonable and honourable bounds, to secure his own happiness, to grasp at the cup which he feels would be his soul's strength and salvation. It shall be so. Therefore, to-morrow—to-morrow."

Rising, I paced the room. My weak nervousness was gone—my spirit was strung up to its utmost pitch. I was able to remove mountains. My brain felt clear—my heart throbbed with all the warmth of my youth. Oh! what a youth I had! I could weep over it. In this moment it all came back. I could have written a great book, have lived a great life; have achieved the most daring exploit, have perished myself to the most heroic sacrifice.

This was what she had made of me—she, and him whom I honoured as much as I knew she did. But—I loved her.

Strange, solemn love—more solemn than any young man's love—love that comes in autumn season—wild as autumn blasts—delicious and calm as autumn sunshine—delicious, not as merely itself, but as the remembrance of by-gone spring—clung to as we cling to every soft October day that dies, knowing that afterwards nothing can come, nothing will come, nothing ought to come, but winter and snows. This fatal love—I say fatal, simply

implying that it came of fate, which means of God—was upon me, Alexander Fyfe, now.

I will not deny it, nor murmur at it, nor blush for it: never sought it, nor rushed in the way of it—it was sent—and therefore was right and best.

Slowly, and rather loath, I went to my chamber. In the parlour I saw Austin Hardy.

He was sitting over the fire. I should have passed him, but he turned round. Such a face—such a wan, haggard, wretched face—that I stopped.

"What have you been doing? Are you ill?"

"No——"

"Has anything happened? Come, tell me—we were lads together."

He groaned—"Oh, that I were a lad again! Allick, Allick, if you would help me to begin my life afresh, and make it in any way worthy of——"

"Of——out with it."

"Of Ellice Keir."

I had at times suspected this—had even tried to grasp at the possibility of it, boldly, as we dash at some horrible doubt that we know lies in wait for us, wolf-like—pin it to the ground and worry it—with a sort of hope that it will either vanish into air at our touch, or that we shall succeed in slaying it, leave it dead at our feet, and go on our way, safe and free.

But now, when the beast met me—when—pshaw! let me say it in plain English—when I knew that my cousin loved and wished to marry Ellice Keir, it drove me mad.

All kinds of insanities whirled through my brain. If I had any connected impulse at all, it was to fly at his throat and strangle him.

But only—God be my witness—because he dared to love *her*. Any certainty that she loved him, would—I feel it would—have sanctified him in my eyes; I *could* not have done him any harm.

Of course feelings like these subside, and one smiles at them afterwards, as I smile now. But I would not like to live through that five minutes again.

It passed in total silence. I am thankful to say I never uttered a sound.

Austin at last raised his head, and looked at me. I steadily met his eyes. There was no mistaking mine.

"My God, Allick!—You too?——"

"Precisely."

We stood face to face, unblenching, for a full minute more. Then I said—

"Strike hands. Fair fight—no quarter—or, if you will, let's both fly, and the devil take the hindmost."

For I was very mad indeed. Austin, on the contrary, was very quiet—nay, meek. We seemed to have changed natures.

"No," he said at length, "Flying is useless; I should fall dead on the road; I'll take my chance. It must be as you say—fair fight, and no quarter."

"It shall be."

Again a long pause.

"What do you purpose doing?"

"What do *you* purpose?"

Neither answered the other's question. Each looked in the other's face, savagely, and dropped his eyes in a sort of pity for the misery imprinted there.

"I wish it had not come to this, Alexander. We, that should have been brothers, if I had married little Mary."

That child's name calmed us. Both, looking aside, half extended an involuntary hand.

"Let us not be enemies, yet. We do not know whether——"

"Tell me honestly, Austin, have you no belief in her preference—no tangible hope——?"

"Before heaven, not a straw!"

I breathed freer. I did not refuse the hand; we had been friends so many, many years.

"Fair play, Alick?" said Hardy, almost piteously. "You are a far cleverer fellow than I. You can talk with her and interest her. She likes you—respects you. Now, I—oh, what a wretched, trifling, brainless fool I must appear to her!"

Poor fellow!—poor, open-hearted, simple-minded soul!

"Lad, lad"—with my hand on his shoulder as when we used to stand fishing in the silvery Tyne—"Do you think a woman only cares for brains?"

He shook his head hopelessly. "I can't say. I don't know. God forgive me"—with a bitter, remorseful humiliation—"till now I have hardly known anything of *good* women—that's it." He added, after a pause—"It is not merely losing *her*, you see; if I lose her, I shall lose myself—the better self she put into me. My every chance of a new life hangs on her. Think how she would help me—think

what a man she would make of me. If I married her—Hold your hands off. Are you mad, Fyfe?"

"I am afraid so."

She married! Married!—sitting by another man's fireside. The wife of another man's bosom—the mother of another man's children! Reason could not take it in, imagination beat it off, even from the merest outworks of the brain. If once allowed to enter the citadel, there would have been a grand explosion—a conflagration reaching to the very heavens, burning down to such a heap of ruins, that no man could rebuild a city thereon any more.

But this is what they call "fine" writing. Better say, in polite phrase, that the idea of this lady's marriage—and to my cousin—was rather trying to a person of my excitable temperament.

I believe Austin was roused from his own feelings to contemplate mine. I have a vague recollection of his startled, shocked look, and the extreme gentleness of his, "Do sit down, there's a good fellow. I knew you didn't mean me any harm."

Also, I mind his watching me as I paced the room—watching with a disturbed, grieved air—and muttered to himself—

"Poor lad—he was always weakly. His mother used to say, a great misfortune would kill him or turn his brain."

"I hope it would."

"Alick—don't say that. He turned upon me absolutely brimming eyes. Now, it so happened that, being her sister's child, Austin's eyes were not unlike my mother's. What could I do, but come and sit down opposite to him, and try desperately to struggle against the strong tendency which I knew my mind had—which almost all minds similarly constituted, and hard worked, have likewise—to lose its balance, and go rocking, rocking, in a pleasant motion that seems temporarily to lull pain, till it plunges over, over, just one hair-breadth, and is lost in the abyss whence Reason is absent for evermore.

"That is right—sit down. I should be sorry if I wronged you, Alexander; sorry that anything should turn you against me. You, the only fellow who never flattered or quizzed me—who has stuck by me through thick and thin, for my own sake, I do believe, and not for my property."

And he was the only fellow who, ignorant of the gimcrackery of literature—disregarding my petty “reputation”—my barren “laurels”—loved heartily, and had loved from boyhood, not the “celebrated author,” but the man Alexander Fyfe.

Such a friendship as ours, cemented by its very incongruities, was rare—and precious as rare. Love could not—should not, annihilate it.

“Austin, let’s to bed. We shall see things clearer in the morning. Good night. God bless you, my boy.”

Nevertheless, it was a horrible night, and a horrible waking. Things stand so ghastly plain in the face of day.

Yet, blessings on you, friendly water-demon, that came so welcome at dawn, with pail after pail of icy torrents, cooling all the fever in my blood, leaving behind, on soul as well as body, a warm, heroic, healthy glow. I do believe half the passions, crimes, and miseries of humanity would be calmed down under the influence of water-cure.

In the hall, quaffing our matutinal glass, clear as crystal, refreshing as the *elixir vite*, my cousin and I met face to face—faces, strange, no doubt, and pallid still, but very different from last night.

No reference to that; temporarily the ghost was laid.

“Good morning.”

“Good morning. Starting for your walk? ‘Tis damp, rather.”

“Very. Are you for the wood?”

“Probably. And you for the moorland?”

“Ay.”

So tacitly we parted. Generally we walked together, but not now.

Up the hill-side, through the mass of red beech-leaves her pony had trampled through; how dead and dank they now lay, slowly passing into corruption. Up, up—it is my habit never to rest till I have climbed as far as one can climb—up, steadily, till I came out on the level moorland.

It was all in a soft mist. Not a breath stirring; not a waft of cold December wind. The year had laid itself down to die patiently. It would not struggle any more. Only sometimes a great drop would come with a splash from some fir-tree hard by, like a heavy involuntary tear. But the

leadensky would not yield; the rain refused to fall.

I walked for a whole hour pondering. The text of my meditations was Austin’s saying of last night—

“She is my better self. If I lose her I shall lose my soul.”

Now I, weak as my body was, had my soul in my own hand.

I might die—probably I should; but I did not believe that any stroke, however heavy, would drive out of my heart the virtue which her blessed influence had implanted there. Misery might kill me, or (possibly, though I trusted in God’s mercy not!) might make me a lunatic, but it never would make me a criminal. Him, it might.

I took my determination—at least, for a time—till things altered, or till I saw some dim light. Oh no! Unless I sought for it, toiled for it, prayed for it, how could such a fellow as I hope to see the faintest love-light shining on me from her sweet eyes?

So no wrong to her in that determination of mine.

Again Austin and I met in the midst of a cluster of cheerful patients—somehow patients always are cheerful at the water-cure. We were cheerful, too. I felt, and something in his voice causing me to look at him hard, showed me he felt an extraordinary calm.

He followed me to our rooms.

“Alexander, just one word. I have thought over last night, and somewhat changed my mind.”

“So have I.”

“I shall not speak to her—not just yet.”

“Nor I.”

Again we looked fixedly at one another—again, hand to hand, we rivals, yet almost brothers, tenderly closed.

“Thank you, Austin.”

“You are a good fellow, Fyfe.”

“I think,” said I, brokenly, “this is right—this is how she would wish it to be. We must not hate one another for her love—she who has been a saving angel to us both.”

“Ay, so she has.”

“Let her be so still—let everything go on as usual, till some chance gives either a sign of her regard. Then, each for himself! a fair struggle, and God comfort the one who falls!”

Day after day, during the whole of those strange two weeks, did things

"go on as usual." That is, we met her at breakfast, at dinner, at supper; sometimes walked with her, drove with her—passed every evening in her presence, within sound of her voice, within brushing of her dress. Twice every day—fool! how one of us used to court and wait for the minute—we each touched her hand. And many times a day that same one—I will not answer for the other—would, standing by her, in serious fire-side argument, or easy meal-time, look down, right down—she had a curiously steady, earnest, innocent gaze; when she was talking—into the infinitely tender depths, the warm, dark splendours of her eyes.

Yet neither of us, by word or look, sought to win, or by any word or look of hers could found a hope that we might win her preference.

And, night after night, when the day's ordeal was over, we used to sit silent over the fire in our own room, sometimes by chance catching sight of one another's faces, and recognising there the marvellous self-denial, the heroic self-control, which kept deferring, each for the other's sake, the delicious, the fatal day.

We sat—not unlike two friends drifting seaward in a crazy boat, incapable of a double freight, who sit sadly gazing—willing to prolong the time, yet knowing that under certain definite circumstances, and within a certain definite time, one or the other *must* go down.

She was sitting talking with me in Dr. James's study; no one there but our two selves—not a face to watch hers, save mine and those pictured faces on the walls, which she was so fond of—rare prints gathered by James Corrie on his wanderings:—grand old Buonarrotti, and angelic, boyish Raffaele, and Giotto, with that noble, irregular profile, serious, sweet, and brave.

"It is not unlike Dr. James himself, I fancy."

"Do you think so? So do I sometimes."

And Miss Keir sewed faster at her work, a collar or handkerchief for Harry, who had been the light of Highwood now for several days.

"What a pure nature it is," continued I, and still looked at the Giotto, thinking of James Corrie. "So

very tender, for all it is so steadfast and so strong. I hardly ever honoured any man as I do our friend the Doctor. Do not you?"

"He has been the kindest friend in the world to Harry and to me."

"And to me, also. I must try to tell him so before I go away."

"You are not going away? Surely, not yet?"

That start—that look of earnest regret. What a leap my heart gave.

"I thought—I understood," with a slight hesitation, "that you were to stay at Highwood till after the new year?"

"Did James Corrie say so? And do you wish it?"

And that warm, soft colour which, during all our talk, had been growing, growing, now seemed glowing into scarlet under my gaze. No; I would not take away my eyes. I would see whether they could not light up in hers some title of the hidden fire that I knew must be burning in my own.

I was right! She did tremble—she did blush, vividly, almost like a girl of fifteen—this calm, this quiet Ellice Keir.

"I ought; indeed I ought to get my book—you know—my——"

Stammering, I ceased.

She laid her work down; and looked me straight in the face, in her peculiar way, saying, softly—

"No; you must not go. You are not strong enough. Besides, I want you to stay—just a week longer. Never mind your book."

"Miss Keir, you know I would thrust it and all the books I ever wrote into that flame this minute, if——"

I remembered my pledge. Ay, Austin—sacredly.

"If what?"

"If Miss Keir will tell me the reason why she wishes me to stay?"

I said this in an exaggeration of carelessness—even trying to make a joke of it. I did not expect to see that strange, unwonted blush rise again over face and throat, nor to see her very fingers tremble as she worked.

What was to become of me? One second more, and I should have forgotten all—she would have known all. Thank God it was not so.

I snatched up a book, muttered some vague apology, and rushed out of her sight.

No; this could not go on. An end

must be put to it somehow. While she was indifferent, quiet, composed—merely the lady who smilingly shook hands with me morning and night, I could bear it. But to see her, as I saw her this morning—all the woman stirred in her, blushing, trembling—not Miss Keir, but Ellice—Ellice! It could not be. The crisis *must* come.

I made up my mind. But first I went in search of Austin Hardy—hesitatingly and slow; for involuntarily, a wild conviction had forced itself on my mind—forgive me, thou essence of most simple and pure womanhood; but we men have such intensities sometimes—a conviction that Austin, at least, would never win Ellice Keir.

I went to meet him in the garden with a strange pity—even a shame-faced remorse. I found him walking, talking, and laughing with Harry and Ellice Keir.

"Yes, certainly, we will come, both Harry and I, and see all these wonderful changes and improvements at Netherlands. I am so happy to think of them all. You will not forget one of them—you promise?"

"I promise."

She spoke earnestly—Harry too: so earnestly that they did not notice me. They stood still under the great cedar. Harry Keir—what a gleesome face the young fellow had!—was tossing up and catching cedar-cones.

"Yes; I will promise everything. Netherlands shall begin a new life, like its master, please God! It shall hardly know its old likeness. It and the people belonging to it shall be the pattern of the whole country. Will that make you happy?"

"Very happy. Few things more."

"And—" Ay, dear Austin, I heard and honoured the self-command which smoothed down to indifference that tremulous tone—"when will you do me that honour? It shall be quite a festival when you visit Netherlands. Fyfe—ah, my dear fellow, are you there?—Fyfe shall be asked, and all our good friends here."

"Bravo!" cried Harry, with a laugh, as he tossed up his biggest fir-cone; "And Dr. James; of course."

"Most certainly. Every one whom she cares for—every one who honours her. And now, Miss Keir, will you too promise?—when will you come to Netherlands?"

"I hope—some time—next year."

Were my eyes dazzled by that red torrent which seemed to roll pouring in upon my brain; or did I again see, as an hour before, that same warm, tremulous, exquisite blush—such as is always coming and going in a woman's face when she is very happy—or—when she loves?

Not a word more. She was gone. Austin and I stood under the heavy shade of the cedar. Was it that which made his face, and my heart, seem so dark and so cold?

"Now, Harry?"

"Well. I hear the time has come?"

"I think it has."

I saw him watching her on the terrace where she and Harry were walking merrily. The sun was shining there. As he looked, all the gloom passed out of his countenance; it seemed to gather the sunshine too.

Jealousy! I had written pages on pages about it—learned "to throw myself into the feeling," as our literary cant goes—flattered myself I had sketched beautifully, to the very life, the whole thing. But now, to realise what I had described—and Fancy indulged in a cruel spasmodic laugh to see how very real I had done it—now to feel the horror gnawing at me, like that fiend the old monk-painter painted, who afterwards came and stood at his elbow till he died; to feel not only through my brains, but in my heart, that jealousy of which we poets prate so grandly—make into such pathetic novels, such withering tragedies—jealousy, which we say leads to hatred, madness, murder—I could believe it—I could prove it. I plumbed its lowest depths of possible crime in that one minute when I watched my cousin Austin watching Ellice Keir.

I had loved Austin—did so still. Yet for that one minute—thank God it was only one—I hated him, loathed him. I believe I could have seen him shot down, and mounted over his dead body to the citadel of my frenzied hope—as our poor fellows are perhaps doing this day as I write, in the trenches before Sebastopol. But, "better is he that ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a city." I ruled mine.

"Austin, this must end."

"It must. When?"

"To-day, if you will. There—look, she has gone within doors."

We stood—the crisis was at hand. Our boat reeled—quivered. Very pale were our faces. Which would be the one to go down?

“Who is to learn his fortune first?” said Hardy.

“Let’s draw lots.” I laughed—I felt spurred on to any kind of insane folly. “Let’s toss up, as the children do; or, since coins are as dross with you, and as life’s worth to me—let’s take to the sentimental, the poetical. Here, choose.”

I tore a sprig of cedar, and a sprig of a yew-tree hard by, and held out to him the two stems, leaves being hidden.

“Now, which? who is for his cedar-palace, and who for his branch of yew?”

I know Hardy thought I was losing my wits fast. “No,” he said, gently; “no child’s play—we must be men. Go you in and speak to her first.”

He leaped the dike into the field. So it became my doom. Best, far the best.

The door happened to be fastened. I thought I would get into the house, as I often did, by the low windows of the Doctor’s study. Standing there, I looked in.

James Corrie sat at his table, not writing, but thinking. His chin was on his folded hands—his eyes out-looking, calm and clear. What a noble face it was—the face of one who has gone through seas of trouble, and landed at length in serene, soul-satisfying joy.

Twice I knocked on the pane, and he did not perceive me. Then hearing me call, he came forward, smiling.

“I shall not interrupt you, Doctor; I am going—is M ——”

“Just stay one minute. I wanted to say a word to you—by, in fact, by the particular wish of Miss Keir.”

I sat down.

James Corrie folded his newspaper, closed his desk, looked something different from what James Corrie was wont to look—but happy, ineffably happy still.

“I am waiting to hear ——”

“Ay, and you shall hear, my old friend, for I know you will rejoice. Simply this. Miss Keir has told me you intend leaving us, and she wishes, most earnestly, that you would stay till after the new year.”

“And you?”

“Even if Alexander Fyfe were not welcome for his own sake, as he knows he is, still whatever adds to her happiness must necessarily add to mine.”

He whom I knew she held—as in his simple goodness all good women might hold him—like a very brother; he who, she said, had been to her “the kindest friend in the world”—strange for him to speak to me thus! Perhaps, in spite of myself, I had betrayed my feelings. Did he think—did he guess——

“I see you do not quite understand me. You do not know—in truth, being neither of us young, we were rather unwilling it should be known or talked about—that Miss Keir and myself have been engaged for two years; that, God willing, next Saturday, New Year’s morning, will be our wedding-day.”

No—I was right; it did not slay me. This misery passed by, and destroyed neither my life nor Austin’s soul.

God’s mercy strengthened me. I was able to help and strengthen him. It was very fortunate that only I was present when the truth came out.

That truth, neither James Corrie nor his wife have ever guessed or will ever learn. Why should they? It would only pain them in their happiness. And what blame to them? It was all our own delusion. He is still the worthiest man, and she the noblest woman, we ever knew. God bless them!

Hardy has gone home to his estates, where he intends always to reside. If he is able to carry out one-half of his purposes, no wealthy landowner in England will be more useful, more honoured in his generation than Austin Hardy, Esquire, of Netherlands; and widely different as our fortunes are, he and I shall be as brothers until death.

For myself, I am now in my old London haunts, finishing my long-unfinished book. It will be a different book from what it was to be; different, oh! how different! from what it might have been. But it will be a very tolerable book still—wholesome, cheerful, brave. Such an one as is the “*To triumph*” of a great spiritual Marathon—such an one as I never could have written in all my days, had I not, in body and soul, undergone the Water Cure.

ON THE CONTEMPORARY AND POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION OF AUTHORS.

It from the dust in which so long has rotted one of the most Titanic of those gloomy and inscrutable intellects, which scare while they attract our admiration, it were permitted to us to call up him that told the tale of Gulliver, what would be the sensations of the great Dean—and would not the smile on his lips be a grim one?—on beholding his own hideous libel upon God and man committed by us into the hands of our children; the deadly imagination which only recognised in human nature the suggestion of a Yahoo, now safely and innocently guiding through Fairy table-lands the unquestioning wonder of some happy child?

This is the fiercest protest against all that man should reverence, or youth believe in, that ever proceeded from a mind, beside whose withering and malignant merriment Voltaire's grey sarcasm dwindles into frivolous puerility; yet it is one of the first works of fiction which we place before the unpolluted intelligence of childhood, side by side with the harmless and graceful fables of De Foe; and Gulliver in Liliput associates with Crusoe in the Desert Island.

Lucretius sought to insult and depose the eternal sanctities, and erect in their place his creed of Nature without a God. Do we read him with less profit or less love for this reason? No. We reject his stupid theory without an effort, while we linger, charmed, over those exquisite passages in his poetry which speak to us, in spite of himself, of the very Divinity he denies, by appealing to the fancy and the thought. So true is it that the evil men do in their lives dies with them, while the good lives after them. But who, in the face of such anomalous results as these, can rely upon his chances with posterity?

It is the consolation of unsuccessful authorship to quarrel with the age that rejects it, and assume, with desperate tenacity, a claim to the homage of a future generation. In proportion as the publisher demurs to buy, and the public to read, we increase in our

self-esteem, and assert ourselves to be prophets before our time. No man feels so sure of posterity as he whom his own age has affronted; and we find a pleasure in reflecting that—

"Nine cities claim him, dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

We know that Milton's grand epic only gained for him a few pounds; and with how calm a confidence he writes, in that which is metrically the most perfect of all his sonnets—

"He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call down fame on gentle acts like these;
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms."

Yet this assurance of unvalued genius is not less confidently shared by those who are utterly destitute of the true efflux of Deity; and when no one but his mamma and sisters is altogether carried away by young Mr. Noake's "Verses on the Bowling-green," that ill-used aspirant will derive comfort from the knowledge, that of Shelley's best lyrical poem only two copies were sold in his lifetime, and from similar facts in the history of literature which are sadly numerous. This confidence in posterity is surprising, when, on looking closer at the chances of compensation which a future age may offer to the failures of the present, we are compelled at the outset to ask this question—"What security exists in time that mankind will preserve, for the benefit of a subsequent age, that which it refuses and discards from its own?" How vague must be the chances that any after-age, in its progress, will stop to pick out of the dust of centuries that which has been flung aside, trampled on, and hurried over by the ages that are gone before, and left by them "to lie in cold obstruction, and to rot."

We are not answered by the knowledge that truth is immutable, eternal, and sees no corruption; and that whosoever, at any time, has conceived and given to the world a single truth, has given birth to an immortality. For the truth may survive, but the man not.

It was the subtle policy of the Medici, under pretext of reviving learning in Italy, to overload the intellect of the age with such a stupendous weight of antiquated authority, as completely crushed and paralysed all independent and original thought. However patient in labour, however varied in research, a man who only recognised his right hand from his left, on the authority of Aristotle, was not likely to intimidate tyranny; and so long as the thinkers of the age amused themselves with attempting the solution of such problems as "How many angels can dance on the point of a needle?" the Government, however profligate and evil, had nothing to fear from their investigations. But when, at last, authority began to contradict itself, and the innumerable schools imported into Italy to quarrel over their own jargon — when, in *extremis*, their puzzled disciples had to use their own common sense in adjusting the adverse claims on reverence of Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Zeno, Augustine, Irenæus, and all the fathers into the bargain, a more vigorous and stately age of thought grew up, though not without the most painful birth-throes; and its effects were immediately evident. Of this era Bruno was the first apostle, and one of the first martyrs. He it was who first had the courage to attack Aristotle. He was among the first, too, whose conscience grew restless under the pontifical nightmare of Rome. He has been charged by his detractors with Atheism, but this accusation must fall at once to pieces on a dispassionate perusal of his works; and a French author has lately said of him, with great truth, "*Qu'il était fort de Dieu*" — "that he seemed intoxicated with Deity." Indeed the whole of his writings are a jubilant psalm of the divine element within him, answering, with the keenest perception, to that Divinity which was without, and beyond the definition of all the Popes. He was the pioneer of Bacon, and rough-hewed the whole road traversed by his successor. He first asserted the principle of induction, and he died for it. Without his aid, it is doubtful if Lavater would ever have written, for he discovered, and first followed, the science of physiognomy; and, indeed, Lavater has only gone half a step beyond him on the way.

This man perished at the stake, and is never spoken of. Bacon came by-and-bye — arranged the rude materials left to his hand, and which he had not far to go in search of, put them into orderly and becoming form, and went pleasantly down to posterity, with his philosophy under his arm.

We might enumerate a hundred similar instances of this uncertainty of fame, but one suffices. In nine cases out of ten, those who are strangled and put out of the way by their own age, fail to get even honourable burial from that which comes after; for if they be found lying dead on the road, it is to the interest of the next comer, who robs them of their treasure, speedily to kick them into the ditch when the robbery is done.

No. Say what we will, disguise it as we may, the gain and loss of life are here; and whoever misses contains porary justice —

"Loose what he lived for,
And eternally must lose it.
Better ends may be in prospect,
Deeper blisses, if you choose it;
But this life's end, and this love's bliss,
Have been lost here."

What book is more household to our shelves, or more often and more lovingly read, than Montaigne's? — Montaigne, an old gossip, who never troubled his head for three minutes about posterity, except, perhaps, as a curious after-dinner speculation; who wrote just to ease his own genial garrulity, and for the pleasure of quelling much Latin, little to his purpose; who rambles loose from subject to subject as the whim takes him, like a child; and yet with a strength and keenness of intellect few men could equal; who would, in fact, be a great bore; if he were not so accomplished a man of the world.

What obstacles to knowledge may there not arise between a man's work done now, and that indefinite, undated recognition of it which he calls posterity!

Have not many of Cicero's most elaborate orations been preserved to us by a marvellous chance? and do we not know that by some among his contemporaries he was held inferior to his rival? Who shall judge between them now? If Virgil had burnt his *Æneid*, would posterity have set him, pedestalled upon his *Georgics*, so near

Homer in his Panthéon? Are we ignorant that Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were not the only Greek tragedians that won the dramatic contests of their time? Of these, let us look for a moment at Euripides; and again, what pranks are played by posterity? By Æschylus we are dazzled, and awed, and half scared; at Sophocles we gaze as calmly as the solemn sculpture he presents to us demands. By neither are we thrilled to the heart. To neither, in this household age, do we recur with living sympathy. But how immeasurable is the debt which modern literature has owed to Euripides! If over the frigid statuary of Alfieri we catch for one instant with delight a momentary life-like flush, it is from Euripides the gleam is stolen. If in the pompous platitudes and sonorous emptiness of the classic French dramatist we recognise beneath the Roman toga—not more lively for its Frenchified fringes—one beat of a human heart, it is Euripides that has given the impulse. Byron, when he said, in words familiar to all feeling for the truth which they express—

"Man's love is in man's life a thing apart—
The woman's whole existence,"

consciously or not, was repeating Euripides; and many are the exclamations of modern passion which are but echoes from his pages. Why is this? Because he first introduced natural feeling into art—made love more human, less awfully divine—and showed us women instead of goddesses. Yet this very peculiarity in the art of Euripides, which preserves to him the most prominent place before posterity of all her mightier brethren, is just the very quality which drew down upon him the censures of a contemporaneous public, goaded by the coarse witticisms of Aristophanes, who, in his comedy of "The Frogs," taunts the tragedian with representing female love upon the stage, and debasing tragedy by the introduction of domestic interests (*οἶκος ἀφ' ὧν ἔρχεται*).

After all, how much of a man's reputation with posterity may depend upon circumstances connected with his individual life and current among his contemporaries. Does Johnson owe nothing to Boswell? Does not Knelser live as much in the quaint anecdotes we retain of his extraordinary

vanity, as in his pictures? Have not the unfortunate life and early death of Chatterton something to do with the interest with which we cherish his memory? And the wayward and strange career of Byron, his domestic griefs, and singular self-exile—have these no part in the associations which throng about his name?

To recur to Montaigne, is it not because such writers as he have so largely admitted us into the confidence of their home-life and daily interests, that we retain them thus lovingly amidst our own?

Mr. Haydon, a painter of considerable ability and conscientious aspiration, but absolutely no genius, paints very bad pictures, which everybody refuses to buy. He blames the public, not himself; and instead of painting pictures which people will buy, starves and dies strangely in his garret. No sooner dead, than the public, who rejected his claim as painter, having become posterity, asserts his title as martyr. This is another of the anomalies of posthumous fame. What the painter failed to achieve by his pictures, the man achieved by his death—a reputation!

Generally speaking, however, he will have the best chance with posterity, and justly so, whose work is most in unison with his own age. He must neither be before nor behind it. Was Friar Bacon before his age? Not one whit the nearer was he to Newton; and posterity is as thankless as the past. Let a man express in art what he sees, and those about him ought to see: in *thought*, that which his fellows stand in need of. It was because they possessed this secret, that posterity retains so affectionately the faintest etching of Kalia and Della-Bella. It is because they do not possess this secret, that, in spite of their undoubted power and dexterity, we venture to predict that posterity will not retain the allegorical and historical unrealities of Mr. Maclise, nor the affectations of the modern pre-Raphaelites.

It cannot be objected, with justice to this remark, that the great Italian masters did not absolutely see what they painted; for they *did feel* the religious element in their art with an intensity of which no modern artist, we affirm, can be capable, in an age in no way responding to such types, and demanding other expressions of

itself. Moreover, they did not invent, out of their own ignorance, Hebraic forms of country or costume, but painted their Madonnas as they saw them in the streets, Italian peasants with Italian scenes around them, sublimed only through the medium of the artist's faith—a practice impossible to follow now.

Blake, a man of genius, painted pictures which nobody cared to buy, lived poor, and appealed to posterity. Reynolds—not a man of genius, but, nevertheless, an exceedingly good painter—painted pictures which people bought with pleasure, lived rich, and snapped his fingers at posterity. Posterity cares a good deal about Reynolds, and very little indeed about Blake.

It is but within the last few years that a purer taste in poetry has sought to make us once more familiar with the great masters of the early English drama; and for a hundred of the general public who have read Parnell's "Hermit," we venture to think that a proportion, at the largest, of ten, will be found who have looked at the "Faithful Shepherdess" or "Doctor Faustus."

The courtiers of Charles II. made very good sport of Milton. While, as subjects of the French King, we borrowed from France the worst of her literature with the worst of her morals, the grand Republican must have been sadly out of fashion. And even at a later day, and in a better age of literature, Johnson thought it worth his while to bring to bear his cumbersome wit against the author of the "Paradise Lost." What wonder at this when Cibber was amending Shakespeare?

This greatest of all authors—and that we own him so to be—do we not half owe to German research, and German sympathy? And yet, in spite of all the intelligent and patient investigation that has been spent upon the subject, how few and how unsatisfactory are the glimpses obtained by us into that mysterious existence!

With what interest do we inquire what sort of a man was Shakespeare? and what were the circumstances of life which gave depth and colour to that ample and profound genius? How did he come to know, at once, Mercutio and Hamlet, Juliet and Dame Quickly? And the question

will for ever remain unanswered by research.

For our own part, we believe Shakespeare to have been a bad Roman Catholic. He lived in a time when the people went to hear the Protestant service said in churches where they had been wont to hear the mass. The great bulk of the populace must have been Roman Catholic in all its associations. It has been attempted to adduce that the father of Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic, from the fact that he never went to church; but this proves nothing, and is little to the purpose. The associations of centuries in the mind of a people are not displaced in a day. We think that the instincts, the prejudices, the affections of memory and habit, the inclinations of custom, in the mind of the great dramatist, were towards the old creed—its forms, its superstitions, its dogmas. But his intellect was too independent and speculative to find complete comfort at any church-door; and whenever he puts aside popular superstitions, it is not to cling to newer rituals, but to adventure upon philosophic doubts. He was, at once, too human and too genial in his nature to be quite independent of popular sympathies and types; too keen and imperative in the desire of truth to be led by the Churchmen. He was an unsettled Roman Catholic—a dilatory sceptic (in the metaphysical sense of the word); but not a hearty Protestant. His temperament is for ever at war with his intellect. As poet, he is ever clinging to the sensuous—as philosopher, ever in search of the abstract.

There is, we think, ample evidence of this throughout his works. The genuine Protestantism of that time was Puritanism. The players of the Globe and Blackfriars were for ever at war with this body; and Shakespeare was of a temperament far too exquisitely susceptible of sensuous beauty, and was far too convivial and hearty in his habits, to look with any love upon asceticism. He never spares these severe Reformers in his plays; and in *Troilus and Cressida* he even goes out of his way, and runs into wilful and ridiculous anachronism, to have a hit at them.

That he was a boon companion, and fond of good fellowship, there can be little doubt. All contemporary informa-

tion about him sufficiently proves this; and, in fault of it, his own works say more to the purpose. His rich nature overflows on all sides. His experience is from without, as well as from within. He treats of manners, and habits, and personal peculiarities, no less dexterously than of the deeper human passions. He does not anatomise, but create; and he never sits down in his study without opening the window, and letting the babbles from the town, and the sunshine from the field, stream through it. It was well for the perfect development of his genius that his youth had great experience of nature—his manhood, of men. His first poem, the "Venus and Adonis," breathes of the woodland and the sky.

We wonder whether he was himself fully aware of the colossal nature of his own intelligence. Did he ever meet a man whom he held superior to himself? We are puzzled to know how far he was rightly appreciated by his contemporaries. That he was appreciated there can be little doubt; but we question if it was to the full. We must believe that Spencer was the fashionable poet of the time; but he certainly alludes with high honour to Shakspeare. And yet it is less the profundity and majesty of his stupendous genius than its genial and graceful humanity, that we find everywhere praised by those who were nearest to him. Spencer says:—

"And he, the man whom Nature selfe hath made,
To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly candor, under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy," &c.

And again, he speaks of him as—

"That same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honie and sweets nectar flowe," &c.

Honey and sweet nectar are surely not the first characteristics of a brain from whence proceeded Hamlet, Macbeth, and Shylock, and Othello, and Lear!

We think there can be no doubt of the reference in those lines. But how do we come to know him so affectionately from all his praisers as "Gentle Will"?

Milton even speaks of—

"Gentle Shakspeare, Nature's child,
Warbling his native wood-notes wild."

Surely there is something far above the bucolics in his genius?

Chittie praises him for his "*honied*

muse," while requesting him to "drop a sable tear" upon the hearse of Queen Elizabeth; and a contemporary writer speaks of his "*mellifluous tongue*," and his "*sugared sonnets*." Perhaps there was more real admiration for his genius in the censure of grand Ben Jonson, when he said to those who boasted that Shakspeare never blotted a line, "I would he had blotted a thousand;" for he suffers himself too readily to be carried away by conceits and word-play, which are often unworthy his genius, and makes Lady Macbeth to pun upon the perpetration of her own crimes.

Of no writer do we see, through the intellect, so much of the temperament, as of Shakspeare. If, on the one hand, his cordial and exuberant nature made him the merriest of his tavern friends; on the other, those delicate and nervous susceptibilities which usually accompany such a disposition, must have been exquisitely developed in his organisation: and we venture the belief that he was subject to fits of intensely low spirits and gloom, at times. We doubt if his digestion was not sometimes at war with his good living. How frequent throughout his plays are the invocations against evil dreams and restless nights? Where else is so strangely given us the whole "anatomy of melancholy"? Who else has been so thoroughly to the heart of solitude and sorrow? How, too, does he not gloat over the loathsome interior of the tomb of all the Capulets with Juliet; and with Clarence on the monstrous abyss of ocean; and with the Ghost of the Royal Dane, upon the preternatural horrors of Purgatory! This is so great a star that he has warped us out of our orbit. In vain we seek to peer into that life; as vainly as to search the sources of the sea. Yet who but lingers by the ocean if only to pick up shells upon the shore? With how quaint a curiosity we muse upon that strange bequest of his second-best bed to Nan Hathaway, his wife! Was this the only cynicism we have seen in his humour? Of his brothers and sisters we know nothing but that they lived and died. Neither of his son, and if he loved him; and if, at that boy's death, a second Shakspeare was lost to us. He is almost too great to speak of. His fame needs not to be

"Registered upon his brazen tomb."

We return to other men, to observe what dwarfs they seem beside him.

Another aspect of our subject presents itself here.

When Shakspeare's contemporaries praise him for "his *gentle* muse," the question will arise,—What part of a man will posterity choose to retain? And may it not possibly be that very part which he himself least values, and would least suspect?

Those to whom it may at any time happen to visit the Laurentian Library at Florence, will be interested by the perusal of a letter, which is there preserved, addressed by Leonardo da Vinci to the Duke of Milan, to whom this most extraordinary man at one time offered his accomplished services.

We do not accurately remember all of the innumerable qualifications for employment very modestly set forth in this letter by the writer of it; but we do remember that among them these were some:—Music—the composition of it; the construction of various musical instruments; and proficiency in performance upon them. The mathematics, in all their various branches, extended by personal discoveries (we cannot affirm, but we are inclined to think, that to Leonardo da Vinci we owe the discovery of logarithms). Sculpture, casting and working in bronze, silver, &c. Mechanics, practical machinery adapted to agriculture—its construction and use; hydrostatics, &c. Architecture, surveying, military tactics, and fortifications, &c. (Here follows a long and detailed list of what the applicant is able to perform in these sciences—such as the construction of bridges, dikes, and fosses; fascines, trenched camps, &c., and the manœuvring of large and small bodies of troops for the attainment of certain objects; military calculations, &c.) The use of almost every arm, and the construction of it. A varied and copious acquaintance with the Classics and the Schools; Paintings, in its various branches, and poetry!

This list of attainments, claimed by a single individual, certainly takes away one's breath; but if it be fair to judge of Leonardo's proficiency in all these accomplishments from his supreme excellence in painting—an art which he mentions here quite incidentally—we cannot with reason accuse

him of boasting. The less so, while we are compelled to admit the fact that in the *theory* of practical hydrostatics the Italians are not behind us at this day, and that with them the theory has not progressed beyond the discoveries of this gifted man.

Yet the single excellence on which he does not seem to have especially valued himself, is the only one which, out of this elaborate catalogue, keeps posterity familiar with the name of one who was admitted by all his contemporaries to have been the handsomest, the strongest, and the most accomplished man of his time! *Sic itur ad astra*.

That was probably a life which no after-time could have given birth to. The blossom and flower of an age of calm and serene activities which permitted each man to ripen and develop his nature on all sides into complete results.

What especially strikes us in the genius of the great men of the *cinque cento*, and those who preceded it, is its completeness and universality. They were neither above nor below any part of art; but in their hands everything became art. They were both greater and humbler than any men now living; and though it is our boast that we live in a practical age, yet art in those days was far less dreamy and unreal in its character, and much more closely united to great civic uses, than it has ever been since then.

Those times are gone, and we doubt if the world will ever re-produce them.

Will the present age, which is so loud in its self-congratulations, bequeath to any after generation monuments as full of grandeur, and thoughts as full of beauty and high usefulness as those which it has received from these? Even the comparative calm of a past century we seem to see as through a dream.

We remember somewhere to have seen an etching by Gerard Dow of his own studio, which for ever will haunt us.

It is an old carven room, large, and lofty, and dim; and filled and flooded over with the misty silence of a summer's evening. Everywhere you see the mixture of homeliness and elegance. By the huge old beer-barrel in the dark corner, leans the graceful guitar, on which the string would seem to be still vibrating, as though but a moment before it had been laid down

there, in a desultory mood. Near the massive table which is heaped with books, and music, and drawing-materials, the cup and the tankard shining among them, the artist himself is leaning in a chair of comfortable beauty, with its dim velvet and dusky oak. He is gazing, in that serene silence, out of the open window before him, through which you catch no view; but it is filled up with a gush of grey twilight which falls upon the painter's face. And behind him you just see indistinctly in the dark background, an old staircase, winding up into the shadow to some quiet chamber above.

What is left to the world like this? The present age does not allow us even time to stand looking at the picture. We have plenty of politicians now, but few statesmen. Painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers, in abundance; but where an artist?

The education which Milton prescribes for a young man would be impossible to realise in days like these.

This is a digression from the subject, for which we must apologise. We have only wandered a little way in this field in search of one whom, in speaking of posthumous reputations, it will be impossible to leave unnoticed — we mean Francesco Petrarca.

Of no man is the memory preserved with more tender affection, and, perhaps, while living, few men ever more thoroughly realised the value of a life than Petrarch. At once the friend of princes and the patron of liberty; an aristocrat by habit, a republican by enthusiasm; as both, fastidious in the extreme; once crowned in the capitol, and at all times the welcome guest of royalty, in times when kings did not deem it prudent to shun the society of the wise; esteemed by the learned, admired by the idle; the friend of Rienzi and Boccaccio; the lover of Laura; and the author of that wonderful poem which no human being has ever read; but which he himself, report informs us, held equal to the *Æneid*.

We do not think that if, with our Irish Dean, the Archdeacon of Parma could return to life, he would be quite so much astonished as that other might be, at the conduct of posterity in regard to his writings.

For before he died, Petrarch must have felt in the grateful celebrity which a devotion so tender and en-

dearing as was his, had gathered about the object of his life's single and undying passion, some assurance of that interest which posterity has never ceased to feel in the consecrated name of Laura.

But, doubtless, he would not be wholly prepared to find his fame associated—not with the exploits of Scipio, and the lengthy Latinity of her *Africa*—but with the gushing fountains and peaceful solitudes of Vaucluse, the walks at Avignon, the imperishable image of the Madonna.

When he was at the age of twenty or twenty-one, Petrarch's Latin poems had already attracted attention. On the death of his father, he quitted Bologna, where he had been studying under the guidance of his friend Ciriaco da Ristoja, and returned to Avignon. Here it was that he met, for the first time, on one Good-Friday morning, in the aisle of Santa-Clara Church, one whose beauty and whose reserve were destined to influence so strangely the development of his mind, and all his future life — Laura de Naves, wife of Hugh de Sade.

From this epoch, fortunately for posterity, he had an object, stronger even than the desire of fame, to write in his native language.

"*Benedetto sia il giorno, e'il mese, e l'anno!*" he exclaims in one of his sonnets.

With what curiosity do we ask about Madonna Laura! How affectionately do we cherish every little scrap of information which is to be obtained about her! With what interest do we regard her portrait; and fancy her, in her gown of grass-green silk! And still the question is—Did Laura return the passion of Petrarch? That insensible to it she was not, we think there is every reason to believe. For if her passion was never awakened, her vanity at least must have been engaged.

We imagine her to have been a woman of a naturally cold temperament, and whose affections lay rather in the imagination than the heart. We conceive her to have possessed considerable sentiment, but little or no passion.

We do not think her capable of remaining wholly insensible to the reverent homage of affection, any more than of herself making a *premiere demarche*. Doubtless the more passionate element in love, which overpowers many women, would have

shocked and deterred Laura. We learn that Petrarch was not only one of the most accomplished, but also the handsomest and most graceful man of his time. Yet we apprehend that in whatever may have been the sentiment by which his devotion was reciprocated, the gratification of the vanity entered into it more largely than that of the senses. That the madonna possessed a singular sweetness of manner and charm of expression, there can be little doubt; for Petrarch's are not the only praises recorded of her by her contemporaries. In her pictures she is represented—although at the age of forty, and the mother of nine children—as of a singular youthfulness in form and feature, and of a remarkable purity and girlishness in expression. That she must have had a perfect sense of purity, and an earnest devotion to duty, we are bound to believe, when we reflect that she lived in an age of universal profligacy, united to a morose and uncongenial nature, which she must have been frequently forced to compare with the respectful tenderness, the grace, the beauty, and the elevation of Petrarch's; yet we have no warrant for presuming that she ever made her husband the victim of such a comparison. On the other hand, we cannot certainly exempt her from the charge of coquetry; though, not improbably, this was the unconscious result of a peculiar position, and of a character not passionate enough wholly to yield to a love, which it was yet not cold enough altogether to reject. The sonnets are full of hope and torture, tenderness and reproach.

The more we examine the character of Laura the more it remains with us a question, whether her coldness was not rather the result of circumstance than of character; whether, in fact, her heart had ever once been really awakened; and whether another man might not have possibly succeeded better than Petrarch. Laura was married at a very early age to a man for whom she evidently felt no affection. There can be little doubt that her heart had lain wholly dormant before she met Petrarch. The energy and persistence of his attachment, while it could not but flatter a youthful vanity, may possibly have forced from her emotions which would not otherwise have arisen spontaneously; and

the constancy of that attachment, the habit of associating with his name all that was happiest and proudest in her life, may have added intensity to these feelings.

But the possibility appears to us always apparent, that if, in place of Petrarch, some other man—perhaps far inferior to the poet—had arrived under a different aspect, and at a different era in her life, Laura might have loved like Heloise.

The names of Laura and Petrarca have been inseparably associated with the theory of what is falsely called Platonic love. Nothing can be more unwarrantable so far as Petrarch is concerned. There is nothing in his sonnets that for a moment can authorise such an idea. On the contrary, they literally vibrate with passion. It has been said that Petrarch only clothes with the name of Laura the vague ideals of a poet, and that the madonna in these sonnets is no more than the muse in other poems. We think that any one who has ever really loved, or even been near it, will recognise in Petrarch's verse the outcry of true passion; and all those tender extravagances which seem so cold and silly to the indifferent reader, are, indeed, no more than the natural language of the lover, who finds pleasure even in playing with the name of his mistress, and loves the laurel for the sake of Laura.

No; if between these two characters there existed aught of what is called Platonism in love, it was on the side of Laura, and not that of her lover. We do not, however, forget that Petrarch was the father of an illegitimate child by another woman—a son who surely might have claimed a little of that tenderness of which the poet was elsewhere so lavish. Neither does his interest in Laura seem to have extended to any of her numerous children. But whether he regarded these with bitterness or indifference no one can now presume to judge. He never speaks of them. Love delights to upraise and dignify its objects; but how far in the celebrity which he gave to Laura, Petrarch sought or valued the magnified reflection of his own identity, we do not like to inquire. Indeed, throughout the whole career of Francesco Petrarca there are sufficient evidences of a gentle vanity and amiable egotism, which we readily

pardon, and gladly seek to forget, in the thought of how few have ever united to such costly gifts of culture, so much sweetness of disposition, so many graces of mind, such even purity of aspiration, or such noble and generous enthusiasm for whatever is lofty and commanding.

It is worthy of remark here, that although the sonnets which commemorate the fame of the Madonna are passionate love-poems addressed to the wife of another man, yet the chastest of our wives will not scruple to read them, and the purest of our daughters may do so with an untainted pleasure and appreciation. The reason of this at once presents itself. There is a purity in all constancy which ennoble alike the object to which it clings, and the soul from which it proceeds, which defies definition, and rises above criticism. A vicious passion, however violent, may be judged by its transitory impulse; and of love, as of truth, the test is in endurance.

The uplifted hymn of a whole lifetime to its solitary ideal can have in it nothing that is degrading. The love-song becomes a psalm; and the pure in heart of every age cannot fail to respond to it.

With the fountains of Vaucluse yet murmuring upon our ear — with the name of Laura still lingering about our heart — we bid good-bye to Petrarch. Virtue will never droop so long as the world shall retain men capable of a love like this poet's, or women as worthy of it as the mistress of his tender and beautiful fancies.

Our subject is too large for the limits we are permitted to devote to it. Many great names remain which we would gladly speak of. We might pause to inquire how it happened that a La Rochefoucauld, who lived amidst all that can render life delightful, and surrounded by the adulation of his contemporaries, bequeathed to mankind so severe a satire on its weaknesses? — or how, while we find his work in every library, many others, less fortunate, who, amidst penury and hardship, have dreamed the angel ladder back to earth, and prophesied of human perfection, were suffered when living to perish of neglect, and are thrust from memory when dead, while their works lie dusty on our bookshelves?

But already, if not too much, we have said enough. Our interest in, and reverence for, the great society we have ventured to approach, has led us to gossip rather than to philosophise.

We are told by his brother,* that in their early rambles through the rocks of Corsica, the young Napoleon used frequently to exclaim with enthusiasm, "I desire to be my own posterity!" "*Je voulais être ma postérité!*" This is the right feeling; and, perhaps, the only serviceable moral to be drawn from all the history of great labourers and aspirants. Every hero should contain his posterity within himself. Who does this will neither be disheartened by the injustice of prejudice, nor laid asleep by the flattery of fools.

* See that very interesting addition to our biographical literature—"Mémoires et Correspondence Politique et Militaire du Roi Joseph; publiés, annotés, et mis en ordre par A. de Casse, A.D.C. de S. A. le Prince Jérôme Napoléon."

THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. IV.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EVAGRIUS.

ARTHUR MURPHY—HUGH KELLY.

WE closed our last notice with one of the brightest names that adorn the annals of Irish literature. It will not be easy to find another Oliver Goldsmith; yet ARTHUR MURPHY was no unworthy contemporary, although prejudice, accident, untoward circumstances, or all combined, have diminished his fair meed of reputation, and placed him in a lower rank, according to the estimate of posterity, than his proved abilities entitle him to hold. Perhaps the unjust satire of Churchill (in the "*Rosciad*") has had some influence in this depreciation, for spite has more longevity than eulogium, and nine out of ten in the class of general readers pause over a tirade of abuse, while they pass rapidly by a chapter of panegyric.

The life of Murphy has been written in a large quarto volume by his intimate friend Jesse Foot, who was equally celebrated for his skill in practical surgery, his scientific discoveries in his profession, his attachment to elegant literature, and his achievements as an amateur pugilist. Of his proficiency in the noble art of self-defence he once gave a remarkable illustration, by administering a sound drubbing to a stranger who gratuitously insulted Murphy in his presence, in a coffee-room in Dean-street. Murphy was at that time old and pacific, but Foot, although the Hector was fifteen years younger than himself, and at least two stone heavier, disposed of him in a few minutes, administering a punishment which he long remembered, for having indulged in a most unprovoked outrage. Foot's "*Memoirs of Murphy*" are not often met with, but they are well worth reading, and may be depended on as being both agreeable and authentic; interspersed, also, with many anecdotes and incidental allusions to the occurrences of the time. The intimacy between Foot and Murphy arose from the former having written a pamphlet on the restoration of the one-shilling gallery at Covent Garden, which tended materially to produce the desired

object. Murphy called to thank him in the name of the public, for having so resolutely defended their rights, and from this interview arose a mutual friendship, which was terminated only by death.

Arthur Murphy was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, on the 27th of December, 1730, as appears from a memorandum preserved in his mother's prayer-book, in her own handwriting. His father, Richard Murphy, was a merchant in Dublin, and his mother, Jane, whose maiden-name was French, was the daughter of Arthur French, Esq., of Tyrone, in the county of Galway. He was brought to London by his mother, in 1738, and soon after was consigned to the care of an aunt, named Plunkett, then residing at Boulogne. Ill health compelled Mrs. Plunkett, about two years afterwards, to visit the south of France; but before she undertook the journey, she sent young Murphy, then something more than ten years of age, to the Jesuit's College at St. Omer. In that far-famed seminary of education he remained six years and a-half, imbibing thus early the stores of Grecian and Roman literature which, although they may not create genius where it has no previous existence, contribute largely to its development and effect. In 1748, Murphy was sent by his uncle, Jeffrey French, to the counting-house of Mr. Harrold, an eminent merchant in Cork. Leaving this situation at the end of two years, in consequence of a theatrical dispute, in which he had unnecessarily and too actively engaged himself, he returned to London, by his uncle's orders; and in the beginning of the year 1751, he was placed, as assistant book-keeper, in the banking-house of Messrs. Ironside and Belchier, in Lombard-street.

With the life of plodding business thus chosen for him he seems to have been contented, and to have resigned himself to his lot; but the unsettled temper of his uncle soon obliged him to seek his advancement in life through other

channels. The lovers of literature may congratulate themselves on this change in his destination. The attention requisite to commercial success would have entirely altered the bent of his genius, and might have extinguished those varied talents which were afterwards so happily exerted. Murphy was determined to adopt authorship as a profession, and to live by his wits, undeterred by many previous examples of recorded failure, and by noted living instances of the bitterest disappointment. In 1752 he undertook to write the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, which continued periodically until October, 1754. There are some clever, lively, and scholastic papers in this series, which obtained a certain degree of popularity, although it cannot bear comparison with others of the same class, and of much higher pretensions, which it would be invidious to name. For this work Murphy received a regular salary of one guinea and a-half per week; a sum which, at three-and-twenty, he thought a considerable income, while it awakened in him somewhat of the spirit and confidence of independence. But his conduct in choosing for himself offended his uncle, who died in May, 1754, leaving him no consoling testimonial to ensure respect for his memory in the items of his will, notwithstanding repeated promises, directly encouraging very different expectations.

It might be foreseen that Murphy's immediate disappointment would be followed by unpleasant consequences. With the usual improvidence of expectation, he had, in the plan of his own expenditure, anticipated a share in the posthumous property of his uncle; but he now found himself £200 in debt, and that his income from the journal, although it enabled him to live, could never furnish him with the surplus necessary to extricate him from the difficulty in which he was thus involved. In such a grave dilemma, he made up his mind to close the periodical; and, acting on the advice of his then intimate friend and associate, the facetious Samuel Foote, resolved to try his fortune on the stage. Such advice from such an experienced critic presupposes the claim of considerable pretensions in the young candidate for theatrical fame. On the 18th of October, 1754, Murphy appeared on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, and

selected for his opening essay the arduous character of Othello; a daring flight for a novice under any circumstances, and truly hazardous from the established excellence of Barry in the heroic Moor. On this occasion, the debutant wrote a prologue himself, which was spoken by Mrs. Hamilton, and in which he told the audience, by the lips of his fair deputy—

"He copies no man. Of what Shakspeare drew,
His humble sense, he offers to your view."

That he was favourably received may be collected from the fact, that he repeated the performance on the two following nights, and throughout the season he was entrusted with many other leading parts, including Hamlet for his own benefit. But his success fell far below his expectations; and he appears to have been tolerated rather than admired. Yet he had figure, voice, deportment, a correct conception, and average physical power. Why, then, did he not produce a greater effect? Because he lacked intense passion, without which inward fire, although histrionic mediocrity may be reached, high excellence is impossible. At the end of the season he removed to Drury-lane, under the auspices of Garrick, where, although he still found opportunities, he made no progress commensurate with his desires. He then determined to quit a profession which, in common with hundreds of other ambitious aspirants, he found to be a sealed book, with many double clasps. Universal talent is sparingly, if ever, given to limited humanity: the dictum, therefore, which confines "every man to his calling," is not merely the peevish reproof of jealousy or resentment, in competitors pursuing a common track to profit or fame, but the offspring of profoundest wisdom. While Murphy was an actor at Drury-lane, he ventured his first effort as a dramatic writer, in the farce of *The Apprentice*, which appeared on the 2nd of January, 1756. Every chance of success appears to have been liberally accorded to the new candidate for the honours of authorship, by the management. The best comic actors were thrown into the piece; the prologue, which was very good, and of a deprecatory character, was written by Garrick, and spoken by Murphy himself; the epilogue was brilliantly delivered by Mr. Clive. *The Apprentice* ran for

many nights, and became established on the stock list. Murphy was apprehensive that when Woodward (who was the original representative of the stage-struck hero) retired, *Dick* would retire with him; but long after, King, Bannister, and Lewis, achieved great reputation in the part. The farce is likely to be revived at any time when an eccentric light comedian desires a convenient vehicle for imitations. It is full of humour, and when assisted by first-rate talent in the leading characters, cannot fail to be infinitely amusing. There is more of moral in this trifle than usually belongs to ephemera of a similar class. The object was to expose the absurd practice (which has by no means become obsolete) so prevalent at that time amongst apprentices, and other ignorant young people, who, with little talent and less education, assembled themselves in meetings composed of noise and nonsense, under the title of "Spouting Clubs." There, without the gait of Christians, pagans, or men, they strutted and bellowed, committing the most horrible murders on common sense and the works of poor departed authors; who, if they could have risen again, would have found it difficult to lay claim to the offspring of their own brains, defaced and maimed by those pitiful retailers of remnants of remnants. The vice has crept into higher circles with the march of civilisation, and much gratuitous homicide is still perennially perpetrated under the title of "private theatricals," to the perversion of many weak heads, and the serious detriment of the legitimate profession. Some fond casuists have attempted to argue that a taste for amateur acting encourages a general inclination for the stage, and fosters dramatic art. A volume might be written to prove the contrary, but the labour is not requisite. Her Majesty's "Windsor Theatricals" are conclusive as to the converse of the assumed proposition. There, indeed, the most essential benefits are united with the highest intellectual recreation. The best and most unexceptionable plays are selected, the most perfect combination of professional talent which the leading theatres can produce is brought together to give effect even to the subordinate characters, and the most refined and select audience in the world are assembled to witness the exhibition. There

was deep forethought, beneficence, liberality, true taste, and royal wisdom in the original idea; and every sincere advocate for the advancement of our national drama cannot fail to be convinced that the cause he would uphold received a permanent increase of strength, when that happy thought realised itself into an established fact.

A few months after the success of *The Apprentice*, Murphy produced for his benefit a second farce, called *The Englishman from Paris*, which was only acted on that one night, and never printed. Cook, in his "Memoirs of Foote," gives this account of the piece: "Murphy had contracted a close intimacy with Foote, and finding *The Englishman in Paris* succeed so well, he wrote a sequel to it. This he had the frankness to communicate to Foote in the summer of 1755, with a development of his whole plan, plot, characters, &c. — which the other so much approved of, that he secretly intended to make it his own; and, accordingly, setting to work upon Murphy's materials, finished a farce of two acts on the same outline, so rapidly that he brought it out at Covent Garden, early in February, 1756. The surprise and chagrin which Murphy must have felt may very well be imagined — yet what could he do? Foote was a man to be only laughed at, or with, through life: it was his privilege, and somewhat in the old character of *court fool*. Individuals of more consequence than Murphy found no degradation in submitting to it. He, therefore, followed the wise course in taking no other notice of the unfair transaction, than by aiming the following stroke at Foote, when he brought out his own original *Englishman from Paris* a few months afterwards. On some doubts being made as to the identity of Sir Charles Buck from Paris, Sir Charles replies — 'O yes! I grant you there has been an *impostor* about town, who, with much easy familiarity and assurance, has stolen my writings, &c., and not only thus treacherously robbed me, but has impudently dared to assume my very name even to my face; but I am the true Sir Charles Buck, I can assure you.'"

This, as might be expected, was followed by a burst of applause, and there ended the author's reward for his labour, and his redress for the larceny. Foote had forestalled him; his ver-

sion had met with a very successful run at Covent Garden. Murphy lost his profit with his novelty, and the public cared not a straw who suffered, or on whose side lay the justice of the case, so long as they were amused, and received the value of their money.

Soon after the failure of his second farce, Murphy printed anonymously a satirical piece in two acts called *The Spouter, or The Triple Revenge*. This *jeu d'esprit* was never acted, or intended for representation, and being entirely a personal satire, he suppressed it in the corrected edition of his works, published under his own supervision, in 1786. The three persons on whom the author revenges himself for real or imaginary injuries are, Dr. John Hill, Theophilus Cibber, and Foote. They are called Slender, Squint-eyed Pistol, and Dapperwit. The dialogue is smart throughout, and the farce, although exclusively local, may still be read with amusement. The editor of "*The Biographia Dramatica*," in speaking of *The Spouter*, says, "Garrick, Rich, Foote, and Young Cibber, are all the objects of its merriment, which is unmixed with offensive severity; as will be supposed from the circumstance of these leaders having been privy to the publication." The worthy editor has evidently not read the production on which he delivers his opinion — a practice more common than praiseworthy. That Garrick was a party aware of the publication is likely enough, for he is throughout treated with respect. That Rich, Foote, and Theophilus Cibber were not, will be palpable to any one who looks over the pages. Cibber and Foote must have been highly offended, particularly the former. Murphy is very jocular on the loss of Pistol's nose, and the cause of that disfigurement. The stress which Pistol and Dapperwit are made to lay on virtue and integrity, was another palpable attack on Cibber and Foote, who were notoriously weak in both those estimable qualities.

At the close of the season of 1765-6, Murphy renounced all attempts to obtain distinction as an actor, and determined thenceforth to live by his pen, which he was ready to exercise in any walk that offered, either dramatic, historical, or political, according to circumstances. In November, 1756, he commenced a political paper on the unpopular side, called "*The Test*," which was speedily answered by Owen Ruffhead, in a counterblast, under the title of "*The Contest*." In both there was the usual full amount of acrimonious invective, with a very economical sprinkling of wit and argument. In 1758, Murphy produced the farce of *The Upholsterer*, for Mossop's benefit, at Drury-lane. The piece was eminently successful. How could it be otherwise, when the characters were supported by Garrick, Woodward, Yates, Palmer,* Taswell, Blakes, Vernon, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Yates? Well might the author say in his preface, a farce so completely acted was never seen before nor since. This little piece has great merit in itself, and deals with absurdities which have taken root through many generations. Some of the characters and a portion of the plot are evidently suggested by the "*Coffee House Politician*" of Fielding; but Murphy has much improved what he has borrowed, while his original additions are admirable, and not likely to die out and become obsolete with the manners and peculiarities of a particular era. Your insane *quidnuncs*, who neglect all private affairs in a rabid avidity for public news of any kind, are still to be found in ample numbers; your meddling, self-important, bedlamite barber, as full of reports as rumour, with his many tongues, is yet to be met with in every street; and your hireling political scribblers, with a pliant conscience and a plastic pen, continue to increase with the fecundity of rabbits in an undisturbed warren. The character of Termagant, acted by Mrs. Clive, appears to be built on Mrs. Slip-

* This Palmer must not be confounded with his more celebrated namesake and successor, who died on the stage, while acting *The Stranger* at Liverpool, in 1798. The first John Palmer here named, married Mrs. Pritchard's daughter, and died on the 23rd of May, 1768, aged forty. His person and manners were agreeable and genteel, and a natural air of coxcombry pervaded all his stage assumptions. He was the original performer of *My Lord Duke*, in *High Life Below Stairs*. Churchill says of him—

"Embo'd, the Ladies must have something smart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the jaunty part."

slop in "Joseph Andrews," and very possibly may have furnished hints to Sheridan in his enlarged edition of Mrs. Malaprop.

From the period at which Murphy commenced dramatic writer, his fortune improved, as his reputation advanced. Applying the maxims of prudence, drawn from past experience, in the management of his pecuniary affairs, he soon discharged his debts, and found himself in the possession of a sum nearly amounting to seven hundred pounds. Thus fortunate in his progress, it seems strange that he should contemplate a partial desertion from the service of the muses, to enlist in the dry and even more precarious profession of the law. Such, however, was at this time his determination, in accordance with which he applied for admission, first, to the honourable society of the Middle Temple, and afterwards to Gray's Inn. With prudence, little characteristic of his country, he thought it desirable to have two strings to his bow. But he sustained the mortification of being refused by both the above-named respectable communities, on the illiberal ground of his having acted on the stage. Perhaps he owed to this prevailing and narrow-minded prejudice his introduction to the notice and patronage of the eminent Lord Mansfield, through whose interest he was subsequently received as a member of Lincoln's Inn. After eating his terms according to prescribed rule, in due time he was called to the bar; and in the application of his abilities as a lawyer, and from the integrity of his practice, he gradually won the esteem and respect of his competitors, and the approbation of all honest men.

In 1759, Murphy essayed a higher dramatic flight than he had hitherto ventured, and produced a tragedy at Drury-lane, entitled *The Orphan of China*, founded on, but materially differing from, Voltaire's play of the same name. The principal characters were sustained by Garrick, Mossop, Holland, and Mrs. Yates. The representation of this play gave that lady the first good opportunity of displaying

her powers, and confirmed her reputation as one of the best tragic actresses in the matronly line who had, up to that period, trod the English stage. The tragedy ran for nine nights, and was occasionally repeated during subsequent seasons. Murphy made some alterations, with which it was revived at Covent Garden in 1777, but with success very inferior to that which attended its first appearance. Holman produced it for his benefit in Dublin, in 1816. Just criticism cannot rank this tragedy above mediocrity. The fourth act is the best, and this is the legitimate point where a tragedy should rise; but what follows is a most bathological and forced anticlimax. The subject is ill-chosen. We cannot readily sympathize with the sorrows of Chinese and Tartars. The distress of Zamti the Mandarin, and Mandane his wife, is intended as an appeal to the heart; but it frees into prosy declamation, without touching the chord of true passion. The language, in blank verse, is occasionally animated and natural, but too frequently stiff, laboured, and artificial.*

In the following year, 1760, Murphy's prolific muse produced two new pieces on the same night—a dramatic pastoral and a comedy in three acts—*The Desert Island*, and *The Way to Keep Him*. They were acted together for about twelve nights. In the next season the comedy was enlarged to five acts, and greatly improved by the additions of Sir Bashful and Lady Constant. It has kept the stage ever since, and is entitled to rank amongst the very best of its class. The characters and incidents are as applicable to polite life in the present day, as they were to the manners of one hundred years ago. They are drawn from nature, and not from the peculiarities or affectations of any prevailing or ephemeral fashion. We have seen this fine play admirably acted within the last ten or fifteen years; although, certainly, not by such a galaxy of talent as was exhibited on its original production, in the names of Garrick, Yates, Palmer, King, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Clive.

* The writer of this article has in his possession a dramatic poem called *Socrates*, by Amyas Bushe, A.M. and F.R.S., and printed in Dublin in 4to, in 1758. The play is dedicated to Lord Lyttelton, and has considerable merit. It is a sort of translation of one of Plato's Dialogues into blank verse. It was never acted; and although we may reasonably suppose that Amyas Bushe was an Irishman, we have nothing beyond conjectural evidence to offer for the fact.

In 1761, Murphy produced three admirable dramas—the comedy of *All in the Wrong*, and the farces of *The Old Maid*, and *The Citizen*. The first and last are still on the list of acting pieces. Our author's activity seems to have been prodigious, for during this period, and for several years after, he was diligently studying the law, but continued to find time to publish a weekly paper called *The Auditor*, in opposition to the famous *North Briton* of John Wilkes, and also edited an edition of Henry Fielding's works, with a life of the author.

Murphy now rested three years from his dramatic labours, and, in 1764, received his first decided check, in the failure of two new pieces on the same night, and on new ground, at Covent Garden. These were the comedies of *No One's Enemy but his Own*, and *What We must All come to*. The first is founded on a drama, in one act, by Voltaire, called *L'Indiscret*, and although it contains much spirited dialogue, properly discriminated and well supported, yet the character of Careless, whom the author intends for the person who is *no one's enemy but his own*, being that of a worthless wretch, without honour or probity, the piece was utterly rejected by the public.

Victorsays that party feeling interfered to condemn these two pieces, very undeservedly. *What We must All come to* seems scarcely to have obtained a hearing, and was published as *intended* to be acted. Public caprice has seldom been more strikingly exhibited than in the fortune of this little drama. Twelve years after its utter condemnation, it was revived by Lewis for his benefit, on the 30th of March, 1776, at the same theatre, with no alteration but the name, which was changed to *Three Weeks after Marriage*. On this occasion it was most successful, and continues still to be acted with undiminished applause. In 1765, Murphy presented a comedy in two acts, called *The Choice*, to his friends Mr. and Mrs. Yates, for their benefit, but it does not seem to have been repeated on any other occasion, and was not printed until 1786. The tide of ill-success having set in against him, seemed inclined to continue without change. In the beginning of 1767, he met with another decided failure at Covent Garden, in his comedy of *The School for Guardians*.

This play is taken from three of Moliere's—viz., *L'Ecole des Femmes*, *L'Etourdi*, and *L'Ecole des Maris*. The materials are not badly put together, and the play deserved a better fate than it met with. It lingered miserably for six nights, and was then laid aside altogether. In 1777, an attempt was made to revive this comedy under the disguise of an opera, and with the title of *Love finds the Way*; but the result was little better than a repetition of the original sentence.

In 1768, Murphy, finding the soil of Covent Garden unpropitious to his genius, and having healed his temporary breach with Garrick, returned to his original ground of Drury-lane, and produced the tragedy of *Zenobia*, partly founded on a preceding play by Crebillon, and on a story related in the annals of Tacitus. The author states these circumstances in his prologue, in which he says—

"He brings a tale from a far distant age,
Knobbed by the grave historic page.
Zenobia's woes have touched each polish'd state,
The brightest eyes of France have mourned her fate;
Harmonious Italy her tribute paid,
And sang a dirge to her lamented shade."

This play succeeded well, through the great exertions of Barry as Rhadamistus, and Mrs. Dancer (afterwards Mrs. Barry) as Zenobia. It was revived at Covent Garden, in 1776 and 1786, and at Bath in 1815, for Betty, who had then ceased to be the Young Roscius and a miracle. *Zenobia* added little to the literary reputation of the author. It may be placed in the rank of respectable mediocrity, with such plays as *The Siege of Damascus* of Hughes, and the *Merops* and *Zura* of Aaron Hill, which is not saying much. These, and many others of a similar calibre, had their "tithe of talk" in their day, and now sleep in undisturbed oblivion. Our great-grandfathers were easily pleased in the matter of dramatic novelties.

In 1772, Murphy reached his acme as a tragic writer, in the celebrated play of *The Grecian Daughter*, which was then, and has ever since been received with the most distinguished applause. Mrs. Dancer (at that time become Mrs. Barry) was the original representative of the heroine, and great marvels are related of the tears she caused, and the effects she produced. The tragedy is founded on a passage in "Valerius Maximus."

lib. v. c. 4, *De pietate in parentes*. Belloy had previously handled the subject in his *Zelmire*; but his play only begins where the daughter has already delivered her father from prison. Nothing beyond this idea is taken from the French writer. Murphy is said to have adopted the story from a picture which he noticed as he was waiting in the room of a celebrated artist. In this design, the sentinel, as he witnesses the interesting scene of the daughter suckling her aged parent, is represented as bursting into tears. The play on its production had a run of twelve successive nights, which was then interrupted by the illness of Barry, who sustained Evander. *The Grecian Daughter* is of a higher order than either *Zenobia* or *The Orphan of China*; and in spite of its somewhat laboured declamation, would probably succeed now, if presented for the first time, from the touching interest of the story, and the scope afforded to an actress of great power and pathos, in the character of Euphrasia. The senile feebleness of Evander is certainly a drawback. There is nothing agreeable in a too faithful representation of the imbecility of old age. It may mark the skill of the actor, but youth, fervor, and personal activity are required to excite and sustain the interest of a mixed audience. Murphy has made some historical mistakes, which are quite unpardonable in so sound a scholar. In the fifth speech, he confounds the elder Dionysius with the younger; and making Evander King of Sicily is as unnecessary as it is ridiculous. In 1782, being Mrs. Siddons's first season in London as a great actress, she selected Euphrasia, in *The Grecian Daughter*, for her second character, and stamped the play with new reputation, while she added much to her own rising fame. On the 29th of May, 1815, Miss O'Neill revived *The Grecian Daughter* for her benefit at Covent Garden, with Young and Conway as Evander and Dionysius. She repeated the character several times, but it was never considered one of her happiest impersonations. In February, 1830, *The Grecian Daughter* was again revived for Miss F. Kemble. The writer is old enough to have seen all these great actresses, including Mrs. Bartley, then Miss Smith, in Euphrasia, but none of them approached Mrs. Siddons, who was

inexpressibly fine in the scene with Dionysius in the fourth act, in her silent expression when Philotas tells the tyrant that Evander is dead—when Dionysius is going to kill her, and Evander rushes forward—and when, in an agony of despair, she stabs Dionysius. Such acting must have been witnessed to be felt or described.

In 1773, Murphy produced a fourth tragedy called *Alzuma* (far inferior to its predecessor), which was received coldly for nine nights, and then retired to the shelf for ever. In this clumsily-constructed drama the author endeavoured to unite the chief incidents of the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Euripides, and the *Alzire* and *Semiramis* of Voltaire. At the opening of Covent Garden, in 1776, our prolific author tried his hand at a satirico-humorous prelude, entitled, *News from Parnassus*, which was only acted four times, being exclusively a light *pièce de circonstance*. This trifle was not printed until 1786, when Murphy published a complete edition of his works. It contains many sensible and judicious observations. The following extract may be quoted as a specimen:—"Shakspeare wrote naturally; his language in all his most beautiful passages is the language of this hour. Why should you write as if you were born two hundred years ago? *The antique cast is a mere trick in composition*. Imitate nature, be simple without meanness, adorned without ostentation, touch the heart, and you will find yourself in the sure road to success." The conclusion contains sound canons, which may be as aptly applied to-day as in the middle of the last century: "Let audiences support the decorum of the theatre; let managers procure novelty by a due encouragement of genius. If new plays of value cannot be had, let them revive the old, but be sparing of alterations. They may lop excrescences, and remove indecency; but the form in which the fathers of the drama left their works, shows their own frame of thought, and ought to be respected. In a word, let managers consider themselves as the head of a great warehouse—procure the best assortment of goods, get proper hands to display them—open their doors—be civil to their customers, and Apollo foretels that the generosity of the public will reward their endeavours."

Murphy was now approaching his

fiftieth year, but none of the springs of his copious well of imagination appear to have been dried up. His dramatic *chef d'œuvre*, the comedy of *Know your own Mind*, appeared at Covent Garden in February, 1777; it was written nine years before, and the postponement, arising from many incidental obstructions, proved unfortunate; for *The School for Scandal*, which came out at Drury-lane a little more than two months later, by superior brilliancy, and better acting throughout, somewhat checked, and threw into the shade this, the best and latest effort of the veteran writer. There is a striking similarity in some of the characters as well as in the dialogue and construction of the two pieces, but a close comparison must give the palm to Sheridan. Yet *Know your own Mind* may fairly take ground amongst the best comedies in the English language, and keeps the stage still with undiminished éclat. As in the preceding instances of *The Way to keep Him*, and *All in the Wrong*, the *dramatis personæ* will suit any age or manners, and are culled from the wide volume of human nature. The play is founded on *L'Irresolu* of Destouches, but is by no means a translation or a servile copy. Millamour is infinitely more amusing and whimsical than his French prototype. An original vein of genuine English humour pervades the whole dialogue. The characters not to be found in the play of Destouches, particularly those of Miss Neville and Dashwold, are happily introduced and faithfully delineated. The latter was universally allowed to be intended for Samuel Foote, the pitiless humourist who spared no one, and was ever ready to sacrifice his friend to his joke, even though the former should happen not to be the worst of the two. The sentimental, measured slander of Malvil is admirably contrasted with the reckless, unbridled pleasantry of Dashwold. Where the latter says, speaking of the little German baron, "I saw him five times, in one winter, upon the fire at Bath for cheating at cards," he alludes to a well-known gambler of the day, the *soi-disant* Baron Newmann, whom an unlucky accident that happened at piquet

raised into most unenviable notoriety. A gentleman with whom he was playing, suspecting that the baron had concealed a card under his hand, which appeared as if carelessly extended, seized a fork that happened to be near, and thrusting it at once through the suspected member, pinned it down to the table, and then coolly observed, "Monsieur Le Baron, if you have not the ace of spades under your hand, I beg your pardon." On releasing the hand, the identical card was there discovered. After this awkward incident, the worthy baron usually concealed his injury under a muff.

On the 18th of March, 1793, many years after Murphy had ceased to write for the stage, Mrs. Siddons brought forward for her benefit a tragedy, written by him ten years before, and published with his works in 1796, entitled, *The Rival Sisters*. It would have been better for the reputation of the writer if she had let it alone, although the talents of John Kemble and John Palmer, as well as her own, were called into requisition. The play is classically constructed, according to the unities, on the well-known story of "Theseus and Ariadne," but all is cold throughout, and as Dr. Johnson said of the laboured compositions which succeeded the age of Charles II., through these five morbid acts, "declamation roars, while passion slumbers." The construction of the drama is intrinsically bad, and very glaring contradictions are introduced. Pirithous, who is described by Ovid as *Deorum spreto mentisque ferox*, is transformed into a sententious moralist, and the desert Island of Naxos is elevated into a civilised resort of considerable importance.

For many years before his death, Murphy, by his eminence in the legal profession, had obtained the post of Commissioner of Bankrupts, which occupied his time, and estranged him from the paths of light literature;* but in 1798, when he was verging towards his seventieth year, the growing principles of the French Revolution induced him once more to embody his opinions and feelings in a dramatic form. Accordingly he published his tragedy of *Arminius*, with a pre-

* He also enjoyed a sinecure of three hundred pounds per annum, which was bestowed on him by Mr. Addington, while Chancellor of the Exchequer.

face, in opposition to the new philosophy which professed to enlighten all the world, and containing many glowing passages in praise of the British constitution. This composition was not intended for the stage, and must be classed as a political dissertation on the argument as to which party was the aggressor in the war between Great Britain and France.

Arthur Murphy died on the 18th of June, 1805, at Knightsbridge, in his seventy-fifth year, having long enjoyed the title of the Nestor of literature. When we consider how much he wrote on many varied subjects, and with talent which seldom sank into flat mediocrity, while it often soared into high excellence, we must admit that he is entitled to hold a distinguished position. In a list of twenty-one dramatic pieces here enumerated, we may select one tragedy, three comedies, and three farces, of the first class, and still retained on the acting list. We also find by the same author an elegant translation of "Sallust," and the best that has appeared of "Tacitus;"* a clear and concise "Essay on the Life and Writings of Dr. Johnson;" some well written periodicals; more than one good Latin translation of English poems; and many political articles penned with vigour and constitutional loyalty. We wish we could forget his "Memoirs of David Garrick," which only serve to show to what flimsy carelessness a man of genius could sometimes descend in his hours of unexcited leisure. We take leave of Arthur Murphy, repeating our conviction expressed at the commencement of this sketch, that literary judgment has withheld from him the full amount of praise to which he is justly entitled.

We turn now to a playwright of a very different class; one whose fastidious taste had well-nigh banished humour from the realms of comedy; who strove to convert the smiles and gambols of Thalia into the sighs and tears of Melpomene, and who, for a time, rendered it high treason against decorum for author or audience to indulge in a joke, a repartee, or an epigram. With him, all dramatic essence is con-

centrated in tedious, elegant sentimentalism, and the quintessence of dull, fashionable refinement.

HUGH KELLY was born on the banks of the Lake of Killarney, in 1739. His father, a gentleman of good family, finding himself reduced in fortune by a series of unforeseen losses, was obliged to remove to Dublin, that he might endeavour to support himself and family by personal industry. A tolerable school education was all he could afford to his son, who was bound apprentice to a stay-maker, and served the whole of his time with diligence and fidelity. When his indentures were out, he passed over to London, with the view of procuring a livelihood by his business. This occurred in 1760, while he was yet a youth under one-and-twenty, and he encountered all the difficulties that a person poor and without friends might expect to be exposed to in the huge metropolis. By good fortune, however, he obtained admittance into the society of a party of respectable tradesmen, who met periodically at a public-house in Russell-street, Covent Garden. Through this medium he became acquainted with an attorney, who, liking his conversation, invited him to his house, and gave him employment as a copyist and transcriber. In this humble vocation he earned about three guineas a-week; an affluent income, if judged comparatively. But he soon grew tired of this drudgery, and about the year 1762, embarked in the precarious trade of authorship. Gradually he became entrusted with the management of some second and third-class periodicals, to which he contributed many original essays and specimens of fugitive poetry, which extended his reputation, and enabled him to support a wife and a young family, for whose welfare he ever evinced a most laudable anxiety. For several years he continued to exercise his pen on desultory subjects of politics and incidental questions, composing a legion of pamphlets, which are now buried in oblivion.

In 1767, the success of Churchill's "Rosciad," tempted him to try a

* There is, however, something disingenuous in the mode in which he has served up the dissertations and notes. They are taken without acknowledgment from *La Blatterie*, who is also the author of the supplement. But peace be to the ashes of the venerable pirate. He well knew that the booksellers were not to be trusted with the secret, and calculated that the public might fail to discover it.

similar vein of satire, and led to the publication of some theatrical strictures in verse, entitled "Thespis," which gave great offence to many of the leading performers of either house. Garrick, who, if he was spared or lauded himself, had no objection to see his brethren mercilessly lashed, was attracted by the keen talent displayed by Kelly in this work, sought his acquaintance, and in the following year produced his first comedy of *False Delicacy*, at Drury-lane. The success of this attempt at a new school was as remarkable as decisive, and during the first season the play was repeated nearly twenty times. Everybody felt that it was dull, but all agreed that it was delightfully sentimental, and scrupulously genteel. There were no John Moodys, Scrubs, Jacob Gawkys, or Tony Lumpkins, to disfigure the stately elegance of the scene, by vulgar, boisterous mirth, gross solecisms, or uncouth manners. It was the *comédie larmoyante* transplanted from Paris, with added polish and propriety. Fashion approved of the tone, and for a time established its "sovereign sway and masterdom." We may thank our stars that the degeneracy of modern taste has utterly repudiated this rapid sentimentality. At the same time let it be fully admitted that none but an accomplished and elegant mind could have conceived and written the comedy (so called) of *False Delicacy*.

The author, from this, his first theatrical essay, derived fame, profit, and notice. Society, beyond his actual position, relaxed her frozen etiquette, and received him within the exclusive pale. Encouraged by his opening success, within two years he produced another comedy at Drury-lane, in a similar strain, under the title of *A Word to the Wise*. But this time he encountered a bitter and unexpected opposition. Kelly had rendered himself unpopular from a prevalent belief that he was employed by government to defend measures generally disapproved; and there seems to have been a good foundation for the assumed fact. The partisans of John Wilkes mustered in force, and determined to damn the play, without a hearing, and in utter disregard of its merits or defects. When the curtain drew up the contest began, and in a few minutes all was confusion, between the loud

hissings of Kelly's enemies, and the plaudits of his numerous friends. The performers, as generally happens in a "row," lost their heads when they wanted them most, forgot their parts, and endeavoured to huddle through their allotted tasks in any manner they could. At last the curtain fell on the fifth act, and the play (which was thus exhibited on Saturday) was given out for the following Monday. Then the expiring Babel burst up again with tenfold vehemence, and serious consequences appeared to impend. Kelly proposed to withdraw his piece, and *Cymbeline* was announced instead. This increased the fury of the storm, and, at the conclusion of the farce, two hundred gentlemen in the pit called for the manager, and threatened the demolition of the house, if *A Word to the Wise* was not performed as at first announced. Garrick was out of town, and his partner Lacy, not liking to appear in person, sent on a deputy in the shape of Hopkins, the prompter, to assure the company that their wishes should be complied with. The belligerents then separated, and peace was restored for the evening. As it was easy to foresee a renewal of the riot on Monday, Kelly, in the interval, called on Garrick to consult with him what was best to be done. It was agreed that the author should request his friends to give up the point. This he did, but his friends replied that the cause was no longer his, but that of the public, and if party disputes were once introduced into the theatre, our most rational amusements would quickly be at an end. They were determined not to suffer the town to be contracted in its pleasures from private pique or personal resentment; all they contended for was a fair hearing for the piece, and that they insisted it should have.

On Monday the opposing parties assembled in full force on either side. The battle began as soon as King attempted to speak the prologue. After some time, Garrick advanced with a request from Kelly that the play might be withdrawn. This Kelly's friends would not consent to; and after three hours of confusion, during which one party kept shouting for *Cymbeline*, and the other as loudly countermanding the change, Kelly himself obtained a hearing, and made a very sensible and well-timed address to the house. At

last it was determined that *False Delicacy* should be acted the next night for his benefit. On this the combatants retired, and as there had been no performance, the money was returned. On the Tuesday *False Delicacy* was represented with much opposition. Even the female performers were insulted, and Mrs. Baddeley narrowly escaped a severe injury from a missile. When the farce began, the skirmish ended, and at the conclusion all departed peaceably. These particulars are principally derived from *The Gentleman's Magazine* of that year and month, which contains a full account of this remarkable fracas. The comedy of *A Word to the Wise*, notwithstanding its expulsion from the metropolitan boards, was well received at Bath, York, Hull, and other of the leading provincial theatres. The author was substantially consoled for his disappointment, by a very large subscription to the publication, at a crown for each copy. After his early death in 1777, the play was revived at Covent Garden for the benefit of his family, who were left in great indigence. Dr. Johnson wrote a prologue, which was spoken by Hull, and received with most enthusiastic applause, produced both by the merit of the composition and the cause which called it forth. It contains these forcible and touching lines :—

"This night presents a play which public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage.
From malice or malice now no more we dread,
For English vengeance wars not with the dead."

Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise :
If want of skill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot bear."

This prologue was partly the occasion of the great lexicographer's being hustled out of church at Streatham during the middle of the service, by the arrival of two special messengers, one from the friends of poor Kelly, the other from those of the unhappy Dr. Dodd, then under sentence in Newgate, entreating the aid of his powerful pen in a petition. On being remonstrated with half-jocularly, as to the noise and confusion produced by his hurried and burly exit, his answer was, "Why, sir, when they come to me with a condemned parson on one

hand, and a dead staymaker on the other, what can a man do?"

In 1771, Kelly essayed his strength in the majestic walk of tragedy, and produced *Clementina* at Covent Garden. The play is original, and the plot tolerably ingenious, but the language, intended for poetry, is heavy, prosaic, and creeps where it ought to ascend. There are no elements of success in this dull concoction. The admirable performance of Mrs. Yates alone could have counteracted for nine nights its natural tendency towards condemnation. The author's political unpopularity having, as we have seen, rendered him obnoxious to party, his play was brought forward without his name; and notwithstanding its comparative failure, Colman, the manager, contrived to obtain for him from an innocent bookseller £200 for the copy-right. A gentleman being asked, after one of the representations of this play, if he did not hiss it, replied, "How could I? A man can't hiss and yawn at the same time."

On the 11th of December, 1773, Kelly produced at Drury-lane his third and best comedy, *The School for Wives*, which met with great success, was repeated more than twenty times during the first season, and has been constantly revived, with continued attraction, so late as April, 1813. He was afraid to acknowledge it at the time, and it was published and announced as the work of a Mr. Addington. The preface asserts that the incidents of the play are entirely unborrowed from any other writer. It has unquestionable merit, and is not so thoroughly sentimental as its predecessors. There is here and there a reasonable sprinkling of humour, and an enlivening allowance of fashionable depravity. Polished vice, however objectionable, is generally active and entertaining.

In the following year, Kelly brought out a comedy in two acts at Covent Garden, entitled *The Romance of an Hour*, taken avowedly from one of Marmontel's tales,—*"L'Amitié a l'Epreuve."* It succeeded tolerably, and the author's unpopularity having subsided, he now ventured once more to announce his name. He also still further modified his habitual style, and intro-

* The anecdote is of an older date, and has been told of Voltaire when witnessing the heavy production of a brother dramatist.

duced some comic characters, which proved more effective than the serious ones. On the 9th of February his last theatrical effort was placed before the public eye at the same theatre, being a comedy under the title of *The Man of Reason*. It was acted only once, and not printed. The author of Kelly's Life says, "It must be acknowledged that it was inferior to his other works, and was supposed to have suffered greatly by the misconception of the actor (Mr. Woodward), who performed the principal character." Kelly has been said to have been the translator of a French farce called *L'Amour à la Mode*, which was printed as early as 1760, but this rests on very slender foundation. On summing up his pretensions as a dramatic writer, we perhaps strain a point in his favour, when we place him in the middle rank of the second class.

As Kelly advanced in life, as his family increased, and he felt his reputation augmenting, he began naturally to turn his thoughts to some mode of supporting those who were entirely dependant on the success of his exertions, less precarious than theatrical or political writing, from which no certain or even average income could be reasonably or safely calculated on. With this object he entered himself a member of the Middle Temple. After the usual routine had been gone through, and all the regular steps surmounted, he was called to the bar in the year 1774, and his rapid proficiency in the study of the law afforded very promising hopes that he might make a distinguished figure in that profession. His sedentary course of life had, however, by this time injured his constitution, and seriously undermined his health. Early in the year 1777, an abscess formed in his side, which, after a few days' illness, put a period to his life, on the 3rd of February, at his residence in Gough-square, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. Amongst Kelly's literary productions must be enumerated a novel called, "Louisa Mildmay; or, the Adventures of a Magdalen," containing some objectionable and indecent passages, but not deficient in interest and character; and a collection of essays of moderate merit, under the title of the "Babbler."

We find the following description of the man himself prefixed to the quarto edition of his works, published in 1778,

for the benefit of his family. The writer says:—

"His stature was below the middle size. His complexion was fair, and his figure rather inclined to corpulency; but he was remarkably cheerful, and a most pleasing and facetious companion. Though very fond of talking, where he found his conversation agreeably received, he was so well-bred as always to listen to others with the most becoming attention. As a husband and a father, his conduct was most exemplary; nor can we give a more lively proof of his domestic happiness than in a copy of verses, written in the year 1762, in which, as well as in other little poems, he celebrates the beauty, accomplishments, and amiable qualities of his wife, under the appellation of 'Mira.'

"Neither were his attention and benevolence confined to his own family, for his hand was ever ready to relieve the distresses of the unfortunate; and such was the well-known humanity of his nature, that even whilst he was himself struggling under difficulties, it is almost incredible how many applications were successfully made to him from the poor and needy. He had so large a portion of genuine good-nature, that he was never known to give the least offence, nor could he be, but with extreme difficulty, provoked with the impertinence of others, being always disposed to treat everybody with the utmost candour and liberality.

"As a writer, his genius must be allowed to have been uncommon, when it is considered under what pressures of fortune most of his performances were written, and with what rapidity they were ushered into the world; some of which, could he have afforded leisure to polish them, would have justly ranked amongst the best productions of this age, so fertile in works of taste and erudition."

This warm eulogium is evidently from the hand of a partial friend, and must be taken with reasonable qualification, but we are not sorry at the opportunity of closing our brief notice of an amiable man and an accomplished writer, with a concurring testimony from a not very accessible source, and which marks the genuine Hibernian stamp by which his character was distinguished. His works seldom fall in the way of the modern reader, and his comedies are little likely to be revived; but neglect does not of necessity imply worthlessness, and there is no just reason why the individual should be totally forgotten because his fleeting day of popularity has passed away like a shadow.

J. W. C.

THE VENETIAN BLIND—A PICTURE.

(AFTER THE MANNER OF RODOLPH TÖPFFER).

If I had not bought that telescope!—or if I had kept my gaze upon the lights of heaven only, I should not now be seated disconsolate—can anything be pictured more disconsolate than it?—an old bachelor returned from a wedding.

And yet I would not have been absent from it. It *was* a wedding—hearts and hands joined; not two only, but many joined in love. Oh! rose-coloured love! tinting all things; how the world's bronzed cheek blushes when it meets thy presence; and softens, like those hard-lined clouds under the sun-glance, as thou touchest it so timidly, and yet so fearlessly. Oh! child-like love!

Ah! I see it all over again through the Venetian blind—though that, too, has disappeared.

It was on a charming morning—yes, it was a charming morning; I cannot, if I would, dispraise it—that I thought of turning my telescope against my neighbours: not as an instrument of offence—I never in my life offended any one—but simply as an agent of very pardonable curiosity. I leave it to you, Gossip Public; now was it not? I see opposite to me, every day, a respectable house, as like its neighbours as one brick to another; neatly painted sashes (washed once in two months, and painted half-yearly, while the family are on a pleasure-trip), with snowy blinds, to a hem the same from area to attic—when suddenly the blind disappears from the middle window of the second-floor, my *vis-à-vis* exactly, a ladder stands against the shutter, and a workman mounts to put up a green *jalousie* which a lady holds towards him, as tenderly as though her soft white hands *could* harm it. Only imagine one green blind alone amid all those rows of white below, above, and on either side—to say nothing of those fronting it. It will look like a Cyclops' eye, or anything else odd and wonder-striking. But I can speculate on the reason of it afterwards. I must make use of the uncovered sash to

take an observation of the withinside of this green-eyed apartment. It may furnish me with postulates whereby to solve the problem.

It is a middle-sized apartment, rather narrower than long, with a dark oak-pannelled paper, relieved by a cheerful-coloured carpet and snowy muslin draperies in full, soft folds. There is a small arm-chair, and a larger one; an oblong rosewood table, with an easel and portfolio; a carved cabinet, with a stand attached for books, and a little work-table. — Not one of those things with silk stomachs that seem ever ready to disgorge themselves of semi-mended garments; nor yet one with a creaking, ear-distracting drawer, that makes you wish that buttons grew on shirts; but a modest table, opening lid-wise, yielding at a touch all the housewifery you stand in need of, and meantime keeping it entirely out of sight and hearing. It is like fair Sara, that tranquil, steady, graceful little table, with its undulating line—the line of beauty.

I write *SARA*, because as you know, Gossip Public, it was so written in the language of the first woman whom this sweet name characterised as *LADY*.

But I have forgotten to place upon the cabinet a pretty purple-coloured vase for flowers, and filled to-day with a glorious bunch of early violets. And this is all.

Nay, not all. There are the two *Saras* (for the mother, too, is *Sara*) to be seated in their easy chairs, looking now towards the workman, and now at each other; the younger saying—

“My dear, thoughtful mother, what a luxury! But, then, it really cost too much.”

And the elder interposing—

“Not for you, my love. You really needed it. And, then, it lets the light in just as I should dispose it on the canvas where your future is outlined. But why put in my hand, if I could? Will not the great Artist

dispose his lights and shadows to the very best effect round my good and loving child?"

Now the workman has completed his task; and the mother, with a last look, taking and giving thanks at once, as children do kisses, follows to pay him; and the daughter sits alone. Alone? What are those shapes that flit in through the widened seams of the blind, and rest beside her while she labours? A very Apollo, the sun shoots in to dart his golden arrows at the point she aims at, and to promise his presence with a cloudless face upon that day her heart foretells—that day when she will have brought forth fruit worthy of the love, as cloudless, that warms and lights her daily life. "That dear mother, if only it could come before *her* autumn!" She will try bravely. Then Flora trips in over the mignonette-box, but Sara will not turn aside. There must be no trifling now; she will enjoy without looking, "think of ease, and work on," now that she can have air, and light, and odour, and yet defy the eyeglasses over the way that would stare her into a blue-socking. She does not know that. . . . Stay—she stirs; she is called away to see the gentleman in gaiters and cotton gloves, an old friend of the family, no doubt, who has just been let in. I think—yes, certainly I heard the bolt shoot. She has locked the door that she may find undisturbed the P.P.Cs. *her* visitors will leave behind.

I shall call it the Hermitage; it wants too much the *petite-maitresse* air of a *boudoir* to take that name. Sara's Hermitage—if I may call that spot the daughter's wherein the mother passes so much of her time; but it is the daughter's *acknowledgedly*. Before the mother's entrance, I can see the daughter's head lifted from the book, or paper, or the delicate web of finger fanny-work, and slightly inclined towards the door, to second the "come in" to one with whom ceremony enters not to trouble study or repose. It is a little token, but significant! The owner in fee of the apartment has been paid her simple seignorial due, one of those pepper-corn courtesies which maintain household peace in its entirety, without suffering or struggle.

How much of the daily burden of our life do we not throw upon our neighbours, when deprived of a place

proper to itself wherein to bestow it! And is that to be wondered at? Confine a man, within eyesight and ear-shot of his fellows, to a coach or to a coffee-room, suppose—the man becomes a beast: irritated, irritable, ferocious; in a word, *unbearable*—that means all. He wants space, space for himself; that he may turn which way he will; *you* cannot go nigher the wall, and he crushes you against it. Give the creature room. Give way for those instincts; they *will* break forth. Give it a spot of its own, even though a very den, and when you meet it, it is man—the thinking biped, in its gregarious seasons, social, agreeable, humane—a gentleman. Oh! precious space! Oh! blessed illimitableness of heaven! "There are many mansions in my Father's house."

Fathers of little families, be ye provident, ye who are the hands of Providence—"our Father" "of all." Appoint to each young head a resting-place apart. Give each young heart its own retreat—its own.

You think it is too much. Remember the day that you would not have told, you know whom—"told him to his teeth he was a nuisance, if you had but had any place to which you might retreat from his impertinence." He holds a grudge to you for it yet. "You know it; but how could you have helped it? Never before nor since, perhaps, were you in such a humour." Granted; it *was* hard to bear. But, then, you know the day Miss Spinner-clue—well, no more of that. I would not now put you to the blush for either, but to prompt you to remembrance of them when you quit your present dwelling, or enlarge it. Don't be stingy, neighbour. You'll never spend a few score pounds better than in affording your youngsters a spare spot in which they may take refuge when *they* are stung or bored. We are all of us mortal, as yet, and *you know* they are the very "moral" of their parent.

It is very true. I should be sorry, indeed, to make light of your excuses upon that point. To do so would simply be making myself appear a beast (of another species) at an undue time, when I feel myself in a most sociable and yielding humour. It is all true. Did I say, good gossip, that you "*could* build a Tower of Babel, in order that every one of the tongues heard daily in your respected house

might chatter in its own department?" Surely no. Space is scarce and dear. But do your best; and do, also, so that you and others may yet be enabled to do better. Cry out to those who are your reputed fathers, parents of their country, guardians of the national interests, so often orphaned. Cry out, as you would at a tax—"Room!" say "Room!" Have we not turned upon ye, governors, once and again, for lack of room? Give us space — space for being; we do but wallow, walled in as we are. Give way. Plant our cities widely; the earth is wide. Or give us, whilst we are and must be piled one upon the other—give us some spot whither to flee when the house-spirit is upon us. Some space, wide, smooth, and shady, where the unacred multitude may find solitude and calm. Some space where the last bitter taste of the apple fades upon the palate, and is lost in sweet sensations — where man the toiler is, for a little, *re-created* in man the possessor.

It seems to me that while writing those lines I must have forgotten that I am not a senator; more's the pity. If I were — but that has nothing to do with my sweet Sara. "YOUNG SWEET SARA, sir! really your grey hairs ——" Precisely so, gossip, my grey hairs should be the sign outside of some little sense within. Look you now, if this is not the very moral of what I have been saying. But for the necessity of pointing out its application, I should not return (I do not like to do so) on — you drive me to say it — a burst of eloquence. When it has been, I let it be, ordinarily; but this is an occasion. Do I not take pleasure in seeing that charming creature yonder, just as well as if I had been at all the cost and care which have made her what you durst not say she is not — a most refreshing gift of that good Providence that gave me the means and inclination to profit by every glimpse that comes my way of the green and rose-colour of human nature. In this sense she is given to me — is mine. I will make much, the very most, of her. I will keep my telescope at this precise inclination, and my ears open to every word the kind breeze brings me. But — only look at her — you cannot grudge me, any one, a pleasure now. Your heart must open to all human kind, if

you do but look long enough to inspire the influences of her existence. Those gentle plant-like lives that grow before us thus, absorb our evil airs and humours, whilst thriving all the more; and give forth pure breathings, such as now give my heart easier and fuller play. Thou, sweet Sara! — thou art a flower of God's own garden.

I have no objection to a maiden sister. I have one living in the distant, quiet country, imprisoned for life within our native province; bound within the limits impassable of village dullness, by that chain we carry so kindly when we can call it circumstance, and show that it does not press upon our will. It has withheld my good Alicia all her life from mingling in that world which we used to talk of, and made those fine cities finer still to her, standing out so grandly and cleanly from behind the village mill-dam, and the little cross-topped church, with the lime-trees drooping so compassionately over their abominations, and hiding them away: those crime-choked lanes one does not look down — these she never sees. But bright and stately as those sun-sketches pictures are, she fancies that village looks pretty well beside the fairest. For once a-year, lest I languish after it, she transmits me the entire, church, mill, and meadow, and the rest, in a great bottle of cowalip wine. It is a secret she has of making a parish portable; for she cannot think I drink it. It makes my *rus in urbe*. Each bottle comes before its predecessor has had time to become over dusty. My last came but yesterday; and I am fresh from an early morning-ramble through the dew. I have scarce got over the delusive feeling of returning as fresh as when I first came from the spot whence it came. My sister still calls me her "dear boy." You may laugh, gossip. I have had my pastime, and can afford you yours. At my age, philosophy passes no pleasure unplucked, let it hang high or low — so it touch not the mire. I thank my Good-Giver, and therefore, I repeat (I hope I am not quite a Cain), I have no objection to a maiden sister.

But a maiden aunt is decidedly objectionable, and justly, by the *lex talionis*: she objects to everything. Ladies of a certain age are, it must be owned, apt to become uncertain n

their opinions, and even in their tastes. What became a certain style ten or fifteen years ago, does not become it now. The seasons are changed strangely — everybody knows we are drawing near the end of the world. Summer no longer stains so many silks, nor dusts such myriads of muslins, and therefore the dear nieces are mistaken in imagining that they will want so many, &c., &c., &c.

Just now, however, it is but one niece who suffers — if she suffers; for there seems a feeling ever springing, ever flowing, between the mother and this daughter, which bears away, lightly as straws upon a stream, every little intrusiveness that would come between them.

You have heard of, or witnessed, the deaf reading off the movements of the lips. If you doubt how far it may be carried, place yourself at a deaf distance from the speakers, thus, as I am placed; mark them closely — if you imitate the movements of their lips with yours, all the better, you progress more quickly; you will wonder how facily and rapidly you may extend and verify the sources of that information so desired in every street. A word to the wise! You understand, good gossip.

"My dear Sara," says the aunt, "you positively will destroy that girl; and, perhaps — I don't like to prophecy, but that sort of idolatry is — I should be afraid of it: absolutely I should."

"I have not spoiled her yet," replies Sara, with a tranquil smile; "and she is one or two-and-twenty — not quite the age for spoiled children to begin to show ill-natures."

"If it were only that Venetian blind —"

"If it is only that, it surely is not worth talking of."

"But if you knew what everybody says. I hope I love all the children —"

"I am sure you do," interposed Sara, gently.

"Well; and yet I cannot defend you from the charge of partiality towards Sara."

"My dear Henrietta, I never desired that you should. If I only knew what our neighbours say of the very best of us, I should have a head-ache, I dare say, perhaps a heart-ache too; for I know nothing more melancholy

than the idle *business* that persists in setting a neighbour's house in order. 'If I only knew.' Ah! if we, each of us, only knew what the others know, we should have a greater leaning towards partialities than we have."

"Well, there's no use in talking: that I see."

"None in the world, whilst Sara is the subject; and you would persuade me to abate my affection for her, or conceal it. For what reason should I displease a creature that never gives me the shadow of a cause for being displeased? Sara is an angel in gentleness and goodness. It is my highest pleasure to gratify her, even at the cost of some little sacrifice, if I can call it so. Let me ask you, Henrietta, am I wanting in anything to my other children? — in *anything*?"

"Oh! no."

Sara appears satisfied. She says nothing more; but her silence is far more impressive than any wordy prohibition of the younger Sara's name.

The young girl herself enters, and the aunt quits the room, though not abruptly. If, instead of retiring to her own apartment, she would but step over to mine, for a neighbourly call, I should certainly say to her:

"My dear madam, permit me to show you, in a few plain words, how imprudently you are bestowing that goodness with which Providence has gifted you; for, pardon me, you are not quite handsome enough to be an idiot; and I have heard you speak very sensibly to our rich, deaf neighbour, number 17. Allow me, then, to observe to you, that an assumption of the office of stepmother, where the real mother lives, is an anomaly of the very strangest sort, and the position itself a — very odious one. The yoke, madam, lies fair only when imposed directly from behind — straight from the hand of indisputable authority. Put it askew-wise, and — behold the consequence. Look at that noble animal, plucked aside by a passing urchin, how he starts and curvets, and — now we see him submit to the trainer's proper hand."

"But, sir, I listen to your advice, most willingly, believe me: good intentions should be respected in all. Yet I am not a child, nor —"

"Precisely, madam; and *your* right to rule your own actions is undoubted: no one could dream of contesting: the

point with you. You can assert your prerogative of free election. Young, very young people, have a jealousy of their right: they are on the watch to guard, to vindicate, their scarce admitted self-control. Take my advice, then, my dear, fair neighbour, vacate your ill-advised position: take that which nature meant you to occupy, till withdrawn from it by other ties; be a wisest, graver, gentler elder sister — it is the true place of the maiden aunt."

And what would she reply? Ah! I don't know that. I should have had the best of the argument, and — I don't quite like to imagine the response in such a case. But for all that, I should have given her good and sound advice.

While I talk thus with the aunt, the mother and daughter commune together, falling into one of those long, quiet conversations that I daily witness. They chat, now gaily and laughingly, now soberly, and with a certain pleasant piquant gravity; but, through all, far more as sisters than as child and parent, though the relation is never lost sight of in form bodily. It seems as if their two hearts anticipate the reunion in that place where there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage; no parent, but one Father; no child, but all children; and speak in the spirit of that time of bliss — those two sweet Saras.

My next door neighbour — Edwin Landseer the younger, the artist with long hair, and well-opened eyes, who would make, as well as take, a picture — likes living studies; it would seem. I doubt that I acted discreetly in turning those blue orbs of the inner vision towards the house over the way. He has just sent to "beg the loan of my telescope, if I have one, having left his own in the country last vacation. Exceedingly obliged," &c., &c. "If I have one?" Has he seen that I have? But whether he has or not is of no import in the matter of the loan, since Betty must "wonder if there's any sort of a *caryx* her master hasn't — and as to lending it!" Well, like master like maid. I must not dishonour Betty's complaisance.

For what other purpose could this young man, whose telescope remained in the country quietly "since last vacation," want mine for a few

days? But then, why prevent, if I could, his taking the likeness of my dark-haired damsel? She would make a very model artist's wife — gentle, patient, beautiful — and then she, too, paints. There's the secret sympathy. But what am I to do meantime? To vacate my observatory, and know nothing of how matters progress? Not so, indeed. 'Tis but fair that I pay the cost of my curiosity. I'll hire another glass, bring it home snugly under my great coat, and out-see the artist. Stay, if I issue forth great-coated, I shall have the three Misses Finger-fold upon me, "astonished not to have heard I had been indisposed! and how am I?" A dozen lies would not extricate me. And then Betty should — I'll find a way — no matter. "Betty, my compliments to Mr. Landseer; I am very happy to accommodate him, and hope 'twill suit him." He's a ninny if it do not; and he does not look like one.

How could he have known that the Venetian blind was broken? No doubt he is at his window with my telescope. He can see the whole tableau. He could not arrange a better situation:

There sits the elder Sara, in a stately attitude, her face flushed a little, not angered exactly, but excited. The colouring of brighter days is on a flying visit to her cheeks. She points with one hand to the blind, now flapping in the breeze, as it hangs from a single side support; the other is laid upon the younger Sara's easel, on which the sun has hardened up the half-laid colours; and she looks into that sweeter Sara's placid face. The girl stands beside; her eyes fixed on her mother's, and her lips apart — as one who has pleaded her plea, and now anticipates pardon — with that happy, serious smile.

The door opens, and a face, fair, but with an angry, unforgiving, age-ing countenance, laid mask-like over it, is placed parallel with the jamb. This is the offender clearly. Sara turns and meets the eyes of the apparition; but it looks saucily, though somewhat apprehensively, beyond to where the elder Sara sits, and addressing her says:—

"Did you want me, mother?"

"Not now, love," interposes the younger Sara; "I have explained to her how the accident occurred."

The apparition looks relieved, yet

not subdued. It blushes though, as it obeys Sara's kindly signal to withdraw quickly—there is always good behind a young face that blushes. The apparition may weep, perhaps, when it has closed and locked its own little chamber door up stairs, poor child. How good did I not say it was to have a chamber of one's own, where angry feeling may lie down undisturbed, and weep itself to sleep? Ah! I could tell——

Sara speaks—

"You will make me spoil them," she says, patting the fair cheek bent down towards her's.

The younger Sara smiles fearlessly. She thinks no true mother ever spoiled a child. But then she has had no maternally experience.

"Ah! what a responsibility we enter on as mothers! If they were but like you, my child, I should have no fears."

The daughter turns over many leaves of a small book, opened on a tiny reading-desk, and points to two places on the same page.

What is the book? A Bible, from its modern-antique binding. And the page? A list of births, copied from the great book in the breakfast-parlour, that Sara may secure timely remembrance of the fête-days of all those dear ones—days when little gifts seem great to little people—and, above all, of the flowers to be trained over the hands that can no longer clasp them, lest the mother's visit find the grave undecked. For there is one name with two events registered with a short stroke between—two short days, with eternity intervening.

And what did Sara's finger say?

Sara's finger said, "they are so much younger—only look!—and I"—

"Younger still, in many things," replied the mother—"in those things that keep the heart young and preserve it for everlasting youth, my own Sara, my never-failing comforter! My friend, and yet my child."

Both start. Another look. No; it cannot be—and yet—why, yes! Surely it is Sara's birth-day. Both had forgotten it. Every day is *pet-day* to Sara—why should she keep count for an indulgence; but the mother is vexed at herself—"How could she be so stupid." An animated discussion follows. It will end in Sara's making a great plum-pudding, and the young

blind-breaker getting Benjamin's mess. At table, too—custom overrules the law—Sara may invite whomsoever she pleases for this day. Long live custom!

I was right: there goes the tray to the baker's, covered with its neat white cloth. I know that tray; and it never goes elsewhere. The servant has gone into the shop. Ah! me; why was not I born in Arcadia? or put into an eclogue, to cradle my life away amidst the swaying tendrils of a vine? How the actual discomposes the aerial. A steaming, fat breath seems to dim the glass through which I speculate upon my fascinating *vis-a-vis*. The hermitage is empty; the easel untouched: the Saras are at dinner. Well, well; dinner is good for something:—"Spread the table and contention ceases."

Tuesday afternoon. This is what I witnessed:—

The young ladies had come in from a walk and sat chatting in the drawing-room, when the door was opened, just ajar, and Mrs. Walton's voice came through—

"Sara, my dear love, I wish to speak to you."

Sara rose instantly and followed the retreating steps.

"Sara is to be consulted upon something that we are not fit to hear—not old enough yet, I dare say," cried one, drawing herself to the full height of her five-feet-five.

"Sara, my dear love, will give sensible advice, you may be sure," returned another of the malcontents.

"Fie, Frances, mimicking mamma!"

"She did not mimic her this time. Did you notice how mamma's voice trembled? Is anything the matter?"

"How it trembled. Did it tremble?"

Silence, and looks changing from inquiry and recollection to anxiety, answered that all believed it did; at least, that there was something strange about it. Then all sat still awhile, in expectation that something, no one knew what, was going to happen.

At length one suggested, "*Could* Sara have done anything? And mamma find—"

A general shake of dissent ended and answered this question. Entire silence followed, till broken by—hush! not yet. I must tell what came to pass up stairs before that.

Sara followed Mrs. Walton to her

dressing-room, taking off her bonnet as she went, in preparation to execute any housewifely command that might be laid on her. But her mother sat down without speaking, and Sara drew near, and, leaning against a table placed beside the sofa, waited a moment, and then said—

“Well, my dear mother?”

Mrs. Walton pushed in and drew the young girl down beside her, putting one arm round her waist. Then her eyes were cast down, as if in thought of how to enter on something to be said or done.

“Sara,” she said at length, gravely and tenderly, “I am going, for the first time in our mutual lives, *intentionally* to give you pain.”

“For the first time, indeed, if you are,” replied Sara, looking at her confidently, and yet growing slightly pale. Expressions corresponding to every conjecture that passed through her mind flitted over her fair, calm face.

Her mother’s responded in the same manner: “Nothing of all or any one of these; you are far from the truth.”

“Have you had any loss, mother?” Sara asked, after some minutes’ painful silence.

“Not yet,” answered her mother, “but I fear I am going to sustain a sore loss. Suppose I were to lose you, my love?”

“Oh!” cried Sara, “if I can do anything—earn anything, my dear mother, even away from you—”

“My dear child,” interrupted Mrs. Walton, “No, no, it is not that. Had you, tell me, Sara—had you ever any misgiving of my true affection for you?”

Sara looked at her: it was enough.

“Had you ever, at all,” continued Mrs. Walton, slowly and impressively, “the faintest notion of not having legally—remember I only say *legally*—a title to it?”

Sara started to her feet, and put her hands to her forehead. She shook like an aspen-leaf. Mrs. Walton bowed her head upon the table, and burst into a fit of weeping; hysterical sobs were heard where the three saucy fair-locked sisters sat below listening.

Sara had grasped at the truth. Fact after fact whirled through her mind, crowding and meeting as if toppling one upon another, and crushing down her brain with the weight of an agonising certainty: her own years of eldership—her evident and constant

favouritism, so unlike all the rest of that darling mother’s even rule—the tenderness, the delicacy—one might almost say the courtesy in which she had grown up as a something sacred—sanctified by misfortune, perhaps by—. Her hands dropped like lead upon the table; Mrs. Walton caught her in her arms.

“My child! my own dear child!” she cried, “forgive me for leaving the possibility of such a shock before you. I knew nothing of your real birth, I could but guess—I know little more as yet. I thought I acted for the best in keeping off present pain. I did not know this day would ever come. Sara, my child, tell me you pardon me this terrible surprise. I waited till the last moment possible. I have the letter since morning—I took time to think—I could not, in conscience, Sara, keep it from you. Speak to me, my love! *my child!*”

“Oh! mother! mother! mother!” murmured Sara. Her heart was so full of love and sorrow that it seemed to her that it must break in the utterance of more.

Mrs. Walton understood her. She parted the long locks, wet with tears, that fell around her face; she stroked her head with tenderness inexpressible. She pressed her closer to her heart, and the two sat still for many minutes so.

“It is a kind and gentle letter, my love,” said Mrs. Walton, drawing the letter before Sara. Sara pushed it from her quietly, but with an air of repugnance that went to the mother’s very heart.

“It will be all too soon when it must be read, my child,” continued Mrs. Walton; “for we all must do what is unavoidable—what is right.”

Sara took up the paper and read:—

“MADAM, — Having, after a protracted and to me most painful search, discovered and identified, I trust beyond possible mistake, my granddaughter in the young lady whom you have brought up in the position of your eldest child, I am, you cannot be surprised, prompted by maternal feelings to require her transfer to her natural home and legitimate protectors. Instructed, as I have been *minutely*, of the singular care and tenderness with which my grandchild has been brought up by you, madam, and of the strong affection that exists between you, I do

not, believe me, make this request without a full sense of the regret which you must experience at parting with a young creature who does so much credit to your generous kindness, and repays it, so far as a child can repay it, with dutiful regard. But, madam, you have other children—I am alone. I have been so for fifteen years. I long to have my solitude broken by the presence of my only daughter's only child. Mr. Hallett, of Winter-street, No. 32, in your city, will satisfy you on all points as to the validity of my claim to her. To him, when all preliminaries will have been, at your convenience, duly arranged, you will be so good as to entrust her. I hope I need not say that no bar will ever be placed, by my will, to her testifying her sense of what is due to you and to your amiable family. I refrain from communicating with my granddaughter directly: she will understand that it is not through absence of anxiety to claim a share of her regard.

"I am, madam, with the highest esteem, and most gratefully, your obedient servant,

"SARA MARY DIMSDALE."

"And is this to be my name?" asked Sara, with a quivering lip.

"I do not know, my love; I have taken no steps to see or hear from this Mr. Hallett."

"Well," Sara said, after a pause, "it is a kind, gentle letter! She seems to be a good sort of old woman."

"Old woman!" repeated Mrs. Walton, "I should imagine her a stately, beautiful old lady. See what steady, even, gentlewoman-like characters those are!"

Sara shook her head, and the tears dropped fast upon the paper. She could not be beguiled thus of her heart-grief. The elder Sara put her arms round her again, and again they wept together.

Here a visitor, who *would* see me, closed my eyes upon the Saras for a while. I saw no more till tea-time.

Then matters had improved—softened down somewhat. Smiles and tears were strangely mingled, yet not unpleasantly. A subdued second-mourning, so becoming to a widowed face, had settled upon Mrs. Walton. And the hope, once admitted, of being useful somehow to those dear friends,

had gone deeply into Sara's open heart, though it expressed itself only in the resolution "not to make bad worse while they were to be together." The young ladies were as one in eager affection to the lost sister: looking on her now as the guest of so many years, it was who would most effectually gainsay all thought of those having been years of grudging hospitality. The spectacle of their mother's generosity, thus looked back on, was not without a strong and good effect upon their feelings; and, after all, they were their mother's daughters. It could not be discussed till *she* had gone away—not a nook of the house could be trusted with such a conversation, lest the walls echo, or the winds bear it to her; and so they thought of it all the more, all the better. Each girl, with her romantic notions of exclusive love and perfect heart-whole confidence, pictured to herself, in the misty twilight of her vague view of duty, how *she* should feel if a husband brought to her a nameless child to rear, and care for, and watch over, without a word of explanation or excuse. All turned with fresh esteem towards that dear and tender-hearted parent, and then with new zeal to do her pleasure in cheering the gentle companion and old playmate to whom they no longer grudged her love.

So passed the evening. A little note was written, requesting an interview with Mr. Hallett, and then carefully put aside from hand and heart.

The sun and I were on the meridian—the median stripe of the Venetian blind at the same instant. It was not high noon within. All brows bore a cloud: Mr. Hallett was no welcome guest.

"You desired to see me, ladies," said the lawyer, addressing the two Saras. A sigh like a sob broke from the young girl's lips; but she controlled her feelings, and added a bow to 'her mother's' spoken assent.

"I desired to receive the proofs spoken of in this letter, and to learn how the facts of this affair came to your knowledge," said Mrs. Walton, slowly.

Mr. Hallett laid down various papers: a certificate of baptism, corresponding with Sara's reputed age—attestations of residence in, and departure from, several places of the child and her nurse—

a character given the servant who last attended the sweet Sara prior to her final settlement with 'her mother,' and the testimony of the woman herself—all formed a close, clear, and complete chain of events. The motive to the concealment of her origin, and the means by which the design had been defeated, alone were wanting to perfect the history of her life.

"All that I can tell," said Mrs. Walton, "is, that a few months after my marriage, my husband, Major Walton, committed my sweet Sara to my care. I decided on not inquiring into his motive. He told me that she was to live with us, but that, beyond that point, I might arrange for her as I chose."

"And when dying?" suggested Mr. Hallett.

"He could not explain."

"He was brought home dead after a duel," added the youngest daughter, in a whisper.

"Ah! Ah! Well, the motive to this mysterious concealment seems, I gather from my client, to have been a desire to annoy her husband, your late husband's father-in-law, madam, now also long deceased. The old gentleman did not, I understand, altogether meet his expectations in money matters after Major Walton had been united to his daughter, in a marriage not quite of his making."

"We are sisters, after all!" cried Frances (the blind-breaker), clasping her arm round Sara's waist.

"Step-sisters," replied Sara, sadly.

"Not at the mother's side," said the old lawyer, warmly and kindly.

Sara looked at him with glistening, grateful eyes.

No, truly. The step—and it was a wide one—was at Major Walton's. Could Sara call him father? His was one of those natures not at work in every house; but which, notwithstanding, are to be met with often enough for the purposes of providence—a nature with just depth enough to touch the depths of others, and which exhausts, in a perpetual out-pouring of self-sacrifice, the heart that, mistaking this contact for sympathy, receives it; just as those crooked instruments that, dipped down in the bosom of the generous wine-tun, drain away its precious tide, returning nothing. Sara the elder did not portray him thus. She did not attempt his portrait; but facts

put it into high relief. So thought Edwin Landseer, and so thought I.

And so she took the child and kept her. All were silent for a moment, running over, each one to himself, the suspicions, apprehensions, jealousies—perhaps, merging in that full, unbroken, unwearied flow of love.

Sara took her hand and held it within both her own. The others, as if this motion broke short the threads of thought, drew a long breath preparatory to further talk.

"A woman or a lawyer," said Mr. Hallett, "will ferret out a secret; but if you put both together on its track, what secret can escape?"

As the old gentleman spoke, he turned and touched the covering of something placed upon a chair. It was removed by the artist who hitherto had stood by, like a serving-man behind his burden, holding it as his plea of admittance to this scene—and there stood the picture, "THE TWO SARAS." Nay, there were two pictures—four Saras—two on canvas, and two in life and motion. The pictured Saras also seemed to move their eyes and lips, full and tremulous with the sweet emotions of that day the blind was broken. It was indeed a picture.

And the Saras looking on themselves and on each other; and the artist with his guilty, yet ingenuous face; said I not rightly, he would make as well as take a study?

It was so, indeed. This young man's artistic instinct, quick to the consciousness of unity in beauty, had seized and brought to light this secret of compassion, which only could bring into line the overleaving in the mother's pose in relation to those four young lives. Where was my penetration, telescope and all?

As they stood around the picture, giving me and the sun space in front to look together on it; as each face said to the other—"through this all was brought about; but for this we never need have parted"—Ah, me! how guilty did I feel! Through the tube of my telescope all this came to pass; entering at the little end and escaping by the larger, where, as in the eye of the world, a small sight makes a great scene at times.

"When my picture was exhibited," began the artist, "I received a letter of inquiry if the portraits were from life? I answered that they were. I

was asked again, what I could tell of the ladies they represented? I replied that I suspected, though I had no reason for it — that I suspected, without knowing why, that they were not mother and daughter, though reputed to be such."

"Ah!" cried the young girl, "What had I done to you, Mr. Landseer? How could you tell what that guess might do?"

He did not, as might be expected, answer, "nothing." He did not speak at all for a time. He looked at her. There was the revelation of another secret. She blushed deeply, and turned towards the picture.

"I as little intended injury to you, madam," responded the young man, at length, in a collected and respectful tone, "as you, surely, never did to me. It was a woman wrote to me—an aged woman—pleading for all I knew or might suspect, of one who was 'the picture of her dead daughter, and bore the name of her daughter's only child!' I could not deny an answer to her. I never saw my own mother."

Sara looked upon him, and then at her mother: how much to be pitied was the young artist!

"I was assured, on most respectable authority," he continued, "that nothing but benefit could result from the identification of the lady I had painted with the person sought for. It was only on this assurance I resolved to mention my suspicions. If I entertained doubt at all as to doing so, when I . . . I thought—I felt as if I should be satisfied of doing rightly when I had acted against my own wishes; which surely, madam, could not lean towards removing you from where you seemed so happy and so beloved."

Sara sighed.

"I did not desire to sell the picture. I painted it for pleasure, not for profit; but your grandmother, Miss Walton, wrote with her own hand, to beg it of me. I felt I had no right to retain it when so required."

Here he cast down his eyes; and so did Sara hers. This part of the explanation I thought quite superfluous. A man does not need to make a speech upon the sale of a picture, when his highest hopes are to live by the selling of them. But Sara seemed to think the point worth reflecting on.

"But," said Mrs. Walton, "that does not tell us how you painted it."

All eyes were turned like a battery upon my window. I shrank into a corner, though I knew I could not be seen. I imagined him telling, too, that it was my gossip first drew his attention to the family.

"Well, I'll see it out, at least," I said, returning to my post. It was but the ceremony of parting that I witnessed. Mrs. Walton shook hands with her young neighbour, in token, no doubt, of entire forgiveness. But Sara only bowed—and rather stiffly. I distrust those lingering grudges in a very young heart. When thrown off, as they must be when not quite deserved, there is no saying where the heart will jump to in mere joy at having rid itself of such a burden. Then the artist returned across the street, with his hat over his eyes. Shall I go and comfort him? I had a share in bringing him into this heart-trouble of his.

Sara is gone.

There was, as I foresaw, a love-quarrel about the Venetian blind. It was necessary to decide who would not have it.

"It will bring us all home to you, my love," cried the elder Sara, "and of course you will have apartments of your own, in one of which it may be hung."

"Ah! no. You must keep it for my sake, mother," replied my Sara. "You will sit in my room always now, will you not? And it would not be my room without it. I shall not need it to bring ye to me. Will not every sight I see be a new medium through which to look back on home?"

And so the blind remained. Sara went away in a handsome dark chariot, and with an old affectionate-looking servant behind, to see that "his young lady" was made comfortable upon her long, strange journey. Mr. Hallett seeing her off with quite a lady's-man-like air. The mother's heart was fain to go a stage with her, but judgment forbade any seeming reluctance to give up the treasure to its rightful owner. And so they parted.

How heavily the time has hung this last week back! I wish I never saw that window. No, I don't; but as I said so, let it stand. But I no longer like

to look at it; that's as true as . . . that I am a fool to let my neighbour's nestlings steal so into my heart, that when they take wing I feel it robbed and empty. Sara has still her fair-locked girls—growing to three graces, really—to soothe and comfort her. She has them to care for, and to lecture, too, when they need it; as, under favour of mother Eve, they often will, no doubt. But what am I to do? If I thought I should miss her so, I might . . . yes, I would . . . Pahaw, have sense, man! It should have been six months ago, and even then . . . Well, it is *not* six months ago. And it is an ill thing to let idle thoughts have speech of us. I will not be an ass.

Still I might hear of her. Could I not . . . ? Stay—surely that would be even better. If I had but some little thing of hers. . . Could not the blind-man give me a shred of the blind? She touched that often enough. Being quite useless to him, of course the bits lie about the counter somewhere still. And as he is a *blind-man*, of course he will not pry into my motive for procuring them; or if he do, he shall not see them. I will be so gruff, and so crusty, and so miserly, that he shall not wonder if I ask if the twine that bound the parcel as the maid took it there was the same that fastened it on its return. But how shall I account for *my* asking at all? Nonsense; impudence is rarely asked intrusive questions. I should like to see that blind-man do it, though in my secret soul, I who entertain frightfully democratic notions, hold a tradesman to be a man, and do believe he has a perfect right to ask questions about what concerns him.

"Nothing venture, nothing have!"—a whole strip. A most lucky injury. And no need of my devising a pretext, if indeed I had thought of doing anything so weak.

"Dear me, how fortunate to have it laid past. No doubt the gentleman wants to match it."

"I'll buy here, if anywhere, my worthy friend."

I cannot keep up incivility without a reason; there is no use trying. I bow—a duchess might return that salutation—and I walk away, taking my strip in my hand.

Miss Eagle herself might manipulate on this. But I must not make incre-

dulity my herald to the power I would propitiate! I am decided upon doing it. I don't care who sees me. I want to hear of her—my sweet Sara!

"Oh, mighty Mesmer, hail!"

"Only rain, sir," simpers the housemaid—I humbly beg her pardon, the handmaid—as she lays by my overshoes. "Heavy enough though, indeed."

Yes; Madame is at home? I could not abide to ask a great hulking fellow about *her*. And if it is deceit, women have license imprescriptible to deal in that commodity.

On my life, 'tis she. I should recognise anywhere that peculiar way of carrying her left hand.

"Well, what is she doing?"

"Reading."

"Alone, or in company?"

"Alone."

"Describe the room."

"Large, with oak panels, little tables, a guitar, many books, embroidery, an easel with a half-finished picture of—of herself."

"No, Mrs. Mesmer; that's her mother, I know."

"Go on: stay. Is there a blind to the window?"

"No; there are two windows hung with pink silk, and inside I see folds of white muslin. The wind blows so that I cannot see if it is one or two curtains."

"No matter. The window is open, then?"

"Yes; both open door-wise down to the floor, and there are one, two, three steps descending to the garden. I see roses of many kinds, jessamine—."

"And 'rosemary'?"

"No; but there is an entire bed of forget-me-nots."

Bless her little heart! I wish I had been bodily of her acquaintance. Surely our spirits have shaken hands before now. It is just the place fit for her.

"I see a park beyond the garden, and hear trees waving their branches. The breeze must be coming across water, it is so cool."

"Go down the garden, and see."

"Ah! yes. How beautiful! How beautiful!"

"Describe."

"There is a lake, a little lake, with a river flowing through it, and a boat at its moorings; and great trees in groups or scattered, and lovely open

glades so green. But I see a high iron screen—work between them and the garden. The park seems divided from the house."

"All the better; our neighbour's park is always the most beautiful; and she has the freedom of all, no doubt! They are but fit for her—sweet Sara. Come back to the room."

"That is what the old lady calls her."

"I thought you said she was alone."

"An old lady, tall and stately, and with a gracious face, has just come through a window from another room, and called to the young one. Now they are walking down the garden together; but I am in the house, and cannot hear what they are saying."

"Very good. Thank you. Stay: you said she was reading; look at the volume, please?"

"THE LIVES OF GREAT PAINTERS."

"THE JADE!"

I am bewitched, I do believe. Did I ever think I should have recourse to —? Notwithstanding, I will go back again. I have passed by every day for a month—yes, a full month of one-and-thirty days, and controlled my inclination to ascend the steps, lift up the knocker, and lay down a half-crown. The picture made present to me there was worth the pay. At what prices, and with what straits people buy up Rubens's, and Rembrandt's, and Titian's pictures! And those very folk, canvas-mad, will cry out at my securing one of nature's in an at all out-of-the-way mode. That matters not. From this day forth I am a picture-dealer. I choose to furnish the little inner cabinet, where there is vacant space enough certainly, with such pictures as shall take my fancy, and will go how and where I please to pick them up. I let thee as much, Gossip Public. Thou knowest already to what devices thou descendest in thine amateur excursions to hang thy great galleries.

"Is Madam at home?"

"Yes."

I am ushered in: the same room, the same lady, the same everything—any one who chooses can see all for the fee—the same strip of blind.

"You wish me, then, to return to that old house and young lady?"

"If you please."

"The two ladies are there: stay, it is not the same room; it is larger, and the hangings are of a graver hue."

"Well?"

"The two ladies are there. And I can see another, a young one, younger than either, in the garden close by the paling."

Ah! Anna was invited there, I heard.

"Describe her, pray. Is she like the other—like a sister?"

"Oh! not at all. The first young lady is dark-haired: this is, fair and laughing—a handsome, lively girl she seems. Now she blushes! I see a young man: he seems to have been gathering flowers; he offers them to her, but without rising from his knees. Now she turns aside, and he springs to his feet."

"Stay; this is scarcely fair. Return to the other two."

"The younger lady is now seated on an Ottoman beside the elder, who is speaking to her."

"Stay till I get my pencil. Now."

"And they are loving words, too," adds Madam, with a strange smile—irony in *coma*. "They are talking of the others in the garden, for both look out and smile, and the young one blushes, as they see the pair arm in arm pacing along the winding path by the river. 'Yes, it will be a match;' it is the old lady speaks. 'You do not regret it, I trust, grandmamma.'"

"No, my love; no indeed. God forbid I should regret any good arriving to any member of the family to which I owe my child. But I should, I own, like to see you too match yourself with somebody as good as our young friend, and more suitable to you." No answer—blushes only.

"Is there no one, my love, my child, to whom I could look to entrusting you—when I have grown tired of you, you know?" No answer, but tears, this time.

"Sara, my love."

"Forgive me, grandmamma, I could not help it. It was before I knew you—before I knew I had a grandmamma, I believe; and he loved me so, though he never told me of it."

"The young painter?" No answer at all now. No blushes, no tears—visibly: the face is hidden.

"Well? well?"

"The old lady has risen. She is walking up and down the room."

"What does she look like, madam?—quick, quick?"

"Not anger; but she is very pale. Now she opens her hands, and, as if she had dropped something from them, looks down on the floor."

"Some fine project has fallen to the ground—but, Sara?"

"Her face is hidden still. The old lady has taken her resolution; she smiles too. Hush! she is going to speak again. She sits down and lifts up Sara's face."

"Be it so, my love. And you know this county of ours is so picturesque that——"

"Oh, grandmamma! oh, no! as you love me."

"My child, 'tis as *he* loves you. You seemed so sure of it but now."

"Sure of it—oh! if I were not I should die—of shame."

"Since he does, and even you, I dare say, do not exactly know how long, it would not become my Sara to prolong his anxiety by any unwomanly evasion. I, too, owe him much. I have every right to invite him here. I should have asked him long since, but that I feared to do by my own act what I did not then know fate had done. Nay! my dear love, I do not regret it. God has so appointed it—the Providence that brought us together through his means might part us. And now, Sara, I *would* not regret nor undo it if I could, and dared. It is for your happiness, my child; that suffices. What other object have I upon earth?" Sara kisses her hand.

How low people can stoop to or for those they love!

"So we shall invite him as your dear mother's escort to *their* wedding—it will not be distant. Then he can, if he choose, avail himself of opportunities for sketching. To prevent all chance of his presuming on the invitation too much (you think there is no danger), we shall invite another. We shall ask with him that curious old gentleman that——"

"Well, madam?"

She has dropped the medium. Humph! What tact those women have, waking or sleeping, or mesmerised; clairvoyance is as old as Eve with them. Shall I go? Why should I cut my nose to vex my face?—I will.

No news; no invitations; no wedding signs yet. And, bless me! the

blinds are all down over the way!—Oh! who'd have thought it? The dear old grandmother is dead. Good old soul, I almost regret I came to know her! And yet why should I? The present is not impoverished by the treasures of the past. I am the richer by a recollection than I should be, had that black-sealed letter come last Monday.

I have got my little note of invitation, in such an upright, stately, kind, old hand. Truly, we cannot be too quick in putting our purpose upon the blank page that lies before us. How soon it may be turned down Heaven only knows.

And Sara's dear letter, so full of love and sorrow; and, again, of love and hope. The artist, too, has got his note. It would be a breach of trust to withhold it—and from the dead how sacred a trust becomes! How holy a letter, when death has shaken his dust upon the scarce-dried characters! Were *he* the veriest coxcomb, he might be sent this note. He is hopeful and sorrowful as Sara herself. And she is coming back; coming till she will have subdued regret at her loss sufficiently to take charge of all the people and things which the good old lady loved, and which she trusted entirely to her child.

Sara the elder, in fact, we all—for under shelter of this cloud I have quite grown one of them, therefore, without presumption, I say *we* all—we are like so many months of April—all of us.

Now, we have the summer side of it, decidedly. The painter cannot repress his satisfaction as the time of the young ladies' return draws near. It was very good of the dear old lady to live to be so old, that all the natural and unavoidable topics of consolation should present themselves to every one unsought. Thus we have no actual condolence. A cloud has come over the sun; it has shed bitter tears, no doubt, for the sweeter Sara. But all things pass. She comes; and time has already wasted the cloud towards that west by which all things vanish.

She has come—she is herself; and the artist feels it, though he hung back so on her arrival. She was obliged to look a warmer greeting from him,

though she had intended to be pretty cold herself. Well, the artist out-bowed her; I blushed for him myself; no wonder she did, for she does love him with all her little heart—all that has got outside the Venetian blind.

He has got the freedom of the Hermitage. Ah, Sara! 'tis well fashion prescribes short mourning now-a-days. It was her grandmother's wish that no delay should be offered by Sara. Sara is! . . . Sara is Sara. When he spoke she listened; and they are to be married at the close of autumn, on the same day with her sister Anna, whose lover has come hither after her, though I have overlooked him. He is not so much of a study as the painter.

The leaves have fallen from the garaniums before Sara's window. The pots are taken in for the winter. Sara's fate is just about to follow the precedent: to be removed from the out-door contingencies of courtship—cold blasts by which accident strips off the blossoms of expectation just expanding to certainty—and transferred to the household security of marriage. To-morrow will be Sara's wedding-day, and Anna's, too; but

Sara's is to be *the wedding*. At least I and the artist think of it alone.

But, sir, cries Gossip Public, resting on his elbow, how can you excuse or extenuate the getting at your neighbours' secrets in such ways?—stealing the most secret revelations of the heart—filching the most precious household——?

Stuff! sir, I interrupt. I cannot help it; and don't apologise for it. Do you be silent; you do but parody. *Non cepi sed recepi*, wrote a king over his crown. "Honest man," said a witty clerk, "the receiver is as bad as the thief."

Know further, gossip, that it is your eye has been rivetted upon the object-glass. For my part, upon the honour of art, I never once looked through the Venetian blind, nor listened; nor have I in my life ever seen a clairvoyant—at work.

Well, then, how came I by my knowledge of the Saras? Ah! that is what remains . . . not to be told. You have heard of the Pope who is said to have sent a member of the Sacred College to join the Freemasons? You have learned just as much of my secret as he did of theirs from the Cardinal. To know it, he should himself become one of the craft.

DE RE POETICA.

Dr. Whewell recently delivered, before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, a lecture "On the Influence of the History of Science upon Intellectual Education," which might be fairly described as a discourse upon the text—"We, the heirs of all the ages." The education of an accomplished man of the nineteenth century is an aggregation of elements which have been formed by the intellectual movements of all preceding time. To this aggregate the Greek has supplied geometry, and the geometric spirit; the Roman, jurisprudence,* and the jural spirit, breathed into all the moral sciences; while the post-Baconian centuries have

crowned these great inheritances of deductive reasoning with the inductive sciences and the inductive spirit. And the moral of the whole is, that no man can be considered thoroughly educated who has not appropriated the Greek, the Roman, and the modern contributions to the culture of the mind. Even with our pre-scientific bringing-up, we are ready to maintain that the exact and solid study of any of the natural sciences is a most valuable discipline. But we fear that some persons in this age are falling into the delusion that a knowledge of those facts that are *objectively* most useful, is also *subjectively* most improving, as the organ of mental

* Dr. Whewell might have quoted Gibbon. "I am pleased with the epithet *legiferi*, applied to the Roman triumphs; laws were produced by those triumphs, and were their ordinary fruits."—Journal (speaking of Claudian, Rutil. iter.)

cultivation. The modern element of culture is the Aaron's rod, which swallows up the Grecian and the Roman. Hence the slipshod and illogical character of the sermons and essays of the day; hence (which most concerns us now) the shallow and fluctuating criticism, which we are so often doomed to read and to hear.

There are two principles everywhere manifested in the external world—the principle of *utility* and the principle of *beauty*—unless, with some modern philosophers in sight of certain animal and vegetable formations, we wish to add a third, analogous to *humour* or grotesqueness. These two principles should inform the inward, as they do the outward creation. There is some danger just now that the latter of these may be too completely sacrificed to the former, even in the seats of liberal education, and much more by those who are endeavouring to improve their own minds. An attempt to show that *poetry*—the sublimate and quintessence of the *beautiful*—is a real means of intellectual and moral culture, may, perhaps, be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable.

We set out by asking—Is poetry popular?

We might assert that poetry is the deathless instinct of our intellectual being—that man is a poetical, almost as characteristically as he is a rational creature, if we take the word poetical to indicate the love of poetry when produced by others, as well as the faculty of producing it ourselves. There is hardly any mental constitution whose original draught utterly wants a poetical projection. And if some of our readers, having in their minds' eye a matter-of-fact young lady, or an elderly M.P., affirm in our teeth that some of their own acquaintances are not *poetical* in either of these senses, they must suffer us to remind them that there are probably others whom it requires a sort of charitable hypothesis to designate as *rational*. But we will only ask our readers to recall what they may see for themselves any day of the week. Go, and make a morning call upon any one of your acquaintance. Occupy the time until the lady of the house makes her appearance, in turning over those books lying upon the rose-wood table. What are they? Tennyson's "*Princess*," the sixth edition; "*In Memoriam*," ditto; "*The Chris-*

tian Year," exquisitely got up in morocco, the thirty-seventh edition. Is there any respectable house in the United Kingdom which has not a copy of Milton and Shakspeare?—Shelley and Byron are reprinted by thousands, at so low a price as to bring them in reach of all who can read. Only last year a young Ayrshire man, by profession originally a drawer of muslin patterns, Mr. Alexander Smith, published a volume of poems, which has gone through three or four impressions in these islands, while 20,000 copies were disposed of on the other side of the Atlantic in a few weeks. In throwing our eye accidentally down the columns of a newspaper, we see that in the Marylebone Free Library (to which the working men of London come in their working dress, but which is said to be as quiet and orderly as the British Museum), out of 687 books, 289 are set down under the head of literature and poetry.

Such indications as these justify us in asserting, that poetry is popular; and this leads us to a momentous question. We cannot put down poetry by placing it on a Protestant *Index Expurgatorius*. In this land of liberty—in this age of the march of intellect, we can no more check the circulation of any set of popular books, than the spring-tide of the Atlantic. If the teeming press of this land be like the Nile, and volumes of poetry like the frogs, that come up into our very bed-chambers, assuredly there is at present no Moses who can remove them from us. We may preach against poetry, but we are not to suppose that because we are virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale.

Poetry is popular, and all the tribes of staid gentlemen, and men of business, and useful-knowledge enthusiasts, cannot put it down. How are we to interpret the fact? Men who desire, above all things, the progress and improvement of their fellow-men, but who believe that there is no improvement without a purer morality, no progress away from that narrow road of which the Truth hath spoken—men who value every study which has a tendency to refine feeling, and to elevate thought, because it makes a more precious incense to offer with the sacrifice of ourselves upon the altar of God—how shall they take the fact? Shall they make lamentation over it, as another

proof of the corruption of our nature, or shall they accept it as it is, and strive to neutralise the accidental evil, and to increase the essential good that there is in it? This question deserves to be considered by all readers of poetry, and especially by the young. Is poetry, indeed, as it was called of old, "the wine of devils"? Is it, at best, the confectionary of literature?

If the influence of poetry is against God and goodness — if it intoxicate our better nature, may the glass which contains it be shattered, however delicately textured or rarely cut; may the wine be spilled, though its ebullient foam toss the sunlight into scented wavelets! If it be not so actively malignant as this, but merely a sweetmeat, we had better have as little to say to it as possible. Life is an earnest and an awful thing. It has battles, and its warriors want wrestling sinews. That is bad food for them which makes flesh, and not thews and muscles. But apart from the abuses to which every human faculty may be wrested, we believe poetry to be an instrument, not simply of *pleasure*, but of improvement *through pleasure*. When John Wesley made hymns, and set them to tunes which were known in the tavern and the theatre, he said, "it was pity so much good music should be given up to the devil." We would apply this to poetry. John Milton (who, though a poet, and likely to be biassed by the nothing-like-leather fallacy, knew something of the theory of education) maintained that a study of great poets and good critics would soon make youth "perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be; and show them what *religious*, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry."

We propose, then, to give some account of what seems to us to constitute poetry. We shall endeavour to vindicate it by a reference to the constitution of our own nature, and the structure of Scripture; we shall then point out how readings in poetry —

"Haply may requite
Studious regard with opportune delight,"

may be made subservient to the improvement of our minds, and in some degree to the purification of our hearts.

I. We account for poetry, then, in this way — we believe it, with Schiller,

to be "the longing for a lost ideal." We believe it to be the sweet expressions of the not unhopeful melancholy which is inseparable from a being like man, who, in the midst of his full, retains a longing for that which he once was, and looks dimly forward, half smiling through his tears, to what he yet may be. We are so constituted that the present cannot satisfy us, and we desire to relieve ourselves by *making, creating*, some better things out of such materials as we have. This longing more or less exists in *every* reasonable being, and is *poetic feeling*. But take some man in whom this feeling is predominant. In the mood of mingled emotions which we have described, the most beautiful objects of the universe, observed or remembered, occur to the mind, which is gifted with an almost miraculous delicacy and fertility of the associative faculty — become fashioned after its likeness, and steep it in a sweet pleasure akin to melancholy; for the known beauty only awakes a longing for a beauty beyond itself. In his elegy on "Mrs. Anne Killigrew, excellent in the two sister arts of poesy and painting," Dryden says —

"To the next realm she stretch'd her away,
For Painture near adjoining lay."

Yet how much more contracted a province than "the spacious empire of the Nine!" Stand upon some hill that "fronts the falling sun," and from which you can behold the ocean; that vessel, which seems to be steering away to some harbour beyond the golden sunset, may form the point of division for the eye and for the imagination. Up to that vessel there is a realm of beauty — hills that seem glowing in a mighty crucible — trees that are silently falling into that burning orange — ocean for some glorious leagues tinting his waters with a fire that we know not whether to call purple, or rosy, or golden, for it is all at once. So far there is a realm common to poetry and painting; but *beyond* the vessel there is a bridge, brighter than that which the genius of Tasso flung over Kedron for the passage of Rinaldo; and beyond those clouds that shine with horned rays like the face of him who came down from the Mount — beyond the furthest isle that floats like a burning ship in that sea of glory, like the seer of the Apocalypse,

the poet beholds a door opened in heaven; and his realm stretches outward from that! The painter fixes on his canvas the finest lights that are possible to his materials—those which are so fine that they defy his skill, are but the beginning of the poet's work. Wordsworth expresses this in four lines on a landscape, the *third* of which we conceive to be the most wonderful in our language:—

"Ah! then, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what there I saw, and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land—
The consecration, and the Poet's dream."

So far we have had the primary conditions of poetry. Another follows. To be a poet, a man must be enriched with utterance. He must have words; but these words must not only be weighty, passionate, suggestive; they must not want any element of beauty. As they are a something finer than painting, so they must be a something subtler than music. The poet creates a temple; and a temple has not only graceful pillars, and storied windows, and clouds of incense; it must have a chant—a measured and ordered voice, as all around it is measured and ordered—of longing and melancholy, but not of grief, so subtly is it blended with *pleasure*. Therefore no man is a poet unless his utterances are in measure.

This account of the *genesis* of poetry excludes such compositions as satires, or copies of verses, like Pope's epistle on criticism. A very able man with a good ear, who never wrote a line of genuine poetry, might be eminently successful in such essays; so, much more might a real poet (and Pope, after all, pace Wordsworth and Keats, was such), who applied the mechanism of the skill which he had acquired in loftier composition, to rounding off clever thoughts in sharp lines.

"Men's judgments are like watches—none
Goes quite aright, yet each admires his own."

says Mr. Pope; and a true sentiment it is, ingeniously expressed, but we instinctively deny its claim to be *poetical*.

"Thirty days hath September," &c.,

is a very *useful* distich—more so than any in Dryden or Spencer, but it is not of the highest order of poetry.

The human faculty "most concerned in poetry" is *imagination* rather than *fancy*. We use *imagination* in the sense which had long been floating down the current of our best writers, but was first grasped and fixed by Wordsworth. The word might suggest to us the idea of a power of recalling *images* from objects once seen.* But it seems to express that faculty by which the finite is connected with, perhaps, we might say, retaining an etymological reference, made a type or *image* of the infinite and super-sensuous. Wordsworth gives us a very happy illustration of the distinction between *fancy* and *imagination*, set to work upon the same material. Lord Chesterfield says—

"The dew of the evening most carefully shewn,
They're the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun."

Here is a wretched piece of *fancy*. Milton says of Adam after the fall:—

"Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad
drops
Wept at completion of the mortal sin."

There is a sublime touch of *imagination*. Wordsworth himself affords some beautiful illustrations of this faculty. He did not overrate himself when he wrote thus:—

"Justified by recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous have heaped upon my writings, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me), that I have given evidence of the exertion of this faculty upon its worthiest objects; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance."

Thus he says of a beetle seen through a microscope:—

"Like a mall'd angel on a battle day."

Again, in some verses on a vase of gold and silver fishes, the vase is made a "type of a sunny human heart."

* "Every one by his own experience knows, that the absence or destruction of things once imagined, doth not cause the absence or destruction of the *imagination* itself. This *imagery* and representation of the qualities of the things without, is that which we call our *imagination*, ideas, or knowledge of them."—Hobbes, *Human Nature*, l. sec. 7. Perhaps this sentence has escaped Sir William Hamilton's observations when he says, in his wonderfully learned and acute history of the word *idea*—"Hobbes employs it, and that *historically*, only once or twice."—*Disc.* p. 68.

But mark what the poet says of the fish seen in the twilight :—

"Faint, gentle of gigantic size,
And now in twilight dim,
Clustering, like constellated eyes
In wings of cherubim,
When the fierce orbs abate their glare."

Here is imagination's most glorious work. The beetle and the gold-fish are made the means of linking our thoughts to the sublimest majesty of created strength. Were the order inverted—were angels likened to insects or to fish, it would be the *miniaturizing* handiwork of *fancy*.

A Persian poet says—"Night comes on, when the inkbottle of heaven is overturned." Another calls the evening dew "The perspiration of the moon."

Glorious John Dryden says of a nobleman sick of the small-pox :—

"Blister with pride swell'd, which through's flesh
did sprout
Like rosebuds stuck !' the lily skin about,
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wall the fault it rising did commit."

We hope none of our readers will attribute these flowers to the stock of *imagination*.

But let us not be unfair to *fancy*. Her work is elegant and pretty, and done with a smiling face—she braids roses and finishes lace-work; but that which is grand is also serious; and *fancy*, except under rarely realised conditions, diminishes the impression of seriousness. *Imagination* rears up the pillars before the temple, whose nâmes are Jachin and Boaz, *establishment* and *strength*—*fancy* wreathes them with lily-work. (1 Kings, vii. 13, 20.) One more instance illustrative of the distinction—we do not quite remember whether we are again debtors to Wordsworth. Shakspeare describes Queen Mab as coming—

"In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman."

Here is *fancy*; see how archly she

does her playful work, and how *defined* she makes it. But *imagination* connects us with an *indefinite* vastness :—

"His spear, to equal which, the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps,
Over the burning marl."

So sings Milton of the fallen archangel. Mark, it is not said, "His spear was as high as a pine," or "as high as a mast." The altitude is not measured by anything that is notched on the carpenter's rule. The way to take it is not set down in Bonnycastle or Hutton. But our great poet connects the two: the pine hewn on the hills—the tallest pine, too, there, and that pine the mast of some giant man-of-war; and he tells you that that tallest pine, which hears the wind shouting over its head on the everlasting hills, which you picture to yourself as nearer than any tree of the forest to the frost-flushed sky, when its fiery roses are beginning to roll in cloudy flakes before the storm—that mast, whose top-sail makes you giddy as you look up to it, are but a wand to his spear! There is *imagination* of the highest order.

Poetry proper, then, is a longing for a more excellent beauty than "the things which are seen" can supply; an upward and an onward instinct uttered by gifted persons in musical and modulated words, and gently delighting itself and others by its creations. And the faculty most immediately concerned in this process is *imagination*.† Let us here remark (and we make no pretension to originality) that *imagination*, in the highest sense (what we have termed the *super-naturalising*, in the note), has never been manifested by heathen writers, because *imagination* points to the infinite and super-sensuous.‡ The heart which is used to give itself up to gods of flesh cannot ascend so high. Accustomed to rest upon the block of marble, the

* Is Spencer's description of Orgolio the original of this?—

"His stalking steps are stay'd
Upon a snaggy oak."—*Faery Q. b. i. c. 7.*

† Perhaps we have drawn the line rather too sharply. After all, there are creations of Shakspeare, in which *fancy* grows so nearly serious that the acutest critic might be perplexed. May we say that there are two kinds of *imagination*—the *super-naturalising* of the Hebrew prophets, and of the Hebrew-souled Milton, and the human of Homer and Shakspeare?

‡ We do not forget that there are anthropopathic and apparently anthropomorphic expressions in the Old Testament. We have known Exodus, xxxiii. appealed to by a Mormon; but the whole tone of Scripture, and the known principle, *lex loquitur linguam filiorum hominis*, obviate any possible mistake.

dove-like wings of the human spirit become afraid to try the impalpable air. Thus "God is a spirit," becomes a condition of the highest poetry, as well as of the truest religion. But we are apt to think (and this has never been noticed that we know of) that this observation may be extended to that form of Christianity which includes certain transmuted and co-ordinated elements of Paganism. Its ritual supplies abundant food for the fancy. But how is it that Italy has not produced one poem distinguished by this highest kind of imagination? The traditions of her glorious past, compared with her degenerate present, have given her poets a gentle tenderness. Her blue sky and sunny climate have steeped their minds in a congenial hue; but her creed has fastened their souls to the things that are seen. It needs no acute physiognomist to discover a devout Roman Catholic by his look; the induction is generalised from no particular race like the Celtic—it is much more extensive. We have remarked the mysterious expression on the brow of one Roman Catholic member of a family whose other members were Protestants. And we believe that that darkening and contracting frown arises from constantly gazing at outward objects of worship—from perpetually localising, where it is considered irreverent to gaze at the Holy Eucharist—from a straining to recall what Cudworth terms "sensible ideas," when the prototypes are absent. The shadow is thrown upon the brow from the cloud of a materialising religion. Such a shadow is analogously thrown over the pages of poets of that creed. They lack "a muse of fire that would ascend the highest heaven of invention," because they have not learned to worship God in spirit and in truth.

The observations which we have made will give us the best and most intelligible principles by which to decide what compositions we are to accept as *poetry*. It at once rejects prose, however lofty and impassioned, as wanting the musical characteristic. Passages there are in Jeremy Taylor, and exquisite sentences in Bacon, which are, as it were, poetry in ore; but they have not been melted in the

furnace, which gives them their perfect form; and divisions of poetry, based upon a different principle, have always been arbitrary and defective. Thus Hobbes will have poetry arranged according to the places in which men have their local habitations. The court and the palace, with their heroic faults, magnificent virtues, and darkly majestic passions, cast in a grander mould than those of ordinary mortals, have for their own the princely epic: for them—

"Gorgeous Tragedy, in scepter'd pall, comes sweeping by,"

the tears of kings flow from a fountain too august to be unsealed save by a crowned and kingly sorrow. *The city*, with its teeming population, "insincere, inconstant, and of troublesome humour," laughs at the vices of its betters, and the follies of itself and others, as it reads them in satire (scommatic narrative), or witnesses them in the living caricature of comedy (scommatic dramatic). The third region—the *country*, which has a "plainness, and, though dull, a nutritive faculty in rural people, that endures a comparison with the earth they labour" (so much for the British farmer), has the pastoral narrative, or *bucolic*, where simple swains pipe to silly sheep and sillier shepherdesses; and the *pastoral comedy*, where labour frolics with elephantine gambol, in its clouted shoes, and the perception of some ancient and not very edifying joke, begins to dawn upon the chaos of the rosy and stupid face. Now, where does such a division as this leave room for some of the finest poetry that has charmed the ear of time? The jewelled fingers of "Childe Harold" may knock long enough before he will find admission into this enchanted castle, while "English Bards" may pass through with a savage scowl, and "Don Juan" with an odious sneer. The sonnet, too—the key with which Shakspeare unlocked his heart—the lute on which Petrarch wailed forth the sweet sorrow of his love-wound, whose exquisite music imposed upon succeeding poets the soft necessity of finding a Laura, and singing a love-song, before they could be made "free of their company"—the pipe that Tasso loved

* Cowley's expression, see Johnson's "Lives," p. 8.

to sound, and which soothed Camoens in his exile—the single bright leaf in the funeral cypress that crowns the visionary brow of Dante—the sonnet that glittered like a glowworm before Spencer—

* Called from fairy land to struggle through dark ways—

that became a trumpet in the hand of Milton*—that under the finger of Wordsworth could play all the melodies of the Duddon, or swell out into organ notes that fill the temple of the Lord;—the sonnet can find no room in Hobbes' poet's corner. He quietly eviscerates the problem of its difficulty, by telling us that it is no poetry!

Lord Bacon again divides poetry into *narrative*, which is *history imitated*; *dramatic*, which is *history made visible*; and *parabolic*, which is *history with a type*. Our great Lord Chancellor, here as elsewhere, falls a victim to his exaggerated love of smart, short-clipped, symmetric-looking divisions. It is plain that he excludes about as much poetry as he includes. But give us any mould—narrative, dramatic, lyric, idyllic, didactic, philosophic, satiric, or composite—and we can recognise poetry, under whatever shape—we recognise the ingot, however variously it may be stamped.

II. We now proceed to vindicate Poetry thus understood. We do so by a reference to our own nature. The word *nature* is an ambiguous one. sometimes taken in *bono*, sometimes in *malo sensu*, sometimes indifferently for the total existent sum of our being, intellectual and moral. Of our nature, in the last sense, mingled as it is with alien elements, which had no part in the glory of its original, the thoughtful and philosophic Hamlet exclaims—“What a piece of workmanship is man!” If there be a point of view in which an insect is more beautiful and more wonderful than the sun,† with what comparison shall we compare man? And so when David, the poet of God, calls upon “All His works, in all places of His dominions, to bless the Lord,” he feels that there is a richer

and more surpassing voice than any other, when he adds, “Bless the Lord, *O my soul*.” And every faculty of that soul must be given—“and all that is within me, bless His holy name.” Now, if every faculty of our nature is to be given to God, it should be given to Him, improved and disciplined. What are the leading faculties of man? We will not appeal to the difficult masters of mental analysis, to the modern Plato and Aristotle—Cousin and Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh (or rather, of Oxford). We will take the bold and rough outline-map, dashed on the first page of modern psychology, by the master-hand of Bacon. We answer—*will, reason, memory, imagination*. The religious obligation of educating the *reason* is now universally admitted. The delusion can nowhere now obtain an audience that ignorance is an acceptable sacrifice to God. “If you offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil?” But it is not sufficiently attended to, that *imagination* (meaning thereby, not creative imagination, of which we spoke so much, but a kindred though lower faculty, by which the distant, the absent, and the future, are represented to the mind under combinations, and aspects, imposed by the mind itself;‡ and which is the very condition of poetry subjective) is a veritable constituent, not an adventitious weakness, of human nature. Butler's hard saying about “that forward delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere, of some assistance to apprehension, but the author of all error,” must be applied to its abuse; and is nearly equally true of the abuse of reason. We appeal with reverence to the archetype of our humanity—in Him we may best learn ourselves.§

Of this view of imagination we seem to have undeniable evidence in the contexture even of our Lord's perfect humanity. Let His temptation be considered. Be it remembered that that temptation is not an episode in a drama, but a reality, and that its reality consisted in this—that objects, naturally

* We must remind the reader that much of this panegyric is but a prose transcription of Wordsworth's “Sonnet on the Sonnet,” as it may be called, beginning—

“Scorn not the Sonnet—Critic!”

† St. Augustine's thought.

‡ Whewell's “Elements of Morality,” book i. chap. 6, on the Mental Desires.

§ “Apprenons de la vérité incarnée notre véritable nature.”—Pascal.

and sinless objects of desire, and which only became sin by being chosen against God's will, were presented for His acceptance. "The devil taketh Him up into an *exceeding high mountain*." What force is there in this circumstance, viewed as an appeal to the imaginative part of that exalted nature! We are so constituted that the ascent of a mountain, the colours that ever and anon step its barren sides, the clouds that sail their shadows on its sea of sunshine, the roaring cataract, the screaming wild bird, the brooding mists, the cold blue sky overhead, like the dome of eternity, impart an unusual elevation to the spirit. The sickness of terror, the suicidal impulse felt to the moistened palm of the hand, are succeeded by delighted amazement. Our dwarfishness seems to expand with the gigantic objects around, above, and beneath us. On the mountain-top exaltation borrows for a moment the office of humility, and ends in a speechless worship. Then come other thoughts. We associate ourselves with ideas of power and magnificence.* And if the scenery below us be fruitful in historical recollections, imagination works with these recollections, and tinges them as fitfully as the sunlight paints the clouds. It is not the weak, the narrow-minded, and the ignorant, who are thus affected; these things are felt most deeply by the noblest spirits and the most refined intellects. When, then, we consider the theatre on which that glorious scene was unfolded, and remember that the magnificence of the offer was not frittered away by being presented in successive parcels, but that, as St. Luke tells us, all those kingdoms were exhibited to the Saviour "in a moment of time," and remember that the temptation was addressed to, and formed a point of contact with the imagination, we begin to see the reality of the trial. Whence we conclude that imagination is an integral

part of our nature, and that the poetical, as well as the rational in us, requires its education and proportionate development.

Authority is on our side. The ancient tradition of classical education has always included a large list of poets. It cannot be supposed that the collective wisdom of Christendom has allowed such prominence to poetry simply to crust the style with a superficial polish, or enable the reason to hang some poetic jewel on the naked arm of argument.† Lord Bacon, the philosopher of progress and practical improvement, who considered classical literature much better adapted to be the instruction and delight of mature age, than the educational organ of adolescence, and who sometimes professes not to think very highly of poetry, yet bestows upon it the most satisfactory of testimonies. When he classifies human studies relatively to human faculties, he feels himself constrained to give to reason, philosophy—will, ethics—memory, history—imagination, poetry. Need we do more than refer to the structure of Scripture? If we look for the representative of *reason* in the Bible, we find the solid and argumentative St. Paul. If we search for that which may elevate, while it sanctifies the imagination, we turn to Ruth in the corn-field (and our simple *Bibel-fest* man will not think a whit higher of the book of Ruth, even for a Goethe's pronouncing it the most exquisite of idylls!)—we turn to the burning words of the song of songs—to the Psalter, after all its cries of penitence, and passionate longing, running out in a Hallelujah, to that which, since the researches of Lowth, we may venture to call the sublime poetry of Isaiah. The reader of Milton will hardly need to be reminded of that remarkable passage in the fourth book of *Paradise Regained*, in which the Saviour compares the songs of Sion with the poetry of Greece; but he may pos-

* We have been pleased to recollect a similarity between our own thought and some beautiful lines of Wordsworth's, which did not occur to us when writing the above:—

"Blue ether's arms flung round thee
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

"Maiden! now take flight—inheris
Alps or Andes, they are thine;
With the morning's rosy spirit
Sweep their length of snowy line.

"Thine are all the coral fountains
Warbling in each sparry vault
Of the untrodden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs—or halt.

"To Niphate's top invited
Whither spiteful Satan steered."

To — on her first ascent of Helvellyn.

† Poetarum sententiæ non tantum habent pondus. Nos accepe his utimur, ut his quæ dicere volumus ab ipsorum dictis aliquid ornamenti accedat."—Grotius, *De Jure, B. et P. Prolegom.* 47.

sibly thank us for directing his attention to the expression of the same sentiment in majestic prose. "The Scripture also affords us a divinè pastoral drama in the song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies; or, if occasion shall lead to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are, in most things, worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most an end faulty. But these frequent songs throughout the law and prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made to appear, over all the kinds of lyric poesy, to be incomparable."*

It is interesting to contrast the sacred literature of the elder dispensation with the most precious of its other possessions. Contrast, for instance, Solomon's glorious pastoral poem with his Temple. It was built of marble, majestic exceedingly, the interior blazed with gold; and its walls were written over with a charactery of flowers, or sparkled "like starlight hid with jewels." Far away, beneath the shadow of those trees which Ezekiel has described in his 31st chapter (with a tone of colouring richer, more picturesque, and more analogous to modern feeling, than was ever laid on by any classical artist†), "the workmen hewed the cedar for the House of God." The same wild bees who still twinkle like golden motes in that scented air came humming round their toil. The same waterfalls made music in the forest, roaring in the green abysses of the chest-

nut and the alghum, but filling the dark recesses of the fir-groves with an eternal, sleepy, melancholy measure. The same broken rainbow fragments hung over the woods, and steeped them in that peculiar purple light which the traveller of our own day describes.‡ The patriarchal trees have been reduced to a scanty number; perhaps some are still standing, under whose progenitors' shadow the foresters of Hiram looked forth upon the flotes that were carrying materials for the edifice which was growing on Moriah. How proudly, too, for those seven long years must the people of Jerusalem have gazed upon the structure as it advanced to its completion! What thoughts of duration must they have connected with its walls! Yet, if the fire of the enemy had never leaped from pinnacle to pinnacle—if the storms of successive centuries had beaten themselves in vain against its marble battlements, the experience of ages tells us that the mightiest building bears necessarily within itself the seed and elements of its own decay. The root of the wild flower insinuates itself into the solid stone. The tiny insect multiplies himself into an innumerable host, and gradually effaces the delicate tracery, rives the granite block, and crumbles away the marble shaft. Even so must it have been with Solomon's Temple, if it had been spared by the hostile fury of the Chaldean. How long has it been survived by the divine poetry of the same date, whose duration shall only be measured by that of the world!

III. Having thus attempted to vindicate poetry, we shall proceed to show how the study of it may be made intellectually profitable. We do not assert, then, that the mind should never be permitted to be passive in reading poetry; that we can in no case surrender ourselves to an unreasoning

* "Reason of Ch. Govern." Pref. to b. ii.

† It may interest some of our readers to contrast with the colouring of this passage, that of Lucan, in the famous lines—*Phar.* lib. iii. 339, 447.

There is no single touch which shows us that the heathen writer loved trees, or entwined delightful associations with their "fair branches, and shadowing shrouds." Plato, however, had such a feeling. "Haec tua platanus non minus quam illa quæ mihi videtur, non tam ipsa aquila, quæ describitur quam platonis oratione crevisse.—*Cic. De Orat.* i. 7.

‡ Lord Lindsay's account of Lebanon adds a second psychological marvel to Coleridge's Kubla Khan. Every one knows that the few lines of that exquisite vision are but a fragment of a poem which rose before the author in his sleep, without conscious effort; but every one does not know that the scenery of the vision is so exactly that of Lebanon, that the poet minutely painted a landscape of which he had never read a description, which with the eyes of the flesh he had never seen.

pleasure without injury. But, to speak generally, we believe that this passive surrender to admiration of poetry *tends* to affect the intellectual part of our nature something, as the passive surrender to emotion acts upon its moral part. We should learn to catechise ourselves in presence of what is beautiful in poetry, to decompose our delight by reflection, to refer our pleasure to some fixed principles of the human mind. Between the remotest regions of thought lines of communication may be drawn. Each portion of knowledge seems, like a tree in the forest, to stand out in perfect distinctness from its fellows, though serving to make up a common shade, and having some external contiguity in the remotest branches; but he who digs below the surface finds that the roots are inseparably connected, and interlaced by a thousand ramifications. Thus poetry is interlaced with philosophy,* and while we seem to be merely idlers listening to the poet's reed in the pleasant shade, we are unconsciously becoming graduates in the school of abstract thought. The adequate development of these remarks would be a volume rather than a review. We can only, on the present occasion, state, by way of example, a few principles of the refined pleasure which beautiful poetry is capable of affording, not attempting to trace them out *a priori* by any exhaustive process, but, as Bentham says of a rough classification, "picking up, and hanging together some of the principal articles in the catalogue, by way of specimen." We shall not speak much here of *simple unmixed descriptions*—of what is beautiful in external nature. We will admit, or rather assert, that the severity of the Roman poet's criticism—

—"Properantia aquae per amenos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhæmen, aut pluvius describitur arcus,"

would have been unjust and tasteless had he not added—

"Sed nunc non erat hic locus."

Still this is too obvious a source of pleasure to require an elaborate analysis; and we must here say that though description is a most delicate

adjunct of true poetry, we cannot consider a chiefly, or merely descriptive poem to stand very high on the list of the Muses. When a description, however rich and gorgeous, is wrought out in an immense expanse, even of pretty and melodious verses, we are apt to ask whether an accomplished rhetorician could not have effected the same more masterfully, without the incumbrance of rhythm. Thus, putting aside moral considerations, and admitting the splendour of many passages in *Childe Harold*, we do not place it in a high class of poetry, though probably the first of its class. In the preface to the first canto, the author sets out by saying:—"The poem was written, for the most part, amongst the scenes that it attempts to describe." Thus much for the correctness of the descriptions, while in that to the last canto he confesses that "there will be found even less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding." And it is even so; the gloomy human figure vanishes, and the composition is reduced to landscape. But by contrasting such descriptions the reader may set himself an exercise of no ordinary interest. The *objective* is rarely viewed in the dry light of reason—it is steeped in the *subjective*.

We all know that when the most honest and least imaginative of men suppose themselves to be recording *facts*, they are often but recording their own impressions and unverified hypotheses, and the facts are dressed in the livery of their wishes; so, when the poet seems to be most unmixedly descriptive, he steeps the landscape in the light of his own individual character. Let the reader then, without fail, compare such descriptions of similar objects, as are to be found in different poets. Thus Southey and Byron have each described a waterfall. Byron speaks of Velino:—

"The hell of waters where they howl and him,
And boil in endless torture, while the sweet
Of their great agony, wrung from out this
Their Phlegæthon, curls round the rocks of jet,
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set.—
— A matchless cataract,
Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering mass,
An Ire sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unwept."

* Aristotle profoundly remarks, that poetry is truer than history, because it represents universal truth. When poets enter upon other fields they are apt to exceed other men, from their habits of generalisation. Coleridge in ethics; Goethe in botany and the theory of colours; Milman and Schiller in history, are instances in point.

Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters;
Resembling, mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable men."

Southey thus paints the birth of the
Ganges on the top of Meru :—

"From rock to rock, with shivering force re-
bounding,
The mighty cataract rushes.
Wide spreads the snowy foam, the sparkling spray
Dances aloft; and ever there at morning
The earliest sunbeams haste to wing their way,
With rainbow-wreaths the holy stream adorning;
And duly the adorning moon at night
Sheds her white glory there,
And in the watery air
Suspends her halo-crown of silver light.
A mountain valley in its blessed breast
Receives the stream, which there delights to lie
Untroubled, and at rest
Beneath th' untainted sky."

Add a third description of a water-
fall by the author of the "Christian
Year":—

"Go where the waters fall,
Sheer from the mountain's height.

"Mark how a thousand streams in one,
One in a thousand on they fare—
Now flashing to the sun,
Now still as beast in lair.

"We that with eye too daring seek
To scan their course, all giddy turn;
Not so the flow'et meek,
Harebell or nodding fern.

"They from the rocky wall's steep side
Lean without fear, and drink the spray;
The torrent's foaming pride,
But keeps them green and gay.

"And Christ has lowly hearts that rest
Mid fallen Salem's rush and strife;
The pure peace-loving breast
Even here can find her life.

"What though in harsh and angry note
The broken flood chafes high? They muse
On mists that lightly float
On heaven-descending dews:

"On virgin snows, the feeders pure
Of the bright river's mountain springs;
And still their prayers endure,
And Hope sweet answer brings!"

Now, in these *three* cases, the raw ma-
terial of the verse is the same—a *waterfall*. But the cataract in Byron is a
troubled bell of waters howling in agony;
the rainbow that glitters in the Italian
sunshine, spanning the waterfall from
side to side, resembles love watching
madness. The cataract in Southey,
for all its greatness, is a lovely and re-
joicing thing: where the earliest sun-
light hastens to come, and the haunting
moonlight wreathes silver crowns of
spray, and the waters at last sleep
quietly beneath the quiet sky. Keble,
with his gentle and timid spirit—his
love of minute beauty (so natural in a
short-sighted poet), and his prevailing
religious spirit, turns from the roar and
flash of the mighty waters to the hare-
bell and fern, nodding over the rocky
wall, and drinking life from the awful
torrent—as the just man lives by
faith, in a troubled world and a dis-
ordered Church.

One of the finest opportunities of
contrasting the genius of two great
poets in this way, is afforded by Dry-
den's "Tales from Chaucer." But the
development of this contrast must be
left for another occasion.

GROTE'S GREECE.*

THOUGH this remarkable production
has now been some time before the
public, we doubt much whether beyond
the world of universities and professed
scholars its contents are so generally
known as they deserve to be. The
price puts it beyond the reach of
one class of readers, and the length
to which it runs makes too heavy a
demand upon the time and attention
of another. Besides it is an encyclo-
pædia of Grecian historical learning,
rather than an epitome of Grecian
history. Accounts of outlying colo-
nies, minute details of ancient juris-
prudence, adjustments of contending
authorities, criticisms on disputed
texts, disquisitions archæological, chro-

nological and philological, which pos-
sess no interest whatsoever for the
general reader, occupy no inconsider-
able portion of the work. Even to
the professed classic it is sometimes
heavy reading. We do not mean to
insinuate that it is like Sir Michael
Scott's "Historie"—

"Which historie was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no man dare it do;"—

but we are inclined to think that, as
in the case of the wondrous wizard's
Book of Might, it is mostly—

"Young scholars that have picked out something
From the contents."

We think, therefore, that we shall
not be performing a task unacceptable

* Grote's "History of Greece." 12 Vols. John Murray.

to our readers, however unambitious in itself, if, instead of aiming at a critical analysis of the work, we restrict ourselves to the humbler aim of laying before them the chief points of general interest, in which the author has diverged from the views of the preceding historians of Greece.

Of these the first to be noticed is the comparatively late period at which Mr. Grote holds the authentic history of Greece to begin. Clinton commences his chronology with the date of King Phoroneus, some seven hundred years before Christ. The period before the first recorded Olympiad Grote, on the contrary, relegates to the domains of myth and legend. All the personages of heroic Greece thus vanish from reality to romance, and a thousand years are at once erased from the chronicle of Grecian history. Mr. Grote acknowledges this in the most emphatic terms. To him Phoroneus is only "a name of great celebrity in the mythical genealogies."—i. 113. Cecrops, Danaus and Cadmus are mere "Eponyms."—ii. 353. "Not only are we unable to assign the date, or identify the crew, or decipher the log-book of the Argo; but we have no means of settling even the preliminary question, whether the voyage be matter of fact, badly reported, or legend from the beginning."—i. 333. The details of the two sieges of Thebes are the product of logographers, out of pre-existing epics.—i. 365. The Trojan war, "though literally believed, reverentially cherished, and numbered among the gigantic phenomena of the past, by the Grecian public, is, in the eyes of modern inquiry, essentially a legend."—i. 434. Even the return of the Heracleids is "the great mythical event, by which the first establishment of the Dorians in the promised land of Peloponnesus was explained to the full satisfaction of Grecian faith."—ii. 404. In the conception of Mr. Grote, the myths of the heroic age are manifestations of the same spirit as the romances of chivalry. "What the legends of Troy, of Thebes, of the Calydonian Boar, of *Cedipus*, Theseus, &c., were to an early Greek, the tales of Arthur, of Charlemagne, of the *Nibelungen* were to an Englishman, a Frenchman, or German of the twelfth or thirteenth century."—i. 630. The search for the Golden Fleece is thus the counterpart of the Quest of the Sangreal; the Seven Champions

of Thebes are as shadowy as the Seven Champions of Christendom; Jason and Hercules are the prototypes of Sir Tristram and Sir Launcelot; and Ajax and Achilles have as much historical reality as Sir Bevis of Hampton, or Sir Guy of Warwick.

To the ulterior inquiry, on what basis of fact this palace of fiction and fairyland has been erected, Mr. Grote replies as follows:—

"I describe the earlier times by themselves as conceived by the faith and feelings of the first Greeks, and known only through their legends, without presuming to measure how much or how little of historical matter these legends may contain. If the reader blame me for not assisting him to determine this—if he ask me why I do not undraw the curtain and disclose the picture, I reply in the words of the painter, Zeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him in exhibiting his masterpiece of imitative art—"The curtain is the picture."—*Preface*, xli.

To fairly estimate the advance which historical science has made in these countries within the last century, we have only to contrast these views of Mr. Grote with the views advanced in "The Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms Amended," by Sir Isaac Newton. In that miracle of misdirected ingenuity not only are the genealogies of the heroes argued upon as chronological data, but the very gods are metamorphosed into historical persons. The whole Grecian mythology turns out to be the mistranslation of an Egyptian hieroglyphic. Bacchus is the same as Osiris, and Osiris is the same as Sesostris, and Sesostris is the same as Sesac, and Sesac comes out of Egypt on an expedition of conquest in the fifth year of Rehoboam. Neptune is the *alias* of Japetus, or Typhon, or Python, the brother of Sesac, and his lord high admiral, being painted with a trident to intimate that his fleet was composed of three squadrons, and being represented as a giant with fifty heads, to denote that he hoisted his pennon on board a ship with fifty oars. Pan is a general of division in command of Sesostris's Ethiopians; while Minerva is what Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty would designate the Hureweibler or Captain of the Queens, to a contingent of Libyan women, who indeed are no other than our old acquaintances the Amazons. Venus is Sesac's mistress, having eloped with him from her husband, a Cretan worker in metals, named

Thaos, otherwise Baal Canaan, better known in Lempriere as Vulcan, the deity of the forge and smithy. The three Graces are her three waiting-maids. The nine muses are a bevy of singing women, who, like the Tymbesteres in the "Last of the Barons," accompany the army in the capacity of a regimental band. Prometheus is the commander-in-chief of Sesac's army of the Caucasus. The war of the gods and giants is a war of succession between Sesac's brother Pythion (who had just assassinated him) and Sesac's son Orus (who, in point of fact, is the god Apollo). The Argonautic expedition is an embassy from the great men of Greece, sent to the nations on the shore of the Mediterranean and the Euxine with the view of exhorting them to take advantage of the distractions in Egypt, and shake off the yoke of Sesac. This theory is the *reductio ad absurdum* of all efforts to convert myth and legend into history. Had it been manufactured by Swift and Pope for the purpose of throwing ridicule on all such attempts, it would have formed no unworthy pendent to their satire on the scholastic philosophy in the "Memoirs of Scriblerus." By Newton, however, it is promulgated with as much parade of demonstration as the best established theorem in the "Principia." More modern historians, it is true, have not run into the same excess of folly, if we may use such an expression with reference to so great a genius. They have never, however, wholly given up the effort to extract the sunbeams of history out of the cucumbers of myth. The spirit of the philosopher of Laputa has still hovered over them. Even Clinton and Thirwall hold that historical matter may be distinguished and elicited from the legends. "In estimating the historical value of the genealogies transmitted by the early poets," says the former, as quoted by Mr. Grote, "we may take a middle course, not rejecting them as wholly false, nor yet implicitly believing all as true. The genealogies contain many real persons, but these are incorporated with many fictitious names."—ii. 60. Even this compromise Mr. Grote repudiates. Amidst the confusion of the Homeric fight, the goddess dispels the mist from the eyes of the hero to enable him to discriminate between gods and men: nothing less than a similar miracle, in Mr. Grote's opinion, could enable a

critical reader of the mythical narratives to draw an ascertained boundary line between the two.—i. 597. The pedigrees of the Grecian princes before the first Olympiad are as untrustworthy as the pedigree of the British kings before the arrival of the Romans. The line of the Heracleids is as shadowy as the line of Brute of Troy; and to fix the date of Agamemnon or Achilles is to fix the date of King Bladud's accession, or that of the abdication of King Lear.—i. 692.

In these views we most unreservedly concur. Even in times of authentic history a poetical statement of facts degenerates into a prosaic falsehood, if regarded as a record. Had Dryden accomplished the task, the rude draught of which, he tells us, had long been labouring in his imagination — had he composed an epic on the conquest of the Saxons by King Arthur, or the restoration of Don Pedro by the Black Prince, we should, doubtless, have had a great poem, but we should have had a worthless history. In a barbarous or semi-civilised age, destitute of records, this principle obtains still more forcibly. Tradition is at best but a joint product of memory and imagination. The old heroes may be the shadows of real persons, dilated into gigantic proportions through the mists of time, but of those real persons we can know no more than the traveller does of the invisible shapes which project the Spectres of the Brocken. Who could recognise the Solomon of the Old Testament in the Suleiman of the "Arabian Nights," or identify the author of the *Æneid* with the great magician of the middle ages who founded the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, and "dyd many marvayles in his lyle-tyme by wybecrafte and nygramancye, through the helpe of the devyls of hell"? When Fact and Fiction are thus inextricably combined we can derive from the fact none of the instruction of history; it only remains to derive from the fiction the interest of romance. In one point of view indeed the romance is history. The old legends are the day-dreams of a nation's youth. Like the day-dreams in the life of man, they manifest its early spirit and modify its subsequent career. But they are history only in so far as they are poetry; and when we divest them of their poetical character we deprive them of their historical value. If we attempt to transmute

the old day-dreams into matter of fact, we only reverse the process of the alchymists—the fine gold becomes dross, and the subtle spirit evaporates in smoke. The old legendary shapes, like the Elfin Page, vanish and cry, Lost! when forced into the running stream of a prosaic criticism.

But while thus generally coinciding with Mr. Grote, there is one point on which we cannot but disagree. In estimating the historical value of a mass of legendary lore we must distinguish between individual facts and general truths. The combats between Sir Guy of Warwick and the Danish giant, for instance, is a mere romance; but while the character of Colebrand is a poetical figment, the invasion of the Danes is an historical reality. In the same manner we may consistently regard Cecrops and Cadmus as creatures of legend with Mr. Grote, and yet maintain the reality of Egyptian and Phœnician settlements in Greece with Dr. Thirlwall. With regard to such settlements Mr. Grote sees "neither positive proof nor ground for probable inference that there were any such."—ii. 354. With great deference to his opinion, we think we have positive proof in the legend itself, and ground for probable inference in a multiplicity of facts. The legend was not only firmly based in the popular belief, but was evidently of the highest antiquity, and may therefore be regarded as decisive proof of the general truth which it embodies. As for detached facts no one can read the second book of Herodotus without remarking how deeply the Greek religion was modified by the Egyptian. The very word barbarian, by which an Egyptian would be designated by a Greek, was of Egyptian origin. The Greek alphabet is Oriental even in the names of its letters. Mr. Grote himself acknowledges traces of Phœnician settlements in some of the islands of the Ægean (ii. 354), and that the adventurous mariners who lined the whole coast of the Mediterranean with their colonies, and pushed their commerce beyond the Pillars of Hercules to the British Isles, should never have founded a settlement in continental Greece, seems utterly incredible. The purity of the Hellenic language and the peculiarity of Hellenic aptitudes may well be acknowledged. We know the Greeks did not become Orientals, but the Orientals may have become

Greeks, just as the Lombards became Italians; the Normans, English; and the English, *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*.

But it is time to leave legendary for historical Greece. To every writer on the subject the history of Greece is in reality the history of Athens:—to Mr. Grote the history of Athens is the deification of her democracy. With regard to Athenian poetry and philosophy every one is disposed to join the chorus of the Knights of Aristophanes in praise of "the resplendent City of the Violet Crown, the object of universal admiration, the Queen of Hellas and the world." Mr. Grote undertakes the vindication of Athenian politics; in fact, as he informs us in his preface, his original purpose in writing his history was to correct the misrepresentations of Mitford, and present the general phenomena of the Grecian world under a juster and more comprehensive point of view. It is to this, we presume, we must attribute a certain polemical vein which runs through his "Historical Greece," and forms, in our opinion, the great blot and blemish of the work. Mr. Mitford everywhere appears as the admirer of monarchy and Sparta; Mr. Grote, on the contrary, everywhere presents himself as the advocate of democracy and Athens. With many points of difference between the two historians, there are thus more points of resemblance than Mr. Grote would, perhaps, be willing to admit. He is not entirely destitute of the virtues of wrath and partiality, which, according to Byron, constitute Mitford's great excellence, and without which, in his lordship's opinion, history cannot be written in earnest. The great pleasure of Mitford, the noble poet tells us, consists "in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly." Mr. Grote never writes quaintly except in his translations, nor spells oddly except in the case of proper names, nor abuses Plutarch except when he differs from him, nor praises tyrants except indeed when the tyrant has a thousand heads. The writings of both bear the impress of their party as well as the stamp of their genius. In the one we are constantly reminded of the Tory of the period when the French Revolution had driven Toryism mad; in the other, we are not allowed to forget the Whig of the Reform Bill and the advocate of the Ballot. Both, accordingly, render themselves obnoxious to the censure of

Bacon :—"Politica in quibus sibi complacent ubique inculcant et, divitula ad ostentationem querendo, narrationem rerum nimis leviter interrumpunt."

—De Aug. ii. 4. If in Mr. Grote we hear nothing of "that giddy tyrant the multitude of Athens," in Mr. Mitford we hear nothing of "the inhuman character of the Lacedemonian government" (ii. 497), or "the habitual duplicity of the Lacedemonian character" (vii. 66)—we hear nothing of "the instability of public policy under the constitutional monarchy of Sparta" (vii. 33), or "the slackness and stupidity of the Spartans" (viii. 89). Mr. Mitford, it is true, cannot repress an occasional remark on "the inherent weakness and the indelible barbarism of democratical government." But Mr. Grote finds it equally impossible to omit an opportunity of reminding his reader that the oligarchical party were the usual promoters of war (vii. 258); that the pretensions of oligarchical Greeks to superior virtue was far from being borne out by history (vii. 552); and that the assassination of political opponents was in strict accordance with the "genuine oligarchical practice."—viii. 37.

We excessively regret this *appearance* of political bias in the writing of Mr. Grote. It is accounted for by what he himself tells us in his preface. He is everywhere haunted by the ghost of Mitford, and falls into Mitford's errors by the very task which he has imposed upon himself of refuting them. It is never with entire impunity that an author commences his work with a preconceived idea. The preconceptions of Mr. Mitford betray him in his statement of facts; the preconceptions of Mr. Grote occasionally seduce him in his estimate of motives. This, however, is not the error which we are now insisting upon. It is the appearance of political bias in its actual absence. The character of the historian is essentially judicial, and it is never without a sacrifice of his judicial authority that he assumes the position of the advocate. Impartiality is not indifference; but the appearance of indifference is essential, in order that impartiality may produce its due effect. Now, if this principle be true, it is preeminently true in the case where an author devotes himself to the removal of prevailing prejudices or misconceptions. Of the extent to which Mr. Grote professes to do this, the best

proof is the enumeration of the positions which he endeavours to establish. He contends that a thorough-going democracy, such as that of Athens, was the only constitution which, in a Grecian city, could secure freedom of speech and equality of law. The Athenian democracy he holds to have been neither fickle, ungrateful, rapacious, nor oppressive. Its ostracism, its universal suffrage, its secret voting, its paid jury-courts, its Graphe Paranômôn, he presents as objects of political eulogy. He justifies the fine imposed upon the conqueror of Marathon, the ostracism of Aristides the Just, the banishment of the historian Thucydides, and the sentence which consigned the aged apostle of truth and virtue to the dungeons of the Ceraeicus and the draught of hemlock. Extenuating circumstances, hitherto overlooked, are adduced even in regard to that great crime of the Athenian people, the execution of the six generals after the victory of Arginusæ. The great events which determined the fate of Athens are presented in an aspect equally novel. The maritime supremacy which converted the Ægean into an Athenian lake, and imposed tribute upon all its islands, originated in the most honourable causes. The Peloponnesian war was the effect neither of the ambition of Athens nor the selfish aims of Pericles. The main cause of the despatch of the Sicilian expedition was the rashness of Alcibiades; the sole cause of its failure, the incompetence of Nicias. In a similar manner, almost every character in Grecian history—despot and demagogue, rhetor, sophist, and sycophant—is set in a new light, and invested with strange attributes. We do not make this recapitulation in the spirit of sarcasm; on the contrary, in a large proportion of these views of Mr. Grote's we fully acquiesce. We make it as at once a proof of his originality and a protest against the controversial spirit which cannot but prevent that originality from being duly appreciated. "Books," says Lord Bacon, "are the ships of time." If so, Mr. Grote's book presents too much the appearance of a ship of war—an appearance which makes it at once an object of attack to belligerents and an object of suspicion to neutrals.

But pretermittting this preliminary objection as to style and spirit, it is time we should examine how far

Mr. Grote has succeeded in his endeavour to place the phenomena of Grecian political life in a truer light. In comparing the political ideas of the Greeks with those of modern Europe, the first thing which attracts attention is their fundamental conception of a State. The highest political unity which even the mind of Aristotle could conceive was a concentration of adjacent villages into a single city. In his conception, the sole object of the political union was the development of man's intellectual and moral energies, and, subordinate to that, the supply of his physical wants. For these purposes the City was in itself sufficient, and in that sufficiency the State at once attained its object and attained its limit. In accordance with this theoretic conception, we find that all the Greek polities were concentrated city-states, self-dependent, self-sufficient, and self-governed; isolated from each other in spite of identity of race, and animated by exclusive aims in spite of identity of interest.

When society was circumscribed within such narrow limits, it is evident that the governing power, whatever it might be, was ubiquitous; it pervaded the whole system, regulated all its parts, and, in fact, according to the remark of Aristotle,* was its proper constituent. If the lines which Johnson contributed to Goldsmith's "Traveller," involve a doubtful paradox with regard to the governments of modern Europe, they would have been felt to involve a monstrous falsehood in reference to the governments of ancient Greece. No Gnostic poet, from the patriot Solon to the ruffian Critias, would seriously have broached the sentiment—

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

When the sole object of Political Science was the well-being of the Polis, the discussion which Herodotus attributes to the seven Persian conspirators as to the relative merits of the government of the One, the Few, or the Many, was an all-important and all-absorbing question. Accordingly, the first point on which Mr. Grote joins issue with Mr. Mitford is the feeling with which the majority of the Grecian world regarded the government of the

One. To Mr. Mitford, if we may take Mr. Grote's exposition of his sentiments, "the anti-monarchical feeling of the Greeks appears of the nature of insanity, and the Grecian communities, like madmen without a keeper" (iii. 16). To Mr. Grote, on the contrary, "the hatred of kings, as it stood among the Greeks, was a pre-eminent virtue, flowing directly from the noblest and wisest part of their nature." — (*Ibid.*) If we are to arbitrate between these antagonist decisions, we are bound to admit that, in one point of view, Mr. Grote is undoubtedly in the right. In all the Grecian States, with the exception of Sparta, the old heroic monarchy had died out, and the only form in which monarchy could subsist was under the form which the Greeks designated a Tyranny. Now, a Tyranny was not necessarily tyrannical. It was a government, however, which satisfied neither of the requisitions without which, in the opinion of Aristotle, a people would be but a populace of slaves. It was neither conferred by, nor accountable to, the people; it was at once usurped and irresponsible. Besides, as Mr. Grote observes, whatever might be its original character, it had an irresistible tendency to degenerate. Its insecurity engendered mistrust and malevolence, and the tyrant in the ancient sense became eventually a tyrant in the modern. As an illustration of the true character of the Grecian despot, and an embodiment of the feeling with which he was regarded by a Grecian community, we cannot do better than attempt a translation of "The Song of the Myrtle-Bough," dedicated to the memory of the assassins of the Peisistratid Hipparchus—

I.
In myrtle-bough I'll wear my brand,
In Freedom's cause to draw,
Like those who slew the Tyrant Loeb,
And equalled the Law.
Harmodius, ho! not yet, I trow
Hath Death thy spirit quelled;
Thou liv'st where rest, in silent night,
The mighty dead of old!

II.
In myrtle-bough I'll wear my brand,
As did the dauntless two,
When, at Athens' festival,
Hipparchus erst they slew.
— Blest patriot friends! your glory ends
When earth to end shall draw;
For ye quenched in death the Tyrant's
breath,
And equalled the Law.

* "ὁμοῖον δὲ καὶ πόλις τὸ κυρίαρχον μάλιστα εἶναι δοκεῖ καὶ τὰς ἄλλας σύστασις, οὐκ καὶ ἀνθρώπων.—
Nic. ix. 8, 6—a most remarkable anticipation of a remark of Bishop Butler's.

All the prominent points of the Greek anti-tyrannical sentiment are brought out in this celebrated scolon. The tyrant is regarded as the antithesis of equal law. The tyrannicide is deemed companion meet for the old heroes who roam the asphodel meadows of the Islands of the Blest. The myrtle wreath, which symbolised the most solemn religious festival in the Attic calendar, is not desecrated by being made the sheath of the assassin's dagger. The song which celebrated the assassination was sung at every Attic banquet, lived on the lips of the whole Attic people, and is the sole fragment which has made the name of Callistratus immortal. For a sentiment so vehement, so enduring, and so universal, no origin can be assigned but in the purest sources of our moral nature; and in his vindication of the Grecian communities on this point Mr. Grote is triumphant.

But the anti-tyrannical was not necessarily an anti-monarchical sentiment, nor was monarchy necessarily the antithesis of law. The Greeks did not designate the Persian monarch the great tyrant, but the Great King. They did not regard the kings of Lacedæmon in the same light as they did the despots of Corinth. They never confounded Philip of Macedon with Jason of Pheræ. "The man born at Pella" was detested, not as a king, but as a semi-barbarian and a foreign conqueror. Wherever a monarchy was based upon prescriptive or hereditary right, the Greeks regarded it with the same feelings as they did the old heroic monarchy of the days of Homer, the respect for which never died out even in the ultra-democratic population of Athens. According to Mr. Grote, "the combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and license with the reality of an invisible strait-waistcoat, which is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king, to Aristotle would not have appeared otherwise than unintelligible and impracticable."—iii. 18. If this be so, we are at a loss to conceive how in his "Politics" Aristotle could so fully have discussed the nature of a constitutional monarchy, a *βασιλευς κατα νόμον*. The remarkable combination of which Mr. Grote speaks was not only not unintelligible to an ancient Greek, but it was, in a great measure, actually realised in the constitutional monarchy of Sparta. It is true that Sparta, as

Mr. Grote somewhat sneeringly expresses it, possessed "kingship in double measure"; but, on his own showing, this kingship though a monarchy based on the divine right of "Jove-descended kings," was yet in practice as completely subordinate to the Ephorality and the Senate, as the English monarchy is to the Ministers and the House of Commons. Even in Persia the omnipotence of the Great King was limited by the laws and customs of the Persians; and Cambyses was obliged to appeal to the royal judges when he wished to marry his sister, just as much as Henry VIII. was obliged to appeal to the ecclesiastical lawyers, when he wanted to divorce his wife.—*Herod.* iii. 31.

In fact, not only was the theory of a constitutional monarchy understood among the Greeks, but the constitutional monarchy of Sparta was, by many of the ablest Greek thinkers, regarded as the *beau idéal* government of the Grecian world. To this decision Mr. Grote demurs. Democracy he stamps "as the best government, and presenting the greatest chance of beneficent results, for a Grecian community."—iv. 238. This is much the same as saying, that the bed of Procrustes was the best bed, and presenting the greatest chance of comfortable slumbers for a Grecian sleeper. No government, he asserts, but a democracy had "the power of enlisting the hearts of the citizens in support of their constitution, and of providing for all a common bond of union and fraternity."—iv. 238. This, we submit, is an assertion in direct opposition to the historical facts. The patriotism of the Spartan was as earnest as the patriotism of the Athenian; and while the Athenian democracy dragged out a turbulent existence of little more than a hundred years, the Spartan monarchy existed, with scarce an attempt at intestine discord, during five successive centuries. But relatively even to the democracy of Athens, is Mr. Grote's political estimate correct? We think not. Here again his reaction from the views of Mr. Mitford is too violent. Not content with proclaiming himself the foe of the usurping despot in his fortified Acropolis, or the exclusive oligarchy in its closed Prytaneum, he appears the champion of a democracy with no distinctions of birth or wealth, with no restriction on the suffrage, with no

check upon the popular will—a democracy, in fact, which was a mere autocracy of the Agora, the political omnipotence of a promiscuous multitude. For our part, we sympathise as little with the autocrat of the Agora as with the autocrat of the Acropolis. We regard the government of a mob with as little favour as we do the government of a clique. That only is an enlightened polity which comprehends every element in a state—converts one into the restraint, ally, or incentive of the other—reduces all into co-operation—and from a complication of discordant parts, evokes a harmony and a system. At Athens, with no relic of an historical monarchy, and with a nautic multitude proud of the memories of Salamis and maintaining the empire of the Grecian seas, some form of popular government was both natural and inevitable. So far we range ourselves on the side of democracy and Mr. Grote. But if there existed at Athens no relic of an historical monarchy, there existed an historical aristocracy tracing up its pedigree far beyond the period of authentic history into the times of demigods and heroes. The fault of the Athenian constitution was that this powerful patriciate was never recognised as an actual element in the state. From the commencement of the democracy under Solon to its consummation under Pericles, its existence was systematically ignored, and its power systematically curtailed. All distinctions of birth were first obliterated; all pecuniary qualification for offices of trust were then removed; the spontaneous tendencies of the people to favour birth and wealth were next counteracted by the election of magistrates by lot; and finally even the Areopagitic Senate, of which the magistrates thus democratically elected became life members at the expiration of their office, was deprived of all political influence, and degraded into a mere Recorder's Court, or Ministry of Police. The first consequence of this ultra-democratical bias was, that the democracy was left without any constitutional influence that could either steady its impulses or direct its energies. There existed no check upon the popular caprice but the Senate of Five Hundred—a Senate taken indiscriminately from the mass of the people, determined by lot, holding office for a single year, and then merged in the mass of the people from which it ori-

ginally sprung. Such a Senate was evidently too popular in its origin and sympathies to be anything more than a mere adjunct or committee of the popular assembly. It could confer none of the benefits of a constitutional aristocracy. It could discharge none of the functions of the mighty Senate which formed the soul of the Roman commonwealth, or of those upper houses, the necessity of which is as fully recognised by the commonwealth of the United States as by the commonwealth of the United Kingdom. The Athenian democracy was thus a vessel in full sail, without helm or ballast. The Ecclesia was not merely the paramount, but the only body in the State. In the open air, by a multitudinous assemblage, amid all the contagious sympathetic influences to which a multitude can be obnoxious, were the weightiest matters of the Athenian State determined. Thus were ambassadors received, foreign policy discussed, alliances concluded, war determined on, generals elected, and expeditions despatched. In the councils of such a State there could be no secrecy—in its energies no concentration. With no check upon a momentary impulse, with no safeguard against a momentary delusion, the democracy, to use the expression of Herodotus, “rushed headlong forward like a winter torrent.” It was always the creature of the master-spirit of the moment. Even Marathon was the exploit of Miltiades rather than of Athens. It was Themistocles who created the Athenian navy, and repulsed the Mede at Salamis. It was the influence of Pericles that nerved the population of Attica to receive the brunt of the Peloponnesian war. The Sicilian expedition was despatched because there was no Pericles to control the rashness of Alcibiades—it was ruined, on Mr. Grote's own showing, because there was no Cleon to expose the incompetence of Nicias. With a succession of great men Athenian greatness might have been perpetuated. But Athenian greatness was dependent upon a combination of the orator, the statesman, and the patriot, which was only realised twice in the course of Athenian history; once in the person of the illustrious Pericles, and once in the person of the no less illustrious antagonist of Philip.

But the evil did not end here. By the systematic degradation of the Ea-

patrid aristocracy, not only was a conservative element destroyed, but an element of discontent and disorder was introduced, which throughout her whole career kept Athens in a state of chronic sedition and civil war. An historical nobility never acquiesces in political annihilation. It will exist as a caste where it is not allowed to exist as an institution. It will organise itself into the party club, the sworn brotherhood, and the secret lodge, when it is denied the organisation of the senate. The oligarchical excesses which Mr. Grote denounces were thus the natural fruit of the democratical institutions which he lauds. Under the Athenian constitution, the Athenian aristocracy could be animated by no other spirit than that embodied in the anti-popular oath preserved by Aristotle — "I will owe the populace ill-will, and work them what ill I can." Such an aristocracy might have been expected to co-operate in all the atrocities of the Four Hundred and the Thirty. It could not but sympathise with every excess which had a tendency to coerce "the accursed Demos."

For our own part, as Athenian politicians, we should have sympathised neither with the aristocrats who met in the house of Antiphon, nor with the democrats who bawled at the heels of Cleon. We should neither have joined the Attic Exclusives exultant in the long locks and golden grasshoppers that marked their autochthonous descent, nor the Attic Radicals, redolent of the pitch of the Peiræus and the salt fish of the Propontis. Neither should we have attached ourselves to the party of Pericles. The representatives of the policy which the real interests of Athens required were his rivals, Cimon and Thucydides. Both the son of Miltiades and the son of Melesias accepted democracy as the basis of the Athenian constitution; but they wished it to be tempered by aristocratic influences, and those influences to be embodied in the Senate of the Areopagus. The policy consummated by Pericles was, in principle and result, identical with the capital measure of Mirabeau. It was the merging of the noblesse in the tiers-etat. It arrayed the Eupatrids as a body in perpetual hostility to the Demos. It left the democracy without a check, and the aristocracy without an aim. It betrayed the one into the excesses of precipitate haste; the

other, into the excesses of revolutionary violence. It caused the one to be disgraced by the judicial murder of the six generals, after the victory of Arginusæ; the other, by the extra-judicial assassinations which are associated with the name of Antiphon.

"No line," says Heeren, "was drawn between the nobility and the rest of the people, such as divided the patricians and the plebeians in the early period of Roman history — the correct judgment of the Greeks is observable in this as in so many other things." This would also seem to be the opinion of Mr. Grote. — iv. 174-209. To estimate the justice of this opinion, we have only to contrast the histories of Greece and Rome. By a remarkable coincidence, Rome and Athens started in the career of glory at the same epoch. The sister of Harmodius was insulted about the same time that the wife of Collatinus suffered her inexpiable wrong. The date of the expulsion of the Peisistratids is the very date of the expulsion of the Tarquins. The battle of Lake Regillus was fought within ten years of the battle of Marathon. At that epoch Athens was in every respect in a more favourable position than Rome. Its intestine disorders had been healed by the legislation of Solon, while the Roman plebs still groaned beneath a weight of unliquidated debt. The whole of Attica was concentrated in its Prytaneum, while Latium still presented a hostile confederacy of thirty cities arrayed against the city of the capitol. It will scarcely be pretended that the Thebans were more formidable than the Etruscans to the north; or that the Peloponnesians were a more dangerous enemy than the Samnites to the south. As a maritime position, Ostia could not for a moment be compared with Peiræus. In wealth, in intelligence, in military courage, in public spirit, in every element of political greatness, Athens would seem to have had the superiority over Rome. And yet, when Rome was but commencing her career of foreign conquest with the siege of Veii, the empire of Athens had vanished for ever, by the treason of her generals at Ægospotamos, and her walls had been demolished amid a crowd of flute-players and dancers by the fiat of Lysander. Nor is the contrast less instructive, if we compare the career of Rome with the career of Sparta. In many respects

the city of the Tiber and the city of the Eurotas were not dissimilar. In its origin, the one was an asylum of freebooters — the other a stronghold of invaders. The stern and unrelenting character of the Dorian and the Roman were the same. They were both animated by the same reverence for law. The old agricultural Romans and the Peloponnesian auturgi were the exact counterparts of each other. In arrogance, in unscrupulous aggression, in military aptitude, in contempt for all arts but those of war, Sparta was a Greek Rome, and Rome an Italian Sparta. The conquest of Laconia was the type of the conquest of Latium; and as the event of the Samnite wars left Rome the mistress of Italy, so the issue of the Peloponnesian war left Sparta the arbitress of the fate of Greece. Yet the Spartan empire was no sooner established than it was destroyed. A single campaign of Epaminondas laid it prostrate for ever, while Rome survived the slaughter of Cannæ, and the fifteen years' devastation of Italy by the Numidians of Hannibal. The fate of nations depends on such a multiplicity of causes that it may appear chimerical to attribute their rise or downfall to this or that particular form of government. But here the forms of government are not less susceptible of being contrasted than the historical results. In Rome, there was a powerful patriciate and a powerful plebs — at first antagonist — then consolidated — always distinct. At Athens there was a plebs without a patriciate; at Sparta, a patriciate without a plebs. Had Sparta imparted her political franchise to the townships of Laconia, as Rome communicated the franchise of her five-and-thirty tribes to Latin, Samnite, and Etruscan, she might readily have consolidated all Hellas under her empire or hegemony. Had Athens possessed in the senate of the Areopagus such a senate as sat beneath the shadow of the capitol, she might have centred in herself the maritime empire of Carthage, and disputed the empire of the world with Rome. As it was, Athens possessed no aristocracy recognised by her constitution, but the aristocracy of the tongue. It was the orators who

feverish excitement was the inevitable result. Compare this with the might and majesty which for seven centuries marked the career of the Roman Republic, and to speak of the superior political judgment of the Greeks will appear the very bigotry of politics.

Nor were the evils of that "fierce democracy" unknown to the "famous wits" to which Athens was "native or hospitable." The judgment of Mr. Grote on the Athenian constitution not only reverses the judgment of Mr. Mitford, but it reverses the judgment of every Grecian thinker of whose speculations a relic has remained. Comic poet, historian, and philosopher, alike repudiated the autocracy of the Agora and the omnipotence of the Pnyx. The democracy is pilloried to everlasting scorn by Aristophanes. The historian of the Peloponnesian war, as Mr. Grote more than once complains, was of marked oligarchical sympathies. The philo-Laconian tendencies of Xenophon are notorious. Plato rejoiced even at the inauguration of Critias and the Thirty. Aristotle does not hesitate to name the three oligarchical leaders, Thucydides, Nicias, and Theramenes, as the greatest men that Athens ever produced. Against such an array of contemporary authority to hold up the full-blown democracy of Pericles as an object for the admiration of posterity, seems nothing more nor less than an historical paradox. The testimony of the Comic Poets Mr. Grote, it is true, repudiates. The Comic Poet was but a blind Samson, making sport for the lords of the Philistines at the periodic festival. But when party feud ran so high as it did at Athens, Mr. Grote forgets that the Comic Poet could choose which side he would assail, and that all the Comic Poets chose to assail the democracy. In modern times the aristocracy has rather been considered the legitimate butt of ridicule. *The Beggars' Opera* was levelled against a ministry, and *The Marriage of Figaro* against a court. It will scarcely be pretended that at Athens the incompetence of Nicias did not afford as fair a mark as the insolence of Cleon, or that a comic poet could not have served his turn by lampooning the son of Melesias as well as by lampooning the son of Xanthippus. To deny the value of the judgment of a comic or satirical genius in a political question, is preposterous. The satire

* Wielded at will the fierce democratic.
Shook the arsenal, and felled over Greece."

A brief but brilliant career of fluctuating counsels, spasmodic effort, and

of Juvenal is the best comment on the history of Tacitus. An observation of Rabelais or Swift is frequently as valuable as an aphorism of Machiavel. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" is an historical sketch. The future historian of Great Britain will nowhere find the character of its public men and its public institutions, during the nineteenth century, so vividly depicted as in the pages of *Mr. Punch*. Philosophy does not forfeit her privilege when she condescends to wear motley, and the voice of truth is the same, whether it issue from the stage of the merryandrew, or the closet of the recluse.

In his general estimate of the Athenian democracy, we cannot but think that Mr. Grote has been more or less misled by his admiration for the character of Pericles. A practical statesman like Pericles is seldom a safe authority in speculative politics. He is too much the slave of circumstances, too much the representative of party, too much under the influence of either the spirit of opposition or the spirit of authority. The politics of Pericles were, most probably, hereditary. The rivalry which subsisted between him and Cimon, like the rivalry between Pitt and Fox, was bequeathed them by their fathers. Like Pitt, he was probably compromised to his party long before he had weighed his principles. Like Pitt, he was during his life the master-spirit of his country. Like Pitt, he was at once the orator, the statesman; and the patriot. Like Pitt, too, he was a minister of unblemished personal probity. But according to Byron, Pitt, as—

"A high-souled minister of state is
Renowned for ruining Great Britain gratis."

When we remember that the definitive destruction of the senate of Areopagus was the work of Pericles—that the bit was thus removed from the "reins of the Pnyx," and the democracy left, like the horses of the sun, incapable of being guided by any arm less vigorous than his own, it may be doubted whether, in spite of his lofty nature and his pecuniary probity, the same epitaph might not have been inscribed on the tomb of the great Athenian.

From Mr. Grote's general estimate of the democracy, his view of its particular institutions may easily be inferred. The ostracism by which "a

citizen was banished without special accusation, trial, or defence, for a term of ten years" (iv. 200), appeared to Plutarch a by word of the jealousy and frivolity of popular government. To Mr. Grote it appears a measure of the soundest political wisdom. The practical working of ostracism presents itself, according to him, as a struggle between two contending leaders, accompanied with chance of banishment to both.—iv. 210. All Grecian governments, it seems, were essentially weak, and the great men essentially unscrupulous. The usual concomitants of political rivalry were faction, sedition, usurpation, and the despot. Before things came to such a pass, one or other of the contending leaders was to be "eliminated." To us the conclusion from this would appear to be, not that the ostracism was good because it was essential to the democracy, but that the democracy was bad because it necessitated the ostracism. No such exceptional measures were required, except at Syracuse and Athens. No such exceptional measures were required at Sparta or at Rome. We may agree with Mr. Grote that ostracism was a necessary safeguard to the Athenian constitution; but we also agree with Aristotle, that it would have been better to have framed a constitution that would have done without it.

The same remarks apply to the Graphe Paranomon. A bill of indictment, that could be brought against any one who procured a measure to be passed by the people alien to the spirit of existing laws, was evidently both impolitic and unjust. That it had a tendency to degenerate into an intolerable abuse Mr. Grote himself acknowledges. But, in our opinion, the principle itself was an abuse. The responsibility of a measure ratified by the State, is assumed by the State, and should pass from the proposer. It is not fair to make the public adviser appear before the public with a rope around his neck. The great king threatens to impale the surgeons who had unsuccessfully treated his foot.—Herod. iii. 132. The great king strikes off the heads of the engineers who had failed in the construction of his bridge.—Herod. vii. 85. The adviser of an unfortunate expedition is afraid to present himself before the great king.—Herod. viii. 100. What difference is there between the prin-

ciple of the great king and the principle of the great democracy?

But not only does Mr. Grote present the peculiar institutions of Athens in a new light — he makes her prominent public characters undergo a metamorphosis equally remarkable. The Sycophant and the Demagogue appear entitled to our respectful consideration, no less than the ostracism and the Graphe Paranomon. The public informer, according to Mr. Grote, is an indispensable personage under every form of government. So is the public hangman. In a well-regulated community, however, the public hangman is not an object of universal terror. It was the peculiar disgrace of Athens that, throughout her history, the sycophant was as constant a source of apprehension to the rich and powerful Athenians, as Oates, Bedloe, and Dangerfield were to the Roman Catholics of England at the time of the Popish Plot. An accusation before the Dicastery hung like the sword of Damocles over the head of every prominent man in Athens. No virtue, no ability, no character was safe. The great sculptor died in prison on a preposterous charge of embezzlement. The philosophical discussions held in the private house of Pericles could not escape inquisitorial scrutiny. Pericles himself, notwithstanding his notorious pecuniary probity, was indicted, tried, and condemned, on a charge of pecuniary malversation. "The old man eloquent," who of all the great thinkers of antiquity entertained the justest notions of the nature of the Unknown God, was condemned on a charge of Atheism. Amid all the splendour of Attic life, the death's-head of the sycophant glared everywhere like the *memento mori* of an Egyptian banquet.

Is Mr. Grote more successful in his defence of his client, the demagogue? The old metaphor compared the democracy to an ocean lashed into fury by the demagogue's breath. *Politici prisci de democratia dicere solebant quod populus esset mari similis, oratores autem ventis.* In Mr. Grote's view, the demagogue performed a most important function in the constitutional Monarchy of the Mob. He was the Leader of his Majesty's Opposition. He exposed ministerial delinquencies before the Ecclesia — defended the cause of the poor before the

Dicastery — and was the general safeguard of the Demos against the machinations or incompetence of the Oligarch. He was the representative of the trading interest, as distinguished from the old autochthonous aristocracy. He was naturally interested in the maintenance of peace. He could not possibly have been accessible to bribes. In fact, he was the very reverse of the personage he has been represented to be in every Grecian history that has hitherto been written. The Cleon of Aristophanes is as different from the Cleon of Mr. Grote as the Saracen's head in *The Spectator* was from the head of Sir Roger de Coverley. The vehement leather-seller, if we may paraphrase a wit which defies translation, no longer appears as the blustering Babbledonian, with his hand at Beggara, and his whole soul at Grabidæ. He is no longer represented as the great mouthpiece of the gaping quidnuncs of the city of the Gape-nians. He ceases to be the truckling slave of the old man Demos, with a political ear which abhors the music of the Dorian mood, except when set to the tune of a Dorian bribe. (Arist. Equit. vv. 46, 78, 989, 1262, Ed. Dind.) He is, like Cato, "the universal biter," a man of vigorous opposition talents: His share in the Sphacterian affair was highly creditable. His advice with regard to Amphipolis was truly Periclean. To estimate his character from the knights of Aristophanes, is to take the measure of a political Englishman from *Punch*, or a Frenchman from the *Charivari*. — vi. 663: Nay, it seems, it is as unfair to estimate his character from the historian of the Peloponnesian war as from the author of the *Knights*. Cleon was the cause of the banishment of Thucydides as a general, and has, therefore, received from him harder measure than was due in his capacity of historian. — vi. 480.

This, it must be acknowledged, does sufficient violence to the notions which have prevailed respecting the great demagogue for more than two thousand years. When we recollect that this man began his public career as the tool of the oligarchy, and ended it as the leader of the democracy; when we recollect, also, that he was the author of the proposition for the wholesale massacre of the inhabitants of Mitylene, we own that any attempt to represent him as a respectable poli-

tician seems to us as preposterous as an attempt to represent Wilkes as a pure British patriot, or Marat as an ornament to the French Republic.

But as a general rule, Mr. Grote is more successful as the historian of the poetry and philosophy of Athens than as the historian of her politics. Having dissented from him on so many points, we are delighted to find a point on which we can unreservedly agree. His chapter on the sophists is at once the most original and the most instructive in his book. To general apprehension the term Sophist is as suggestive of odious associations as the term knave or villain. The history of the terms, indeed, is not dissimilar. The words which are now the synonymes of rogue and scoundrel were originally the designation of the Saxon serf and the Norman vassal. In the same manner, the word which has become the name appropriated to the dishonest reasoner, was originally used to designate "A wise man — a clever man — one who stood prominently before the public as distinguished for intellect or talent of some kind."—viii. 479. According to Mr. Grote, "It has been common with recent German historians of philosophy to translate from Plato, and dress up a fiend called 'Die Sophistik,' whom they assert to have poisoned and demoralised by corrupt teaching the Athenian moral character, so that it became degenerate at the end of the Peloponnesian war, compared with what it had been in the time of Miltiades and Aristides."—viii. 509. This fiend Mr. Grote proceeds to exorcise. Die Sophistik is a mere creature of the imagination, and the Athenians had not degenerated towards the end of the Peloponnesian war. In a word, "the matter of fact alleged is as untrue as the cause alleged is unreal."

What, then, is the true character of the sophist? We will endeavour to convey the impression which Mr. Grote's pages have left upon our mind. The sophist was the professed scholar, or man of letters, in the Grecian world. He had mastered all the intellectual accomplishments of his age, and devoted himself to the higher branches of education as his profession. This profession he exercised in no fixed abode. He established no school in the Portico, the Garden, or the Grove. Like the great opera-singers

of modern Europe, he *starred* it from one city to another in a series of professional tours. The city at which he arrived became for the time of his residence a sort of University town. All Greece flocked to Athens to hear a noted sophist, as all Europe flocked to Padua or Leyden to attend the prelections of a celebrated professor. The tuition of the sophist was, in fact, the collegiate education of the young Greek of quality.

Here, as in other things, the statement of the truth is the best refutation of the error. The sophists were accomplished men of letters: they were therefore a class, and not a sect. They were the recognised teachers of the Grecian world: they were, therefore, professional men who received a fee, not parasites who accepted a gratuity. Their professional success depended on the countenance of the parents and guardians of the Grecian youth: as a class, therefore, they must have been teachers of practical morality, not of licentious paradox. They were required to train their pupils "to think, to speak, and to act" with credit in the arena of public life: their instruction, therefore, must have embraced not merely dialectic subtleties and rhetorical artifices, but the lessons of political wisdom, and the still more important lessons of moral obligation. The sophist was no mere intellectual mercenary: he was no false pretender to knowledge: he was no corrupter of youth. Viewed, however, as an intellectual teacher who could not stand the test of the dialectic god Elenchus, his chief antagonist was Socrates. Viewed as part and parcel of an existing state of society the reverse of an ideal republic, his arch-enemy was Plato. Both Socrates and Plato, nevertheless, according to Mr. Grote, were at once the opponents and the representatives of the sophists. *Univ. verso generi philosophorum competit nomen illud sophistarum*, Bacon exclaims with huge disdain. In a different spirit Mr. Grote institutes the same comparison. He sees no difference between the sophist and the philosopher, except that the one taught for his fee, the other philosophised for nothing; that the one wandered from city to city, the other had a settled residence. The one, in fact, was a professional, the other an amateur; the one a planet, the other a fixed star.

Though this was also the sentiment of Bacon, we doubt the perfect accuracy of the view. The searcher for truth is a character of a higher order than the teacher for pay. Newton is not to be identified with a professor of mathematics, nor Butler with a lecturer in moral philosophy. In ancient times, however, the great visible mark of distinction between the two classes was the Fee. The relation between the teacher and the pupil, according to the philosopher, was one of friendship; of love: It was too high and transcendental a relation to be desecrated by the intervention of such love-tokens as the talent and the mina. The Philosopher forgot that love is proverbially a chameleon diet: Hence his standing quarrel with the sophist. The Apology of the sophist, however, was no sophistical defence. Plato might enjoy his hereditary estate; Aristotle might marry his rich wife; Zeno might comfort himself with the reflection that starvation was no evil; Epicurus might soliloquise that the keenest pleasure might be derived from the coarsest viand; but what were Gorgias or Protagoras to do if they had no such good fortune on the one hand; or possessed no such good philosophy on the other?

The fit pendant to Mr. Grote's defence of the sophists; is his account of the trial and condemnation of Socrates. His judgment on this celebrated event may easily be guessed. It is in strict accordance with his *Pa. mathematic Apology*. Socrates brought his fate upon himself. The speech before the dicasts, which Cicero could not read without tears; and which, in moral majesty, is only surpassed by the inspired eloquence of St. Paul; was a contempt of court. The Athenians never regretted the judicial murder of the great pagan apostle, after a life of seventy years; spent in the service of truth; of virtue; and of God.

In conclusion we would remark that; in spite of all its candour, its research, its eloquence; and its philosophy; the *Historical* portion of Mr. Grote's work labours under two defects.

It betrays too much an appearance of party bias, in the first place. We see no reason why his book should be converted into a wholesale Apotheosis of Athens. People may become as tired of hearing Athens paraded as the Admirable, as the Athenians were of hearing Aristides paraded as the Just. We are willing enough to have the Athenian people painted as the lion of Mr. Grote's "History," but we object to his adopting the practice of the ancient zoographers, and appending the epigram; "This is a lion."

In the second place, it is too prolix. The history of Greece is rather a history of human thought than a history of human action. To our mind its military history presents neither the picturesque of savage, nor the philosophy of civilised warfare. Its campaigns, with few exceptions, were mere marauding incursions; its naval expeditions; mere buccaneering descents. The details of such events are essentially as uninteresting as they are un instructive; and we think Mr. Grote's history would be materially benefited by their abridgment. The same remark applies to the legislative development of the various states. The politics of Greece have none of the majesty of those of Rome. The whole civil and political history of Greece is summed up in a single hue of the *Cæsar* at Colonus—

ῥέροι, ῥάροι, ῥις, μάχα.

Murders, seditions, strife, and war appropriate the whole chronicle. Like the Angel in the Vision of Judgment, we have frequently been tempted to throw aside the record—

"In divina lingua,
The page was so besmeared in blood and dust."

Let a greater air of impartiality be thrown round the work, and let the twelve volumes be concentrated into the eight; which Mr. Grote originally contemplated. "The History of Greece" will then be purged of its only serious blemishes; and will, we venture to predict, take a permanent place in the literature of the country.

SHEIL'S LEGAL AND POLITICAL SKETCHES.*

MORE than a quarter of a century has elapsed since these sketches, which are now reproduced in the volumes before us, were first presented to the public. In their original form they were contributions to *The New Monthly Magazine* — a liberal and pro-Catholic periodical, then conducted with great ability by the poet Campbell. At this period the spirit of religious politics raged with great fierceness — the claims of the Roman Catholics to a full participation in all the political rights of the State were advocated with a heat and bitterness, which, however excessive, are not very much to be wondered at; and opposed, in too many instances, with a narrow-mindedness and intolerance that can only be fully understood by those who know the strength of inveterate prejudices, and the apprehensions of venturing upon an untried experiment, necessarily pregnant with vast results. To-day we can look back upon the passions that agitated both parties with a calmer mind and a clearer vision; for many of the prejudices and the fears that disturbed the one and obscured the other, have happily passed away; and so, while we lament, we can afford to excuse largely the excesses of the times. The great leader of the battle on the side of the Roman Catholic party was Daniel O'Connell. Sagacious, unscrupulous, energetic — with a physical constitution ever ready to sustain his ever-labouring intellect, he was the giant of the cause. Powerful in all the arts of arousing the feelings and inflaming the passions, he was not very sparing or conscientious in the means by which he exercised that power; and neither public integrity nor private virtue were held very sacred in his estimation, if the vilification of the one or the slander of the other were calculated to forward the great objects which he had in view. Associated with Mr. O'Connell in this political contest were many able men, and

amongst them the late author of these sketches occupied no low or unimportant position. Physically as well as intellectually, he differed widely from his chief: in neither had he the amplitude of development which distinguished his leader. With a person, which the face, vivacious, keen, and intelligent, alone redeemed from commonplace, his intellect was rather acute and elegant than large or vigorous. Imaginative and subtle by nature, the peculiar education which he received tended in no small degree to increase those endowments; and, soon after his entrance into public life, he had acquired the reputation of a skilful rhetorician, a brilliant orator, and a good scholar. In his profession he never stood very high as an accomplished legist, though he had a deservedly good reputation as a skilful advocate, and an able speaker to juries. Mr. Sheil at first joined himself to the party of the Catholic nobility and gentry, who put forward their claims with moderation and temper. Whether induced by natural temperament or political considerations, he was soon led beyond that party, and was hurried away into the vortex of agitation, which the spirit of O'Connell kept ever boiling and perturbed. A man of Sheil's genius and education was calculated to do good service in the cause. The keen pen of the satirist might work as efficiently as the brawny arm of the demagogue; a biting sarcasm, a ludicrous sketch, or a portraiture of a political enemy, distorted in features out of all just proportions, or arranged and coloured with malign and imaginative power, might achieve the ruin of a reputation as surely as the loud vituperation of the Liberator himself.

It is little to be wondered at that Mr. Sheil, with all the consciousness of his great power and all the inducements of his position, gave way to the seductive influence of a spirit in which the love of satire was associated with

* "Sketches Legal and Political. By the late Right Honourable Richard Lalor Sheil." Edited, with Notes, by M. W. Savage, Esq. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1855.

a vivid sense of the picturesque and a strong perception of the ludicrous; and in these sketches, which, in furtherance of his political views, he published in the heat and excitement of the time, we ought not, perhaps, to wonder that his pictures have been exaggerated and distorted.

Such as they are, however, they are, with, we believe, two exceptions, withdrawn from their repose of years, and presented once more for public perusal and public criticism. With the editorship of Mr. Savage we have, upon the whole, not much reason to be dissatisfied. He is a gentleman of well-known erudition and industry, and he undoubtedly possesses the qualification of sympathising largely with his author. We find the spirit of the text not unfrequently transfused into the notes of the editor; but we must, at the same time, do him the justice to say that he has, on occasions, corrected misstatements that should never have been made, and which are not easily to be accounted for. We regret, however, that he has not made these corrections more frequently. It was due in justice to the memory of those whom these misrepresentations injured while living, and whose friends they may now pain; and we shall, in part, charge ourselves with the task which Mr. Savage should have performed. It may, indeed, be a matter for speculation—a bootless speculation, to be sure—how far the author, were he now living, would have sanctioned the reproduction of all that appears in these two volumes. We cannot help thinking that he would both have suppressed and corrected to a far greater extent than his editor has done. Time, we believe, did its work on the mind of Mr. Sheil, as it does upon the minds of all men who have opportunity to reflect, and the power to profit by reflection. He lived to see the hopes of his party accomplished, his own visions of toleration more than realised. Before his death the Roman Catholic in Ireland had attained to a political equality with his Protestant brethren. Shall we say it?—the day had come when the former was, by reason of his creed, to be considered a fitter recipient for favour than the latter. He lived, too, to see the virulence of political and religious animosities greatly abated; and we hope he had learned to estimate his opponents more correctly, and to think

of them more tolerantly than he did previous to the passing of the Emancipation Act. He who drew the pictures, as well as almost all the subjects of his portraiture, have passed away from the arena of earthly strife; and it is not well that anything has been revived which may renew the memory of injury inflicted by the former, and of wrongs sustained by the latter.

With the volumes, however, as we find them, we have now to deal. We shall do so with the fairness and the temper which, at this distance of time, we can well afford to do. Of the great power and brilliancy of these papers there can be no second opinion. The interest which they excited at the time of their appearance was due as well to their intrinsic force and vivacity as to the subjects which they dealt with. The editor remarks that the sketches of the celebrities of the Irish Bar “were admired wherever they were read, as well for their fidelity as portraitures as for the spirit and elegance with which they were written.” The latter part of the observation is true; the former we cannot admit. On the contrary, it was felt at the time, as it is felt now, that in many instances the portraits were distorted and disfigured. A strong party bias gave its colouring to them, whether they were those of friend or foe. The virtues and talents of the former are magnified, their faults extenuated; the failings of the latter are exaggerated, their motives are misrepresented, their honesty impugned, and their good qualities suppressed. These false delineations served their temporary purpose at the time, but they can serve no such purpose to-day. Saurin and Joy lived down the libels upon their fair fame, and left enduring reputations, and the libels were forgotten. To republish them now is to invite their exposure and contradiction.

In separate sketches published in *The New Monthly Magazine* in the year 1823, Mr. Sheil professed to delineate the characters of Mr. Saurin and Mr. Joy, both then deservedly at the head of their profession; but, in another sketch, published in the same periodical, in 1827, he has exhibited them in one group, when Mr. Saurin was out of office, and Mr. Joy was Attorney-General. In this paper he has attempted to expose them to ridicule and contempt, and attributes to them degrading and unworthy quali-

ties, from which they were both free. In his original portraiture of Mr. Saurin, he commits some mistakes, though, at the same time, he does him the justice of extolling his learning, his ability, and his high moral character. He tells us, too, that he was "grave and sincere — regarded as a great constitutional lawyer, the peculiar representative of his own profession, a true but unimpassioned lover of his country, and as likely to consult her permanent interests as to cherish a romantic attachment to her dignity. He rose in the House of Commons attended with a great concurrence of impressive circumstances; his language was not flowing or abundant; there was no soaring in his thought, nor majesty in his elocution; but he was clear and manly — there was a plain vigour about him." But his eulogy throughout is qualified and neutralised by a constant depreciation, expressed or insinuated, that marks the prejudice and dislike with which he ever views the motives and the actions of a political opponent. "He was," says Mr. Sheil in another place, "the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who followed the duties of his pious but humble calling in the north of Ireland;" and alleges he was indebted to the patronage of the northern attorneys for his professional success. It is a fact so well known, that one is at a loss to attribute the misstatement to ignorance, that Mr. Saurin's father was a clergyman of the Established Church, and a member of a family whose name was distinguished in Europe; and that the son owed his success at the bar, not to the patronage of attorneys, but to his own sterling and pre-eminent merits as a legislator. We shall not be tempted by the comparison which Mr. Sheil institutes between Mr. Saurin and Mr. Plunket to exhibit its injustice at the expense of the latter. If Mr. Sheil has portrayed that distinguished and brilliant lawyer in colours that are tinged with his own partial opinions, we shall not touch the portrait; but we are compelled by a sense of truth to assert that the character, moral and professional, of Mr. Saurin, may safely be placed in juxtaposition with that of Mr. Plunket, without suffering by the comparison. But he committed two grave offences in the eyes of Mr. Sheil: he assumed the command of the lawyers' corps, to

which he was elevated by the voice of the whole loyalty of the profession to which he belonged, and he prosecuted the Catholic Board in the discharge of his duty as Attorney-General. We pass the depiction of Mr. Saurin's personal appearance, with the observation, that it exhibits a masterly hand in painting, and a somewhat malicious skill in deepening all the shadows, and depressing the lights; and notice the assertion, that after Mr. Plunket resigned the office of Attorney-General, it was offered to Mr. Saurin, who accepted it. This is true, but not the whole truth. Before the place was offered to Mr. Plunket in 1803, it had been offered to Mr. Saurin, who declined it, as tendered by a ministry many of the members of which had concurred with the Government in carrying the Legislative Union — a measure to which Mr. Saurin had offered the most strenuous opposition. Why was this well-known fact suppressed by Mr. Sheil? Was it because it manifested the disinterestedness and consistency of a man who had never, as did others, sought occasion to recant more intemperate expressions than ever fell from the lips of Mr. Saurin, in order to qualify for office under a Tory Government?

The conduct of Mr. Saurin as a public prosecutor during the important period in which, from 1807 to 1822, he filled the office of Attorney-General, entitled him to high praise. It may be truly affirmed of him, that he never brought forward a case but in necessary vindication of the law, and on due consideration; nor did he ever exceed the bounds of his duty. In these he had the entire and cordial concurrence of his colleague, Mr. Bushe, the Solicitor-General; and though they differed in their views upon the great question of Catholic Emancipation, yet in the prosecution which the conduct of the Roman Catholics (admitted by Mr. Sheil himself to be intemperate) rendered necessary, Mr. Bushe gave his able and entire assistance, and contributed to their success in every instance. In none of these did Mr. Saurin exhibit violence or intemperate demeanour, and Mr. Sheil, in his inability to adduce a single instance of irritability on the part of Mr. Saurin, is content to impute to him the secret harbouring of feelings of which he yet gave no outward indication.

There is one very remarkable case, unconnected with any party question, in which Mr. Saurin felt himself obliged to file a criminal information, in the progress of which he was attacked by his rival, Mr. Plunket, for unconstitutional conduct. The case has been referred to by Mr. Sheil, who professes to give an account of the origin and nature of the proceedings, as well as of the ability and learning displayed by the respective counsel.

On this subject Mr. Sheil does not appear to have been very well informed, though he pronounces confidently upon its merits. The case was this: Upon the vacancy of the office of clerk of the pleas of the Exchequer, held by patent from the crown, the Chief Baron O'Grady appointed to the office within seven days. Mr. Saurin, conceiving this to be a usurpation of the right of the crown, filed an *ex-officio* information against the appointee, and a trial took place at the bar of the King's Bench. Mr. Plunket, on behalf of the appointee, commented on the proceeding in terms of great asperity, and stigmatised it as "unprecedented, vexatious, and illegal in every particular;"* charging Mr. Saurin with subverting the established principles of the constitution, and said that such conduct could have no other tendency than to bring humiliation and disgrace on courts of justice, and odium on the prerogative of the crown, bringing the judges of the land as culprits and usurpers before the tribunal of another and a co-ordinate jurisdiction—that the proceedings were without precedent in the history of the law, Jacobinical and revolutionary. The injustice and severity of this language was severely rebuked by Mr. Bushe. "If," said he, "I feel his conduct to have been illegal, unconstitutional, oppressive, Jacobinical, and revolutionary, I have no obligations of profession to bind me to such a miscreant! No obligation but one which would call upon me to renounce my office, and fling from me the gown which I could no longer wear without disgrace."

How deeply Mr. Saurin felt the attack appears from his own words, in

the trial of the case in the Exchequer chamber: "Such an effusion of unwarrantable assertion could be injurious only to himself and to the cause of his client. It only wounded my feelings because it was acted and delivered with a degree of asperity and ill-will, which to this moment I never could conjecture what could have excited in the mind of a gentleman with whom I had lived so many years in perfect intimacy and friendship, at least on my part."† And in answer to an observation of one of the Judges, that Mr. Plunket had disowned any intention of personal invective, Mr. Saurin said: "He has, my lord; but unless he retract the words themselves, it is really but a mockery to say that, in using them, he bears me no ill-will, when he charges me with conduct of which if I was guilty, I should not only be unworthy and unfit to hold my office, but ought to be stripped of my gown." The general feeling of the bar at the time was, that Mr. Plunket's attack was unprovoked and personal. The jury found for the defendant as to the issue on the right of the crown, but against the defendant as to the right of the Chief Baron to make the appointment. Exceptions were taken by both parties, a writ of error was brought, and judgment given by the Court (with one dissentient voice) for the Crown, adopting the reasoning of Mr. Saurin both on the general question and the legality of the mode of proceeding.

In the article entitled, "Farewell of Lord Mannors," if Mr. Sheil has not altogether retracted the merits which he conceded to Mr. Saurin, he has endeavoured to dilute and destroy them, by insinuating that he was actuated by the meanest feelings of envy and malevolence. Lord Mannors and Mr. Joy are the principal subjects of delineation, and occupy the foreground of the picture, the former being the retiring Chancellor, and the latter, the Attorney-General, and called on to pronounce the address on the part of the bar. Mr. Saurin is, of course, one of the group in the painting, which is cleverly filled up with sarcastic sketches of "the junior aristocracy of the bar,"

* See the report of the trial of the King against O'Grady, by the present Baron Greene, in 1816.

† See Report of the O'Grady v. King, by the present Baron Greene. 1816.

"the multitude of King's counsel, in whom his Majesty scarcely finds a verification of the divine saying of Solomon," "the Pharisees of Leeson-street," and "the Sadducees of the Beef-Steak Club;" but the first stands out in peculiar prominence:—

"But the person most deserving of attention was Mr. Saurin. Lord Manners had been his intimate associate for twenty years. He had, upon his lordship's first arrival in Ireland, pre-occupied his mind; he took advantage of his opportunities of access, and, having crept like an earwig into his audience, he at last effected a complete lodgment in his mind. Mr. Saurin established a masterdom over his faculties, and gave to all his passions the direction of his own. A very close intimacy grew up between them, which years of intercourse cemented into regard. They were seen every day walking together to the court, with that easy lounge which indicated the carelessness and equality of friendship.

"In one instance only had Lord Manners been wanting in fidelity to his companion. He had been commissioned to inform him (at least, he was himself six months before apprised of the intended movement), that Mr. Plunket would, in return for his services to the administration, be raised to the office of Attorney-General for Ireland. Had Mr. Saurin been informed of this determination, he might have acted more wisely than he did, when in a fit of what his advocates have been pleased to call magnanimity, but which was nothing else than a paroxysm of offended arrogance, he declined the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench. Lord Wellesley took him at his word, and gave him no opportunity to retrace his steps. He would not, at all events, have been taken unawares. Mr. Saurin is not conspicuous for his tendencies to forgiveness, but he pardoned the person in whose favour, of all others, a barrister should make an exception from his vindictive habits. Their intercourse was renewed; and whatever might have been the state of their hearts, their arms continued to be linked together. This intimacy was noted by the solicitors, and although deprived of his official power, Mr. Saurin retained his business, and the importance which attends it. The resignation, therefore, of Lord Manners, to whose court his occupations were confined, was accounted a personal misfortune to himself.

"From the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, he drew the general notice in the senate of separation, and was an object of interest to those, who, without any political sympathy or aversion, are observers of feeling, and students of the human heart. In justice to him it should be stated, that his bearing did not greatly deviate from his ordinary demeanour, and that

he still looked the character which he had been for some time playing, if not with profit, yet not without applause, as the Stoic of Orangeism, and the Cato of 'a falling state.' Not that he appeared altogether insensible, but, in his sympathies, his own calamities did not seem to have any very ostensible share;—any expression of a melancholy kind, that was perceivable through his dark and Huguenot complexion, seemed to arise more immediately from the pains of friendship than from any sentiment in more direct connexion with himself.

"I cannot avoid thinking, however, that his mind must have been full of scorpion recollections: there was, at least, one incident which must have deeply stung him. Had the address to Lord Manners been pronounced by Mr. Plunket, Mr. Saurin might have been reconciled to the representation of the bar, in the person of a man, who had long approved himself his superior. But to see his own proselyte holding the place to which he had acquired a sort of prescriptive right, and to witness in Henry Joy the Attorney-General to a Whig Administration, while he was himself without distinction or office, was, I am sure, a source of corrosive feeling, and must have pained him to the core."

The passage which we have just quoted abounds with assertions without proof, and conjectures without probabilities to justify them, and gives evidence of a gratuitous malignity influencing the mind of the writer. Though it is intended to exhibit the ingratitude of Lord Manners to his friend in not informing him of the intentions of Government to remove him from the office of Attorney-General to make room for his rival Mr. Plunket, as much as to disparage Mr. Saurin, we shall consider it at present in the latter aspect only. The object of the statement is to convey the impression, that although Lord Manners had done Mr. Saurin an injury that must have excited feelings of anger and resentment, yet that he suppressed those feelings, from no higher motive than to secure his business in the Court of Chancery, by still exhibiting to the solicitors the show of a friendship with its chief when that friendship had ceased to exist. The writer admits that there was nothing in the deportment or countenance of Mr. Saurin that indicated any personal feeling, but merely the pain which parting with an old and valued friend would naturally produce, "*digressu veteris confusus amici*." Yet Mr. Sheil persuades himself, and would of course persuade others, to the be-

lief that Mr. Saurin's mind must have been full of scorpion recollections and corrosive feelings. This is to brand as a dissembler, a hypocrite, and a seeker for professional business by unworthy and mean simulation, a man whose integrity, independence, and truth were universally acknowledged, and whose professional learning and knowledge left him at that time—Mr. Plunket having been elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas—without a rival in the Court of Chancery. Who told Mr. Sheil that Mr. Saurin refused the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench in a paroxysm of offended arrogance? Not his friends, for they called it magnanimity; not his enemies, for it was not his habit to lay his heart or his feelings naked before them, either by word, or look, or gesture. But Mr. Sheil might, and must have heard, if his avocations brought him much in contact with his brethren of the Chancery bar, that Mr. Saurin had, long previously to his interview with Lord Wellesley, always expressed an insuperable objection to preside in a court of criminal jurisdiction. Against the disparaging and unjust estimate of Mr. Saurin, given by Mr. Sheil, let us allude to the opinions of two men, who from their high professional position and intercourse with him, their opportunities, and their judgment, are more faithful and competent witnesses. Lord Plunket, a political and forensic rival, even when all intimacy had ceased between them, voluntarily bore a generous testimony to his private and his public worth, adding that he was a man by no means sufficiently valued by the public;* and Bushe, who had little in common with him, either in political views or intellectual sympathies, characterised him as the wisest man he ever knew.

Another subject for Mr. Sheil's portraiture is Mr. Joy; and with the strong political prejudices of the painter exhibited in every political sketch in these volumes, it would be vain to expect a faithful delineation. Mr. Joy's sins were great in the eyes of Mr. Sheil; and so he sat before the artist in a light so discoloured and unfavourable that every feature is distorted—

every expression, intellectual and physical, is misrepresented—and the whole picture becomes a caricature, so extravagant, so *bizarre*, so out of all natural proportion and similitude, that those who knew the supposed original fail to recognise the likeness, and all others will look upon the picture as a clever but disagreeable fancy composition-piece, which he dubs "the Maphistophiles of Goethe," reminding one of the legend of a great painter, who executing an order at the suggestion of the devil in the disguise of a grandee, took each separate feature from a different countenance, and produced a face so fantastic and revolting that he disgusted all who beheld it, and lost his own wits.

Amongst the chief crimes of Mr. Joy may be placed that of being a Tory barrister and the friend of Saurin:—

"That gentleman, the Coryphæus of the Orange party, formed for Mr. Joy a strong political partiality. He found in Mr. Joy the cardinal virtue, which, in his opinion, is the hinge of all integrity and honour, and in the absence of which the highest genius and the deepest knowledge are wholly without avail. With the ex-Attorney-General, Orangism in politics has all the efficacy of charity in religion, and in the person of Mr. Joy, he found many conspicuous qualities set-off by the full lustre of Protestantism."

Mr. Saurin's friendship for Mr. Joy had a larger and firmer basis than political sympathies; it was founded upon an appreciation of his high legal attainments, and a respect for his honourable and manly character; upon these grounds Mr. Saurin had contributed to his advancement, and would have preferred him to the office of Attorney-General, as the best qualified man then in the profession, for Mr. Saurin was himself out of the question, and would not, if offered it, accept the place from a ministry whose principles were at variance with his own.

For another crime Mr. Joy is thus arraigned by Mr. Sheil:—

"A lawyer, who has since risen to considerable distinction, and whose youth was encompassed by calamities, which it required a rare combination of talents and of fortitude to surmount, was selected by Mr. Joy for an

* See "Memoirs of Lord Plunket," in THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, March, 1840, p. 264.

early manifestation of his devotedness to the cause, which it required no very high spirit of prophecy to foresee would be ultimately canonised by success. It was upon the motion of Mr. Joy, that the barrister to whom I allude was expelled, for his republican tendencies, from the bar-mess of the North-east Circuit. In recommending so very rigorous a measure, he gave proof of his earnestness and of his good taste. The expulsion of an associate, whom an almost daily intercourse ought to have invested with at least the semblances of friendship, afforded abundant evidence of the sincerity of the emotion with which he was influenced, while his discrimination was approved, by marking a man out for ruin, whose endowments were sufficiently conspicuous to direct the general attention, not only to the peculiar victim that suffered in the sacrifice, but to the priest who presided at the immolation."

It is scarcely credible that Mr. Sheil, with the opportunities which he had of learning the truth of this case, could have fallen into the error in this misstatement. Indeed his editor, with becoming candour, corrects him. Let us state the facts as, we believe, they really occurred. The gentleman to whom Mr. Sheil alludes, in a eulogy as just as it is eloquent, had, in his early career, evinced somewhat more than "tendencies" towards republicanism. We do him no injustice in saying that he entertained *opinions* in favour of republicanism in Ireland. Upon the raising of the Lawyers' Corps, at the time of the Rebellion, the gentleman was enrolled amongst the other members of the Bar; but on hearing that they were to be placed under the command of the military authorities, whose severity he condemned, he threw down his arms, and stepped out of the ranks. A resolution was passed, "that no person not being enrolled in one of the yeomanry corps was worthy of being a member of the Bar," and Mr. Joy was required to enforce that rule upon the North-East Circuit. The gentleman, whatever were his early opinions, lived to command the respect and esteem of his profession, as an honest, high-minded, and uncompromisingly independent man; and, though he refused office and professional rank, he stood second to none in legal eminence. That he attributed no personal motive to Mr. Joy is manifested by the fact, that during the life of the latter, they both lived on terms of great intimacy and friendship. This could not have been

the case with one so distinguished for his sturdy and frank honesty as the gentleman alluded to, had he any grounds of complaint against Mr. Joy. He still lives respected in his old age, and in his honoured retirement would, we believe, despise and repudiate the misrepresentation that has been put forward. We shall not be guilty of the offence of aiding in the circulation of the portrait to which we have referred, by quoting any portion of it. There are those living who bear in their memories a truer and a more agreeable portrait of the late Chief Baron Joy. For others, let the memorials that still remain in one of our public institutions attest the accomplished philosopher and man of taste; let a life of constant benevolence, generosity, and uprightness, erase all the false traits and dark colours with which an unscrupulous artist disfigured the portrait of the man.

One other portrait there is which we cannot pass over without comment. It is the judicial portrait of Lord Manners, and executed rather by suggestive and broken outlines, than filled in and complete. The occasion is the presentation of the farewell address of the Bar to the Chancellor:—

"Then follows the address. I forbear from setting forth the whole of it, but select a single sentence:—'We,' said Mr. Joy, 'cannot but admire that distinguished ability, that strict impartiality, and that unremitting assiduity, with which you have discharged the various duties of your office.' The delivery of this sentence was a masterpiece of sarcastic recitation; and, to any person who desired to become a proficient in the art of sneering, of which Mr. Joy is so renowned a professor, afforded an invaluable model. Cicero, in his oratorical treatise, has given an analysis of the manner in which certain fine fragments of eloquence have been delivered; and, for the benefit of the students of irony, it may not be improper to enter with some minuteness into a detail of the varieties of excellence with which Mr. Joy pronounced this panegyric. With this view, I shall take each limb of the sentence apart.—'We cannot but admire:—In uttering these words, he gave his head a slight shake, with which he generally announces that he is about to let loose some formidable sarcasm. He paused at the same time, as if he felt a qualm of conscience at what he was about to speak, and experienced a momentary commiseration for the victim of his cruel commendations.

"This feeling of compassion, however, only lasted for an instant, and he assumed

the aspect that became the utterance of the vituperative adulation which he had undertaken to inflict. 'We cannot but admire the distinguished ability!'—At the word 'ability' it was easy to perceive, that he could with difficulty restrain his sense of extravagance from breaking into laughter. However, he did succeed in keeping down the spirit of ridicule within the just boundaries of derision. At the same time he conveyed to his auditors (the Chancellor excepted) the whole train of thought that was passing in his mind; and by the magic of his countenance recalled a series of amusing recollections. It was impossible to look at him without remembering the exhibitions which for twenty years had made the administration of justice in the Irish Court of Chancery the subject of Lord Redesdale's laughter, and of John Lord Eldon's tears. He spoke it with such a force of mockery, that he at once brought to the mind of the spectators that spirit of ignorant self-sufficiency, and presumptuous precipitation, with which Lord Mannors discharged the business of his court.

"A hundred cases seemed to rise in his face. 'Stackpoole and Stackpoole' appeared in the curl of his lip; 'Blake and Foster' quivered in the movement of his nostrils; 'Brossley against the Corporation of Dublin' appeared in his twinkling eyes; and 'reversal' seemed to be written in large characters between his brows. The next sarcasm which this unmerciful adulator proceeded to apply, turned on his lordship's selection of magistrates. At the utterance of 'strict impartiality,' the smile of Mr. Joy gleamed with a still yellower lustre over his features, and he threw his countenance into so expressive a grimace, that the whole loyal but pauper magistracy of Ireland was brought at once to my view. I beheld a long array of insolvent justices with their arms out at the elbows, who had been honoured by virtue of their Protestantism, with his Majesty's commission of the peace. I did not think it possible for the powers of irony to go beyond this last achievement of the Attorney-General, until he came to talk of his lordship's unremitting assiduity. It was well known to every man at the bar, that Lord Mannors abhorred his occupations. He trembled at an enthyem, he sunk under a sorites, and was gored by the horns of dilemma. His irritability in court was the subject of universal complaint. He seemed to labour under an incapacity of fixing his attention for any continuity of time to any given matter of meditation; and by his wriggling in his seat during the admirable arguments of Mr. Pennesfather, and his averted eye, and the puffing of his cheeks, exhibited his strong distaste for reasoning, and the horror which he entertained for all inductive thought."

It might, perhaps, be sufficient to

say, that the few words of the speech quoted carry with them a complete refutation of the scandal insinuated and expressed by the author. Even could we suppose for a moment (which we cannot) that Mr. Joy could have the temerity or the moral turpitude to pronounce an eulogy; which he knew to be a sarcastic insult and a gross falsehood, can we imagine that the Chancery Bar of Ireland—Saurin and the Pennesfathers, Warren, and Blackburne, and Lefroy—would have sanctioned and accredited such indecent and ribald mockery of the highest legal functionary of the land? Impossible! We have, therefore, the testimony of the wisest and the ablest members of the Chancery Bar to the qualifications of Lord Mannors, against the solitary sarcastic vituperation of one who had but little experience in Courts of Equity, and whose ability to estimate the functionary was about on a par with his impartiality to do justice to the man. Lord Mannors occupied the high post of Chancellor in this country for a period of twenty years with ability and with dignity. From the general kindness and courtesy of his demeanour, he was a great favourite with the Bar, and much esteemed by the public at large. If he had been ignorant, incapable, and partial, as a public functionary, during these twenty years, how comes it that no complaint was ever made of him during that time—no voice raised against him except in the halls of agitation, or at seditious meetings? If he neglected his duties to pursue his pleasures, was there no tribunal open for redress? We have heard of the conduct of other Judges having been brought before parliament—why was he spared? Where are "the hundred cases that seem to rise in his face?" They are like the mirrored forms of "Banquo's shadowy line," or the multiplied images of the mirage—they have no existence but in an evil and distempered fancy—no place but in the mists of prejudice that obscure the understanding and cheat the vision. Three cases alone are specified by Mr. Sheil; had he named thirty, the fact would not be displaced—namely, that, taking into consideration the period he presided in the Court of Chancery, the number of Lord Mannors's decrees reversed upon appeal, did not exceed—to say the least—those of some of his suc-

cessors which have met a similar fate. That he was diligent in the discharge of his duties is proved by the fact, that though he found an arrear of business upon coming into office, he left none on his retirement, notwithstanding the greater number of the causes as compared with more recent times.

We have now discharged a necessary, but an ungrateful task. We have felt it our duty to minister some antidote to the poison of the calumny which is now poured upon the reputation of the dead. *They*, indeed, can feel no pain, but the spirits of the living may smart and fester. Englishmen love fair play, and it is their pride and their boast to afford it even to a foe. It is therefore our especial wish that English readers of "The Sketches" of Eminent Irish Lawyers, should not be furnished with pictures by a hand which prejudice has guided, and portrayed in colours in which there is less of the oil of charity than the gall of hatred. Mr. Savage, in reference to Mr. Sheil's personal descriptions, has, with much justness, and very happily, compared him with the celebrated Spanish satirist, Quevedo. The Irishman resembles the Spaniard in more than his pungency and liveliness; indeed, the description given by one of the biographers of the latter might be applied with great propriety to the former—"Il avait l'esprit naturellement tourné *a la fiction*, une adresse merveilleuse, jointe a une fécondité inépuisable de productions pour embellir et pour enrichir sa matière, et pour la relever par des couleurs et d'autres ornements dont *la fiction* peut avoir besoin pour imposer et pour se faire recevoir." Here, however, the parallel ends. A very different fate awaited the two satirists. Quevedo's satires against Count Olivarez procured him the honour of a place in a dungeon, from King Philip IV., where he might repent at leisure. Mr. Sheil's talents obtained for him the mastership of the Mint under Queen Victoria, where he might rejoice over his good luck, and banish all remorse from his heart as he did the "grace of God" from the florins.

And now let us to a more pleasurable contemplation, for there is a great deal to attract and charm in these volumes. The portraits of those whose political views coincided with Mr. Sheil's, are drawn with great vigour and beauty. If

they be on occasion too highly coloured, ours shall not be the hand to tone down their brightness. The portrait of Bushe is a model of word-painting; it is finished with the most exquisite care—every touch is studied, and the air and sentiment are conveyed with as much truth and delicacy as the features and figure are vigorously delineated. It reminds one of a highly polished enamel miniature. We would willingly give the whole, but that its length precludes our doing so; a partial quotation we feel will not do justice to the artist:—

"The first circumstance which offers itself to the mind of any man who recalls the recollection of Bushe, in order to furnish a description of his rhetorical attributes, is his delivery. In bringing the remembrance of other speakers of eminence to my contemplation, their several faculties and endowments present themselves in a different order, according to the proportions of excellence to each other which they respectively bear. In thinking, for example, of Mr. Fox, the torrent of his vehement and overwhelming logic is first before me; if I should pass to his celebrated antagonist, I repose upon the majesty of his amplification. The wit of Sheridan, the blazing imagination and the fantastic drollery of Curran, the forensic and simple vigour of Erskine, and the rapid, versatile, and incessant intensity of Plunket—are the first associations which connect themselves with their respective names. But there is no one peculiar faculty of mind which suggests itself in the first instance as the characteristic of Mr. Bushe, and which presses into the van of his qualifications as a public speaker. The corporeal image of the man himself is brought at once into the memory. I do not think of any one distinguishing attribute in the shape of a single intellectual abstraction—it is a picture that I have before me.

"The eyes are large, globular, and blue; extremely animated with idea, but without any of that diffusive irradiation which belongs to the expression of genius. They are filled with a serene light, but have not much brilliancy or fire. The mind within them seems, however, to be all activity and life, and to combine a singular mixture of intensity and deliberation. The nose is lightly arched, and with sufficient breadth of the nostrils (which physiognomists consider as a type of eloquence) to furnish the associations of daring and of power, and terminates with a delicacy and chiselled elegance of proportion, in which it is easy to discover the polished irony and refined satire in which he is accustomed to indulge.

"But the mouth is the most remarkable feature in his countenance; it is endowed

with the greatest variety of sentiment, and contains a rare assemblage of oratorical qualities. It is characteristic of force, firmness, and precision, and is at once affable and commanding, proud and kind, tender and impassioned, accurate and vehement, generous and sarcastic, and is capable of the most conciliating softness and the most impetuous ire. Yet there is something artificial about it from a lurking consciousness of its own expression. Its smile is the great instrument of its effects, but appears to be too systematic; yet it is susceptible of the nicest gradations; it merely flashes and disappears, or, in practised obedience to the will, streams over the whole countenance in a broad and permanent illumination: at one moment it just passes over the lips, and dies at the instant of its birth; and at another bursts out in an exuberant and overflowing joyousness, and seems caught in the fulness of its hilarity from the face of *Comus* himself.

"His gesture is of the first order. It is finished and rounded with that perfect care which the orators of antiquity bestowed upon the external graces of eloquence, and is an illustration of the justice of the observation made by the master of them all, that action was not only the chief ingredient, but almost the exclusive constituent of excellence in his miraculous art. There is unquestionably much of that native elegance about it, which is to the body what fancy and imagination are to the mind, and which no efforts of the most laborious diligence can acquire. But the heightening and additions of deep study are apparent. The most minute particulars are attended to. So far indeed has an observance of effect been carried, that in serious obedience to the ironical precept of the satirist, he wears a large gold ring, which is frequently and ostentatiously displayed upon his weighty and commanding hand. But it is the voice of this fine speaker which contains the master-spell of his perfections. I have already mentioned its extraordinary attributes, and indeed it must be actually heard in order to form any appreciation of its effects."

Who that remembers Charles Kendall Bushe, even in his later years, will not acknowledge the truth of this picture? Who will not think all the better of the artist if he have erred on the more amiable side, and drawn a somewhat flattering picture?—"Not one dark shadow falls across that bright face—no biting satire mars the dimpling sweetness of those lips; nothing steals across that ample, placid brow, to make it look less sincere." So would we ever wish to see restored to our memories those whom we love and

venerate, their virtues all remembered, their failings all forgotten—Oh! "*si sic omnia scripsisset.*" Why, when he could delight to be partial, could he not, too, afford to be just!

The sketch of Lord Norbury is worked up in the happiest style. It is true that it is highly coloured and wrought in a manner suited for English readers, and yet the character of that highly eccentric person was one that afforded strong temptations for such a pencil as Mr. Sheil's. His depiction is replete with a pleasant and sub-acidulous humour, with little of malice, and a good deal of truth; nor was it necessary to exaggerate the peculiarities of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in order to present a picture that has all the point and piquancy of a caricature, while it has in reality the merit of being true to the original. A description of Lord Norbury would be incomplete without introducing, as accessories, some of the practitioners of his court. Accordingly, Mr. Sheil happily enough describes Lord Norbury as the manager of a forensic theatre, at the head of an excellent company, who threw off all soberness and propriety the moment they entered the court, and became infected with the habits of the venerable punster who presided there. The sallies of Messrs. Wallace, Grady, O'Connell, and Goold, will be long remembered by the profession as vying in a rivalry of uproar and merriment, co-operating strenuously with the Chief, and keeping up the ball that was sure at the first opportunity to be tossed amongst them from the bench.

"Long before Lord Norbury took his seat, the galleries were densely filled with faces strangely expressive of idleness, haggardness, and humour. At about eleven his Lordship's registrar, Mr. Peter Jackson, used to slide in with an official leer; and a little after Lord Norbury entered with a grotesque waddle, and, having bowed to the Bar, cast his eyes round the court. Perceiving a full house, an obvious expression of satisfaction pervaded his countenance; and if he saw any of his acquaintance of a noble family, such as John Claudius Beresford, who had a good deal of time on his hands, in the crowd, he ordered the tipstaff to make way for him, and in order, I presume, to add to the dignity of the proceedings, placed him beside himself on the bench. While the jury were swearing, he either nodded familiarly to most of them, occasionally observing, 'A most respectable

man; or, if the above-mentioned celebrated member of the house of Curraghmore chanced to be next him, was engaged in so pleasant a vein of whispering, that it was conjectured, from the heartiness of his laugh, that he must have been talking of the recreations of the Riding-house, and the amusements of 1798. The junior counsel having opened the pleadings, Lord Norbury generally exclaimed, 'A very promising young man! Jackson, what is that young gentleman's name?'—'Mr. ———, my Lord.'—'What! of the county of Cork?—I knew it by his air. Sir, you are a gentleman of very high pretensions, and I protest that I have never heard the money counts stated in a more dignified manner in all my life; I hope I shall find you, like the paper before me, a Daily Freeman in my court.'

"Lord Norbury, however, when he saw Mr. Grady pushing the plaintiff to extremities, used to come to his aid, and rally the broken recollections of the witness. This interposition called the defendant's counsel into stronger action, and they were as vigorously encountered by the counsel on the other side. Interruption created remonstrance; remonstrance called forth retort; retort generated sarcasm; and at length voices were raised so loud, and the blood of the forensic combatants was so warmed, that a general scene of confusion, to which Lord Norbury most amply contributed, took place. The uproar gradually increased till it became tremendous; and, to add to the tumult, a question of law, which threw Lord Norbury's faculties into complete chaos, was thrown into the conflict. Mr. Grady and Mr. O'Connell shouted upon one side, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Gould upon the other, and at last, Lord Norbury, the witnesses, the counsel, the parties, and the audience, were involved in one universal riot, in which it was difficult to determine whether the laughter of the audience, the exclamations of the parties, the protestations of the witnesses, the cries of the counsel, or the bellowing of Lord Norbury, predominated. At length, however, his lordship's superiority of lungs prevailed; and, like *Æolus* in his cavern (of whom, with his puffed cheeks and inflamed visage, he would furnish a painter with a model), he shouted his stormy subjects into peace."

We pass over the portraiture of O'Loughlen, which is true and life-like, catching the prominent lines of his *physique* and his intellect with an accurate and dexterous fidelity. A brief outline of the subsequent career of this eminent lawyer and most popular Judge is given by the editor in a note.

Let us glance at the sketch of the late Judge Foster, which is executed in a vein of exquisite humour and deli-

cate irony, and with a caustic and mocking eulogy pervading it throughout, that is irresistibly pleasant to any one who remembers the demeanour of that exceedingly well read and solemn personage. The details of the Louth election of 1826 is a most amusing extravaganza, while the effect of his parliamentary eloquence is told with a felicitous drollery that makes one almost pardon its malice.

"I was under the gallery of the House of Commons during the debate on the Catholic question in the year 1825. The house was exceedingly full. Mr. Foster rose to speak, and the effect of his appearance on his legs was truly wonderful. In an instant the house was cleared. The rush to the door leading to the tavern upstairs, where the members find a refuge from the soporific powers of their brother-legislators, was tremendous. I was myself swept away by the torrent, and carried from my place by the crowd, that fled from the solemn adjuration with which Mr. Foster commenced his oration. The single phrase 'Mr. Speaker' was indeed uttered with such a tone as indicated the extent of the impending evil; and finding already the influence of drowsiness upon me, I followed the example which was given by the representatives of the people, who, whatever differences may have existed amongst them upon the mode of settling Ireland, appeared to coincide in their estimate of Mr. Foster's elocution. From the Treasury Benches, the Opposition, and the neutral quarters of the house, a simultaneous concourse hurried up to Bellamy's, and left Mr. Foster in full possession of that solitude which he had thus instantaneously and miraculously produced.

I passed from these ante-chambers to the tavern, where I found a number of members assembled at dinner. Half an hour had passed away, toothpicks and claret were now beginning to appear, and the business of mastication being concluded, that of digestion had commenced, and many an honourable gentleman I observed who seemed to prove that he was born only to digest. At the end of a long corridor, which opened from the room where the diners were assembled, there stood a waiter whose office it was to inform any interrogator what gentleman was speaking below stairs. Nearly opposite the door sat two English county members. They had disposed of a bottle each, and just as the last glass was emptied, one of them called out to the annunciator at the end of the passage for intelligence; 'Mr. Foster on his legs' was the formidable answer. 'Waiter, bring another bottle,' was the immediate effect of this information, which was followed by a similar injunction from every table in the room. I perceived that Mr. Bellamy owed great obligations to Mr. Foster. But

the latter did not limit himself to a second bottle; again and again the same question was asked, and again the same announcement returned—"Mr. Foster upon his legs." The answer seemed to fasten men in inseparable adhesiveness to their seats."

Besides the personal sketches, these volumes contain several able and very interesting political papers: one, entitled "*Calamities of the Bar*," deserves especial notice. It is a paper of great and varied power. It abounds with passages of the deepest pathos, intermingled with flashes of fine wit, and most picturesque descriptions, sarcastic humour, and lively episodes. The narrative of poor MacMahon is touching in the extreme; that of MacDougal, painfully exciting in its forceful truth; while the class of rich and briefless barristers represented by Pomposo is suggestive of ludicrous images that relieve the melancholy feelings evoked by the pictures that precede it. We rarely remember to have read anything more powerful or affecting than the paper on "*The Burning of the Sheas*." Here, indeed, Mr. Sheil's fine genius had full play; and he displays a mastery of language, a depth of feeling, a power of arraying all the terrible details of that awful tragedy with a force and vividness that are perfectly dramatic, without ever degenerating into false sentiment. Mr. Sheil took occasion shortly after the occurrence to address the peasantry upon the subject of those agrarian outrages. He has given us a portion of that address, which exhibits dexterity and great knowledge of the mode of working upon the feelings of his rustic auditory, though it is, in point of language and oratory, somewhat above the level of those whom he addressed.

We cannot afford as high commendation to the "*Notes on Circuit*" as to many other papers in these volumes. The account of the trial for libel at Waterford seems to be introduced for the special purpose of recording his own speech on the occasion. We could wish, for the sake of the author's fame, that he had not written it; and we think the editor would have exercised a sound discretion if he had not republished it now. Independent of its being calculated to awaken unpleasant recollections amongst relatives of the parties, it presents anything but a favourable impression of Mr. Sheil's

oratory; and we should be sorry that our neighbours in England had no better specimens upon which to form their estimate of his powers. The trial scene was evidently contributed for the sole purpose of quoting from the speech of Mr. Sheil on the occasion, and we believe he would, if living, feel no especial gratification in commemorating an oration disfigured by passages of turgid puerility, bombast, and extravagance. That which should be simple and pathetic is marred by inflated phrasology and false sentiment, and one can hardly recognise it as the production of the same man who depicted the burning of the Sheas, or depicted the calamities of the bar. But, perhaps, he knew his auditory, and seasoned his speech for their palates. How charmed must the worthy burghers of Waterford have been when they heard the counsellor talking about a young Tramore lady "revolving in the giddy mazes of a dance," or "evoking the notes of melody from some instrument of music with her soft and thrilling touch;" and what must have been your pride and delight, ye wives and daughters, when he drew the picture of a fashionable "rolling in a gilded chariot amidst the streets of your city!" Pleasant and flattering fiction! We have, ourselves, a grateful recollection of the odours that exhale from the narrow streets of that seafaring locality, but we have no memory of gilded chariots, and suspect they were produced from the brain of the poet-orator, as similar conveniencies issued from the pocket of Peter Schlemil, or the pumpkins of the good fairy in Cinderella.

It will be in the recollection of many of our readers, that in the year 1825 the proceedings of the Catholic Association had, from their organisation and the tone of their speakers, become very formidable to the Government, and were considered to bring the public peace into peril. Upon the meeting of Parliament, a measure was introduced for the suppression of the society. The Roman Catholics petitioned against the bill, and having prayed that they might be heard by counsel at the bar of the house, Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil were despatched to London upon that mission. This occasion brought Mr. Sheil in communication with all the great senators of the Whig party, and the leading members of the English

Roman Catholic aristocracy, and he has recorded his impressions of them in a very interesting and able paper. We can find room but for one sketch; that of Brougham :—

"Nature has not, perhaps, been very favourable to this very eminent man in his merely physical configuration. His person is tall, but not compact or well put together. There is a looseness of limb about him, which takes away from that stability of attitude which indicates the fixedness of the mind. His chest is narrow—he wants that bulk which gives Plunket an Atlantean massiveness of form, mentioned by Milton as the property of a great statesman. The countenance of Mr. Brougham wants symmetry and refinement. His features are strong, but rather wide. He has a Caledonian prominence of bone. His complexion indicates his intellectual habits—and is 'sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought.' It seems smoked by the midnight lamp. His eyes are deeply sunk, but full at once of intensity and meditation. His voice is good—it is clear, articulate, and has sufficient melody and depth. He has the power of raising it to a very high key, without harshness or discord, and when he becomes impassioned, he is neither hoarse nor shrill. Such is the outward man; and if he has defects, they are not so numerous or so glaring as those over which the greatest orator of antiquity obtained a victory.

"In his ideal picture of a public speaker, Homer represents the most accomplished artificer of words as a person with few if any personal attractions. The characteristics of Brougham's oratory are vigour and passion. He alternates with great felicity. He possesses in a high degree the art of easy transition from impetuosity to demonstration. His blood does not become so over-heated as to render it a matter of difficulty for him to return to the tone and language of a familiar discourse—the prevalent tone and language of the House of Commons. A man who cannot rise beyond it will never make a great figure; but, whoever cannot habitually employ it, will be accounted a declaimer, and will fall out of parliamentary favour.

"Mr. Brougham's gesture is at once senatorial and forensic. He uses his arms like an orator, and his hands like a lawyer. He employs great sweep of action, and describes segments of circles in his impassioned movements; here he forgets his forensic habits: but when he is either sneering or sophisticating, he closes his hands together with a somewhat pragmatical air, or uniting the points of his forefingers, and lifting them to a level with his chair, embodies in his attitude the minute spirit of *Nisi Prius*."

The deputies having failed to obtain a hearing in the House, it was arranged

that they should have an opportunity of expressing their sentiments in public, and accordingly the British Roman Catholics held a meeting for the purpose at the Freemasons' Hall. Both the deputies spoke on the occasion. Mr. O'Connell's speech is said to have been an effective one. Mr. Sheil tells us, with great candour, that his effort was a failure:—

"He cast that sort of look about him, which I have witnessed in an actor when he surveys an empty house. The echo produced by the diminution of the crowd drowned his voice, which being naturally of a harsh quality, requires great management, and, in order to produce any oratorical impression, must be kept under the control of art. Mr. Sheil became disheartened, and lost his command over his throat. He grew loud and indistinct. He also fell into the mistake of laying aside his habitual cast of expression and of thought, and in place of endeavouring to excite the feelings of his auditory, wearied them with a laborious detail of uninteresting facts. He failed to produce any considerable impression excepting at the close of his speech, in which, after dwelling upon the great actions which were achieved by the Catholic ancestors of some of the eminent men around him, he introduced Jean of Arc prophesying to Talbot the obscuration of his illustrious name, and the exclusion of his posterity from the councils of his country."

We have space to refer but to one other of these papers—that which describes the great Protestant meeting at Penenden Heath, in the year 1828. The Radicals of England mustered there in strong force, and Mr. Sheil was present, we presume, to represent the Irish party. The Duke of York was then recently dead, and Mr. Sheil had spoken of him while lying on his death-bed in language whose malignity and violence it is impossible to justify, and difficult in any degree to extenuate. The memory of this speech was fresh in the minds of the men of Kent, and was not likely to make the speaker of it an object of much favour. Every one knows the fate of Mr. Sheil's effort on the occasion, and the merriment and derision which followed the publication in a London journal of the speech which he did *not* speak in Kent. We have several portraits in this paper, and amongst them one of Sheil himself :—

"That gentleman sat in one of the waggon, apparently careless of the impression

which he should produce; but his pale and bilious face, in which discontent and solicitude, mingled with a spirit of Sardonic virulence, are expressed, and his restless and unquiet eye, gave indications that he was annoyed at the opprobrious epithets which were showered upon him, and that he was anxious about the event, as it should personally affect himself. There is certainly in Mr. Sheil's face and person little to bespeak the favour of a public assembly; and if he produces oratorical effects, he must be indebted to a power of phrase, and an art in delivery, of which, in the uproar in which he spoke, it was impossible in that meeting to form any estimate."

This, though only an outline, is nevertheless not devoid of resemblance, and has the merit of a candid self-appreciation. We perceive that his portrait is likely ere long to be presented to the public by a gentleman whose ability is sufficient for the task, and whose political sympathies will insure his subject the fullest justice. In this the fate of Sheil is happier than that of some who have been the subject of his pencil. For ourselves we rejoice at it, and shall be better pleased to see the hand of a friend disclosing his merits, than the implacable and bitter fingers of a political foe relentlessly tearing off the veil that covers his infirmities, and dragging "his frailties from their dread abode." Ere we close our notice of these volumes let us express our deep regret—we are disposed to substitute a stronger sentiment—at the re-appearance of the paper entitled, "The Exorcism of a Divine." It is a scurrilous, heartless, truculent, and cowardly assault on a prelate eminent for his great learning and high mental powers; one, too, whom Plunket honoured with his friendship and respect. We are not of those who can recognise no piety in the professors or the pastors of another religion—no honesty in a political opponent. Whatever prejudice Mr. Sheil cherished against those who presumed to differ with him in politics, his religious dislikes appear

to be intensified to hatred. The thought of a Protestant prelate caused him to swell and strut with as much fury as the sight of a red rag does a turkeycock. He defiles the memory of Archbishop King with a concatenation of vituperative epithets that has drawn down the reproof even of his editor. He assails the character of Archbishop Magee in his lifetime with ribald and irreverent bitterness that does more to show the malignant heart of the petty-minded writer than the failings of the lofty-spirited man whom he assails. To "speak evil of dignities" is not the characteristic of a noble nature. The Archangel brought no "railing accusation" against his great spiritual foe, but committed him to the Lord for judgment. Had the subject of Mr. Sheil's invective approximated as nearly to the diabolical nature as Mr. Sheil was removed from the angelical, it would not have made his vituperation either decent or excusable; and we venture to assert that no right-minded person, be his religious profession what it may, can approve of the spiteful and unmanly attack. It would indeed have been well if the editor had allowed this scandalous satire to be forgotten. He has done otherwise; and deserves grave reprehension for so doing. He has thereby given occasion to the friends of Mr. Sheil to blush for his memory, and to his enemies to despise it.

Let us, however, not lay down these volumes with a feeling of displeasure. A sense of duty has forced us to censure some things in them, but we are happy to give our cordial commendation to the rest. In the British Senate, as well as in his own native land, the name of Richard Lalor Sheil will be long remembered in connexion with eloquence, with learning, and with genius. In these volumes too he has left us a memorial of all the gems of his rich and varied intellect—every phase and hue of his versatile and prolific mind.

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VOL. XLV.

TO THE LOIRE.

I.

RIVER of the golden sands,
River of the sunny lands,
How blithe thy rolling waves advance,
The life-streams of thy glorious France!
The pilgrim, wandering near thy tide,
Forgets his toil those banks beside,
While chequered fancies, proud and vast,
Fling o'er his soul the mighty Past.
Versez moi vite, et bien, a boire,
Here's to thy health, thou lovely Loire!

II.

Not thine the lot, in silent vale,
Unseen, to kiss the osiers pale—
Through pool, or waste, or fen, to pass
By stagnant lake, or lone morass.
Springs forth thy source in earliest birth,
To deck with gifts the grateful earth;
Bears onward still the richest stores,
And casts broad harvests on thy shores.
Versez moi vite, et bien, &c.

III.

Yet is thy tamper, sooth to tell,
Like thine own land thou lov'st so well,
And change comes o'er thy beaming smile,
Inconstant as a maiden's wile;
While all seems tranquil on thy face,
Sweeps o'er the plain thy sudden race,
And wide thy boiling surges roll
O'er homestead lone and fenceless knoll.
Versez moi vite, &c.

IV.

The poplar, thy true vassal, sees
The angry torrent's frenzied hour,
And, bending low before the breeze,
Does homage to unquestioned power.
No change of dynasties is here—
Loire's gleaming sword is always near;
Crowns may be lost, and states o'erthrown,
Yet Loire for ever holds her own.
Versez moi vite, &c.

V.

Far on the dim horizon's line
 Thy golden spires, fair Orleans, shine;
 With glories laden, as with years,
 Thy giant minster's form appears;
 While still by Loiret's filial stream
 St. Mesmin's humbler lilies gleam,
 And pious Clovis smiles above
 O'er broad lands given for churches' love.
 Versez moi vite, &c.

VI.

Pass onwards, towards still distant Blois;
 Dream of Beaugency and Dunois;
 Breathe not too long St. Clery's air,
 Nor seek the grave of "Maitre Pierre."
 Let Menars, with its bowers, beguile;
 Let Pompadour's ambitious smile,
 Which royal love paid dear to buy,
 Dwell on the pilgrim's memory.
 Versez moi vite, &c.

VII.

Pause not where frowns yon darkling pile,
 As though it shunned the sunbeam's smile.
 Deserted Blois! thy vanes of yore
 Aloft the royal lilies bore;
 Yet lurked thy gloomy towers beneath
 Treason and murder, blood and death,
 When Henry steeped his soul in crime,
 And Catharine sought to master Time.
 Versez, moi vite, &c.

VIII.

The bright stars shine upon thy shore,
 River, as they were wont before;
 Still flow thy waves in eddies deep,
 Where noble Guise was doomed to sleep.
 The dark astrologer, unshriven,
 With Catharine, waits the doom of heaven;
 Victims and kings alike are past
 To their dread trial at the last.
 Versez moi vite, &c.

IX.

Come, let us wander far away,
 While shadows robe declining day;
 O'er wooded plains and forests deep,
 Where royal Chambord's turrets sleep;
 The sculptured lily, fresh and fair,*
 Symbol of sovereign power, is there—
 No longer prostrate on the earth,
 But blooming in a second birth.
 Versez moi vite, &c.

* Torn down in the Revolution; since replaced.

X.

Say, mighty river, is the sword
 For ever sheathed for Chambord's lord?
 France's pure lily seems a sham,
 Unsheltered by the oriflambe.
 Silence and solitude reign there,
 And point to Henri's vacant chair;
 Sad is the lot, and deep the trance,
 Of those who love the son of France.
 Versez moi vite, &c.

XI.

Through tufted heights and woodlands green,
 Fair Chaumont's donjon lowers between.
 Time was when warriors kept this prize—
 Time was 'twas given for woman's eyes;
 Time is, and those embattled towers
 By woman's hand are crowned with flowers;
 Through moss-grown walls the woodbines creep,
 And roses kiss the hoary keep.
 Versez moi vite, &c.

XII.

Now seek we good St. Hubert's cell,
 Where Amboise boasts her citadel;
 Fortress and prison, pride and shame,
 That makes, yet mars, a nation's fame;
 Of old, dark records tell of cost
 Of life, and lands and freedom lost;
 And now, the Arab chieftain's fate,
 And France's honour, saved too late!
 Versez moi vite, &c.

XIII.

Joy to thee, noble river, joy!
 No slothful brooks thy course alloy;
 Swiftly by curtained Azy's keep,*
 Indre pours for thee her currents deep.
 Sweeps on her course the winding Vienne,
 Where Domremy sought regal ken,
 And Chinon's leafy honours wave
 O'er brave de Molay's knightly grave.
 Versez moi vite, &c.

XIV.

Sweet are thy amorous precincts, Cher!
 Spangled with flowers thy meadows are;
 Fair as of old thy tangled woods,
 And clear and deep thy gushing floods.
 Yon stately pile is fresh and gay,
 As Time had cast his scythe away;
 Since unchaste Dian drew her bow,
 With hound and horn at Chenonceaux.
 Versez moi vite, &c.

* Azy le Rideau.

xv.

When from the south the morning gales
Blow freshly on the swelling sails,
A thousand vessels stem thy tide,
Or 'mid thy willowed islets glide.
While plodding still with ceaseless tramp,
The boatman plies his heavy cramp;
In vain the shoals arrest his toil—
In vain the surging eddies boil.

Versez moi vite, &c.

xvi.

Close fettered now, in caverns deep,
Thy evil spirit lurks asleep:
So ebbs the wave in manhood's breast,
And burning passion sinks to rest.
When day's fair breeze and light are gone,
And the moon rises still and lone,
Down drops the sail by sheltered strand,
And the tir'd helmsman leaps to land.

Versez moi vite, &c.

xvii.

Farewell, thou loved and loving stream!
The mist o'ercasts the pilgrim's dream;
Strange portents gleam upon the sky,
Thunders a nation's gathering cry.
The sound of many waters pours
Wild echoes on thy startled shores;
Say, who shall bid the tempest cease,
And give to France an empire's peace?

Versez moi vite, &c.

LIFE OF WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.*

Our two latest artist-biographies have been written by lawyers, or, at least, barristers. Haydon's journals were very judiciously edited some time ago by Mr. Tom—the familiar abbreviation is sanctioned by himself—Taylor; and now Mr. Gilchrist has done his best to make known to us the quiet and uneventful life of Etty. We would rather have had Mr. Taylor's brief. Haydon may have been an indifferent artist, but he was certainly a clever man. His journal, at all events, abounded in graphic power. Even those who cared little for art found a dramatic interest in the poor artist's struggle with fate, and an emotion as the curtain fell. Since Rousseau, people said, we have had no such confessions.

Etty also painted his own portrait in pen and ink, and we cannot help regretting that Mr. Gilchrist, instead of only quoting this autobiography, did not print it entire. He tells us, it was exceedingly characteristic of the man; it would have been a favourable specimen of his style of writing, and would have spared us a good deal of tedious narrative, and many prosy letters. In fact, all that need have been said might have been put into one volume, instead of two. Mr. Gilchrist, in the character of impartial biographer, assumes rather a patronising air towards his hero; he writes as Mr. Pendennis writes of some of his acquaintances. A similar tone was observable also in Mr. Taylor's book. We think this is a mistake in every way. Is it good taste to imply slight esteem or respect for one whom you introduce to others?—is it good policy, if you wish them to take an interest in him? In Mr. Gilchrist's case, this manner perhaps is partly unintentional, and may arise in some degree from the numberless quotations, consisting of two or three words, over which he jolts one. As he advances, however, he improves in style, so that the latter part of his work is much the most readable.

William Etty was born at York, on

the 10th of March, 1787. His father was a miller—his mother, a distinguished looking woman, and “with quite an Italian character of face.” Of his mother's physique our artist inherited nothing; but was, like his father, short, with large hands and feet, and small legs in proportion to his body. To the end of his life he retained the air of a mechanic; but his head was so massive, and his face had so elevated and calm an expression, one felt the moment one saw it, he must be a dignified and worthy man. At about eleven years old he was apprenticed to a printer at Hull, with whom he remained till he was eighteen. Long before the expiration of this seven years, however, the boy was disgusted with his business, and eagerly counted the days and hours that must elapse before he could devote himself altogether to the pursuit he had already chosen. In the meantime he worked steadily and industriously in the printing office, and gained, as he was proud to show in after years, a certificate from his master to that effect. He now comes to London, for he had an uncle and a brother, gold-lace merchants, there, who received him very kindly, encouraged and supported him; and did so for years to come.

His first step, of course, was to qualify himself for admission to the Academy. He worked away with great zeal for about a year, till on the 15th of January, 1807, when nearly twenty, he attained that long looked for pinnacle of greatness. One would have supposed from his subsequent career, that he would have distinguished himself very soon among his new comrades. But this was not the case. He was regarded, Mr. Leslie says, as a worthy plodding person, but with no chance of becoming a painter. No prizes or medals fell to his lot, though he was constantly competing for them. But he was not too much discouraged. He laboured assiduously, and at last, when a student of nearly twelve years' standing, would have received a medal for the best

* “Life of William Etty, R.A.” By A. Gilchrist, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Bogue. 1855.

copy of a Titian; but that it was found that the rules of the academy limited to ten years from their entrance the period in which a student might compete for a medal. So poor Etty had to content himself with a compliment from the President and the knowledge that his copy was a very good one. The usual series of disappointments as to the admission of his pictures to the exhibition, which every student must undergo, has been taking place all this while; pictures rejected—pictures badly hung; and he has now reached his thirty-fourth year. On the opening of the Exhibition of that year, however, he awoke and found himself famous. His "*Cleopatra*" attracted crowds to the place where it was hung. There is no use in trying to describe a picture, so we will only say, that the pretty women, the gorgeous draperies, the golden boats, and the blue sky, charmed Sir Francis Freeling, who, obtaining Etty's promise to put some more clothing on his nymphs and tritons, gave him two hundred guineas for his picture. This very picture some years ago was bought by Mr. Labouchere for a thousand—a not solitary instance of the progress in the money value of Etty's works.

Etty was now fully in a position to profit by the wonders of Italian art, and to Italy he accordingly went. He was a bad traveller, however; feeling acutely every little derangement of his personal habits, and of course speaking no language but his own. His enjoyment consequently was not very great. The diary and letters are full of grumbling. Roman and Florentine art have evidently no real charm for him—he can get no tea, and he falls in love.

"The world, I begin to see," he says, "is not what a young imagination, tinged with the romantic, pictures it. The dull reality, its duller disappointments, as he advances, stare him in the face. . . . My pride is hurt to think I am thought so worthless. Well, no matter. Though bruised, I trust I am not yet broken. I bear a consciousness of something yet, bidding me not despair of doing that which after-ages shall not let die. To calm me, let me quote a beautiful thing I met with the other day, translated from the Persian, by Sir W. Jones:—

"On parent knees, a naked new born child,
Weeping, thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

These passages were penned in October. He quitted Rome, still feverish at heart and restless. By December, his art and Venice had wrought a cure.

"No longer in a haze as to the true posture of his affairs, or the inclination of his mistress, his heart is no longer sore; has gradually resumed his gaiety. His fate once known, he could make up his mind to it. In high spirits, he, six months after leaving England, apprises his brother (I will here anticipate) that he has 'burst his fetters,' and, 'Richard is himself again.' He has 'determined to postpone turning Capuchin friar, however seducing their quiet life, and notwithstanding the exclusion of that prime promoter and disturber of our happiness, woman. I have not quite done with the world, though I thoroughly hate what is generally understood by the term. While you are in it; while painting, poetry, music, sculpture remain; while I can gaze on the fair face of nature, and perhaps nature's daughters;—there is yet enough to interest and charm, and to raise our gratitude to Him who has opened to us so many sources of innocent delight!

"Inevitably," continues Mr. Gilchrist, "the school of Venice has 'charms' more potent than any other; the *Capella Sistina*, perhaps, excepted, it is the most germane to him. Its tendencies are his. Its masters—the masters of all that is glowing, vivid, and picturesque in art—exert a more direct and lasting influence on the vivid colourist, on mind and hand, theory and practice. It is from them he can learn most; can acquire and apply. His spirit is fed by the influences of kindred genius; and he assimilates his food—whatever he sees and copies. It was here, in short, he effectually studied and advanced his professional education—his growing powers were stimulated, his aspirations confirmed. This lengthened stay—an epoch in his career—proved one of development, and of reassurance in the course natural to his genius."

In Venice, he made numbers of most intelligent and beautiful studies from the pictures of Paul Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, and Bonifazio; and also painted from nature every evening. He returns home after an absence altogether of two years, in the January of '24, and finds himself with not much more than a couple of months before him, in which to do something for the next Exhibition: to prove to friends and rivals the progress he has made. He had long brooded over a composition of "*Pandora crowned by the Seasons*;" the arrangement of every part was completely settled, so the execution,

in six weeks, of a picture of eight or nine figures, was to him no great *tour de force* :—

"The picture was, in fact, characterised by enough of academic method to recommend it in official quarters. The hand so long broken to copying could not, at once, recover its freedom. The 'Pandora' is, in spirit, a reminiscence of the antique, and of the great Italians; a masterly scholastic exercise, rather than an original poem. In the article of imagination there is nothing to remind one of the richly-freighted 'Cleopatra.' If, however, in some respects, a step backward, the pictures which followed proved *that* to be the preliminary to one proportionably in advance. The mere painting of the 'Pandora' is powerful, though careful; the drawing bolder than before, the colour at once deeper in tone and more resplendent, the handling firmer. His year and a-half's incessant study in Italy had completed his education as a painter. It is an instance of the signal energy and patience of the man, that when, after long delays, he *had* achieved excellence, and received an earnest of fame, he should have suspended his creative course to perfect himself technically. Few, after having learned to paint a 'Cleopatra,' would have had the courage and self-denial to continue scholars. But it was the turning-point which decided his life-long mastery of his art. The execution of the large works which soon followed—the 'Combat,' the 'Judiths'—while it tested the soundness of that education, developed his powers of hand still further; enabling him, thenceforth, to execute in a similar large manner, and with decisive swiftness, works of any size."

"Who goes slowly, goes safely; who goes safely, goes far," says Dr. Riccabocca. It appears to us, from what we have seen of Etty's pictures of this time, that it was not wonderful the public took little interest in them, as Mr. Gilchrist mentions was the fact. They were devoid of story and expression, and had not even good imitation. He consequently got only small prices for them. The artists, however, as we have seen, appreciated the academical and technical excellencies they contained, and he was made, after the exhibition of his "Pandora," Associate of the Academy. He was now thirty-seven years old. During the next year he painted one of his best pictures, the "Combat," with figures the size of life; this was followed by his "Judith," and other fine works; and in the year '28, when he was forty-one, he reached the "long desired, long denied dignity" of R.A. After having attained this honour,

painters are said sometimes to retrograde in merit; but the prices of their pictures always advance. Etty now began to be able to live without the assistance of his brother, the gold-lace merchant, and even, by instalments, to repay the large sum he had received in all these years from him. When, after his death, it was found that Etty had left the greater part of his savings to this brother, without whose help he never could have lived, instead of to a niece, who had, for many years, resided with him, it created a great scandal in the little world of York. But we certainly agree with Mr. Gilchrist, in thinking that nothing could be more just.

Etty, then, had become an academician, and from this moment his life was, as he himself says, "a long summer's day." A cloud or two showed itself in the horizon now and then; sometimes a model that he had ordered would not come; a friend or two died, and improvements and restorations were, from time to time, threatened in the great object of his affections, York Minster. At this time he was living in what to him were very pleasant and convenient quarters in Buckinkham-street, just behind Northumberland House. The street slants down from the Strand to the river side, and, as he occupied the top *flat* of the last house in the street, he had, from his window, an extensive view. There was the river, with its steam-boats and busy wharfs, Westminster Abbey, the Park, and the new Houses of Parliament. On the leads, he kept quite a little zoological garden of cats, rabbits, and birds; and might, if he had chosen, have there smoked many a pleasant pipe, of a summer's evening. But the grand convenience of the house was its neighbourhood to Trafalgar-square. The life school of the Academy is held in the room formed by the dome of the National Gallery. There, night after night, was Etty to be found. It was the arena of his triumphs, as well as the scene of the only relaxation and pleasure that he cared for. When Mr. Gilchrist applied to Macise for information about his friend, "I can tell you nothing," says the *spirituel* artist, "but what I observed of him in the life school." And then he describes him, toiling up the hundred steps which led to the sanctum, breathless with asthma, and resting at every landing-place :—

"He would arrive punctually at six o'clock, with his mill-board under his arm, and a little flat wooden case, of about a foot long, six inches wide, and two in depth, containing his palette, already *set*, a few brushes, a bit or two of chalk, white and black, and a little brass receptacle for his vehicle, something like an ink-bottle, with a screw lid. He would wait till all the students took their choice of a view of the figures; and then, would take the best vacant seat, generally on the extreme right or left of the lower circle of seats that surround the model: all the others being generally occupied. In a calm way, even to slowness compared to the eager rush to work of the students, he would place his brown paper mill-board on a drawing-board, and begin slowly, but with great power, to delineate from the model, in charcoal. He would spend, generally, the first evening, and even the second, in making an outline. This, I always suspected, was an example to the students, who too often commence their studies in colour before they have made a good outline. Then, perhaps, he would, with the common pen and ink in the room (for the students to sign their names in the book of attendance), go over the charcoal outline. He then would rub over his tablet some of his vehicle, and a little asphaltum, touch in the masses of shadow transparently, and begin to paint in the lights; *dragging* the edges of the lights with a free hand into the shadow. Next night he would repeat the process to still further progress, and so on, to completion. It was always curious to see that whatever view of the figure he was compelled, as it were, to take, always appeared to be the best view, from his admirable treatment. I have seen him paint, a year or two before his death, apparently inspired by the fine form ('Mr. Macdise himself particularly admired this model') of a female figure, a study, the size of life, on two large pieces, which, when united, made excellent proportion. This was in consequence of the restricted space of the seats.

"It was delightful to see how beautifully he generalised and idealised the forms of his studies. There was a flavour of nature in them. But the contours were for ever varied by his own admirable perceptions of the beautiful. If there was poverty in the line, or flaccidity in the form, his pencil seemed to refuse to portray it. And, taking into consideration that both were studying from the same original, it was very curious to see his glowing study, sometimes contrasted with the wretched, meagre truth of the person who happened to sit next him, and who drew with dull liberality."

After study at the academy, concluding at eight, Etty held his social meetings. "We had tea," relates Mr. Macdise, one of those whose frequent habit it was to go home

with him at that hour — "tea, in the making of which he prided himself, capital muffins, and buttered toast. A few old friends were generally assembled. We closed the evening early, with, perhaps, *un petit verre* of Maraschino."

There is one more event to be noticed in Etty's life — the collecting together, and exhibiting, by the Society of Arts, of some of his finest pictures. Mr. Gilchrist thus speaks of it:—

"The Exhibition at once established Etty's fame on a footing it had never before attained; and left his enduring claims no longer doubtful. For mere fame, it did more than twenty years of silent labour had effected: anticipating the slow progress of further years; raising him at once to the position to which a wider knowledge of his works, in their scattered condition, would gradually have preferred him. It extended a knowledge of the poetic colourist to those who had known little or nothing before; improved it among those who had known much. No man can carry in his head a well digested *resumé* of a painter's works, such as a collected edition of them will present. All were seen in new relations, and in a new light. Most were new acquaintances, save to those whose recollections stretched over the ephemeral exhibitions of thirty years; and who had not, amid the miscellaneous crowd, overlooked these — mistaken the counterfeit token for the golden coin. . . . The last year of his life was the first in which he became truly known, beyond the confines of admiring coteries."

It is with great trouble that a collection of this kind is formed. Owners of pictures naturally dislike risking their property, and dismantling their rooms. But on the whole, in Etty's case, there were fewer difficulties than ordinary to contend with. His most important works belonged to the Scotch Academy, who were disinterestedly anxious to gratify the painter; and most of the smaller pictures belonged to dealers who were not reluctant to avail themselves of so good an opportunity of showing and advertising their wares. Still there had been a considerable amount of worry and anxiety to the painter.

"Anxiety and worry had not ceased with the successful opening of the Exhibition. That was no sooner brought to pass than he became as anxious to see the collection scattered again as he had before been to form it.

The burden of responsibility, as towards the several owners, weighed heavily on his mind; and to the fever and fatigues of assembling his works, succeeded the fever of apprehension for their safety. In proportion as he prized these products of his hand — the chief evidences of his genius and skill — was his nervous dread of their utter loss by fire. The Society's house in John-street, Adelphi, which had never before held so much treasure, was *not* fire-proof — the reverse of fire-proof, forming part of an extensive block, itself situate in a crowded neighbourhood; one, from the number of shops and warehouses, especially exposed to danger, as Etty (a neighbour) had cause to know. Much was at stake; the results of a laborious life. The chance, however remote, was not one to be calmly contemplated — of their annihilation; a few scattered remnants alone, perhaps, remaining of all he had painted to remind the world that such an artist had once existed. That chance haunted Etty's mind from the first day of triumph to the last; the anxiety pursuing him wherever he went. 'What a calamity it would be!' he would despondingly exclaim: 'my fame killed!' It was Dædalus's word at his festival. It was small consolation to the creator of so many radiant forms, risked in one venture, and which had but one life, to be obligingly told, 'they were fully insured.'

The last of Etty's large works was his "Joan of Arc." This picture was executed with great "swiftness," as Mr. Gilchrist is fond of calling rapidity; but had been under consideration for a long time. The painter was nearly sixty years of age when he began it, and labouring under severe illness. Yet there is no trace of what artists call *feebleness* to be seen in it. Breadth, brightness, and depth — the characteristics of the painter's manner — could not be carried further. It was a magnificent example of what he could do — of the power to which he had arrived. What a distance separated it from the "black and colourless attempts at the ideal," with which we began. But at the same time it exposed more than his smaller pictures did, his weak points. Etty could see and feel, but his observation had confined itself almost entirely to the life school. When his invention was called upon, he went to search those fields with which he was next most familiar — those of previous art. The composition of the centre compartment of the "Joan of Arc" is that of Raffaele's "Heliodorus." There is the same triangle formed by

the same means — horse, rider, and overthrown enemies. The action of "Joan in the Cathedral" is exactly that of a soldier grasping a lance in the foreground of the "Attila;" and, finally, the beautiful head of "Joan at the Stake," is copied from a Murillo in the Louvre.

Immediately after the closing of his pictures at the Adelphi, Etty retired to a house he had bought at York. His dream for years had been to end his days in his native town, and to be buried in the Cathedral he loved so well. His hope was destined to be only partly realised. Rheumatism and asthma daily increased; and in little more than six weeks after his return home he breathed his last. York Minster boasts no Poets' Corner — local reasons and etiquette necessitated his burial in the churchyard of St. Mary's Abbey.

As a *painter* — without going into the question of his rank as artist or as poet — none, we think, qualified to give an opinion, will deny that Etty was one of the greatest that ever lived. To be a great artist, a man must be a great poet. Michael Angelo had as fine an imagination as Danté; and the genius of Mozart, and Raffaele, and Shakspeare, equally grand, and equally beautiful, was varied in its expression only by their physical organisation.

Etty came to the conclusion that as the harmonies of sound are the domain of the musician, and those of lines, of the sculptor; so that view of nature which especially dwells on the charms of colour is the proper province of the painter: and the character of his art, and the choice of his subjects, was formed accordingly. Wanting comparatively in active imaginative power, but intensely feeling — revelling in — the beauty of natural objects, he was satisfied to attempt only the reproduction of his impressions. To aid him in this design, he was gifted with a pre-eminently painter's power, execution, or the faculty of so seizing the genius of his materials as to make them yield their full effect. There are only in the history of art two or three names that can be compared with his in this respect. The circumstances of academic training — the fact that, to a resident in a great city it is the only natural object obtainable to study from; and as he himself says, "the

infinitely greater delight he felt in the works of God, than in draperies, the works of man"—all induced Etty to find his chief pleasure in painting—what to men of less or different power than himself is the greatest difficulty and stumbling-block—the naked human figure.

Here we have seen that even as a student he gained a reputation. But, surprising as was the force and beauty of his earlier studies, it is curious to notice the increase of power given to his hand by the constant practice of twenty years—a power so great that it at length enabled him to seize and reproduce on his panel some of the most subtle and even evanescent beauties of colour and line presented to him by his model—beauties so delicate that they were not even perceived, much less rendered, by many artists. His eye was so sensitive to grace, that the least indication of it was never lost to him, even when surrounded by much that was common; and we have heard that some of his most beautiful figures were painted from models by no means remarkably fine. We repeat then—and the fact helps to account for the vigour and variety of his productions—that, as he always painted with a model before him, so he would invariably get whatever of grace and beauty that model possessed. Generalised as his studies were towards the end of his life, they were, from this cause, never mannered self-repetitions; they always contained some particular truth; and those who looked at any study, and were in the habit of painting from the same person, were able at once to see who was its original. We once discovered from the noisy chatter of a group of *rapins* in the academy exhibition room, that Chamberlain and Orpen, Wharton and Mendoo, were the real names of the nymphs, virgins, and warriors we were that moment admiring on Etty's canvas. All this, then, proves that it was no mere daubing with pretty colours that our painter was about. Resemblance depends on form, and on form alone; and here we would remark, that it is the greatest possible mistake to suppose that Etty could not draw. The fact is, it is to be very much doubted if any other artist, of

the British school, could draw as well. From carelessness, or rather from eager desire to begin his beloved colouring, he would frequently spend only as many minutes in outlining his figure as other men would take hours; and as his process of painting prevented an alteration, the proportions would remain defective; but, in the drawing of "feeling," he was *never* deficient. To justify these assertions we would point—as they are important works, and belong to a public institution—to his pictures at Edinburgh: but we might, with equal propriety, to hundreds of his small and rapidly painted pictures; parts of which are designed with the nicest taste, and by a hand perfectly obedient to the most sensitive perceptions of form. This being the case, we may surely set down to inattention, and not to inability, those defects in drawing which may be apparent enough on other portions of his canvas. It was an inattention arising from his whole faculties being absorbed in the consideration of another class of truth—a class to which the *motive* of his picture belonged, and therefore at the moment the most important.

Whatever, though, might be his haste or carelessness, there is nothing that he ever drew that is not distinguished by a quality more and more wanting in the works of modern artists—largeness of style. It was this quality that saved his studies, made in the Life Academy, from being what those of nearly every other modern painter are, indecent and repulsive. It even made them, with the backgrounds that he, and he alone, knew how to give them, in very many cases, poems as well as pictures. Etty was endowed with a clear judgment and an obdurate will; he appears to have seen perfectly the nature of his powers, and to have cultivated them with the utmost perseverance through years of discouragement. He had his reward. He must have been conscious that as a painter of the naked human figure—the touchstone of a painter's skill—for its colour and its form defy mediocrity—he was not only unsurpassed, but unequalled. *It is something to excel as a flesh-painter, Corregio, Titian, Velasquez, and Rubens.*

SERMONS ON STONES.

COAL.

MOST of our readers are probably familiar with the simple and, on the whole, the felicitous illustration with which Paley commences his "Natural Theology." He supposes himself in crossing a heath to strike his foot against a stone, and, after examining the object which had thus arrested his attention, to conclude that, for anything he could tell to the contrary, it might have lain there for ever. He then supposes himself to meet, farther on in his walk, with a watch, a piece of mechanism which, unlike the stone, exhibits a number of different adaptations, provisions, and contrivances; and thus convinces him that it must have had an intelligent designer. But though, in the days of its author there might have been in this illustration but little to which a reasonable critic could take objection, it is open to serious objection in ours, for we know that there might, and probably must have been, at least as much of contrivance and design in the stone as in the watch. That stone, it is true, might have seemed to be *simple* in its structure, and therefore, according to Paley, an object in which it is difficult to discover any evidence of an intention and an author, for he observes in his chapter on Astronomy:—"Now we deduce design from *relation, aptitude, and correspondency of parts*. Some degree, therefore, of *complexity* is necessary to render a subject fit for this species of argument." But not to mention the fact that even a stone is composed of different ingredients which effect an important plan in their combination, it is enough to observe that a stone, single and simple as it appears, may argue a prescience of want and a provision for contingencies, a comprehensiveness of plan and a sublimity of object, such as the watch, with all its adaptations, could never have exemplified. It may, in short, be an example of that very kind of evidence in favour of design which Paley himself considered the most conclusive; it may be an instance of what he calls "*prospective contrivance*," and of which he observes—"I can hardly image to myself

a more distinguishing mark, and, consequently, a more certain proof of design, than *preparation*, i. e., the providing of things beforehand, which are not to be used until a considerable time afterwards, for this implies a contemplation of the future, which belongs only to intelligence." If, for example, the author we are quoting had stumbled upon a *coal*, and had known as much as we do of its origin, its structure, and its history, what volumes might he have written on the forethought, the wisdom, and the benevolence which, in the mine out of which that coal was extracted, had made provision, ages upon ages before man was born, for some of the latest of his wants, as well as some of the grandest of his achievements! There is something so sublime in that conception of God's greatness and goodness which the contemplation of a coal-field inspires, that human language can hardly give it utterance. In the commerce of nations, the multiplication of manufactories; the diffusion of knowledge; the progress of art, and the facilities of travelling, what a revolution may our fossil fuel be at this moment accomplishing! Yet all this may be only the commencement of a change, and a change so stupendous, that, as an instrument in the hands of God, it may contribute at last to regenerate the world. The true revolution, doubtless, must be spiritual; but natural instrumentalities may work out the necessary preparations; and who can tell but that the agencies which coal has called into operation may continue to enlighten, emancipate, and evangelize the world, till barbarism is everywhere succeeded by civilization, tyranny by freedom, and heathen mythology by divine revelation? Who can tell but that in this way the purposes of the present dispensation may be accomplished, and the world prepared for another and a better? Who can tell but that thus the earth shall be made ready for the coming and the kingdom of its Redeemer, its Maker, and its God? Be this as it may, who knows, at all events, what

progress man is yet to make in art, in civilisation, or in science; or how much this progress shall be speeded by a machinery which shall owe its effectiveness to heat, engendered by coal? The traveller, whose case we are supposing, might examine with a microscope the fragment that obstructed his path, and discover its vegetable structure. He might then betake himself to the mine out of which it was dug; and there the numberless impressions of gigantic reeds and arborescent ferns might transport him in thought back to a period of unrecorded and unimagined antiquity, when the whole of the surrounding scenery was overspread with an ultra-tropical vegetation; while the fitness of all this, not only for purposes then perhaps fulfilled, or then in progress of accomplishment, but for the future fuel of a race then as yet unborn, as well as for the many and momentous ends past, present and to come, for which, as such, it was intended, might inspire him with the profoundest veneration for that God who had thus planted it, not only for unbegotten, but for incalculably distant generations. There is a prospective beneficence, just such as might have been expected from Him with whom a thousand years is as one day, and one day as a thousand years, in this marvellous adaptation of process to result and supply to demand, ages upon ages not only before that result had ever begun to be seen, or that demand to be made, but even before the creation of the very being in whose history they were yet to be exemplified. Thus, then, the watch might have presented a sorry example of design, as contrasted with the stone. But, in truth, the very faultiness of Paley's illustration is only an additional argument in favour of his general conclusion. For, if the stone had answered his purpose exactly, it might, doubtless, have contrasted effectively, in its want of design and contrivance, with the watch, its springs, its wheels, its levers, and its balances, and thus exemplified the difference between a piece of unwrought, unadapted, unorganised matter, and the deliberate and artistical handiwork of some designing intelligence. But then the general argument would have suffered rather than gained by the pertinency of its chosen illustration, for in that case it might have been said that a natural production exhibited less of design

than did a human contrivance; whereas, it may be questioned whether the only substance in all nature which occurred to the author as possibly fortuitous and without a maker or an object, is not itself a clearer evidence of forethought and adaptation than the complicated human apparatus with which he designed it to be contrasted. If, then, such is the fact, what an argument is here for an universal Creator! Who can resist the evidence of a God, when he finds that there is not an object in all the accessible universe that can furnish so much as even an illustration of that which has no definite end, and no intelligent designer?

Who can doubt that there is verily a great and universal Creator, when neither earth, nor air, nor sky, nor wood, nor water (rich as they are in all the materials for symbol and comparison) can yield, in all their depths, or lengths, or heights, a solitary emblem of the fortuitous, the objectless, or the authorless? Verily, if there are "tongues in trees," and "books in the running brooks," there are sermons in *stones* as well as good in everything; and those sermons preach to us a God of Creation—a God of Providence—yes, and (as we hope to show in the sequel) a God even of Redemption. Our subject at present is coal, and let us see what evidences of a Deity and a Providence are afforded by its abundance, its history, and its origin—subjects which, apart from their relation to the sublime truths of religion, are in themselves matters in various ways of absorbing and universal interest. As for the first, it may be a trite remark; but it is one that amply deserves all the repetition which has made it so—that things are generally valued more for their rarity than for their usefulness. If we treat ourselves to an inspection of all the wonderful productions which adorn a modern exhibition of the art and industry of nations, we may depart from the brilliant scene with a feeling of wonder at all that there is there of the beautiful and the costly, and yet all that is there also of the superfluous. But if, on leaving the halls that there dazzled and delighted us, we look around us on the fair face of nature—"this universal frame thus wondrous fair," the clouds, the fields, the woods, the waters, or the mountains, we may wonder at the little

there is in all this magnificent panorama that could safely, or even perhaps possibly, be dispensed with. Yet how few there are who seem to prize the cheap and universally accessible productions of this rich creation as much as they prize the rarer materials which constitute that costly collection! We gaze upon the Crystal Palace, and as we admire the beautiful proportions and magical *ensemble* of that gigantic structure, reflect with satisfaction and with pride on the taste, the genius, and the riches of the nation, to whose high intelligence and ample resources it owes its origin; but, then, the thought may never occur to us that that very nation is mainly indebted for all the greatness of which the same erection is so striking a proof, to one of the commonest and least valued of all natural productions! The gold, the silver, the precious stones—these are the objects in general of human cupidity; yet all the wealth, not only of “Ormus and of Ind,” but of Australia and California to boot, might be exhausted to-morrow without involving a loss that would be half so deplorable as that of the coal-fields of Great Britain alone. The grate of the hospitable dwelling, the furnace of the busy manufacturer, the gas of the lighted street, and the boiler of the wonder-working steam-engine, are all fed with the same abundant but invaluable fuel. And were the supply to cease, the inhabitants of these islands would be deprived of about twenty-two millions seven hundred thousand tons of this mineral annually—a loss which, supposing each ton to cost seven shillings, would amount in mere money to eight millions sterling. After a time, and probably a short time, all the forests of the earth would be inadequate to supply the deficiency. Other substitutes would, perhaps, be still sooner exhausted. A most important branch of British commerce would be at an end. The occupation of many an industrious artisan, like that of Othello, would be gone. The works of the marvellous steam-engine might be numbered, after a few generations, among the things that were. Some of our busiest cities might be converted into silent solitudes, and something like the fancy of the speculative historian, that an artist would one day be sketching the ruins of St. Paul’s

from an arch of London Bridge, might be realised, as the men of future generations were musing over the deserts of Wigan, of Newcastle, or of Manchester. At all events, the days of British supremacy would, in all probability, be numbered. The stern demands of inexorable nature for the necessary warmth to a shivering population, would oblige us to make fuel out of many a beautiful work, or many a cherished material, that might have otherwise escaped the rude hand of the destroyer. England would cease to be the world’s great factory, and “the future historian of the revolutions of empires would date the decline of Britain’s power from the period when her last coal-field was consumed.” Other disasters might be repaired by time; a succession of bad harvests, for example, might be followed by others that would crown again with plenty the labours of the husbandman. But coal is not, like corn, an annual, or even (if we may use the expression) a centennial, but the slow result of nature’s wondrous chemistry, as, in her vast and mysterious laboratory beneath the surface of the earth, she operates deliberately and from age to age—a production from vegetable substances long under such conditions of heat, humidity, and exclusion from the atmosphere, as prevent the included gases from escaping, and cause at last a bituminous fermentation—a production, therefore, which, in any considerable quantity at least, it may require centuries upon centuries to elaborate. Thanks, however, to a bountiful Providence, *he* must be a croaker indeed who can anticipate this terrible calamity. “Fortunately,” says Bakewell in his “Geology,” “we have in South Wales, adjoining the British Channel, an almost exhaustless supply of coal and ironstone which are yet nearly unwrought. It has been stated that this coal-field extends over about 1200 square miles, and that there are twenty-three beds of workable coal, the total average thickness of which is ninety-five feet, and the quantity contained in each acre is 100,000 tons, or 65,000,000 tons per square mile. If from this we deduct one-half for waste, and for the minor extent of the upper beds, we shall have a clear supply of coal equal to 32,000,000 of tons per square mile. Now, if we

admit that 5,000,000 tons from Northumberland and Durham mines are equal to nearly one-third of the total consumption of coal in England, each square mile of the Welsh coal-field would yield coal for one hundred years' consumption; and as there are from 1,000 to 1,200 square miles in this coal-field, it would supply England with fuel for 2,000 years after all our English coal mines are worked out. Surely this proportion between supply and demand, want and the means of meeting it, must have been providential.

But all this time we have not attempted a definition of the mineral which forms the subject of our remarks. Simple, however, as may seem to be the question, "What is coal," it is one which, in the present state of our knowledge, it is difficult to answer. It has caused repeated litigation. Expensive law suits have turned upon it; and a case some time ago was tried in Scotland, in which large sums of money were expended in attempting to prove whether a certain mineral (the subject of the action) was or was not properly coal. Geologists, chemists, and miners were cited to give evidence; but the witnesses were at loggerheads; and the judge, rejecting their testimony altogether, directed the jury to decide for themselves according to their own notions of what would generally be considered as coal in a common mercantile transaction. We shall imitate the judge's example, and leave our readers to settle for themselves what is meant by that black substance which fills their grates and warms their houses. The truth is, that a science must have made a far greater progress than that which geology (rapid as have been its advances) has yet attained, before all the subjects of which it treats can admit of accurate logical definition. It requires a profound acquaintance with the properties of bodies to distinguish with certainty such as are really essential from such as are only accidental. All the kingdoms of nature furnish examples of this difficulty of definition; and, much as has been written on the difference between an animal and a vegetable, it has been said that we have made no real progress towards the discovery of what that difference is since the days of Aristotle, who stated that a vegetable was an animal turned inside out. Fortunately, however, there are many things of which

we may know much without being able accurately to define them; and such is the case with coal. After this digression, we pass from the abundance of this fuel to what can be gathered from different records respecting its history. Coal was unknown, it would appear, to the ancients. The word, it is true, often occurs in Scripture; but we conclude that it there meant only fuel. It is supposed, indeed, that the *lapis ampelites* of the Romans was our cannell coal, but they used it only for toys, bracelets, and ornaments. Till lately, indeed, it was believed that there was no coal at all in Italy. "The great line of it (says a writer in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,') seems to sweep around the globe from north-east to south-west, ranging at no distance from the south-easterly parts of our island (as is generally supposed), and visiting Brabant and France, but yet avoiding Italy." This, however, is a mistake, as coal has since been found in Parma, though not of the carbonaceous era. But although unknown, or nearly so, to the Romans, there is reason to believe that it was well known to the ancient Britons. The word is said to be of British, and not Saxon, origin (though there is *kohle* in German), and can be traced among the Irish in their *O goal*, as well as among the Cornish in their "*kolan*." Coal, however, is mentioned by Theophrastus, Sículus Flaccus, and St. Augustine. It was known to the Roman occupants of Britain, having been discovered in Roman roads and walls along with Roman coins in beds of cinders. That it was known to the British aborigines is probable, *a priori*, and, indeed, *a fortiori*; for a people who had wrought tin, lead, and copper, could hardly have been ignorant of coal, a mineral often much nearer the surface than these. Hammerheads, wedges, and axes of flint have been found in beds of coal. Coal has been discovered in the sand under the Roman way to Rebcherter, when both were dug up at the construction of a house in Quay-street; and the circumstances under which the coal was found prove that prior to the construction of this Roman way it had been deposited there by the former inhabitants of the country. The site of this discovery was that of an ancient British town, Mancennion, or the place of tents. History proves that coal was employed

during the occupation of the Saxons, and after the Norman conquest. Pope Pius II., then Æneas Sylvius, who visited Britain about the middle of the fifteenth century, mentions that he saw in Scotland poor persons in rags begging at the church doors, and that they received for alms pieces of stone, adding—"This species of stone, whether with sulphur or whatever inflammable substance it may be impregnated, they burn in place of wood, of which their country is destitute."

The general fuel was wood; and it is well worthy of remark, as one of the many facts which the whole history of coal supplies in favour of a Deity and a Providence, that the discovery of this useful production has been comparatively recent, as if on purpose to secure from premature and needless consumption a material so essential to progress and civilisation. Hume the historian tells us that Henry III. granted a charter to the town of Newcastle, in which he gave the inhabitants a license to dig coal; and that this is the first mention of coal in England. In the reign of Edward I. it was prohibited on account of the smoke, which was supposed to be injurious to the health. This prohibition was frequently renewed, but without effect. The advantages of coal began to be appreciated; and in the reign of Charles I. it came, at least in the southern part of the kingdom, into general use. To follow up its history from thence to the present time would altogether exceed our limits; and wide and tempting as is the field upon which we could enter, if our space permitted; much as we could say upon that curious subject, *life in the mines*, full as it is of all that can interest the psychologist and the Christian, and thrilling as is the interest that hangs over those scenes of daring and of darkness, where, until the law interfered to ameliorate their condition, children were often brought up in ignorance it might almost be said of everything but crime, and where vice was rioting as if in mockery of the goodness of that God whose mercy was so singularly conspicuous in all that surrounded these denizens of the mine;—much as we could say upon all this, the press of matter still more interesting obliges us to treat it with the utmost brevity.

Let us, however, picture to ourselves a scene which, though rare perhaps

at present, was once, and not longer perhaps than a dozen years ago, lamentably common. Reader, see you not a number of substantially-built cottages a little beyond yonder common. The light of a blazing fire is visible from a window in each, and the inhabitants seem to be the only population of the district around, for the gentry have long ago deserted the neighbourhood. That's a collier village. Look at yonder gaunt and sinewy form, as it advances from the cottage door; it is that of a man who has just left an abode in this upper world, which he may not revisit for a week. His countenance is coarse and brutal, and yet there is in it an expression of rude good-nature that relieves its animal characteristics. He has a candle in his hat, and a pipe in his mouth, while a bulldog follows close at his heels. That man is a collier. Follow him to the mouth of the pit, and take your seat along with him in the skip or basket of four, as he descends through the shaft of the mine to the scene of his daily occupations. He may be a strange companion on a strange journey, but he is a man—"sui generis," as much so as the sailor, or the stage-coachman now of the olden time, or any other member of any well-known, well-marked class—and he will show you phases of human life and human character of which it may be you have now no conception. The machinery by which you must be let down is now in operation, and you descend to a depth greater than many times the height of the monument in London; the pure light of heaven diminishing as you descend, till, on reaching the bottom, one little spot, not larger than the crown of a hat, is all that is visible of "the blue serene;" or he may conduct you, by the light of a lantern, step by step, down a long spiral staircase, called a turnpike stair, to his place of toil. Once there, a new world breaks upon your view. Roads of various shapes and sizes—some broad and even, others narrow and undulating, others still perilous to look at, and propped up with vast pillars, to prevent the roof, from falling in—appear to ramify in various directions, and for miles together, through this subterranean city. Here and there a few flickering lamps, just enough to render "darkness visible," "serve only

to discover," often, indeed, "sights of woe," but always of great muscular exertion, and nearly incessant activity. A population of black, big-boned, and nearly naked labourers, are here working amid the tramping of horses, the noise of moving carriages, the roar of blazing furnaces, the clatter of wheels, and the hissing of steam-engines. The living creatures that congregate here are men, and sometimes women and boys, and children just old enough to walk, besides horses, asses, rats and mice, who are intruders, and dogs and cats, introduced in order to keep these vermin in check. The cricket is never silent, but chirping as incessantly as a cicada in Italy in summer; while the midge, and a variety of other insects, are flying through the misty air. The only vegetable productions that can be seen are the different fungi, which multiply out of the neglected manure, and thrive in the warm air that surrounds them, for the temperature of a mine is always high, and sometimes so oppressively hot as to render all clothing an incumbrance. And how are the human part of this mingling population engaged? The men are making great exertions—some in one way, some in another; but the labour, as long as the mine is well ventilated, and the space sufficient, improves rather than injures the health. In places, however, where there is little ventilation, and where the room is cramped, the men become prematurely decrepit, and die of old age at fifty or sixty, if they are not carried off long before by an accident, or that fatal form of pulmonary disease, called the "black spit" of the collier. Those men whom you see now so industrious are most of them drunkards and gamblers, whose principal amusement is either dog-fighting, cock-fighting, chuck-penny, or cards. Then, those women—how came they here? Most of them are young and over-worked, and how ignorant! There are young people here of both sexes, twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years old, who have "never heard of London, or Dublin, or Edinburgh;" do not know one letter from another; have "never heard of Christ;" and "have never been taught such things." But do you see one little boy, not more at most than seven years old; he has a bottle of milk tied about his neck, and he lies

in a hole scooped out for himself; he has a string in his hand, and there he remains all day without a single companion. He is called the "trapper," and the safety of the whole mine is depending often on that little child! His business is to open the door through which the noxious gases escape, when the "hurrier" comes with his basket to unload it for another burden, and return. But if that door is kept open longer by only a few minutes than is necessary for this purpose, the mine may be destroyed! Look, however, at the frightful marks on his forehead; those are the marks, as he calls them, of his "hammers," where he was struck, perhaps with an iron pick, for sleeping on his post. We speak of the dangers of the sailor on the wild and stormy sea; but are they greater than those of the collier? Are they greater than the choke-damp (carbonic acid gas), or "wild fire," or fire damp (sulphuretted hydrogen), to say nothing of disease or accident by falls, by fire, or by flood? There is danger, in the first place, from fire, assuming a character which the sublime language of Milton can scarcely depict—"Floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire." When the ventilation of a colliery has been neglected, a quantity of carburetted hydrogen gas accumulates in the wastes, and ignites on the first approach of any light but the blessed Davy lamp. The whole mine is instantly filled with terrific flashes of lightning, the expanding fluid driving before it in a roaring whirlwind of flaming air, which tears up everything, scorching some to a cinder, burying others under enormous rocks and fragments shaken from the roofs and passages, and then thundering up the shaft-wastes, its volcanic fury in a thick discharge of dust, stones, and the mangled limbs of men and horses. Speaking of this and the choke-damp—At one time, says Dr. Walsh, an odour of the most fragrant kind is diffused through the mine, resembling the scent of the sweetest flowers, and while the miner is inhaling the balmy gale, he is suddenly struck down, and expires in the midst of his fancied enjoyment. At another, it comes in the form of a globe of air enclosed in a filmy case, and while he is gazing on the light and beautiful object floating along, and is tempted to take it in his

hand, it suddenly explodes, and destroys him and his companions in an instant.

There is yet another danger from the coal mine itself taking fire, for, if once ignited, it will go on burning for years, nay, perhaps for centuries (as witness Wednesbury in Stafford, or Dudley in Worcestershire); and sometimes there is peril from inundation, as when a mine is wrought under a river or even under the ocean. Yet, in the midst of all this, the miner is one of the most reckless of men. Familiarity with danger has rendered him insensible to fear; he will light his pipe with the flame of the Davy lamp without its protecting enclosure; he will walk with a candle at his breast, in a spot where the fire-damp fills the stratum above his head, and the choke-damp that at his feet, so that the only respirable interval is just where the candle is burning; or out of mere bravado, or practical joke, to frighten a stranger, he will fill his mouth with a sufficient quantity of gas to produce a stream by contracting the lips, and set fire to it as from an argand burner, to the infinite glee of his companions.

The collier's life at one time was so perilous, accidents were so common, and deaths so frequent, that when a corpse was carried through a neighbouring village, all curiosity was silenced, by the simple answer to any question respecting him — that it was "only a collier." At length the abuses of mines attracted the attention of some benevolent men, amongst whom the chief was Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley; commissioners were appointed for inquiring into the condition of children employed in mines, and they presented a report, by command of her Majesty, to both Houses of Parliament, in three volumes 8vo.—a report which, illustrated as it was by wood-cuts terribly expressive of the cruelties sometimes employed in mines, aided Lord Ashley considerably in carrying a bill to make regulations respecting the age and sex of children and young persons employed in mines and collieries. Since then these evils, we believe, have been greatly mitigated, if not removed, so that the picture we have sketched is one that might be taken only of a state of things which has now ceased, we hope, to exist. But what, it may be asked, has all

this to say to an argument for a Providence? We answer — but little, it may be, to those whom other reasoning has not already convinced; and yet much, much indeed to those whom it has. Amid all those hairbreadth 'escapes, and apparently marvellous deliverances from appalling danger which the history of every mine records, have there been none which the believer in a moral governor and Divine preserver might well consider providential? Surely if there is any weight in the argument, that whatever God has thought sufficiently important to create, he has thought sufficiently important to preserve, we can readily believe that an unseen hand has often been outstretched over those imperilled labourers, as they wrought on the very brink, it would seem, of destruction! Besides, the history of coal argues, as we have noticed already, an arrangement, in the lateness of its discovery as an article of fuel, for economy in its consumption, such as may safely be deemed providential; while the very gases of the coal mine, noxious though they are, have been useful; for they led (and was it not designedly?) to the discovery of a light which is now the means, in all the principal cities of Europe, of a brilliant nocturnal illumination.

From the history of coal as an article of commerce, we proceed to its origin as a natural production, and this will conduct us to its place in the materials of the earth.

Of all the sciences, there is none that is richer in materials for poetry and for wonder than geology; while of all the pages in that rock-book of nature which records earth's marvellous mutations, there is none that more amply repays our perusal than the carbonaceous. It tells us, as interpreted by most of the more eminent geologists, that, after the "twilight grey" of life's early morning on the globe had passed away, and the writhing worms (if such they were) that have doubtfully impressed their tortuous folds upon the Cambrian rocks, had been succeeded by the tenantry of the vast silurian seas, another theatre of being appeared, in what is now called the old red sandstone formation. This, too, had its own *dramatis personæ*. "Age succeeded age, and one stratum covered up another; generations lived, died, and were en-

tombed in the ever-growing depositions. Succeeding generations pursued their instincts by myriads, happy in existence, over the surface which covered the broken and perishing remains of their predecessors, and then died and were entombed in turn, leaving a higher platform and a similar destiny to the generations that succeeded." Hitherto almost all, as far as we can judge, appears to have been ocean—the only dry land consisting of the older granites, and the portions of strata produced by their disintegration. The progress of the geologist, like that of the physical geographer, is, for the most part, through sea, almost all the deposits, from the silurian to the chalk inclusive, being marine. The first exception that clearly presents itself occurs in the traces of a land vegetation on approaching the coal measures; but then, what a prospect at last opens to our view! In the eloquent language of Miller—"We have entered the coal measures. For seven formations together, from the lower silurian to the upper red sandstone, our course has lain over oceans without a visible shore, though, like Columbus in his voyage of discovery, we have now and then found a little floating weed to indicate the approaching coast. The water is fast shallowing—yonder passes a broken branch, with the leaves still unwithered; and there floats a tuft of fern. Land from the masthead! land! land!—a low shore, thickly covered with vegetation. Huge trees of wonderful form stand out far into the water. There seems no intervening beach. A thick hedge of reeds tells us the masts of pinnacles run along the deeper bays, like water-flags at the edge of a lake—a river of vast volume comes rolling from the interior, darkening the water for leagues with its slime and mud, and bearing with it to the open sea reeds and fern, and cones of the pine, and immense floats of leaves, and now and then some bulky tree undermined and uprooted by the current. We near the coast, and now enter the opening of the stream. A scarce penetrable phalanx of reeds, that attain to the height and well-nigh the bulk of forest trees, is ranged on either hand. The bright and glossy stems seem rodded like Gothic columns; the pointed leaves stand out green at every joint, tier above tier, each tier resembling a co-

ronal wreath or an ancient crown with the rays turned outwards; and we see atop what may be either large spikes or catkins. What strange forms of vegetable life appear in the forest behind! Can that be a club-moss that raises its slender height for more than fifty feet from the soil? or can these tall, palm-like trees be actual ferns, and these spreading branches mere fronds? And then, these gigantic reeds, are they not mere varieties of the common horsetail of our bogs and morasses, magnified some sixty or a hundred times? Have we arrived at some such country as the continent visited by Gulliver, in which he found thickets of weeds and grass tall as woods of twenty years' growth, and lost himself amid a forest of corn fifty feet in height? The lesser vegetation of our own country, reeds, mosses and ferns, seems here as if viewed through a microscope: the dwarfs have sprung up into giants, and yet there appears to be no proportional increase of size among what are unequivocally its trees. Yonder is a group of what seem to be pines, tall and bulky 'tis true, but neither taller nor bulkier than the pines of Norway and America, and the club-moss behind shoots up its green hairy arms, loaded with what seem catkins above their topmost cones. But what monster of the vegetable world comes floating down the stream, now circling round in the eddies, now dancing on the ripple, now shooting down the rapid? It resembles a gigantic star-fish, or an immense coach-wheel divested of the rim. There is a green dome-like mass in the centre, that corresponds to the nave of the wheel or the body of the star-fish; and the boughs shoot out horizontally on every side, like spokes from the nave or rays from the central body. The diameter considerably exceeds forty feet; the branches, originally of a deep green, are assuming the golden tinge of decay; the cylindrical and hollow leaves stand out thick on every side, like prickles of the wild rose on the red, fleshy, lance-like shoots of a year's growth, that will be covered two seasons hence with flowers and fruit. That strangely-formed organism presents no existing type among all the numerous families of the vegetable kingdom. There is an amazing luxuriance of growth all around us. Scarce can the current

make way through the thickets of aquatic plants that rise thick from the muddy bottom; and though the sunshine falls bright on the upper boughs of the tangled forest beyond, not a ray penetrates the more than twilight gloom that broods over the marshy platform below. The rank steam of decaying vegetation forms a thick blue haze that partially obscures the under-wood; deadly lakes of carbonic acid gas have accumulated in the hollows; there is silence all around, uninterrupted save by the sudden splash of some reptile fish that has risen to the surface in pursuit of its prey, or when a sudden breeze stirs the hot air and shakes the fronds of the giant ferns or the catkins of the reeds. The wide continent before us is a continent devoid of animal life, save that its pools and rivers abound in fish and mollusca, and that millions and tens of millions of the infusory tribes swarm in the bogs and marshes. Here and there, too, an insect of strange form flutters among the leaves. It is more than probable that no creature furnished with lungs of the more perfect construction, could have breathed the atmosphere of this early period and have lived." Such is a specimen of the descriptive powers of one who had been a simple stone-mason in Scotland; and we trust that the length of the extract will be pardoned for the sake of the graphic and poetical account which it gives us of the flora of the coal formations. How vividly it pictures the state of our islands at a period in comparison with whose dim and hoar antiquity Egyptian dust is but of yesterday!—when the site of some of our busiest cities was overgrown with lepidodendra, sigillariæ, calamites, and stigmaris, and when an ultra-tropical heat converted the land into a vast hothouse for the growth of a crowded and colossal vegetation! Subsequent discoveries, however, have thrown considerable doubt upon the accuracy of its concluding remarks. There was a time, indeed, when it was thought that the highest form of life that then existed was that of fishes; and we were led to consider the carboniferous era as a period in which these vast but unblossoming forests never echoed with the music of the morning birds. We pictured to ourselves a scenery of songless woods, imposing indeed, but sombre and silent—unenlivened with

the melody of human speech, or even with the note of one feathered songster, or the voice of one vertebrate animal. The firefly, it was thought, might have been gleaming star-like through the crowded foliage, and fishes might have been careering through the waters or sporting in the weeds; but the Lords of the Creation were still, it was imagined, the tenantry of the sea, reigning without even a reptile to dispute their supremacy. The richness of the vegetation was supposed to be accounted for in a great measure by a safer abundance of carbonic acid gas, while this very superabundance (so prejudicial to animal life) was taken up, it was thought, and deposited in the mountain limestone always near the coal measures, so that the atmosphere was thus prepared for the introduction of air-breathing animals.

It was on these presumed facts that much of the well-known theory of progressive development was founded. But though a number of the sciences appeared at one time to countenance that beautiful speculation, each of them, as it came to be better known, has been found to retract more or less of the evidence which it apparently had yielded; and this was remarkably the case in geology. The theory of progressive development had already received a rude shock in the discovered fact, that the earliest fossil fish belonged to the highest type of that department of the vertebrata, when it was also discovered, contrary to the hypothesis that reptiles existed in the carboniferous era. It was not true, therefore, that fishes were then the masters of creation; reptiles had appeared, and these rank higher in the scale.

In 1844, a true reptile was found in Rhenish Bavaria, by H. Von Meyer; and in 1847, three skeletons of similar air-breathing reptiles were found by Professor Von Dechen in the coal-field of Snarbruch. Footprints, declared by Sir C. Leyel to be those of an air-breathing animal, were discovered by Dr. King of Pennsylvania, in the Greensburg coal, in Westmoreland county, at about the same time as that in which the reptile was discovered by Meyer in Bavaria; and footprints of a large reptile have since been found by Mr. Isaac Lee, in the lowest bed of coal at Pottsville, near Philadelphia; so that we may now be said to have

the footprints of two reptilians of the coal period, and the skeletons of four. Nor is it quite clear that the same period was not attended with birds. Mr. Taylor, in his "Indications of the Creator," states his conviction that it was. The forests of that early period must have been redolent, he says, with the blossoms of a productive vegetation, and vocal with the music of a well-appointed choir. It is possible that man did not then exist; but the little feathered songsters sung no less sweetly. The morning breeze caught up its grateful notes, and bore them to a holier ear than his. In the unbroken quiet of these sylvan solitudes there may have been no thinking, rejoicing, or sorrowing human heart, with the quick throbbings of anguish or delight; yet in nature's great cathedral God's humbler creatures offered up their low, perpetual hymn.

In none of the sciences has the collision of opposite opinions been happier in eliciting truth than in geology. The controversy between the Neptuneists and the Vulcanists ended in a sort of compromise, which, acknowledging the existence of igneous as well as aqueous rocks, allowed that there was truth with both of the parties at issue, and thus opened the way for that beautiful division of rocks by Sir Charles Lyle into plutonic, volcanic, metamorphic, and sedimentary. The subsequent controversy between the Uniformitarians and the Catastrophists is likely, perhaps, to terminate in a similar way; and it may come to be acknowledged, that while all the geological phenomena can be best accounted for by ascribing them to exactly the same causes as those which operate now, and none else, those causes must be supposed to have then wrought, frequently, at least, if not generally, with a greater than their present intensity, and a greater than their present rapidity. In the same manner there may be such an accommodation between the advocates of the theory of progressive development and those who deny it, as will concede to one party a *progress* and an *improvement* in the successive conditions of the earth; and yet to the other, the now all but demonstrated fact that this progress may have been neither uniform nor uninterrupted, and has certainly not been attended with, or, at least, accomplished by, a *transmutation of species*.

The advocates of each of these different theories depend for their strongest arguments on the stratification—the flora and the fauna of the coal period; and to each of them that period ought to be, in fact, the most instructive, as showing especially the importance of not depending too much on merely negative evidence. But the controversy which bears most upon the peculiar subject of coal is that between the advocates of *drift* and *submergency*. According to the former, groves and forests of the luxuriant vegetation of an ultra-tropical climate were swept away by floods and inundations into lakes, bays, estuaries, or the mouths of rivers; and that this was the manner in which the coal was *generally* deposited—the coal plants being rarely submerged on the spot in which they are discovered. According to the latter, on the contrary, submergency should be considered as the rule, and drift only as the exception. The greater part of the vegetable elements of coal have grown and been embedded on the spot; and the cases where the plants have been drifted are chiefly the accidental results of the overflows and inundations by which the submergency was effected. Of these theories, the latter would seem to be now the more approved, if not the more popular. But both pre-suppose the vegetable origin of coal—a fact which would appear to be incontrovertible; and it is now generally supposed that the vegetation which produced the coal grew in wide but shallow lagoons, which received, from time to time, deposits of silt and mud, the detritus of the neighbouring land. These shallow expanses were soon overspread with *stigmariæ ficosæ*, a marshy plant, then so abundant as to have furnished, it is thought, the principal source of our fossil fuel; accumulations of mud, silt, sand, and decaying vegetables then converted these lagoons into morasses. After this appeared a variety of reed-like plants—*equisetæ* and *calamites*, diversified with other and with larger trees. All these in decaying furnished materials for peat and coal, "resting on a base composed of the remains of *stigmariæ*." These morasses may have sunk gradually beneath the level of the sea—the basins becoming the receptacles of alternating deposits of sand and clay, thus producing the strata of sand-

stone and limestone which occur between seams of coal. In many coal-fields the remains of vegetables are found retaining in beautiful perfection their original shape and proportions — the most exquisitely delicate foliage still uninjured, and, but in colour, it would seem, almost still unehanged. Dr. Buckland remarks of the Bohemian coal mines — “The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beautiful profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of the most graceful foliage flung in wild irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black colour of these vegetables with the light ground-work of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees of forms and characters now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigour of their primeval life; their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the faithful historians.”

Such, then, would seem to be the origin of coal, as revealed to us by the discoveries of geology; and surely in all this there is evidence of design, of wisdom, of benevolence — of a providential Ruler as well as an almighty Creator. But this is not all. The coal measures consist of alternations of sandstone, shale, ironstone, and coal. The two latter may be considered as new products of nature; for the iron is found in veins among some of the older rocks, and gives a colour to others by its diffusion through their mass; layers of clay ironstone appear for the first time in the coal measures, while the really useful coal is found only in the upper part of the carboniferous system. But one important portion of the same system is the mountain limestone. Here, then, are three minerals which, whenever the

arrangement is not defective, are always found in connexion — that is to say, limestone, ironstone, and coal. Now, if the ironstone only could be found in any particular locality, there would be no fuel there to soften the iron, even if it could be extracted from the other ingredients with which it is associated; while again, if ironstone and coal were both present, but without the limestone, the metal could not be easily separated from the clay; whereas the limestone, by acting as a flux, promotes the speedy reduction of the ore, while that ore is made soft and workable by the coal. Can such a beautiful arrangement have been merely accidental? Can the two most useful, perhaps, of all natural productions, together with the necessary material for making the one of service to the other, have been thus associated simply by chance? Notwithstanding, however, the vicinity of coal, iron was first smelted in England with wood; but timber being useful for ship-building, and a scarcity for this purpose having been apprehended, its use for any other was restricted by several statutes of Elizabeth. Various efforts were then made to smelt the iron with pit coal, and one of them is worth recording, as pointing to this providential vicinity of the necessary fuel. Dudley, the founder of the family of Dudley and Ward, in a curious book, called “*Metallum Martis*,” published in the reign of Charles II., informs us that he erected a large furnace, and that he had succeeded in making the largest quantity of pit-coal iron that ever yet was made in Great Britain, seven tons per week [what would he have said of the weekly work of an iron foundry in our day?], near which furnace he discovered many new coal mines and iron mines underneath. After other remarks he subjoins — “Now, if the coal and ironstone so abounding were made right use of, we need not want iron as we do, for very many measures of ironstone are placed together under the great ten yards’ thickness of coal, and upon another thickness of coal not yet mentioned, called the bottom coal, or hearthen coal — as if God had decreed the time when and how these smiths should be supplied, and this island also, with iron.”

After the failure of many similar attempts, from the want of an adequate power, the requisite machinery was

furnished at last by the steam-engine; and we believe it has frequently happened that the ironstone which yielded the metal, the limestone that furnished the flux, the coal that supplied the fuel, and the water that gave the steam, have all been obtained from the same identical locality! We envy not the mind that regards all this as purely accidental.

But these are not the only facts which, in connexion with this interesting production, argue a wise and benevolent Providence. The occurrence of slips, faults, and dykes, by which the continuity of the strata is interrupted, and the miner confounded (hence, perhaps, the term fault), may seem at first to militate against the argument we are advancing; but their advantages outbalance their evils, for when empty they act as valves by which the water of the mine is drained off, and, when filled up, as floodgates arresting its course. Nor is this all. The basin-like shape of the strata in the general arrangement of the coal measures in many different localities, is a further evidence of wise and benevolent provision, since it has brought all the layers of the formation near the surface, and thus rendered them accessible, whereas a uniformly inclined course would have caused the lower seams to dip into depths which human art had never been able to penetrate.

It has been said that the discovery of a skeleton converted Galen from atheism; might not the same result have been produced by the study of a coal mine? Nay, would not the latter, in some respects at least, have been more eloquent in its intimations of a Deity even than the former, shewn more of that prospective contrivance which argues intention, and plan, and provision, and therefore intelligence? Does it not

involve the conclusion, that there is a God of creation, and a God of providence—a God over all, blessed for ever; yea, and even (indirectly, at least) a God of redemption? For if there has been all that evil in our race of which a coal mine, with all that it records of human cupidity and human cruelty, is just a fair example, has there not been a need, a crying need, of one who could purchase and emancipate our kind out of their bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of children of God? And if that God has made provision even from untold and unthought-of ages, before man became as yet a living soul, for some of the latest of his exigencies, and some of the greatest of his capabilities, what is more likely, even beforehand, than that he has also made provision, by the blood of that Lamb who was slain from the foundations of the world, for the fatal effects of human transgression, having resolved, ere yet the heavens and the earth were made, to send forth his Son in the fulness of time, to redeem and to renovate a lost creation? Oh, it is time, high time to rescue geology from the hands of the sceptic, and consecrate its sublime deductions to the service of revealed religion. Already has good service been rendered to the glorious cause of truth, by the efforts of different writers on Genesis and Geology, to reconcile the clear conclusions of the one with the inspired announcements of the other—efforts which have been eminently successful. It is now time to take a higher ground, and make the stone upon the pathway, as well as the planet in the firmament, speak to the truth of revelation, the work of the Redeemer, and the glory of the universal God.

THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. V.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EVAGRIUS.

WM. O'BRIEN — DENIS O'BRYEN — JEPHSON — BICKERSTAFF — HARTSON — SIMONS — O'KEEFE.

THEATRICAL history presents the names of several actresses of eminence who have won and worn matrimonial coronets through the force of virtue, beauty, accomplishments, prudery, or a happy combination of all these elements; but we recollect only a solitary instance of an actor who made his fortune, and removed himself, as Mrs. Winifred Jenkins has it, "into a higher sphere," by means of an aristocratic union. This exception occurred in the person of WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who captivated the heart of Lady Susan Sarah Louisa Strangways, eldest daughter of Stephen Fox, first Earl of Ilchester, and niece of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland. O'Brien was a remarkably handsome young man, of elegant manners; and, gaining admittance into the best society, persuaded the fair Lady Susan to run away with him, and married her. The family, wiser than others of their caste, under these domestic vexations, which cannot be remedied by harshness, determined to pardon what they could not prevent—acting, perhaps, on the curt philosophy of Mrs. Heidelberg, "The girl's ruined, and I forgive her." Accordingly they received the offending couple into grace, insisting as a *sine qua non* that the intrusive son-in-law should give up his theatrical prospects; and obtained for him, first, a good appointment in America, and subsequently the lucrative post of receiver-general of the county of Dorset, which he enjoyed in great clover for many years, and lived to a very advanced period of life. In the "Dialogue in the Shades," Mrs. Cibber is represented as saying to Mrs. Woffington, "The only performers of any eminence that have made their appearance since your departure, are O'Brien and Powell. The first was a very promising comedian in Woodward's walk, and was much caressed by the nobility; but this apparent good fortune was his ruin, for, having married a young lady of family, without her

relatives' knowledge, he was obliged to transport himself to America, where he is now doing penance for his redemption."

Churchill, writing of O'Brien in the "Rosciad," while he was yet an actor, calls him a "shadow of Woodward," and blames him for servile imitation, when possessed of original abilities. He says, and the lines are worth remembering—

"When a dull copier simple grace neglects,
And rests his imitation on defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts."

William O'Brien was born in Ireland, about the year 1736 or 1738, but the exact date of his birth we have been unable to ascertain. He descended from a very ancient family, who, in common with many others, from a misplaced but conscientious attachment to James the Second, abandoned their country and property, and followed the fortunes of that ungrateful monarch into France, after the capitulation of Limerick, in 1691.

These gallant men, under the auspices of the head of their race, the Lord Viscount Clare, became officers in the Irish Brigade, in which distinguished corps many of them, with their posterity, lived and died in honour. The father of William O'Brien, however, happened to be a fencing-master in Dublin, and the subject of our memoir was brought up with a view to his following the same vocation. But he had fixed his thoughts on the stage, and entertained little reverence for *carte et tierce*, except when occurring incidentally in what modern critics call the rôle of Mercutio, and other pugnacious characters of the same class. Here his early education materially assisted him, and he drew his sword with a graceful, rapid, and imposing flourish, which cast his brethren of the sock and buskin far beyond the verge of emulation.

In 1758 Barry tempted Woodward

from his established reputation and certain salary at Drury-lane, to join him in the hazardous, and as it ultimately proved, ruinous speculation of the new theatre in Crow-street, Dublin. Woodward hesitated long between the desire of gaining more money and the fear of losing what he had already saved. He had lived on the most friendly terms with Garrick, who ever treated him with deference and liberality; but Woodward, dazzled by the blandishments of Barry, and dreaming of an Irish El Dorado, endeavoured to exact from his London managers conditions and stipulations to which it was as impossible they could accede, and retain lawful sovereignty, as it was for the Sultan last year to submit to the benign and disinterested proposals of Prince Menschikoff. Mrs. Woodward, with the usual prudence of wives, strongly dissuaded her husband from the Dublin scheme; but Barry, who, with no great extent of knowledge or understanding, was gifted with a matchless melody of voice, and an enchanting faculty of persuasion, before which the sirens of classic fable would have bowed in conscious inferiority, so worked upon the two darling passions of the doomed Woodward, love of lucre and lust of power, that in evil hour he put his hand to the deed of partnership, and deserted the banners of his old employer.

Garrick felt bitterly the loss of his inimitable comedian and harlequin, who truly might be called a host in himself; but in his greatest difficulties, Roscius was never without resources. He had formed an acquaintance with O'Brien, and determined to train him up to fill Woodward's place. He took infinite pains in his instruction, and the pupil responded with gratitude and ready intelligence. On the 3rd of October, 1788, O'Brien made his first appearance at Drury-lane, as Captain Brazen, in Farquhar's comedy of *The Recruiting Officer*. He was received with candour, warmth, and universal applause. His person and deportment were strikingly genteel and prepossessing, and his movements were grace personified. For six years he acted a variety of characters in elegant and eccentric comedy with a peculiar vivacity, and was generally reputed to excel, in that particular line, every performer of his

day. In 1784 he left the stage, in consequence of his marriage, as we have already stated.

Davies and Wilkinson, from a false and foolish delicacy, sink the name of O'Brien, when speaking of his theatrical career, and designate him anonymously as "an accomplished young gentleman." He himself, judging by the scruples of his friends, and what was reported of his own conversations after he seceded from the boards, appeared desirous to "sink the player," and bury in oblivion those years of his life which were amongst the most worthy of being remembered, as constantly occupied in the exercise of intellectual energy and the display of rare acquirements. It was weak as well as useless to shrink from what was on record, and a mistake to feel ashamed of a profession of his own choice, in which he had met with more than common success, and from which an accidental *coup de fortune* had removed him. To be an actor is no disgrace to any one who conducts himself respectably, and who cannot hope to advance without good natural abilities, the education of a gentleman, and unremitting study. *Es quovis ligno, non fit Mercurius*. This classical proverb is usually rendered in the hotly vernacular, "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear;" but we would respectfully suggest the following equally apposite paraphrase—it is not every body that can make even a moderate actor.

Dr. Moore says, in a digression on the stage, in one of his once popular but now neglected novels, "An advantageous figure, a graceful manner, a good voice, a strong memory, an accurate judgment, and the power of expressing the emotions of the heart by the voice and features, are all required in a player; sensibility, and the power of expressing the emotions of the heart by the tones and features, are indispensable. It seems, therefore, unreasonable not to consider that profession as creditable in which we expect so many qualities united; while many others are thought respectable, in which we daily see persons arrive at eminence without common sense."

O'Brien, however he may have wished to repudiate all memory of serving in the ranks as an actor, had no objection to acquire fame as a dra-

matic author. Towards the end of 1772, he produced a farce, or more properly speaking, a comedy in two acts, at Covent Garden, under the title of *Cross Purposes*, which was well received at the time, revived occasionally during subsequent London seasons, and acted in Bath as late as 1821. The piece is evidently taken from *Les Trois Frères Rivaux* of La Font; it contains some happy touches of genuine humour, and many strokes of satire levelled at the follies of the day.

It is rather singular that on the same evening (Dec. 8th, 1772) on which *Cross Purposes* came out at Covent Garden, another comedy, by O'Brien, called *The Duel*, was acted at Drury-lane. The success of the first counter-balanced the failure of the second, which was unequivocally condemned, and never repeated after the first night. There were great actors employed; but the public verdict in this case was as decided as it was capricious. *The Duel* (founded on *Le Philosophe sans le Savoir*, of Sedaine), is, on the whole, a tolerable play, and must be added to the list of pieces which have been unjustly sentenced. These productions of O'Brien were both printed, and thus a comparative estimate of their merit may be formed. The author's pretensions as a dramatist, it must be admitted, are slight enough; but it would be unfair to pass him over altogether, in a catalogue intended to be complete.*

Here is a second O'BRYEN, sometimes confounded with the former; but his patronymic differs in the spelling, and his Christian name was DENIS. We can scarcely question this internal evidence that he was an Irishman. As a political essayist he acquired much celebrity, and, what was better, wrote himself into more than one snug sinecure. His claims to admission into this list are founded on a single comedy, entitled *A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed*, originally written in two acts, then enlarged to four, and ultimately reduced to three, in which form it was acted at the Haymarket, in 1783; but

not printed. The play ran for eight nights with equivocal success, and was then withdrawn in consequence of a quarrel between the author and the manager, Colman the elder. It was said to be a faint attempt to imitate Goldsmith's *Good Natured Man*. The quarrel occupied the leading newspapers for nearly three weeks; almost every journal taking part with the manager, while the author fought singly against a host. The affair ended in a sort of drawn battle, but seems to have alienated O'Bryen from any further attempt in the dramatic walk, and to have decided him to devote his future life to politics.

The work which first brought him into notice was an ironical "Defence of the Earl of Shelburne," published shortly after that nobleman (subsequently created Marquis of Lansdown) succeeded the Marquis of Rockingham as Premier, in the year 1782. In 1784, O'Bryen wrote another satiric work, entitled "A Gleam of Comfort to this distracted Empire, demonstrating the Fairness and Reasonableness of National Confidence in the present Ministry"—meaning the ministry of Mr. Pitt. Soon after appeared from his pen two papers, called "The Reasoner," which have since been republished in several compilations, and ascribed respectively to Lord Erskine and Mr. Sheridan. In 1787 he printed "A View of the Treaty negotiated by Lord Auckland." In 1788, immediately upon the King's illness, this author published "The Prospect before Us," revived under the name of "The Regency Question," in consequence of the discussions caused by the return of his Majesty's malady, in 1810. These are amongst some of his leading tracts, but it would be endless to enumerate them all.

He shared the confidence of Mr. Fox, with whom he lived in unrestrained intimacy, and dedicated himself totally to his friend and leader. Upon the change of ministry, in 1806, when "all the talents" came into office, O'Bryen succeeded one of the Lords Somerset in the lucrative sinecure of De-

* The Rev. Thomas Lewis O'Beirne, chaplain to Lord Howe, and a native of Ireland, who died Bishop of Meath, is the author of several political treatises, and also of one comedy, called *The Generous Impostor*, acted at Drury-lane, in 1780, and printed nearly at the same time. This dramatic piece, which was acted seven nights, is borrowed from *Le Discipule de Descartes*.

puty Paymaster-General; and shortly after was appointed, by Mr. Fox, to the patent office of Marshal of the Admiralty, at the Cape of Good Hope; worth, at the lowest computation, £4,000 per annum.

RICHARD JEPHSON was born in Ireland, in 1736. He entered early in life into the military profession, and advanced rapidly to the rank of captain, in the 73rd Foot, on the Irish establishment. When his regiment was reduced in 1763, he was placed on the half-pay list, on which he ever afterwards continued. He had always evinced an inclination for the *belles lettres*. His natural abilities were good, and improved by education; he spoke pleasingly, his choice of language was unexceptionable, and he possessed a vein of satirical humour very agreeable to all but those against whom it happened to be pointed. These qualifications recommended him to Lord Townshend, who came to the Government of Ireland in 1767, and who made Captain Jephson Master of the Horse in the Viceregal establishment, and procured him a seat in the Irish House of Commons. O'Keefe, in his "Recollections," gives a different account, and states that Jephson, when a very young man, owed his promotion to Garrick. He says:—"On one of the King's nights at Drury-lane, the lords being about behind the scenes, in and out of the green-room, &c., as customary, Garrick said to a nobleman near him, who was soon to go to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant: 'My lord, here is a young spark so plagues us here night after night, always troublesome, I wish you would take him with you over to your Ireland, or any where out of our way.' The nobleman took the good-natured hint, spoke to the play-loving youth, who was loitering near him, and gave him a handsome appointment in Dublin Castle. This is one of the many instances of Garrick seizing every opportunity to do a kind action. The youth was Captain Jephson, author of *Braganza*, *The Law of Lombardy*, *The Count of Narbonne*, &c." Captain Jephson, grateful for the patronage he had received, became an unflinching supporter of the measures of Government, and strenuously defended the character of Lord Townshend, which was openly attacked in the house, after his departure. On the 11th of February, 1774, when a great debate came

on, respecting a bill to relax the severity of the then existing laws against the Roman Catholics, Captain Jephson took a conspicuous part, and made a very long and eloquent speech in their favour; quitting, on that occasion, his usual satirical turn, which had obtained for him the name of the *Mortal Momus*. But this restraint was not frequently practised. In a question on removing the Custom-house of Dublin (March 7th, 1779), and in that on a motion for sending four thousand troops from Ireland to America, he indulged his peculiar vein. Lord Townshend having resigned the Lord Lieutenancy, Lord Harcourt, who replaced him, possessed none of the taste for wit and humour which had distinguished his predecessor, and had so particularly recommended Captain Jephson to his notice. The captain, indeed, retained his office at the Castle, but he was personally neglected, and at the general election of 1776, he was not returned to Parliament. However, Mr. Hugh Massey being advanced to the peerage, the Lord Lieutenant felt convinced that Capt. Jephson's talents would be useful; and he was, in consequence, elected in October, 1776, to fill Lord Massey's vacated seat, of Old Leighlin, county of Carlow, a rotten borough at the disposal of the incumbent Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns. But Captain Jephson had, by this time, applied his mind and leisure to dramatic composition, and ceased to distinguish himself in the house as formerly. He spoke seldom, and commonly confined himself to a silent vote.

During Lord Townshend's memorable viceroyalty of Ireland, Jephson, in conjunction with Mr. Courtenay, the Rev. Mr. Boroughs, and others equally well qualified for the task, wrote a collection of essays called "*The Bachelor*," which completely succeeded in putting down and turning into ridicule, the enemies of the Government. This collection, for sound argument, seasoned with genuine wit and humour, has rarely been equalled and perhaps never excelled.

In 1794, Captain Jephson published a poem, in 4to., entitled "*Roman Portraits*," enriched with engravings, and accompanied by historical remarks and illustrations; and in the same year, a well-timed and well-executed satire on the French revolution, called "*The Confession of Jacques Baptiste Con-*

teau," in two volumes, 12mo. Upon the whole, Jephson may be pronounced a very useful labourer in the vineyard of letters; all his productions show him to have been a man of diversified acquirements, taste, judgment, and good sense. He died at his house Blackrock, near Dublin, on the 31st of May, 1803, aged sixty-seven.

Let us now consider his dramatic compositions, which are seven in number: five tragedies in blank verse — *Braganza*, *The Law of Lombardy*, *The Count of Narbonne*, *Julia*, or *the Italian Lover*, and *The Conspiracy*; *The Campaign*, a comic opera, afterwards abridged into *Love and War*; and a farce, originally called *The Hotel*, but acted many years after as *Two Strings to your Bow*.

Braganza, Jephson's first tragedy, was produced at Drury-lane on the 17th of February, 1775. Garrick dearly loved a courtier, and a man of position; and as he had long been intimately acquainted with Jephson, accepted his play with alacrity. He declined acting in it himself, as he was approaching his retirement, and had for some time given up the fatigue of studying new characters. *Braganza* undoubtedly is a tragedy of considerable merit, and was received with warm applause; although, with the exception of Mrs. Yates, the cast had no great strength; for Smith was never happy in tragedy, and Reddish was mad. *Braganza* had a run of fifteen nights, and remained on the stock-list for several seasons. The story is from Vertot's "Revolution of Portugal;" but the grand plot too nearly resembles *Venice Preserved*. The success of *Braganza* encouraged Jephson to court the tragic muse again, in 1779, when the *Law of Lombardy* was presented to the public, also at Drury-lane. This play (dedicated to the King) seems to be founded on *Much ado about Nothing*, but it may have been taken from Ariosto. It was less fortunate than the former production of the author, being acted only nine nights, and then laid aside. In 1781, *The Count of Narbonne* appeared from the same pen at Covent Garden. This is the best of Jephson's tragedies, and

fully deserved the success it met with. It is, in fact, a dramatic version of Horace Walpole's celebrated romance of "The Castle of Otranto," without the supernatural agency, and is arranged with much skill and effect. An introduced character, Austin, a monk, was sustained by Henderson with impressive excellence. When *The Count of Narbonne* was first acted in Dublin, under the management of Daly, at Crowstreet, it proved a most profitable hit; and John Kemble, then in his novitiate, and before he had faced the London boards, greatly distinguished himself in the Count. At the rival theatre, Clinch and Crawford played the Count and Theodore. Mrs. Crawford (formerly Barry, formerly Dancer, and *née* Street), who should certainly, from her age, have represented the matronly character of the Countess, to the astonishment of everybody, chose to enact the youthful heroine, Adelaide, solely for the purpose of playing the love scenes with her *caro sposo*. She had been so silly as to marry a third husband, young enough to be her son, and determined that he should not, even under the mockery of the stage, address another woman in the tones and language of affection. Mrs. Crawford was a first-rate actress both in tragedy and comedy, and it required no small versatility to excel equally in Belvidera, Lady Macbeth, Rosalind, and the Widow Brady. Her grand *cheval de bataille* was Lady Randolph, in which character she was superior even to Mrs. Siddons. Her manner of saying "Is he alive?" was equal to anything ever heard on the stage. Mrs. Siddons, who came after her, of course, gave this celebrated interrogatory in a totally different manner. In 1801, Mr. Simons (an Irish gentleman of whom we shall have something more to say), at a small party in Bath, went through the scene between Old Norval and Lady Randolph. His imitation of Mrs. Crawford was most perfect, particularly in the three words. Mrs. Piozzi, who was present, said to him, "Do not do that before Mrs. Siddons: she would not be pleased."*

Captain Jephson's farce of *The*

* Mrs. Crawford, amongst her other distinguishing qualities, had a sharp eye to pecuniary matters. At one of her benefits in Dublin, she asked the same Mr. Simons, named above, who was her particular friend, to receive the money at the box-door for her, which he very

Hotel, or Servant with two Masters, was acted at Smock-alley, Dublin, in 1783, and in 1791 transplanted to Covent Garden, with alterations, under the title of *Two Strings to your Bow*, by which name it is still occasionally performed. The subject is partly taken from Goldoni's "Il Servitor di due Padroni," and partly from a French translation of the same piece, called "Arlequin valet de deux Maitres." Thomas Vaughan had brought it on the English stage before Jephson, but neither may have borrowed from the other, as the original was equally open to both. Vaughan's farce has long been forgotten, but Jephson's possesses more wit, and many old play-goers still living will remember how often they have enjoyed the excellent fooling of Munden and Liston in *Lazarillo*. *The Campaign*, produced in London as a comic opera, in 1785, and afterwards cut down to a musical farce, in 1787, may be recorded in the list of failures. It had been previously acted in Dublin, but was never printed. On the 14th of April, 1787, Jephson's fourth tragedy, *Julia, or the Italian Lover*, came out at Drury-lane, and the result considerably increased his dramatic and literary reputation. There is strength in the writing, skill in the construction, and great force in the leading character of Mentevole, which was admirably sustained by John Kemble, supported by Mrs. Siddons as the heroine. Kemble was then fighting his way by dint of hard labour to the eminence he gained and held; but his exertions in this part brought on a severe indisposition, thus rendering it necessary to lay aside the tragedy, which otherwise promised to have had a successful run. In 1816 Macready selected Mentevole for his second character at Covent Garden, but the play was only acted twice. He evinced power and original conception, but was poorly supported in the other important characters.

In 1796 Jephson made his last, and not very impressive, essay as a dramatist, in the tragedy of *The Conspiracy*, founded on Metastasio's harmonious but weak opera of "La Clemenza di Tito." Even the combined

talents of John and Charles Kemble, John Palmer, Barrymore, Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Powell, could only prolong the existence of the play for three nights. Metastasio contrived to blend fiction and history with a laborious effort which deserves praise for its ingenuity, and Jephson has not failed to follow the same example.

We have swerved a little from the direct line of chronology in not sooner naming ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, the author of *Love in a Village*, *The Maid of the Mill*, and *Lionel and Clarissa*; three genuine English comic operas of the first-class, which will continue to be popular as long as the language in which they are written lasts; and would still hold their ground as most amusing comedies, even if the incidental songs, beautiful, simple, and national as many of them are, were entirely omitted. *Love in a Village* in particular found such favour with the public that it was acted during the first season (1762-63) nearly as often as the *Beggars' Opera* had been at an earlier period, and established a permanent reputation equally as brilliant. Yet, with all its merit, it is little better than a compilation, or, to speak more correctly, a well-constructed piracy. The leading sources from whence it is borrowed are, Charles Johnson's *Village Opera*, produced in 1729; Wycherley's *Gentleman Dancing Master*, as old as 1672; and Marivaux's *Jeu de l'amour et du Hazard*, composed in 1730, with other musical pieces of more obscure origin.

Bickerstaff, when he printed his opera, prefixed the following modest advertisement:—"It may not be improper to inform the reader that there is an incident or two which bear some resemblance to what may be found in the *Village Opera*, by C. Johnson." This is worse than no acknowledgment at all, as, with an assumption of candour, it is equally meant to deceive. Those who take the trouble of a comparison will readily discover that a very large portion of *Love in a Village* is taken from the *Village Opera*. Hawthorn is substituted for Lucas, the old gardener; and the scene of the fair and dance ends the first act of both pieces.

good-naturedly did. About the third or fourth act, he went and seated himself in one of the boxes. When he accounted to Mrs. Crawford the next day for the cash he had taken, she said—"It is all right, but you have not paid me for your own admission."

Eustace passing himself off for a music-teacher, and the character of Deborah Woodcock, are taken from Gerrard and Mrs. Caution in Wycherley's *Gentleman Dancing Master*. Bickerstaff must be included amongst the most successful writers for the stage during a period of more than twenty years, seeing that, including alterations of *The Plain Dealer*, and *The Hypocrite*, his dramas amount to twenty-two in number; and that, in addition to the three operas named above, the farces of *The Padlock*, *The Sultan*, and *The Spoiled Child*,* are still on the acting list. Light musical pieces were his usual walk, but he once soared into an oratorio, called "Judith," which was set by Dr. Arne, and performed at the Lock Hospital Chapel, on the 6th of February, 1764. This oratorio underwent a revival at the church of Stratford-on-Avon, September 6th, 1769, upon occasion of the immortal tom-foolery perpetrated by Garrick, and denominated "A Jubilee in honour of the memory of Shakspeare." We find also in the list of this author's works, two comedies, *Dr. Last in his Chariot*, and *'Tis well it's no Worse*; the first indifferent, the second respectable. Those who read Spanish will find the original of *'Tis well it's no Worse*, in *El Escondido y la Tapada* of Calderon. John Kemble afterwards took it in hand, and, cutting it down to a farce, produced it in that shape at Drury-lane in 1768, under the name of *The Pannel*.

The Maid of the Mill, produced at Covent Garden on the 31st of January, 1765, ran thirty-five nights during the first season, and is avowedly taken from Richardson's novel of "Pamela," but divested of the coarse scenes and indecency by which that *moral* and *model lesson* (as it has been called) is so palpably disfigured. It has been observed, in a criticism on this drama, by a clear-headed writer, that "like 'Pamela,' it is one of those delusions which tend to destroy the proper subordination of society. The village beauty, whose simplicity and innocence are her native charms, smitten with the reveries of rank and splendour, becomes affected and retired, disdaining her situation and every one about her."

We quote the opinion without subscribing to its justice. Perhaps it would be difficult to bring forward the support of illustrative examples. *Lionel* and *Clarissa* may claim the additional merit of being entirely original.

Isaac Bickerstaff was born in Ireland, and probably about the year 1735, as we find him appointed to be one of the pages to Lord Chesterfield, when Lord Lieutenant, in 1746. He served for some time as an officer of marines, and died abroad in extreme old age and reduced circumstances, but the place and date of his decease remain in uncertainty.

HALL HARTSON was the avowed author of a single tragedy called *The Countess of Salisbury*, included in Bell's and Mrs. Inchbald's "British Theatre," and originally acted at Crow-street, in Dublin, in 1765. Barry and Mrs. Dancer, by their great abilities in the two leading characters, established the reputation of the play, which they transplanted to the Haymarket in the summer of 1767, and continued to attract a succession of crowded audiences through the hottest days of July and August. The *Countess of Salisbury* retained possession of the London boards for thirty years, and was constantly selected by Mrs. Crawford (Mrs. Dancer), Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Siddons, as affording them an unusual scope for the display of their powers.

We cannot ascertain much respecting the author, who was undoubtedly an Irishman, born (perhaps in Dublin) in or about the year 1739, and educated in Trinity College, in the lowest rank of students. He seems to have been warmly patronised by his master, the celebrated Dr. Thomas Leland, author of a "History of Ireland," and "The Life of Philip of Macedon;" and who is also supposed to have assisted Hartson materially in the only dramatic piece he has written. The young collegian obtained the appointment of tutor to a gentleman of fortune, with whom he travelled abroad through many countries. Before he attained the age of thirty, he had made the tour of Europe three times, and was deemed to possess fine abilities, varied accomplishments, and amiable

* This popular farce, originally produced for Mrs. Jordan's benefit at Drury-lane, in 1790, was said to be written by her, by W. Ford, and half a dozen others; but the strongest evidence places the authorship where we now ascribe it.

manners. While residing in London, he became acquainted with Hugh M'Auley Boyd,* who invited him to his house at Kenton Green, that he might have the benefit of change of air, having already developed symptoms of rapid consumption. His malady proved to be too far advanced to admit of any cure. After staying several weeks at Kenton Green, poor Hartson returned to London to die—an event which came on rapidly, and occurred in March, 1773. His entire property amounted to nothing more than a few manuscript poems and plays, in the hands of Griffin the bookseller, whom he had named as his executor, and to whom he was probably indebted. Boyd, knowing the distressed circumstances under which Hartson laboured at the time of his death, called on Griffin, and immediately offered his services. Griffin begged he would order and arrange the funeral, which, although nearly as much embarrassed at the moment as had been his deceased friend, he generously did. Griffin afterwards refused to pay the bill, pleading in excuse, that the manuscripts he held were of no value. Not long before his demise, Hartson had published a poem, entitled "Youth." The subject of his tragedy is taken from Dr. Leland's romance, called "Longsword, Earl of Salisbury." The play has merit, which fully justified its current popularity. The unities of time, place, and action are strictly observed; the sentiments are natural; the characters contrasted with sufficient variety, and the images are striking: but the blank verse occasionally halts, and the lines are harsh and unmetrical. That Hartson was not entitled to the exclusive authorship has been already named; and the inference derives strong corroboration from the following circumstance:—An acquaintance complimented him upon the happy manner in which he had appropriated a speech from Homer to the Countess of Salisbury. Hartson disclaimed all knowledge of the fact, and denied that the Greek poet had furnished any part of his materials. The two passages are subjoined. To avoid pedantry, we take Pope's translation of the original:—

"For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more, officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Peleides' arms."
Iliad, book xvii. v. 241, &c.

"Never, oh! never more shall Elys run
With throbbing bosom at the trumpet's sound,
To unlock his helmet, conquest-plumed, to strip
The culices from his manly thigh, or snatch
Quick from his breast the plated armour, woe
To oppose my fond embrace. Sweet times, farewell!

These tender offices return no more."

Hartson's Countess of Salisbury.

It may, perhaps, be readily considered that he who supplied the latter of these speeches could not be unacquainted with the former.

We now propose to insert in our series a brief notice of an eccentric individual, Mr. J. SIMONS, for the sake of a few illustrative and not very common anecdotes, which perchance may amuse the reader, rather than for any exalted estimate of his claims as a dramatist, which are confined within the humble limits of a short comedy, and a farce—*National Prejudice* and the *Village Coquette*. These two trifles, now utterly forgotten, were only acted once each, and never printed, being written respectively for the benefits of Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Jordon. But they suffice to establish the author's right to be enrolled as a brother of the craft, and to revive his name, which sometimes occurs and excites little curiosity in the miscellaneous biography of his era. This Mr. Simons was an Irish gentleman, of good family, but small fortune, and a dramatic *fanatico* of the first water. His devotion to the stage amounted to a confirmed monomania. All his faculties, feelings, senses, and propensities, seemed to centre in a theatre; and to those who partook of the same enthusiasm, he was a pleasing companion. But like most men who ride their hobbies in a perpetual gallop, until their strength is exhausted, he sometimes subsided into a bore. Simons was admitted to the intimacy of many leading ladies of fashion. Amongst others, to that of Mrs. Hobart (afterwards Countess of Buckinghamshire); and the rural breakfast introduced into his piece of *The Village Coquette*, was a representation of the *fete champêtre* given by her to the Prince of Wales and a select party of nobility, at her

* Often and erroneously named as the author of "Junius," which opinion he indirectly encouraged, although he well knew the contrary. The American general, Lee, did the same.

villa near London. For this reason, she expressed a strong desire to have *The Village Coquette* represented again. The question was one which touched the exchequer; and when she applied to Kemble, he said it depended on Sheridan; when she applied to Sheridan, he said it depended on Kemble, and so the motion was cushioned. The piece, in fact, was only calculated for a benefit puff; for Simons had no gifts for writing, although his propensity was strongly developed. But in *imitation* he was strong as Hercules — a perfect giant — superior to Caulfield, Foote, Wilkinson, or even the late Charles Mathews. Some of theirs were excellent, but others were grossly exaggerated caricatures of peculiar defects, equally unfair and injurious to the persons imitated. Simons dealt only with those performers whom he admired, and studied to give them in their best style. He could overcharge, too — nobody better; but he had too much gentlemanly feeling and good sense, as well as good nature, to do so in promiscuous company. When a young man, he frequented the Dublin Theatre, where Mrs. Crawford was engaged, and before her powers began to decline. We have already stated that he was intimate with her off the stage. For these reasons, he felt a particular pleasure in recalling his favourite heroine to the minds of those who had seen her, and in giving those who had not, a high opinion of her talents. Perhaps his best imitation was the mad scene in *Jane Shore*. He played Alicia as Mrs. Crawford, and gave Jane Shore as Mrs. Siddons. A person whose eyes were shut might almost have persuaded himself that the two great actresses were in the room. He was singularly happy likewise in imitating Mrs. Siddons in the sleeping scene of Lady Macbeth, and in the ring soliloquy of Isabella; Mrs. Crawford throughout Lady Randolph; King and Mrs. Abington in Sir Peter and Lady Teazle; Mrs. Jordan in Nell, &c.

At Mrs. Abington's own request he was once prevailed on to imitate her in Lady Racket. She sat with her fan before her face; and when he had finished, she acknowledged that he had skimmed the cream of her performance. At the same time it was evident she felt inwardly hurt that any person could come so near her; and she afterwards

said, "It signified little whether she should return to the stage or not, as Mr. Simons could act her characters as well as ever she did." Simons was an amateur actor at Brandenburg House, in the Margravine of Anspach's company, in which line he probably attained little general excellence; but in two or three parts he was much applauded. These were, Mrs. Cheshire, in *The Agreeable Surprise*; Doll Tear-shut, in *Falstaff's Wedding* (by Kenrick); and the Queen, in *Chrononhotonthologos*. For the latter he wrote a mock mad scene, which he acted in imitation of Mrs. Siddons. Captain Wathen, who lay dead on the stage, durst not laugh out, but he suffered agonies in endeavouring to suppress his mirth. Jack Bannister, who was a spectator, complimented the whole performance highly. The Margravine spared no expense; she had a very handsome new suit made for Simons, and dressed him herself in all her own jewels.

The Margravine once lent Fawcett, for his benefit at Covent Garden, the MS. of her own gorgeous and interesting opera of *The Princess of Georgia*. When this piece was acted in her private theatre, Simons played a Black Eunuch (Fawcett's part). In this he sang a song, which was what Bailie Jarvie would call "a little on the north side" of decency. He was, of course, loudly encored, but did not sing it again. When he came off the stage, the Margravine reproached him for his ill-nature in not complying with the wish of the audience. He told her that, on a former occasion, he had received her express command never to sing a song a second time in her theatre. "Ay," said she, "as a general rule; but this is my own piece." *The Provoked Wife* was once selected for performance at Brandenburg House. The play was reduced to three acts, so that many of the coarse passages, in which, unfortunately, nearly all the wit is concentrated, were left out. Sir John was softened into a very rapid brute—the great point being to elevate Lady Brute into the principal character, as the Margravine played the part herself, and desired no rivalry or invidious comparisons. Amongst other excisions of the pruning-knife, the concluding scene of the second act was omitted, in which Lady Fanciful is in a hundred minds whether she shall

write to Heartfree or not. Mrs. Abington, to oblige the Margravine, had consented to act Lady Fanciful. When it came to the proper place, she ordered one of the attendants to carry a table, chair, and writing materials on the stage, and went through the short scene with much applause. The Margravine was offended, and never again asked the co-operation of Mrs. Abington.

Simons was not a fine or artistic singer, but he had a good voice; and his songs, which were chiefly comic, and suited to the table, became very popular. As he moved in the best society, Carlton House was opened to him. On his first invitation, the Prince of Wales, with habitual politeness and condescension, as soon as the cloth was removed, left his proper place, and came and seated himself by Simons, telling him that for every song which he requested him to sing, he would sing one himself. He afterwards said that Mr. — and Mr. Simons were the two best amateur vocalists in England. This was flattering and delightful, while the novelty lasted; but the edge wore off by degrees. Invitations were repeated; Simons found that he was expected to sing and imitate whenever called upon, without being permitted the privilege of passing the bottle, and, in point of real fact, that he was acting Jack Pudding to the exalted company. His Irish blood took fire, and, by changing his lodgings, without leaving his new address, or by pretending to be out of town, he relieved himself from an empty compliment, which he began to feel both irksome and degrading.

JOHN O'KEEFE is a name not to be dismissed in a short paragraph. He was one of the most prolific, one of the most humorous, and, beyond all dispute, the least spiteful and the least personally satirical of comic writers, from Aristophanes down to himself inclusive. A *catalogue raisonné* of his comedies, operas, and farces, would fill a volume; we shall, therefore, confine our special notice to the best, which are still acted, and are familiar to the present generation. But before turning to an examination of his plays, let us treat of the man, the incidents of his life, the ease with which he composed, and the particular bent of his genius.

Eupolis and Cratinus, who preceded

Aristophanes, were unbridled libellers, tipplers also, and what we should denominate now, loose members of society. We have the names of *twenty-six comedies*, as we must call them, written by the former, and of *forty* the property of the latter. Aristophanes was said to have composed *fifty-four* comedies, although only a residue of eleven remain. In the greater part of these the personal abuse chokes up the humour. Menander is asserted to have produced *one hundred and fifteen* light pieces, but a few detached fragments, quoted by different authors, are all that have reached posterity. We may, therefore, venture to doubt the accuracy of the supposed sum total, which rests on assertion without evidence. We pass by many other learned Greeks with long names and ready pens, whose works, real or ascribed, exist only in their titles. Terence, we are told, translated *one hundred and eight* of the above-named lot set down as the property of Menander, but six constitute the living balance. Plautus, during an active servitude with a baker, between grinding corn and grinding verses, contrived to send forth from the granary of his brain, one hundred and thirty plays, of which twenty only can now appear in court to establish parentage. Lope de Vega and Calderon place the ancients "nowhere" (to use a sporting phrase) in the comparison of fecundity. They composed more rapidly than ordinary men could copy, and knocked off a comedy in half an hour. How they did it, may be known to themselves, but has not been disclosed by their biographers. Alexandre Hardy, of France, who died at thirty, has had nearly seven hundred dramatic pieces fathered on him, of which *forty-one* remain. Reynard wrote *twenty-five*, Rotrou *thirty-seven*, and Moliere *forty-three*, including several authenticated as his, but not printed. Foote, the English Aristophanes as he is usually called, has contributed *twenty-six*, as full of wit, and replete with as much bitter gall, as the most pungent of the samples of his prototype. O'Keefe himself has furnished a list of *sixty-eight* dramas, great and small, the offspring of his own ready imagination, and says he is not quite sure that he has enumerated all. His works, published in four volumes, in 1798, form a very incomplete collection.

It is difficult to classify or compare this dramatist. He cannot be judged by any standard rules, for he violated all rules with sovereign contempt. Such an author escapes from the grasp of criticism, and shelters himself behind the broad ægis of a burst of merriment—his inexhaustible humour silencing the most ferocious battery. O'Keeffe wrote to make people laugh, and seldom missed his point. He reached it, too, without ridiculing individual infirmity, and without having recourse to personal philippic. We know no votary of Momus so little tinctured with this popular, tempting, but unamiable propensity. He is exclusively a humorist, and very little of the satirist. The humour, too, of many of his most amusing creations, depends so much on the congeniality of the intended representative, that you imagine the author and actor must have rehearsed together, without actual intercourse, by a sort of mental inspiration or sympathy, while the work was in progress. Place O'Keeffe where you like—pare him down to a pigmy, if you are determined to measure him by a Procrustean standard of classical severity, but still you must admit that he has beguiled more heavy hours, relieved for the moment more aching hearts, and sent more happy patients "*laughing* to their beds," than any physician, be he quack or regular practitioner, to whom they have ever had recourse. But he has often gone beyond this. He has been the unvarying advocate of virtue, and in many of his little pieces he has given sketches of character, which, though unfinished, can boast of much originality; many passages that warm and encourage the best feelings of our nature; and many more that mark an acute appreciation of life and manners.

If, therefore, he has not equalled the literary virtue of many writers of more lofty pretension, in genius and scholastic taste, he has at least escaped their literary vices. If he has not shown us much artistic science, he has spared us their prosaic drowsiness. He is ever on the look out for fun and palpable humour, which abound most in the middle and lower ranks of life, and he gathers in his ingredients with

both hands full. He binds himself by no dramatic canons, and if he keeps the laugh up, he is armed with a counterbalance against critical censure. The manners, habits, inclinations, thoughts, pursuits, distinguishing characteristics, and homely adventures of the unprivileged classes, have been too much neglected by modern dramatic writers, who do this, as Mr. Bayes says, "to show their breeding." These close-borough practitioners forget that the painter who draws from the largest number of models is likely to have the greatest variety of good portraits; that Terence, two thousand years ago, laid down the extended maxim—"*Homo sum; humani nihil à me alienum puto*;" and that, although ladies and gentlemen of the loftiest degree have their peculiar virtues and vices, the general character of man is best perceived where nature is less sophisticated—where the heart and tongue have full play, unrestrained by conventional fetters, and consequently, have less incitement to flattery, lying, and hypocrisy.

John O'Keeffe was born in Abbey-street, Dublin, on the 24th of June, 1747.* His father was a native of King's County, and his mother (an O'Connor) of Wexford. The family of the O'Keeffes is ancient and honourable, and were at one time wealthy; but in the civil wars they sided with King James, and the greater portion of their property being confiscated, the branch from which the future author descended became poor, and consequently, unimportant. At a very early age, young O'Keeffe was committed to the care of Father Austin, a Jesuit distinguished for learning and piety, and a celebrated orator. Under such an able tutor he made a rapid proficiency in French and the classics, and also imbibed a strong taste for drawing, which he cultivated with great assiduity at the Irish Academy, where he profited by the lessons of West, then master of that institution. So rapid was his improvement, that his friends indulged the most sanguine expectations of future excellence; but he was not destined for an artist. He had all the volubility and caprice of youth; and as

* The "*Biographia Dramatica*," and a memoir in the "*Monthly Mirror*," say 1746. O'Keeffe has given the date of 1747 in his own memoirs, and surely he ought to know best.

soon as he had made an advance in one pursuit, another attraction presented itself, and resistance was vain.

An early intercourse with spouters, joined to an insatiable thirst for reading, turned him from painting to poetry and the stage. The transition, although mortifying to his family at first, proved fortunate for himself in the end. His sight began to fail at seven-and-twenty, and though a man can compose with his pen in the hand of an amanuensis, his pencil he must hold in his own. At sixteen, O'Keeffe wrote a comedy in five acts, called *The Generous Lovers*, the MS. of which he lost after keeping it for nearly thirty years, and retained no copy. Though wild, and in many instances puerile, his friends thought they saw in it the germs of talent, and encouraged him by their praises. His burning desire then was to become an actor, and accident led to the accomplishment of his wishes. He accompanied an intimate acquaintance to Mossop, at that time manager of Smock-alley Theatre, merely that he might learn how such meetings were accomplished. Finding himself in presence of the Thespian potentate, he took heart, broke ground on his own account, and confessed the bent of his inclination. Mossop desired to hear him recite. He attempted Jaffier's speech to Priuli, in the first scene, pleased the manager, and before parting was engaged for three years, while his companion and introducer was neglected. He continued to act in Dublin, and in the leading towns to which the company made excursions, for nearly twelve years. During this period he turned his thoughts equally to authorship, and every season produced some local trifle for his benefit. In Oct. 1774, he married Mary, daughter of Mr. Tottenham Heaphy, a highly respectable actor of the company, who lived to be designated the father of the Irish stage. By this lady (from whom he separated in 1780), he had two sons and a daughter. His sons died long before himself, but the daughter still survives and resides at Brighton.

O'Keeffe was determined to try his fortune in London, and coming to the English metropolis with his family, in 1777, he sent his farce, called *Tony Lumpkin in Town*, or *the Dilettante*, to G. Colman the elder, patentee of the Haymarket. But he sent it anonymously, for he was modest and unknown,

and requested that, if disapproved of, it might be returned with a letter to that effect, to A. B., at the Grecian Coffee-house. To his surprise and delight it was accepted kindly and without delay. There is no particular merit in the trifle, beyond the broadest farcical humour; but it deserves to be recorded as the first London essay of one whose fame expanded rapidly from a small beginning. Hitchcock says of this farce ("View of the Irish Stage," vol. ii.)—"Mr. O'Keeffe, the exuberance of whose fertile genius had several times before manifested itself in occasional *jeux d'esprit*, and *petite pieces*, brought out his *Tony Lumpkin in Town* for his benefit during this season (1773). This farce was, several years after, produced under the auspices of Mr. Colman, during the early part of his management at the Haymarket, and though it was far from being the best of the author's performances, yet it prepared the town for that species of dramatic writing with which they had until then been unacquainted, and paved the way for a genius which has since added so much to their enjoyment."

Tony Lumpkin in Town, which appeared on the 2nd of July, 1778, succeeded far beyond the author's expectations, and put a small sum of money in his pocket. His share of his sixth night amounted to £26, nett profit, with which he returned to Dublin, encouraged also by a promise from Colman, that if he sent him a second piece it should be accepted. The fun in *Tony* is practical, as the leading incident turns on a painter covering a series of fine portraits with huge powdered periwigs. There is also a joke against Dr. Minim, one of the characters (the musical dilettante), who becomes exceeding wroth at being called "a Fiddler." The appellation has long been odious to the fraternity, who even eschew the term musician, and delight in styling themselves "Professors of Music." This dislike to the word fiddler is of a very early date. Timothy, in Shadwell's *Miser* (1671), says—"Violin men (I dare not say fiddlers, for fear they should be angry), sing us a catch."

In 1779, O'Keeffe sent over to Colman his musical farce of *The Son-in-Law*, which met with great applause, and added much to his rising reputation. He adapted the songs himself, which became his constant practice; for although he possessed no deep theore-

tical knowledge of music, his taste was excellent, and he had a thorough acquaintance with the simple and touching melodies of his own country. In 1780, he definitively removed from Dublin, and hoped to obtain a permanent engagement as an actor in London. In this object he was unsuccessful, upon what grounds we are unable to ascertain; for that he evinced considerable merit in the profession had been admitted by many of the best judges in Ireland. From that time, therefore, he devoted himself entirely to dramatic writing, which, under any circumstances, he would soon have been compelled to do, by the progress of the greatest physical affliction which can befall human nature—the loss of sight. This had been gradually coming on him from the period of his marriage; and although from infancy he had laboured under defective vision, the misfortune was brought to its climax by an accident. One night, in the month of December, returning home from Ringsend, near Dublin, he fell off the south wall into the morass below; with some difficulty he extricated himself, but the suddenness of the fall, together with the excessive darkness, deprived him of all recollection of his way, and after wandering about in a wet skin under a piercing sky, for some hours, he met by chance with a convivial party, to whose solicitations he imprudently listened, and sat the whole night in his damp clothes. A violent cold was the consequence, which settled in the eyes, and a decay of the sight immediately commenced. At first, its operations were scarcely perceptible, but it stole gradually upon the unhappy patient, and finally settled into the incurable disorder called *gutta serena*.

Milton, as our readers know, laboured under a similar visitation; but like the immortal author of "*Paradise Lost*," the subject of this memoir derived from the stores of his mind, and the consolations of genius, a sufficient degree of fortitude to enable him to bear up under the heaviest of bodily infirmities, to retain his cheerfulness, and continue his literary avocations.

The Agreeable Surprise, *The Dead Alive*, and the comedy of *The Young Quaker*, soon testified that his mind had recovered its usual tone; while the fame of *The Poor Soldier*, produced at Covent Garden in November, 1783,* fixed his reputation on a pedestal, which two or three subsequent failures, owing to haste and writing against time, were unable to shake. This piece was acted forty nights during the first season, and has ever since remained a permanent favourite throughout the three kingdoms. Perhaps there is not one in the language which has been so often represented. The opera of *The Castle of Andalusia*, originally condemned under the title of *The Banditti*, in 1781, when re-written and revived in 1782, became one of the most attractive of our author's productions, and was fully equalled by *Fontainebleau*, which appeared two years later. The comedy of *Wild Oats*, produced originally in 1791, is perhaps the very best of O'Keeffe's dramatic progeny, and has lived for sixty-five years with undiminished popularity, and without any symptoms of decay or senility. As farces, written avowedly to promote innocent mirth without gross satire, *The Highland Reel*, *Modern Antiques*, *Sprigs of Laurel*, and *The Furmer*, are infinitely superior to the best of Foote's, and, though somewhat old-fashioned, may always expect to be well received; while any attempt to revive Foote's *Taste*, *The Minor*, *The Author*, *The Orators*, *The Knights*, or *A Trip to Calais*, would divide a modern audience between *ennui* and indignation, and drive them speedily from the theatre where such a palpable offence *contra bonos mores* might be perpetrated.

Notwithstanding the number of O'Keeffe's successful dramas, his misfortune of blindness became embittered by pecuniary inconveniences as time passed rapidly over his head.† Mr. Harris, mindful of many services, gave him a benefit at Covent Garden, on the 12th of June, 1812, on which occasion stern necessity superseded

* It had been acted the year before, under the title of *The Shamrock*, for Lewis's benefit.

† Yet he was not badly paid, for he tells us himself, that Mr. Harris gave him for the farce of *The Highland Reel*, which was acted thirty nights the first season, three hundred and fifty guineas. If this was his average price, he must have received altogether a large sum.

delicate feeling, and the play-bill exhibited the annexed humiliating announcement:—"Under the patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales: for the benefit of O'Keeffe, the unfortunate author of the following successful dramatic pieces: *Son-in-Law*, *Wild Outs*, *Agreeable Surprise*," &c., &c. The performances commenced with his own comedy of *The Lie of a Day*, at the end of the second act of which, Lewis, as stage manager, and a personal friend, led the sightless veteran on the stage, where he delivered a poetical address of considerable length, in which humour and pathos were whimsically blended. He recited simply and naturally, and deeply affected the sensibility of the audience, who lamented that he, who for so many years had contributed to lighten their own load of sorrows, should be reduced in his decline to become an object of their bounty. A similar incident had occurred in the case of his fellow-countryman, Dr. Clancy, in the year 1746. This benefit produced to O'Keeffe about £360—with which (excepting £60 employed for immediate purposes) he purchased a small annuity for his life. In December, 1803, he obtained another annuity of twenty guineas from Covent Garden theatre, and in return consigned to Mr. Harris seven of his manuscript pieces, six of which had never been acted. Harris seems to have made no use of them. In January, 1826, King George the Fourth granted him a pension of one hundred guineas annually, and paid the first year in advance.

In 1826, O'Keeffe published "*Recollections of his Life*," in two volumes 8vo. By this he added something considerable to his resources. The work is entertaining, and contains good theatrical gossip, with many original anecdotes. Much of the materials were drawn from memoranda preserved in early life; but as the whole were revised and collected together when the author was in his eightieth year, we may marvel at the strength of his memory, and the clearness of his intellect.

Although some of O'Keeffe's comedies and farces were condemned or coldly received, and the despotic power of the Lord Chamberlain interdicted one or two others, yet he must be considered as an unusually successful au-

thor. His productions rank higher in an acting than in a literary point of view. They were written exclusively for representation. His favourite effect is to have one person mistaken for another, and on that to build a scene of equivocation. Without punning and equivocation his writing became flat. Having been many years an actor, he thoroughly understood what is vulgarly called "stage-trick," and how to adapt his characters to the performers who were to embody them. He made at least two-thirds of Edwin's reputation; and so thoroughly did the author and his selected actor blend together, that when Edwin died it was ludicrously said O'Keeffe would be damned. But Edwin was not the only man whom he assisted to help up the ladder of fame. One of the first remarkable excellencies of Lewis discovered itself in his performance of Lackland in *Fontainebleau*. Quick acquired uncommon popularity as Spado, in the *Castle of Andalusia*; and the unrivalled humour of Jack Johnstone was never more happily suited than as Tully, in *Rambles in Dorsetshire*.

Two or three illustrative anecdotes (not culled from himself), and our memoir is finished. When O'Keeffe's musical farce of *The Man-Milliner* was announced, every member of that epicene fraternity swore to resist the expected ridicule or exposure. All the haberdashers' shops were shut at three o'clock, and a yard of ribbon, or a card of lace, were not to be purchased after that hour, from the Mansion-house to the end of Pall-Mall. They however accomplished their object, and, contrary to every principle of British justice, the piece was condemned without a hearing. The farce, printed in 1798, is a poor affair, and would probably have failed under a fair trial. O'Keeffe says of it, "As soon as the curtain rose, not a word was heard. The house was filled with haberdashers. It was then discovered, but too late, that the title was beating the drum for certain condemnation." A similar opposition drove *The Westminster Boy* of Captain Topham from the boards; the indignant students of St. Peter's College dreading from the title some profanation to the gown and cap. A third, and the most memorable instance of all, occurred on the 15th of August, 1805, when Downton adver-

tised the well-known farce of *The Tailors*, for his benefit at the Hay-market. The brethren of the shears mustered in terrific opposition. Anonymous letters informed the management that 17,000 would be present, and 10,000 more ready in reserve. They took complete possession of the galleries, and after a furious contest, in which Mr. Graham, the active Bow-street magistrate, was obliged to take an energetic part, sixteen tailors were duly committed, held over to bail, and discharged next day, from the absence of identifying evidence. Nothing can be more unmanly than these combinations. They proceed from a motive of fear, and their supporters, by a general exclamation of *Noli me tangere*, indicate the weakness they wish to hide.

Peeping Tom was nearly condemned from the following accident. Dick Wilson and the elder Bannister (the Mayor and Harold of the piece) dined, on the day of performance, at Staines, when happening to take up a newspaper, they saw the new farce advertised for that evening. Nothing could exceed their astonishment and perplexity. It was then seven o'clock. They immediately took a post-chaise, read over their parts upon the road, and arrived at the theatre barely in time to avert the indignation of the audience, who had been kept waiting two or three hours, and were upon the point of wreaking their vengeance on the chandeliers.

Sandy, the hero of the *Highland Reel*, is intended for the amiable young Laird of Col, mentioned by Dr. Johnson in his "Journey to the Hebrides," and who was drowned in his passage from Col to Raasey. O'Keefe, who meant to convey a compliment to the Scotch, was surprised and chagrined at receiving soon after a menacing letter from Edinburgh — so easily are good intentions perverted by inconsiderate people, and such is the danger of touching, however tenderly, upon any matter that may bear a national construction. Our author received another letter of similar import, in consequence of Colonel Epauvette's English dress in *Fontainebleau*. Some wiseacre took it into his head that it was intended to ridicule the Duke of Orleans, then

making himself ridiculous by an extreme indulgence in British fashions.

The first idea of the *Prisoner at Large* was suggested to O'Keefe as he stood conversing with the landlord of an inn at Antrim. A gentleman passed the window, extravagantly dressed, with red heels, and a blue-striped silk coat, &c. On inquiry he found the eccentricity to be a Frenchman, come to collect Lord Massarene's rents, then a prisoner in France. Slight materials supply substantial provender to the constitutional humorist.

O'Keefe wrote the *Young Quaker* in a garden at Acton Terrace. From the singularity of his manner while engaged in this undertaking, the neighbours hearing him bawl at intervals from different parts of the garden a parcel of incoherent and to them unintelligible sentences about Lady Rounceval, Sadboy, Clod, &c., conceived a very natural suspicion that he was insane. This supposition was strengthened by their not seeing any person to whom this strange language could possibly be addressed. The fact was this — O'Keefe, on account of the state of his eyes, was obliged to employ an amanuensis,* who was always situated, on these occasions, in a small arbour belonging to the garden. The author, who ruminated as he traversed the walk, elevated or depressed his voice according as he approached or receded from his invisible secretary. The scene in which Clod is discovered drinking champagne, was violently hissed by the audience on the first night. Edwin, who represented the character, told O'Keefe that the gallery customers, parched with thirst and overcome with heat, could not bear to be tantalised, and advised him "never to make an actor drink in a summer theatre."

O'Keefe's infirmity of blindness exposed him to many incidental annoyances. That of being obliged to dictate his compositions to another was not the least considerable, and often produced distresses, whimsical but not the less vexatious. Being required to supply Covent Garden Theatre with a comedy at a short notice, he sat up many nights to finish his *World in a Village*, and was forced to employ an amanuensis by the hour. In the

* His daughter always acted in this capacity, after she grew up to womanhood.

middle of a scene, his clerk, either from waywardness or intentional cruelty, would frequently take his hat and walk coolly away, leaving the unhappy dramatist to find out the trick at his leisure. A more serious calamity befel him from the same cause, in 1795. Whilst walking with his daughter and several other ladies, in a garden near the South-gate, Chichester, some bushes gave way, and he had the misfortune to break his arm and collar-bone, by falling down a precipice twenty feet deep. The fractures were admirably reduced by Mr. Grey, a skilful surgeon in that city, and the consequences, which threatened to be serious, proved but slight.

It should be remarked that O'Keeffe was, at all periods of his life, until old age approached, a great proficient in the art of swimming. According to his most intimate associates, his temper was violent and hasty, but forgiving and benevolent. Like most of his countrymen, he was careless of money and had little disposition to hoard. On the death of William Whitehead, in 1785, he applied for the laureateship, but it was unluckily promised to Dr. Thomas Warton, or Lord Salisbury told him he should have had it.

O'Keeffe, and the celebrated composer, William Sheild, co-operated together with reciprocal advantage, and this professional union led to a friendship between them which continued through both their lives. Sheild was in office at Covent Garden as musical director, during the period of O'Keeffe's greatest popularity, and by his skill in adaptation, and taste in original composition, joining his own melody to the art of his friend, enhanced materially the attraction of both. On the death of Sir William Parsons, Sheild was appointed master of his Majesty's musicians in ordinary. About this time O'Keeffe addressed a letter to him, copied of course by an amanuensis, now in possession of the writer of this notice, and never before made public. The style and sentiments are characteristic, and the letter, which runs as follows, may be considered worth perusing:—

“Chichester, Aug. 22, 1817.

“DEAR WORTHY FRIEND,—My good and great Apollo, to hear from me may seem to

you a voice from the tomb; but genuine friendship, by intercourse of mind, can never die, being immortal as its celestial source; and however supine we may become, yet occasion will lift up the latch of communication. The present occasion is my stroug anxiety to serve one of Jubal's inspired train, who wishes for a place in the band at Covent Garden. My knowledge of this suggested the idea that your influence must be powerful wherever harmony is the word, and particularly so in our old (new) temple; and the many proofs I have myself experienced of kindnesses made me conclude that you will exert your efforts to obtain this for Mr. Pindar, the name of this gentleman, of whose professional talents, science, and excellent private character, I have had a completely satisfactory intimation. His instruments are chiefly the violin and tenor, and, if required, the double-bass. You now know my wish, and I entreat you, by all our many combinations of words and sweet sounds, to grant it to me. I am, I thank my gracious and bountiful God, in good health and easy circumstances, and gilding down hill in peace and tranquillity. I heard good reports of your state of health this year and one year ago. I congratulate you on your new appointment, which confers honour on those who can discern merit and possess liberality to reward it. May God bless you. Be as happy as he wishes you, who remains your ever attached

“JOHN O'KEEFFE.”

Heavy as is the visitation of blindness, it does not seem to affect or impair the vital functions. Of those who have been thus afflicted, whether recorded in history or living under our own observation, the greater number have been spared to an advanced period of existence, with the enjoyment of health and peace of mind. O'Keeffe may be placed at the head of the patriarchal list, seeing that he reached his eighty-sixth year, and died at Southampton as recently as 1833. In any record which deals with the history of the stage, he must ever occupy an important chapter. That his peculiar genius effected a sort of revolution in the entertainments of the theatre, and swayed public taste for a time with a powerful bias, are established facts; but whether for good or evil, whether he improved or injured true dramatic taste, are questions on which it will be infinitely more difficult (perhaps impossible) to obtain a unanimous verdict.

J. W. C.

DE RE POETICA.—PART II.

WHEN our last paper was interrupted by the exigencies of the press, we had completed our definition and vindication of poetry. We purposed to preface an enumeration of certain critical principles by a brief comparison of the genius of two great poets, Chaucer and Dryden, as illustrated by the "Tales from Chaucer." Of these, one is especially graceful, and written in a strain of severe and masculine morality—"The Flower and the Leaf." Dryden does not merely translate Chaucer into modern English—he fills up an outline supplied by Chaucer, with a free pencil of his own treatment. It is singular to remark how the picturesque and natural touches of old Geoffry are almost always botched in the transference, while the moral and declamatory passages swell into a grander rhetoric. Thus—

"The brunches brode, laden with leaves new,
That sprungen out agen the sonne sheen,
Some very red, and some a glad light green,"

are marred by this rendering—

"And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy coloured, some of lighter green."

And similarly in "Palamon and Arctite," the Temple of Mars is described by both poets with a savage and terrific grandeur. Nothing can be finer than Dryden's—

"In through that door a northern light there shone—
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none;
The gate was adamant, eternal frame,
Which, how'd by Mars himself, from Indian quarries came—
The labour of a god!"

Within the pillars, which, though clenched by iron plates, are brighter than a polished mirror, every form of sin, and treachery, and violence is visible. Chaucer's brief, awful picturesqueness is poorly rendered. Thus—

"The dark imaginings of secret felony,"
is weakened into—

"Then saw I how the secret falcon wrought."
That fine line, "The treason of the

murdering in the bed," is omitted altogether. The terrible description of the suicide—

"His heart-blood hath bathed all his hair,"

is represented by the commonplace—

"The gore congealed was clotting in his hair."

"The cold death with mouth gaping upright,"

becomes—

"With eyes half closed and gaping mouth, he lay."

Chaucer had by heart every feature of the king of terrors. Thus, further on in the poem, the death of Palamon is thus painted:—

"With that word his speeche faille began—
For from his feet up to his breast was come
The cold of death!"
Only the intellect withouten more,
That dwelled in his heart sike and sore,
'Gan fallen when the herte felte deth,
Dusked his eyen two, and fallid his brethe."

What could glorious John have been thinking about when he wrote?—

"This was his last, for death came on amain,
And exercised below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes—
Sense fled before him; what he touch'd he froze."

But to return to the "Flower and the Leaf." The knights distinguished by the recognizance of the leaf—less showy, but more lasting than the flower—are eulogised in these massy and majestic lines, which deserve to be written with a pen of gold in the album of youth, but which can scarcely be traced in the earlier poet:—

"No room for cowardice or dull delay—
From good to better they should urge their way;
For this with golden spurs the chiefs are graced,
With pointed rowels armed to mend their haste;
For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound,
For laurel is the sign of labour crowned,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground.
From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair—and every month is May;
E'en when the vital sap retreats below,
E'en when the hoary head is hid in snow,
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The site of fallen snow appears the streaky green;
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
A short-lived good, and an uncertain grace."

We can at present consider only what may be called the pictorial aspect

* It is common among the Irish to say, "The cowl'd's creeping up from the feet to the heart of him; he'll soon be done."

of poetry. Just as truly has it its musical aspect; for music (the golden bridge between sense and intellect), which we know not whether to term etherialised sense, or intellect after a certain beautiful fashion sensualised, lies along it like light upon an upturned countenance; and its philosophical aspect, for the feud outstanding between poetry and philosophy in Plato's time has long since been composed, and we have learned to recognise poetry "in the passionate expression which there is upon the face of all science." But we now take only the pictorial aspect (eliminating therefrom the mere accurate rendering of nature, which is common to painting, and the mere copiousness of gorgeous verbal colouring, which is common to rhetoric), and we proceed to enumerate certain principles constitutive of the refined pleasure which, in this kind, is consciously recognised.

I. We are so constituted, then, as to find especial pleasure when the scenery is toned into harmony with the predominant sentiment or passion of the human agent with which the poet would tinge our minds and feelings. Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" is, in this respect, the finest specimen in our language. Shenstone, a writer, except for one poem now deservedly forgotten, makes one of God's fallen creatures exclaim, when walking in a garden—with what pathos let our hearts bear witness—

"When through the garden's flowery paths I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jeany—we are pure!"

Our "sage and serious" Spencer pre-eminently understood this. When Prince Arthur relates to Una that strange and visionary meeting with the Fairy Queen, how is the external world made to sympathise with the golden glee, the delicious intoxication of knightly youth—

"On a day, prick't forth with jollity.
Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
Ranging the forest wide on courser free;
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
Did seem to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

She seemed by my side a royaill maid;
Her dainty limbs full softly down did lay,
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day."

This may be termed *keeping*, and we are to be thankful for it, and to admire it when we find it. But we must take care not to turn this admiration into a prosaic and tyrannical astriction of the muse to a particular locality. The caution can scarcely be considered superfluous when Dr. Thomas Browne thinks fit to gird at Gray's—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene"—

affirming that "to a person moralising in a village churchyard, there is no object that would not sooner have occurred than this piece of minute jewelry." To which we need only reply, by quoting one of the most admirable distinctions in his clever, but ostentatious, and awfully prolix lecture on the philosophy of the human mind:—"The inventions of poetic genius are the suggestions of analogy; the prevailing suggestions of common minds are those of mere contiguity."†

II. Another source of refined pleasure is when the poet interprets, as it were, the parable of natural beauty into his divine and musical, but most human speech—when external things are made types of our feelings, or illustrate the dark workings of the inner world, or become melodious homilists of virtue and holiness, making pleasure an instrument of purifying and of exalting. Let our first example be from the volume of a young poet, whose name is a high guarantee—Mr. Matthew Arnold. We have especial pleasure in giving this exquisite *morceau*, because it is free from the writer's besetting sins, affectation and versified psychologising, only just tolerable in Tennyson—because, also, it is in a measure which we can recognise as verse.‡

* F. Q. b. i. c. ix. 13, 14.

† Lect. xxxvii. Of the Phenomena of Simple Suggestion.

‡ We strip a short passage from Mr. Arnold's poems of the division addressed to the eye, and challenge any reader to divide it into verse as it stands:—"They see the Indian drifting, knife in hand, his frail boat moored to a floating island, thick matted with large-leaved low creeping melon plants, and the dark cucumber. They see the Scythian; he tethers his beast down and makes his meal, mare's milk and bread baked in the embers; he makes his meal!" Mr. Arnold is strangely fond of this expression, and of quaint delicacies for man and beast, such as corn soaked in wine for horses, and sugared mulberries for mortals.—*The Strayed Reveller*, p. 78.

" TO MARGUERITE.

" Yes, in the sea of life enlaid,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone;
The islands feel the encircling flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

" But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by halms of spring,
And in their glens on starry nights
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes from shore to shore
Across the sounds and channels pour :

" Oh ! then, a longing, like despair,
Is to their furthest caverns sent ;
For surely once they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent :
Now round us spreads the watery plain.
Oh ! might our margins meet again !

" Who order'd that their *longing's* fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?
Who renders vain their deep desire ?
A God—a God the severance rul'd,
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea."
pp. 187, 188.

If Mr. Arnold, always or often, wrote like this, he could afford to dispense with the praise, and to defy the censure of critics.* We hope that the tone of his poetry may not evince that *non-chalant* indolence which is fatal to poetic as to all other excellence; and which his illustrious father declares to have been native to his own moral constitution, and conquered only by an iron discipline. Again hear Wordsworth:

" As the ample moon
In the deep stillness of a summer night,
Rising behind a thick, and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees, and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own—
Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit : virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself—thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire
From the encumbrances of mortal life."

How much more glorious than simple, pictorial description this implication of the moral fibres of the human heart with the picture is, may not unaptly be exemplified by a comparison of the same great poet with the author of "Queen Mab," singing of one and the same theme. The admirers of Shelley and Wordsworth respectively would quote their verses to the skylark, as peculiarly happy specimens of their best manner. But Shelley's poem—running as it does the round of all beauty, that charms by

being half hidden, from the glowworm, golden, in a dell of dew, and the rose embowered in its own green leaves, to the poet hidden in the light of thought, and the high-born maiden solacing her secret soul with music; sphering the bird like a spirit in the glory of the sunken sun, the pale purple of the even, or the arrows of the silver-moon; matching his song with drops from a rain cloud, sounds of vernal showers upon the grass, hymeneal chorus, or triumphal chant—ends in tones half of lamentation, half of bitter complaint against our nature and condition, and dies away in an aspiration after fame. The muse of Shelley indeed, like Duessa, is outwardly exceedingly fair; but when the glamour is touched by the potent spell of truth, the silken mantle falls off, and we behold the hideousness that it covers. But Wordsworth concentrates and compresses where Shelley dilates and perhaps dilutes, and intensifies by compression. Where Shelley, "without a conscience or an aim," idly displays beauty after beauty, as a boy might shift the colours of a kaleidoscope, Wordsworth with strong hand smites upon the anvil of thought, and welds beauty and holiness into one glowing mass. Only contrast with Shelley's diffuse, and evanescent splendours, that soon die away, and leave the memory in clouds, the bright and burning spot which Wordsworth's poem leaves enlamped and enskied in the heaven of thought. Read Wordsworth "To the Skylark," and say whether (to add abruptly a new figure to those which we have employed) there be not within the compass of a lady's ring as much stuff as might be beaten out into a mile of wire:—

" Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine—
Type of the *wise*, who *sear*, but *never* *ream*—
True to the *hundred* points of *Heaven* and *home*."

The wonderful suggestiveness of the second line—the implicit analogy of relation between the shady wood to the nightingale, and the glorious light to the lark, exceed, we think, Shelley's random gorgeousness. But the

* We heartily wish that we had space to do justice to Mr. Arnold, by quoting the description of the huntsman and his pack wrought on the arras, and of the sleeping children in Tristram and Iselt, pp. 110, 122; and of the Church of Broa, pp. 186 to 182.

two concluding lines affect us with the purest of all delights, with a pleasure which has a tendency to make us better. They contain no sermonising, pinned liked a moveable ornament upon the poem; they are chiselled deeply into its very substance. They are indeed a more appropriate sermon than will probably be preached in the British Isles next Ascension Day; but they have no languor, no tedium, no monotony—fresh as the air, and delightful as the face of heaven. We are happy to adduce yet another instance from Mr. Keble's "*Lyra Innocentium*":—

"——— Admire
How linger yet the showers of fire
Deep in each fold, high on each spire
Of yonder mountain proud.

"Thou see'st it not—an envious screen,
A fluttering leaflet hangs between
Thee and that fair, mysterious scene—
A veil too near thine eye.
One finger's breadth at hand will mar
A world of light in heaven afar—
A mote eclipses a glorious star,
An eylid hide the sky."

Here Mr. Keble is himself. He does not twist words into any uncouth and unmusical measure. He does not mistake obscurity for depth. He does not perplex the grammarian, and provoke the critic, by breaking away from metaphor to metaphor,* with no thread of connexion palpable to the eyes of ordinary mortals. He is no longer our Sunday riddler, but our every-day teacher. Let these instances suffice to show how the *interpretative* and *parabolising* element works out an exalting delight. By it "a thing of beauty" becomes indeed "a thing for ever," in a sense beyond the poet's thought. Beautiful, but otherwise evanescent objects, the materials of pleasing but temporary impressions, tossed on the flux and mutation of outward things, and the busy heavings of inward associations, become attached, as it were, to a sure and steadfast anchor of the soul. We glide in a boat between some green island and the mainland, while the summer sea sobs silverly on the shore, and the nightingale's long golden gurgle throbs upon the air. The heritage of memory is one of many indistinct impressions, like a child re-

calling at night the wonders of a magic-lantern. But learn we to make that island, divided from the mainland by some former convulsion, the type of our own heart, divided by some providential necessity from that other heart which was once so near to it; then the scattered fragments of our impressions are bound up by a presiding unity, and what otherwise would have been a pretty but shifting *scene* melts into the texture of our mind, and lives with the eternity of our thought. A hundred times have we seen the moon rising behind a wood, and turning it into a mass of white and silent fire; when we have learned that this is a type of virtue transfiguring the very *encumbrances* of mortal life, the moon and the grove become exalted, from the adjuncts of an exquisite picture, into a light of the spirit and an ornament of the soul. The music of the lark warbling at heaven-gate does not die away with a brief delight when the little bird composes his quivering wings; the leaf that shut out some golden spot of heaven from our view does not redden, and fall, and rot; they attach themselves to the most permanent associations of our moral nature, and transient impressions of pleasure, reflected from minute and transitory objects, become abiding and delightful monitors of truth and holiness.

III. The power of glorifying that which in itself is revolting—of exalting that which in itself is commonplace is a peculiar source of pleasure. Thus drunkenness surely is most hideous and revolting; yet the poet, like the chemist, can extract rare perfume from filth.

"Sweeping by,
As in a fit of Theban jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown, the green earth reels,"

sings Wordsworth, on the banks of the Rhine, in the vintage season. Not only is drunkenness odious, but *tipsy* is the most vulgar word to express the odious thing. Yet listen to Coleridge describing a number of nightingales in a grove—

"Those wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once]

* "In serious poetry I am inclined to think that it is improper in the course of the same allusion to include more than one of these analogies; as by doing so, an author discovers an affectation of wit, or a desire of tracing analogies, instead of illustrating the subject of mention."—*E. of P. of the Human Mind*, cv. part i. sec. 8; *D. Stewart's*.

A hundred airy harps.
Many a nightingale, perched giddily
On blossom twig, still swinging to the breeze,
And to the motion tuning his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head."

Under the condition that Sophocles, Æschylus,* and Milton have misinterpreted the meaning of the nightingale's song—granting that it is the very quintessence, and, as it were, agony of joy—the last line will thrill any competent reader with an irresistible delight, heightened at least, if not created, by a sympathy with the poet's mastery over such unpromising material. Or turn to the poetry of Scripture. How picturesque the description of seamen in a storm. "They reel to and fro, and stagger like drunken men." How awful Isaiah's image of the earth under her Maker's wrath!—"The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard."

Most of our readers must have seen a captive eagle, chained among Cockney imitations of Switzerland, in a certain exhibition that delighted our boyhood. The poor draggle-feathered bird is infinitely more unlike the glorious thing which rode the winds of heaven, or lit upon the Alpine crag, in the glory of its golden wings, than a fat goose—and however Gibbon may make *anser*† the butt of his pleasantry, said *anser* looks very pretty upon a blue mountain lake—is unlike a swan. When the prisoned eagle is sick, he is positively loathsome to more senses than one. Yet, from one of his feathers, Mr. Alexander Smith extracts a new and fine comparison for a morbid state of an originally powerful mind—

"Oft an unhappy thought,
Telling all is not well, falls from his soul,
Like a diseased feather from the wing
Of a sick eagle."

And if the poet has the power of hitting off the revolting, in some aspect which, either by contrast or suggestion, renders it beautiful, much more has he the power of doing so with that which is merely common-

place. This is one characteristic privilege of poetic genius, to arrest the new and the beautiful masquerading in the disguise of the familiar and the ordinary—as *inductive* genius apprehends the universal, the law latent in the particular fact, and disengages it from its coarse, concrete envelope. Shakspeare's sonnets present us with two apt illustrations. Doubtless a long, flowing, Oriental beard is poetical, especially if it be covered with white blossoms of old age, as the Irish have it. But what—one would think—more unpoetical than the short, grizzled bristles of an old man among ourselves? Before deciding too peremptorily, recall Shakspeare's lines—

"When I behold
The summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,"

and still more remarkably in a cognate subject-matter. There may be sermons in stones, and good in everything; is there poetry in a wig? What shall we say of the sweetly simple and pathetic image rising into the superb and almost terrible declamation against the artificial beauty of the age, contained in these few lines:—

"When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

Eating and drinking are decidedly commonplace: yet they have been a favourable topic with all poets, from Homer down to Keats. The classical poets *intensified* eating into a poetical aspect, by the rude strength of heroic hunger, with a few concomitants of golden beakers and lusty wines. Our tastes are less healthy;‡ and such banquet-pictures as have been most appreciated are made odorous by the introduction of delicate wines and fruits, which, coming from countries far away from our colder regions, by the trick of some melodious Oriental name steep us in a sort of sunny haze

* Yet Æschylus makes Cassandra envy the nightingale's

"God-given wings, and sweet and wailless life;"

while the chorus compares her to the same bird—

"Waiting out Itys, Itys evermore."—*Agam.* 1144, sqq.

† "Decline and Fall," c. xxiii.

‡ We cannot approve of Mr. Arnold's side of roasted sheep and melons. As the footnote says of his master's boiled mutton and apple-pudding in *Punch*, "He and the other gentlemen isn't used to this *cuisine*. Wholesome enough, but coarse—very."

of suggestion. This beautiful art of giving *remoteness*,* by the introduction of a name,† depending upon laws of infinite subtlety and complication, is pre-eminently Miltonic. Of its application to banquet-pieces, two happy specimens may be cited. Before the tournament between the Redcross Knight and the Saracen Sansloy, they partake of a banquet in the common hall. Spencer thus sings:—

"They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And dainty spices fetcht from furthest Ind;
And in the wine a solemn oath they bind
To observe the sacred laws of arms that are assign'd."
Book i. c. 6.

What thinks the reader of the banquet that tempted the virtue of the youthful Thalaba?—

"The very light came cool'd through silv'ring panes
Of pearly shell, like the pale moonbeam ting'd;
Or where the wine-vase fill'd the aperture,
Rose as rising moon, or softer gleam
Of saffron, like the sunny evening mist.
From golden goblets there
The guests sat quaffing the delicious juice
Of Shiras' golden grape.
All rich fruits were there:
Pistachioe from the heavy cluster'd trees
Of Melacert or Haleb's fertile soil;
And Casbin's luscious grapes, of amber hue.
Here cas'd in ice the apricot,
A topaz crystal-set;
Here, on a plate of snow
The sunny orange rests;
And still the aloes and the sandal-wood,
From golden censers, o'er the banquet-room
Diffuse their dying sweets."‡
Thalaba, b. iv. 24, 25.

We need only just hint at Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes":—

"Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez, and spiced dainties, every one
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon."

* It may further be added, that remoteness in all table articles implies another poetic element—preciousness. Dr. Newman has remarked this in his strange and spiteful story "Loss and gain." "A luxury in its very idea is a something *recherché*. Thus Horace speaks of the *perigrina lagois*. What nature yields *sponte suo* around you, however delicious, is no luxury."—p. 265. So Spencer—

"And precious odours fetcht from far away."—F. Q. b. i. c. 12.

† Every one recollects Shakspeare's "furthest steep of India;" and Milton's

"Utmost Indian isle, Taprobane."

Comp. Spencer's exquisitely melodious lines, where Una tells her story to Prince Arthur.—F. Q. b. i. c. 7.

‡ Aristotle shows that we should not consider a man *anæsthesus* for enjoying the smell of roses or incense, though we should do so for excessive pleasure in those smells which are more directly associated with the taste. The former classes of smell give no pleasure to brutes.—(*Ethic. Nic.* iii. 13.) Thus flowers and scents in the poetic banquet take off from the heavy animal impression, and connect us with a more refined and intellectual sense than *taste*. We have heard of a certain London diner-out, who always used to stand by the door of a confectioner's shop, near his house, for half an hour before dinner, that the *anæsthesus* supplied by the scent of raspberry tartlets might whet his jaded appetite. Hobbes maintains that the pleasures and displeasures of odours are, for the most part, not organic; referring to the fact that smells, when they seem to proceed from others, are displeasing, though in reality our own. There are curious observations on smells in Fitzgibbon's "Arist. Ethic." p. 166, and in "Loss and Gain."

IV. From this *transformative* or *amplificative* element, we hurry on to what may be called the *centralising* power. We are affected with an exquisite delight when the poet, as it were, lays a sunbeam under some object or circumstance, which thus becomes the luminous centre of an entire landscape; when a picture is compressed into a pregnant epithet, or suggested by the light touch of a happy attribute. Unless the poet possess this faculty, he is, at least as a painter, inferior to the accomplished rhetorician, who is untrammelled by verse, and possesses a larger canvas, which he can cover with the profusest masses of colouring. Ælian's description of Tempe—Gibbon's of Daphne, near Antioch—Bayard Taylor's of the tropic foliage on the Chagres River, in his "Dorado," would lose by being translated into verse. We have seen Mr. Keble's *interpretative* power exercised on a leaf; Keats has also made a leaf a memorable instance of the *centralising* power:—

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone;
Forest on forest hung about his head,
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there.
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the flatter'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest."

What a landscape of calm centres in that leaf! How much would be marred, in the following four lines, by the substitute of *down* for *up*; the whole picture centring in that little word—

"But see, the tell elm-shadows reach
 Athwart the field; the rooks fly home;
 The light streams gorgeous up the o'erarching beech,
 With the calm hour soft weary fancies come."
Lyra Innocentium.

Or let us remark how much magnificent description may be compressed into one or two words, by two instances, in both of which an imagined touch of the finger is the vehicle of the magic. As long as England has autumnal woods, there shall be lips to quiver with delight, as they repeat from Tennyson's "In Memoriam":—

"Autumn, *laying here and there,
 A fiery finger on the leaves.*"

As long as there are stormy nights succeeded by radiant mornings, he will not be forgotten who sings:—

"Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey,
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder."^{*}

To this head belongs all the fine beauty of pregnant and suggestive epithets. *The Doctor*, we are sorry to say, singles out three lines of Milton for especial blame; one of which is—

"What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn."

The grey fly is the chaffer, which begins its flight in the evening. What a landscape have we in that one word, *sultry*, of a warm summer evening, whose brooding quiet is only broken by insects, by the happy transference of the epithet from the weather to that one of its concomitants which, at such a season, makes most impression upon the languid attention. A throng of orientals are described by Milton:—

"Dusk faces in white silken turbans wreath'd."

The most picturesque line in our language. Cowper personifies the East, as—

"The jewell'd and turban'd East."

Mr. Leigh Hunt has justly remarked, the exquisite suggestiveness with which Homer makes Achilles reverence "the grey chin" of Priam, showing, as it does, the old father's sharp and worn face upturned in the agony of supplication.

V. *Aggregation* is another peculiar source of pleasure, by which we mean, not a vague, dim, meaningless profusion of colours and images, in themselves beautiful, with or without pretext, the "*dulce vitium*" of Shelley, of Gerald Massie, and Mr. Edwin Arnold, and in degree of Keats, and Tennyson; but a "scattering from the pictured urn" round a beautiful object such cognate and congruous beauties *heaped together* as fill the imagination with delight. Hobbes seems to us to have penetrated the secret of this power as an intellectual phenomenon, though not so completely as he would have done had he lived to see his doctrine of the "*coherence* or consequence of one conception to another, from their first coherence or consequence at that time when they are produced† originally," developed (by Dr. Thomas Brown especially) into the phenomena of association and suggestion. Hobbes tells us that by memory "the fancy, when any work of art is to be performed, finds her materials prepared, and needs no more than a swift motion over them. So that when she seems to fly from one Indies to another, and from heaven to earth, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, herself being all she seeks, and her wonderful celerity consisteth *not so much in motion as in copious imagery, discreetly ordered and perfectly registered in the memory.*"‡ Of this aggregative power of accumulating beautiful objects round some one, not with a random splendour, but with a living and guiding principle of harmony, Burns may afford us an illustration:—

"Alas! it's not *thy neighbour sweet,*
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the *deivy weat*
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing blithe to greet
 The *purpling east.*"

Did any rational being ever read or hear these lines without pleasure? and if he proceeded to analyse his pleasure, would he not find that it arose from the life given to the daisy by the word *neighbour*, and then from the *aggregation* round it of the dew, the lark,

* "Paradise Regained," iv. 426. The expression, "horns coming out of his hand" (Habakkuk, iii. 4), seems to be just equivalent to "radiant hand."

† "Human Nature," chap. iv. 2.

‡ Letter concerning Sir W. Davenant's Preface.

and the purpling east, all exquisitely pertinent to the picture in hand?

VI. The poet illuminates, emblazons narrative as rarely and delicately as some old artist coloured a favourite chronicle. Among the assistants of memory, Bacon places the *deductio intellectualis ad sensibile*; among the glories of poetry we may place the "clothing upon" of narrative with beauty, the translation of the *factuel* into the imaginative equivalent, without the sacrifice of literal truth. Every proposition boiled down to its bones, logically may be resolved into subject, predicate, and copula; every proposition robed and diademed imperially by poetry arrays the subject in the purple garment of the loveliest attribute which it possesses, and sets upon the predicate a crown all starred with subtly-wrought jewelry of selected words, whose multi-lateral cutting catches the finest lights of its happiest associations. In prose we might say, "a nice, pretty child, with blue eyes, seven years old;" an ordinary rhymist might exchange years for summers, "A blue-eyed thing, seven summers old." But Campbell says immortally—

"In her young eyes the seventh blue summer shone."

In prose we should say, "Such a thing happened two years ago." The poet dates not by an almanac, but by successive eras of beauty. Mr. Alexander Smith very daintily sings—

"Twice hath the windy summer made a noise
Of leaves o'er all the land from sea to sea."

The lover sighs out to his intended, "In four days I shall be happy." Edmund Spencer in his "Epithalamium," and Alfred Tennyson, *passim*, are the most golden interpreters of the poetry of the betrothal and the espousal; but it is no reproach to the memory of Spencer, it will not be felt as a disparagement by our great living poet, to say that Shakspeare is the most honourable of these three mighty men. Let us remember how the *Midsummer Night's Dream* opens:—

THESEUS.

"Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring on
Another moon; but O! methinks how slow
This old moon wanes; she lingers my desires
Like to a step-dame, or a downy,
Long withering out a young man's revenue."

RIF.

"Four days will quickly steep themselves in night,
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities."

Many other subordinate sources of pleasure might of course be named—for instance, the transference of beautiful effects by analogy from one sense to another. Bacon,* speaking of that yet unnamed *Philosophia Prima*, the receptacle of axioms which cannot be exclusively appropriated by particular sciences, gives as an analogous example, the following—"The tremulous sound of music affords the same species of pleasure to the ear which the scintillating light upon water or a jewel affords to the eye." "*Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.*"

And he elsewhere speaks of a *scout* "warbling in the air." So Virgil sings—

"*Claro cernas sylvæ Aquilone moveri;*"

And Æschylus has his *λαμπεῖς ἄερας*; and Shelley—

"All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
sowed.

From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody."

One more topic we cannot refrain from introducing under the present head.

Is absolute originality necessary to the pleasure which poetry is fitted to produce? if so, of the three classes under which Gibbon arranges the images of the creation—man, art, and nature—the latter is completely exhausted, and the poetry of this age, beyond that of every other, is hollow and unreal. "Nature," says that critic, "vast as it is, has furnished the poets with but few ideas. Restricted to its mere outside shell, they have been able to depict only the successive variations of the seasons, a sea wrought up by tempests, or the zephyrs of spring breathing pleasure and love. A small number of geniuses quickly exhausted these subjects." That this criticism dislimns the entire pictorial aspect of all poetry, save that of remote antiquity, is sufficiently

* "De Augm. Scient." lib. iii. c. 5.

clear. But as well might we accuse Nature of sameness, because her ever fresh and ever lovely effects are produced by a limited number of constantly-recurring materials—wood, hill, and water; sunlight and moonlight; an apparatus of cloud and shadow, of stars above and flowers below; such are the elements from which she evokes the glory and the loveliness which covers this ancient earth with a youth that is perpetually renewed. Of this salient freshness, of this sempiternal youth, poetry is a partaker. Shakspeare, for instance, seems to have exhausted the poetry of clouds, when the doomed Anthony speaks so wonderfully of—

“Black vesper’s pageant.”

Yet Wordsworth sings “To the clouds” a strain as new as if the imperial fancy of Shakspeare had never collected imagery from cloudland; nay, in his “Sky prospect from the plain of France,” concluding in that majestically imaginative moral—

“Meek nature’s evening comment on the show,
That for oblivion take their daily birth,
From all the flaming vanities of earth,”

he takes the same canopy of clouds, and moulds it not less beautifully than Shakspeare, yet as diversely from him as if they were two designers kneading the ductile clay for different purposes. Or, again, in our own day, Wordsworth has described the sunset in his most glorious colours. Does this diminish our delight in hearing Mr. Keble sing, in his exquisite poem, “Looking Westward”?—

“Wide be the western casement thrown
At sultry evening’s fall—
The gorgeous lines be duly shown,
That weave heaven’s wondrous pall!”

But let us illustrate our view of the distinction between the genius which exalts what it has, perhaps unconsciously, borrowed, toning it into a finer music, and touching it with the colours of its proper thought, and the plagiarism which wears another’s splendours, as Braggadocio wore the armour of Sir Guyon, worthy of the literary whip and treadmill.

Our illustration may take the form of a legal apologue.

Ourselves sitting in judgment, there are cited before us William Wordsworth, Esq., and the Rev. W. E. Green, of Worcester College, Oxford, accused of misdemeanour, each, and severally—to wit, of stealing certain thoughts. And first the indictment runs against Mr. Wordsworth, “For that he, in a poem, entitled ‘Laodamia,’ did, in a covert and secret manner, filch from one Abraham Tucker, commonly called Edward Search, one of his most ingenious thoughts.” We listen with patience to the case, of which we can only give the counsel’s speech for defence:—“That there exists similarity between thoughts in Mr. Tucker’s forgotten work and Mr. Wordsworth’s exquisite poem, cannot be denied. Thus Mr. Tucker describes himself as a disembodied spirit, conducted into the presence of a beloved wife. John Locke, his companion and guide, warns him, ‘She is not a woman here, so you must consider her a friend, and not a wife. Let us have no kissings nor embracings, no raptures nor transports; remember that we are here all *Isangeloi*, therefore your love must be pure, sedate, and angelical.’ After much talk, the husband at last says, ‘The laws of this place lay a severe restraint upon the fondness of love—a love pure and innocent. My rigid tutor here has forbid me one civil salute; am I not allowed to take your hand?’ At this the dear eyes seemed ready to overflow with tears; there came out a taper arm, and pretty hand, having on one of the fingers the semblance of our wedding-ring. I shot forth an eager arm to take hold of it, and now, perhaps, had grasped it fast, had not that severe, relentless pedagogue, who never knew the tenderness of love, been too nimble for me.”* Similarly Laodamia exclaims to the ghost of her loved and lost Protesilaus, and with a similar result—

“Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enrich’d Thessalian air.

“No spectre greets me; no vain shadow this.
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side,
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day a second time thy bride!
Jove frowned in heaven, the conscious Fates threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

* Tucker’s “Light of Nature Pursued,” c. cxliii.—The Vision.

Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passions, for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.

Aloud she shrieks, for Hermes reappears.
Round the dear shade she would have clung—'tis vain,
The hours are past—too brief, had they been years,
And him no mortal effort can detain."

pp. 164, 165.

Those who can "without a hound fine footing trace," may please themselves with the keenness of their scent. There is something agreeable to geniuses of the smaller kind in reducing mighty intellects somewhat nearer to their own level. There are a sort of literary American Indians, who love to trace great poets in the snow, and over the dead leaves of other men's thoughts. But this honourable court will assuredly judge, that admitting the suggestion to have been another's, Mr. Wordsworth rather deserves another circlet of laurel to be wreathed round his brow. The prose of Tucker was at best merely like the coloured earth which is laid at the root of some gorgeous-blossomed plant. The genius of the poet assimilated its hues to the form of his own mind, and stained every leaf of the unfolded flower with a richness that belonged to its proper juices, and glorified, and transelemented the comparatively worthless substance on which it fed. Such, indeed, is the character of my client's muse. She often finds a cloud-bank of prose, and, like the sunset, tinges it with a heavenly transfiguration of song. I willingly refer to other instances:—

"The discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.
I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant in lonely peace the spousal verse
Of this great consummation."

Thought and expression here are nobly Baconian — "existimamus nos thalamum mentis et universi, pronubâ divinâ bonitate, stravisse, et ornâsse." One very dear to Mr. Wordsworth, beautifully describes the rafters and beams of a Highland cottage, tarnished with perpetual smoke, as crossing each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as the underboughs of a large beech-tree "withered by the depth of shade above." These expressions he afterwards produces in two fine lines, and in a context which heightens their impressiveness,

We forthwith direct the jury to find a verdict of acquittal. Next, the Rev. W. E. Green, author of the "Dedication of Solomon's Temple," the successful competitor for the prize poem on a sacred subject at Oxford, unlimitedly open to graduates, triennially awarded, and restricted in length, thus realising three probable conditions of a fine poem, is cited before us, accused for having stolen two lines from the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Calcutta:—

"No workmen's steel, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprang."

The stolen property reproduced by Mr. Green, in the following shape:—

"As some tall cedar, 'neath the summer skies
And winter snows of hoary Libanus,
Majestically lifts its hoary head;

And year by year steals imperceptibly
Through the cleft air, its silent, heavenward march,
Unheard, unnoticed:

So Zion's temple rose; no jarring note,
No crash of masonry, nor sound of axe,
Nor saw, nor plane, nor hammer's rattling din
Profaned the hallowed precincts; awe profound
And reverent silence reign'd amidst the whole.
While unobserved the mighty structure grew
All noiselessly; as though from earth it sprang
Spontaneous."

The prisoner at once pleading guilty; we thus pass sentence — "Prisoner, you stand in a position eminently disgraceful to your literary character, and still more to that of the great University whose laurels you wear. And here we would warn the awarders of poetical honours in that seminary seriously to consider the nature and character of blank verse. A poem in blank verse consists not only of a number of lines set to one tiresome monotony of cadence — the honey of poetry cannot be made by bees who attempt this second-rate manufacture, simply because they have lost the sting of rhyme. In the hands of Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge — in some degree of Tennyson, and even of Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Alexander Smith, it is a sweet involution of concentric rings of melody; not only does it scan by the fingers taken *line-wise*, but read from cadence to cadence, from pause to pause, each clause, like a cut worm, quivers with melody. So true is this, that Shakspeare, a mightier master of blank verse than any that we have mentioned, does not

only manipulate his exquisite alliterations within one line, but even more; carries it on into that part of the next line which is read in the same breath therewith. Thus much for others. For you, prisoner, you have utterly destroyed that majestic palm, by turning it into a cedar; you have raised a mighty hubbub of words, 'silent, unheard, unnoticed, imperceptibly, reverent silence, unobserved, all noiselessly,' and much else, if so be you might hide your theft. But, because of your gown, and forasmuch as you are otherwise a good, and, it may be, even an able man, we dismiss you, on condition that you write no more verse—at least no more blank verse—seeing that that which you have already perpetrated is alike without music and without thought; being merely certain chapters of Kings and Chronicles, mangled and transposed; or rather an abridgment of Scripture history, so printed that every eleventh syllable begins with a capital letter."

On the whole, then, we are convinced that by thus referring the pleasure which he feels to permanent principles—such as those which, by way of sample, we have instanced—the student of poetry may turn fugitive delight into abiding profit. And if this be true of the less philosophical side of poetry, much more may it be predicated of that which the ancient critics considered of much greater importance—delineation of manners, and that "pleasing analysis whereby the poet—thrusting into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and then recoursing to the things forepast, and divining of things yet to come—unwinds the intricate threads of events; not less distinctly,"* with reference to his end, than the "historiographer discoursing of affairs, orderly as they were done, and accounting as well the times as the actions."† But the rough sketch which we have chalked out at the commencement of this article, would be imperfectly coloured, indeed, if we said nothing of the bearing of true poetry upon the moral culture of humanity.

And here we are not aware of any authority adverse to our conclusion, save the weighty name of Plato. He,

as every one knows, drew a picture of an ideal state, from which he excluded Homer, and all poetry but hymns to the gods and panegyrics of the good. But a man like Plato must have seen much in heathen poetry to justify this severity. The golden songs of Homer represented that land which lies beyond the grave as a dark and cheerless portion even to the righteous; they painted gods who were excited with human laughter and melted with human tears—who quaffed the bubbling wine from the beaker, who were overcome by the unworthiest passions, and perpetrated the darkest crimes. The latter was an evil which at once arose from, and aggravated the depravity of the human heart. Men shaped out their notions of deity by looking upon it through the coloured medium of their own corrupt will, with the eye of the soul tintured by the suffusion of their unhallowed lusts; and then, again, others derived a singular aptitude for wickedness from these conceptions, hardened into concrete representations, and might plead a divine example as a precedent for their sins. Hence, the lasting divorce between religion and morality, so that the moralist could inculcate the expulsion of obscenity from every other scene but the service of the gods—a divorce which has never been reconciled except in Him who "gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, who redeemed us from the curse of the law, that we might be under the law to him." Besides this, Plato considered the poetry of Greece a mere imitation of manners, and an imitation which was not beneficial to virtue. Thus the poet imitates, with pathos, an exorbitant grief, such as a good man would think it sinful to exhibit himself. In this way, he unconsciously imbibed an influence which unnerved his soul in the hour when it was tried by the stern realities of life. Remembering, moreover, the old quarrel between poetry and philosophy, reason and imagination, slowly and reluctantly he passed the sentence of exile upon Homer and the tragedians; but it was a conditional sentence—until Poetry or her friends should make her defence.

* *Elemevta*.—Aristotle.

† E. Spencer's Letter to Sir W. Raleigh.

Surely that defence has been made. The spirit of poetry has been purified. He who objected to poetry as an imitative art, has, in another passage of his noblest work, where he speaks of painting (elsewhere placed by him in the same category), gloriously nullified his own objection. He who paints a beautiful picture cannot be coldly astricted to the demonstration of the objective existence of an equally beautiful prototype. His pencil does not copy that which is itself but a copy; the eternal essential *idea* guides its work, which has a universal truth far above particular imitation. By this argument, in our own time, Dr. Milman vindicates the masterpieces of painting from peril of idolatry: men hang with the fondness of superstition upon the florid daub which is an individual likeness; the painting is less and less likely to be idolised as it speaks an universal truth. Plato's vindication of painting is, *a fortiori*, the vindication of poetry, though he has not developed this conclusion; nor can we do otherwise than wonder at the exaggeration of a great truth of our moral nature. True it is, certainly, that the strings of our passive emotions cannot be stirred without doing us harm, unless the active part of our nature is brought into play.* Compassion, the feeling that brings the choking to the throat, is the woman's voice in us that bids the man in us be up and doing. It is the music which excites the soldier to the war; but not the sinew which gives him strength to strike, nor the will which makes him resolved to do or die. The chords of feeling cannot be played upon with impunity. If the will hears their alarm too often, it ceases to heed them altogether. But the danger of sympathy abused does not evacuate its legitimate office, its tendency to refine the character by liquefying the dross of selfishness. And can we, in the nineteenth century, doubt that the feud between Poetry and Philosophy is composed? Indeed, the very childhood of the world—

"Wood,
Even in its dawn of thought, Philosophy,
Though then unconscious of herself, *paradis*,
The bore no other name than Poetry."†

And now, in the maturity, or old

age of the human race, poetry is the sweet smile of recollection — the look of youth that yet dwells beautifully on the wrinkled brow of Truth. It has been remarked of Homer, that all morality and all the laws of thought are to be found dispersedly in his writings. They are richly agglomerated in the "primitive synthesis" of his consciousness; it required ages to analyse that consciousness into its separate elements — to develop the primary laws which presided over their creation. The poet's now is a harder task. He must, we believe, to gain a permanent hearing from this age, have analysed his consciousness; and over the result of this analysis—whose apparent effect is to dissolve poetry, by removing the charm of wonder—he must be enabled to throw as fine a light as the blush of dawn which steeped the original elements. He must possess that mental science which is emphatically "*philosophia laudatarum omnium artium procreatrix et quasi parens*;" not a separate knowledge, nor a mere congeries of information, but a mastery of the inter-relations of knowledge — their points of contact, and position on the field of universal science. He must possess nearly that magnificent list of acquisitions which Cicero has attributed to his ideal orator. For him, all sciences must have a delicate aroma, and wear unfamiliar looks of passionate beauty. It was not without a meaning beyond their developed knowledge that his contemporaries licensed the laurelled Petrarch to lecture upon all subjects whatever. How far Wordsworth or Tennyson may have attained this ideal, we will not take upon ourselves to pronounce. They have, at all events, answered this *item* of Plato's indictment.

Having thus taken the defensive, we cannot be contented with so low a position. It is the priestly office of poetry to engage the imagination and the affections on the side of virtue and of God, by pleasurable emotion. "It is the work of poets, says Hobbes, in delightful and measured lines, to avert men from vice, and incline them to virtuous and honourable actions." It is theirs, too, to touch and purify our hearts by sympathy; to win us,

* "Butler's Analogy." Part i. c. 5.

† Coleridge. "Garden of Boecacio."

half unconsciously, to what is good, by showing us that it is also beautiful. In short, to use the words of Milton, "These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate, in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's almightiness; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave; whatsoever hath passion or admiration; in all the changes of fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to point out and describe: teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue with such delight, that, whereas the paths of honesty appear now rugged, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant. And what a benefit this would be to our youth may be guessed by the hane which they suck in daily from the writings of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who, having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, do, for the most part, lay up vicious principles in sweet pills to be swallowed down." Under this head let it be noticed that the lovers of our modern poetry may thankfully trace one of its most distinctive and engaging features to the operation of Christianity. Modern poetry, as we have seen, clings to nature with a yearning tenderness, and colours her with the thoughtful hue of the mind contemplating. Not so the Greek or the Roman. Homer may paint the moonlight flooding the glens and sharp mountain peaks; Sophocles may sing of Colonos, where the nightingale wails in the thick greenery, unpierceable of sun or any storm; but they describe as coldly (to use Humboldt's language) as though they were speaking of a shield or a piece of embroidery. How was this? The Greek especially, at once so keenly observant and so deeply reflective—living so much in the open air—inhabiting a land which is indented by the sea, and thus presents the calm in its heavenliest sunniness of mood, the tempest in its wildest excitement—the mingling tints of earth and ocean, in soft-

est reconciliation, or most harmonious contrast—with its "old poetic mountains," and waves steeped at eventide of the long, long summer in that trembling haze of lustrous violet; how was it that the Greek failed to realise the finest teaching of nature? The growth of Christian literature answers the question. Our great poet has portrayed the tendency of the "lively Grecian's" mind, in a land like his, to personify the phenomena of nature. Those phenomena, then, were divorced from their proper associations, and blended with the factitious ones of an anthropomorphic religion. But the Gospel revelation, which showed that the things which are made are the work of one living and true God, gave men the habit of looking upon them as evidences of his power, wisdom, and goodness. The love and knowledge of God led to the love and knowledge of nature. Modern poetry and modern science are collateral results of Christianity, "after-growths" of pleasure and utility, "after the king's mowings" of souls brought to salvation. The first distinct evidences of that sweetly melancholy contemplation of nature which is so important an ingredient in modern poetry, might be articulately traced to the writings of certain of the Christian Fathers.

Again, those who are so sternly opposed to novel-reading should consider that poetry supplies more healthily the demand of the youthful mind, which it will otherwise assuredly gratify by novels. We, indeed, cannot agree with Edward Irving, when he declaims so picturesquely against Walter Scott: "The Magician of the North! a mighty one he is, possessed with a spirit of strong delusion. There is music in him to charm so sweetly that all who have not the safe keeping of the Spirit are carried captive with his strain. It is like the tradition told us by our mothers, of the travelling musician, who went from village to village, charming with his sweet pipe every one who was not protected by a branch of that tree whereon grows the crimson berry, like the drops of the Saviour's blood; and he would lead them dancing after him to the side of some beautiful green hill, which would straightway open at his approach, and enclose them all. A man of many inventions." Better were it for youth to be devouring three vo-

lumes a-day from the nearest circulating library, than listening to poor Irving, or his like. Still we are sensitively alive to the evils inseparable from much novel-reading by the young and inexperienced; to the expectations engendered of attaining ends in life without the use of the necessary means, as young heroes, with essenced hair and faultless waistcoats, marry heiresses of large fortune and incredible beauty; yet more, to the impression which they softly float in upon their current, that life, after certain unpleasing adventures, is unmixedly agreeable, that earth is a fit home for our affections, that marriage is practically heaven, and human love the satisfaction of the soul. But the only remedy is to fortify the mind generally: "*Potius ad fortiter vivendum quam ad caute abstinendum*;" to give it an internal principle which shall countervail the dangers to which it must needs be exposed. Now, the love and intelligent appreciation of good poetry can scarcely co-exist with a passion for the outrageous stimulant at least of *bad* novels. And if we be told that "*Marrion*," "*The Princess*," and many others, are merely novels in verse, we maintain that, even so, they are comparatively free from one, at least, of the evils of novels in prose: their very form makes all readers instinctively feel that they represent the ideal, and not the actual.

Of course, poetry has its own dangers. There is some whose characteristic is sickliness; which makes silly young ladies and moping affected young gentlemen. "*Childe Harold*" has, in the long run, done more harm than "*Don Juan*." Profligacy has sneaked, in disguise, into some of our poetry. We would recommend readers of the "*Life-Drama*," and of some other pretty poems of the day, to rub off the musical colouring of verse, and take a steady look into the face of the thought before them. Too many poets have been latitudinarian. This is the natural tendency, without due corrective, of the poetic instinct, which seeks to find love and beauty in every thing. The couplet which, in a pointed and popular shape, expresses the lati-

tudinarian sentiment, that acceptable virtue may exist without orthodox belief, has been borrowed by Pope from Cowley, speaking of Crashaw's secession to Rome:—

"Even in error sure no danger is,
When joined with so much piety as his;
His *friend*, perhaps, in some nice tenets, might
Be wrong—I'm sure his *life* was in the right."

The Papist Pope's plagiarised version,

"For modes of faith let wrangling bigots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

has been so mischievously influential as to be esteemed worthy of distinct refutation by the acute Archbishop of Dublin. Or, once more. A peculiar difficulty seems to be felt at the present day, in admitting the eternity of future punishments. This, we venture to say, exists principally in legal minds attached to the Benthamite philosophy of jurisprudence. The habit of rejecting all punishment that is not plainly exemplary or reformatory, prevents the mind from looking beyond these accidents to the characteristic of justice. Yet into how many minds have doubts of the Scripture representation of God's moral government been injected, like a dart of fire, by Burns, herein an unconscious Origenist:—

"I'm wae to think upon that den,
E'en for your sake." *

Above all, death has too often been objectionably treated by our poets. The prevalent idea that the souls of little children are metamorphosed into angels—one, with the denial of which we have known a pious simple believer greatly scandalised, is a part of the mythology of the heart, in a Christian shape, which poetry has enabled to pass current. But some of them are responsible for much worse than this beautiful fancy. How many have they led to believe practically, that death is but a sweet and dreamless sleep. Who can estimate the effects of the odious flippancy, for instance, with which it has been treated by Pope in his Epitaph on himself? Yet, after all drawbacks, we believe that there is a progress of poetry, as there is of society. And what is progress?—is it

* So Uncle Toby: "'He is the father of lies, and is cursed already,' said Dr. Slop. 'I am sorry for it,' said my Uncle Toby." Such opinions have a more respectable pedigree than might have been imagined, as we could easily show.

the mere blind, undisciplined heaving of a lifeless tide of dissociated units, agitated by winds of chance? Not so; when we gaze at the gallant vessel on the horizon line, steering away to some distant harbour, we cannot see the pilot at the wheel, we cannot hear the word of command, but we know that there is a living hand that guides, and that the vessel obeys a living purpose. Such a purpose we trace in the progress of literature. In morality we find an unbeliever like Shaftesbury overruled to that theory of moral sentiment which, interrogated by Butler, becomes the witness to virtue, to duty, and to God. In poetry, after all temporary aberrations of taste, we find that ever living and ever moulding men's minds which is based upon a true view of our nature, and informed by the eternal principles of truth. Thus, the best manual of systematic morality in our language, Dr. Whewell's "*Elements of Morality*," is dedicated to Wordsworth, as due to one in whom the writer, "along with many others, found a spirit of pure and comprehensive morality, operating to raise his readers above the moral temper of those times." It has been falsely said that the immortality of man means that the species is imperishable, while the individuals are mortal; it may truly be predicated of bad poetry and bad poets, that the succession is continuous and unbroken, while the particular individuals have a name that, in one or two generations, perisheth out of the city.

And now, turning from the readers to the writers of poetry, seriously do we recommend to the consideration of our younger bards the memorable dictum of the heathen, that the good poet must be a good man. To Mr. Smith we would add, *ex abundanti*, that over and above purging away certain peccant humours, he must train his mind by severe discipline; that he must learn more truly and more deeply what human life is, before he can expect to dramatise it; that his comparisons, beautiful as they are, are too monotonous, and need fresh infusions from a larger knowledge. Let us whisper deferentially to Tennyson—let us say in bolder tones to Mr. Arnold, that Pliny esteemed it an unhopeful prospect for art, when sculptors, instead of charming by forms, made use of glittering sub-

stances and coloured rocks, to attract a gaping and ignorant wonder to those showy materials. Thoughts are to words as the form to the sculptor's materials. A glittering, affected language is the trick of the day; it may not last longer than the Elizabethian Euphuism—it will not please more generations than one.

A few concluding words. Poetry, we said, is the expression of the want of something better than this world can give. God has given us no want which has not its proper end, therefore poetry is a proof of man's immortality. This is not the fantastic argument of a dreamer; it is suggested by him who has given the name to that philosophy which multiplies the comforts and utilities of life, covers our land with a network of iron rails, and flashes thought along the wires. "If any man," says Bacon, "will look closely, poetry supplies proof that a mightier magnitude, a more perfect order, a fairer variety, is the aim of the human mind, than it may find in nature, since the fall." Poetry, then, is an historian and a prophet—the historian of a glory that is past—the prophet of a glory that shall be revealed. Our poetry is a voice of longing and of yearning, but in heaven, where the ideal and the actual coincide, the poetry is triumphant—"The Song of Moses" and "The Song of the Lamb." We may not have poetic power, we may not even have poetic taste, but we have the root of poetry in our souls.

We do not, then, esteem it a bad symptom of our age, that we have so many young poets—a fact which implies many readers. We are more than unwilling that the education of the poetical part of our nature should be eliminated. We will none of the theories which would give to God the reason only; the fairest products of the imagination are due to Him also. We have a symbol of this in the fragrant ointment and the alabaster box, more signally still in the Arimatæan and Nicodemus. Linen of coarse texture may suffice for shroud and winding-sheet; nay, it shall be the finest and costliest the loom can weave. A moderate quantity of spices will be enough; nay, His body shall lie steeped in heaps of Arabian odours. A common sepulchre will serve for the resting-place of the corpse; nay, the clay shall not lie on Him who was the

rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley; He shall not lie in the Potter's field—His body shall have a garden of beauty, where trees shall wave over it all the summer long, and flowers shall make a pleasant smell. For Him, then, we claim the fine linen, and the spices of man's wonderful intellect, the ointment of thought in the alabaster box of poetic form. We would not only have the adoration of the shep-

herds; we love to see Bacon and Whewell, Buckland and Sedgewick, bringing to Him the gold of philosophy, and Butler the preserving myrrh of pure morality; and it is our earnest hope, that more and more of our poets may add to the grains of frankincense which have been already flung into the fire, which burns in the temple, by Keble and Heber, by Milton and Wordsworth.

SCOTTISH CAVALIERS AND JACOBITE CHIEFTAINS.*

THE passage of a people out of the barbaric but splendid era of chivalry, into that of peaceful economic development, is no doubt a subject well worthy of philosophic observation. But there are few men capable of harmonising both sides of such a picture. The economist is rarely philosopher enough to do justice to the hero, and the man of sentiment has as seldom the capacity to relieve the details of mere material progress from dryness and insipidity. Mr. Burton, our latest Scottish historian, aspires to present these two phases of his country's progress in artistic combination. We have the picturesque career of Dundee at one end of the composition, and the chimneys of Glasgow at the other. Mr. Burton is a scientific Whig, and has done the dull half of his work more agreeably than the lively one. He is a man of vigorous understanding, and of considerable, but not adequate, ability in writing. A laborious clumsiness mars many of his best reflections, and one cannot help wondering at the vanity and ambitious awkwardness of his language, while recognising, with agreeable surprise, the force and justice of the sentiments conveyed. But we must not quarrel with a man of ability, because his style is not equal to his matter, nor his treatment of the heroic equal to that of the economic half of his subject. In some moods of mind a philosophic man may regret that the arts of peace, in putting an end to the dangers and lawlessness of

the chivalrous times, have supplanted also their nobility of sentiment and their grace of genius. No inaugural odes of mechanics' institutes will ever equal the Jacobite songs of Scotland. No lectures on mental or moral philosophy will ever stir in the bosoms of the Scottish youth the sentiments of generosity, honour, and devotion which actuated thousands of men of all ranks in the days of Scotland's poverty and so-called ignorance. It seems, however, to be a law of social compensation, that as a people lose fervor, genius, and nationality, they gain the ability of producing and securing the enjoyment of wealth, and with wealth the advantages of every kind of mental and bodily cultivation. No one would wish, in his own person, to make a permanent change from the more prosaic to the more poetic period. Mr. Burton hardly feels at home in revisiting the ante-union epoch even on paper; and, truth to say, his post-union disquisitions are too cleverly discreet and too correctly dull to afford us any delight, however great the instruction we might draw from them if we needed anything to convince us of the advantages of peace, order, and a strong central government. But that cry of Sir Colin Campbell's, "We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here," has stirred within us something of the spirit of the olden time, and we will leave the cold patriotism of the Dalrymples and even the calm wisdom of President Forbes at one side for the present, and

* "History of Scotland, from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection." By John Hill Burton. London: Longmans. 1853.

cast back a glance on Scottish worthies of less prudence and more spirit : Montrose, Dundee, Lochiel — Tories though they were in the sense of the word as used by Whigs of the revolution — would we had such men by Sir Colin's side, wherever he may be above ground this day, with his bonneted warriors! A war like this in which we are now engaged teaches us some tolerance for martial virtue, and shows that some service may be done to the state by other means than depopulation, withdrawal of labour from the fields to the factories, and other economic processes, which, if not arrested by some such fortunate calamity, would very soon have left us the prey of any European power bold enough to face the dogmas of our newspapers and the incantations of our schools of political economy.

Mr. Burton's political bias is manifest throughout the volumes before us. He is, as we have said, a thorough modern Whig; a Lowlander, entertaining a contempt—hardly disguised—for his Gaelic fellow-countrymen. This is a tone of feeling frequently to be met with in Scotland. It is analogous to the white man's detestation of the negro, the Saxon's dislike of the Celt; and, like prejudice in general, is as ill-founded in fact as in feeling, for in truth, neither Highlander nor Lowlander can claim to be purely of the Celtic or of the Teutonic breed. Mr. Robert Chambers, on the contrary, in his delightful narrative of the '45,* compiled from the private correspondence of the day, and to which we are largely indebted for minute and personal details of the Jacobite leaders, writes with much feeling for the tragical fate of the gallant Highland chieftains. The accomplished author of the "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*,"† sympathises no less ardently in the broken fortunes of the royalist heroes, Montrose and Dundee, although he himself is regarded as a modern Tory—that is, a Protestant, and a friend of the principles of the house of Hanover.

It will be desirable to remind the reader, in the first place, of the manner in which Scotland—after many years of

active hostility and intense national dislike of the sister state—found herself, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, united to England in a manner most flattering to the pride of the smaller kingdom. The King of Scotland, on the extinction of the direct line of Tudor, became heir to the English crown. James Stuart, the sixth of Scotland and first of England, had a double claim to the succession made vacant by the death of Queen Elizabeth; for the blood of his great-grandmother, Margaret Tudor, daughter of King Henry VII., was transmitted to him by both parents—his ill-fated father, Darnley, and his still more unhappy mother, the beautiful Mary Stuart.

Scotland saw with pride the descendant of her ancient princes swaying the sceptre of Great Britain; nor did her attachment to her native dynasty cease even when fortune was adverse to the house of Stuart; when a cruel death—a temporary exile—a forced abdication awaited the successive sovereigns of that ill-starred race.

The Stuarts were scarcely seated on the throne of Great Britain when they alienated the affections of their northern subjects, by the ecclesiastical innovations they sought to introduce. James was weakly fond of prerogative. Charles I. inherited the pernicious views of his father. He was swayed by unwise advisers; and having himself a warm attachment to the ritual of the Reformed Church of England, sought, with a mistaken zeal, to impose on his Presbyterian subjects the liturgy and episcopal form of Church government which prevailed in England. But the temper of the Scotch Protestants was strongly opposed to these changes. The Reformation in that country had taken place under very different auspices from those which heralded its advent in England. The Church of Scotland had assumed from the first the Presbyterian form; and the nation rejected with indignation the discipline and ritual which Charles attempted to force on their acceptance. Many of the high nobility of Scotland protested—in the form of a Solemn

* "*History of the Rebellion of 1745-6.*" By Robert Chambers. 1847.

† "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems.*" By William Edmondstone Aytoun. 1850.

League and Covenant — against the threatened innovations. Among the subscribers to the Covenant appears the name of Montrose, in conjunction with that of Argyll, chieftains, soon afterwards to become bitter antagonists.

James Grahame, fifth Earl, and first Marquis of Montrose, was born in 1612. He possessed the personal advantages of a graceful and well-proportioned form, though not exceeding the middle height. His complexion was fair; his manner and address elegant and insinuating; his mind was cultivated; his taste refined. He was himself a poet of no mean order. Even amid the incessant toils of his short life, he found leisure to familiarise himself with the classic literature of ancient Rome. In every respect he formed a striking contrast to his foe, Argyll. Archibald, Earl and Marquis of Argyll, was singularly unprepossessing in appearance. Red hair, a mean form, and a sinister obliquity of vision, only too characteristic of his crooked nature, distinguished this great chief of the Clan Campbell.

The adhesion of Montrose to the Solemn League and Covenant was not of long duration. He hated and distrusted Argyll, and apprehended danger to monarchy itself from the extreme views of his colleagues. He wrote loyally to the King, urging him to abandon his ecclesiastical schemes — to come in person to Scotland, and assure his subjects that he was not hostile to their liberties:—

"SIR, — Your ancient and native kingdom of Scotland is in a mighty distemper. It is incumbent on your Majesty to find out the disease, remove the causes, and apply convenient remedies. . . . The cause is a fear and apprehension, not without some reason, of changes in religion, and that superstitious worship should be brought in upon it, and therewith all their laws infringed, and their liberties invaded. Free them, sir, from this fear, as you are free from any such thoughts, and undoubtedly you shall thereby settle that state in a firm obedience to your Majesty in all time coming. They have no other end but to preserve their religion in purity, and their liberties entire. That they intend the overthrow of monarchical government is a calumny. . . . The remedy of this dangerous disease consisteth only in your Majesty's presence for a space in that kingdom. . . . Practise, sir, the temperate government. It fitteth the humour and disposition of the

nation best. It is most strong, most powerful, and most durable of any. It gladdeth the heart of your subjects, and then they erect a throne there for you to reign — *Armissimum imperium quo obediunt gaudent.*"

Such advice as this did not consort well with the views of the Covenanting Lords. Montrose was deemed a traitor to their cause, while every day added to their hostile position as regarded their sovereign. Charles was by this time thoroughly embroiled with his Parliament. Civil war was impending. In this great struggle our sympathies at first lean to the popular side. Charles was undoubtedly guilty of unjustifiable aggression. Misled by an undue estimate of his royal prerogative — rashly precipitate, yet weakly vacillating in his conduct, he acted rarely on his own judgment, and was very unfortunate in his advisers. Strafford and Laud were bad counsellors for such a monarch. Had the one been successful in his scheme of "thorough," the other in his ecclesiastical reforms, the freedom of the nation would have been gravely imperilled. We rejoice in the overthrow of their designs, yet we sympathise with the men who bore themselves so nobly when each in turn fell a sacrifice to popular hostility, and was called on to die for the principles he had advocated. "After a long and hard struggle," wrote Strafford to his royal master, urging him to consent to the bill of attainder, and his subsequent execution—"I have come to the only resolution befitting me; all private interest should give way to the happiness of your sacred person, and of the state. . . . My soul, about to quit this body, forgives all men all things with infinite contentment." While the Archbishop—

"Prejudged by foes determined not to spare,
An old, weak man, for vengeance thrown
aside,

Laud, 'in the painful art of dying' tried
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings
forbear

To stir in useless struggle), hath relied
On hope, that conscious innocence supplied,
And in his prison breathes celestial air."

On the 7th of May, 1642, the King wrote from York:—

"MONTROSE, — I know I need no arguments to induce you to my service. Duty

and loyalty are sufficient to a man of so much honour as I know you to be: yet as I think this of you, so I will have you to believe of me, that I would not invite you to share of my hard fortune if I intended you not to be a plentiful partaker of my good," &c. &c.

Two years later Montrose unfurled the royal standard among the wilds of Atholl; having received his commission from Charles as Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's forces in Scotland. And now commenced that brief but extraordinary career, which has excited the wonder and admiration of posterity.

On the 1st of September in that year, Montrose, with a handful of Highlanders, imperfectly armed, and so badly provided with ammunition that orders were issued that no man should discharge his piece until sure of his mark, and that no random shots should be permitted, gained the victory of Tippermuir. This success placed the city of Perth at his mercy, and enabled him to arm his troops at the expense of the citizens. Again, at Fyvie, with a very inferior force, and only fifty horsemen, Montrose defeated the army of the Covenant, and annihilated their cavalry, consisting of a thousand horse. On this occasion all their utensils were melted down to supply bullets. "Well done, pewter pot," was a frequent exclamation among the marksmen, as each volley did deadly execution on their adversaries. A still more remarkable achievement was the raid of Montrose into the very heart of his enemy's country. Amidst snow and storm, he traversed the almost impassable mountain barriers which protected Argyll's country from hostile aggression, and until then had been deemed impregnable. In the depth of winter, by forced marches, the ever active general ravaged the western highlands, burned Inverary Castle, the stronghold of his great foe, and "spoiled" the sons of Diarmid. On the 2nd of February, 1645, he gained a signal victory over Argyll at Inverlochy, and soon after won the no-less important battle of Kilsyth. Perhaps not the least interesting incident in this brilliant campaign was the special protection accorded by the great marquis to the poet Drummond, of Hawthornden, a worthy homage to literature from one who was himself a poet.

The star of James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose, had now attained its culminating point: it was thenceforward to decline, until it set in blood.

While Montrose was regaining the Highlands for his sovereign, the bad success of the royalist cause in England induced Charles rashly to throw himself into the arms of the Scotch Covenanters, expecting from his northern subjects more lenient treatment than from his Roundhead adversaries. He was deceived. The Presbyterians actually bargained and sold him to the Parliament, and by this unworthy act indelibly disgraced their cause. Montrose, who had meantime suffered a disastrous defeat at Philiphaugh, was entreated by the King to lay down his arms. Charles was endeavouring to come to terms with his Parliament, and this was an essential condition. Montrose sorrowfully obeyed. He retired to the Continent, there to learn, at a later period, the tragical fate of his royal master.

"I'll sing thine obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thine epitaph in blood and wounds."

Montrose was, however, long compelled to remain inactive, though, as he afterwards said to the young King, when they met in exile, "I never had passion on earth so strong as that to do the King, your father, service." At length, when that prince's cause was proclaimed in Scotland, the ever devoted Grahame sailed for the Orkneys, hoping once again to raise the highlands in behalf of Charles Stuart. He had scarcely reached the mainland, when he was forced, by the extremity of hunger, to surrender himself to a former adherent, Macleod of Assynt, who, with unparalleled baseness, betrayed him to the Covenanters. Of his heroic bearing when doomed to death by Argyll and his faction, with every added insult and indignity which malignity could devise, we shall relate in the stirring, yet minutely truthful words of Aytoun, in his lay on the execution of Montrose:—

"They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fearless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below ;

They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

"But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

"—— They placed him next
Within the solemn hall;
Where once the Scottish Kings were
throned
Amidst their nobles all;
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

"Now, by my faith, as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright St. Andrew's cross,
That waves above us there;
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And, oh, that such should be!
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me,
I have not sought in battle field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope, on my dying day,
To win the martyr's crown!

"There is a chamber far away,
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower,
Give every town a limb,
And God, who made, shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!"

"He is coming! he is coming!
Like a bridegroom from his room
Came the hero from his prison,
To the scaffold and the doom.
Then was glory on his forehead,
Then was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die.

There was colour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!"

In proof of the perfect serenity of mind which Montrose exhibited while under sentence of death, we may mention the lines inscribed on the window of his prison the night before his execution:—

"Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake.
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air;
Lord! since thou know'st where all these
atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the
just."

The confident expectation, so far as regarded the mortal remains of Montrose, was eventually realised. His bones were collected and interred after his death. His heart underwent many varieties of fortune, so strange, so singular, that we pause to recount them as detailed by a descendant, the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon, in a letter to his daughters:—

"The first Marquis of Montrose being extremely partial to his nephew, the second Lord Napier, and his wife, had always promised at his death to leave his heart to the latter, as a mark of the affection which he felt towards her, for the unremitting kindness which she had shown to him in all the different vicissitudes of his life and fortune; that, on the marquis's execution, a confidential friend of her own, employed by Lady Napier, succeeded in obtaining for her the heart of the marquis; that she, after it had been embalmed by her desire, enclosed it in a little steel case, made of the blade of Montrose's sword, placed this case in a gold flagree box, which had been given to John Napier, the inventor of logarithms, by a Doge of Venice, while he was on his travels in Italy. . . . She transmitted the gold box, with Montrose's heart in it, to the young Marquis of Montrose, who was then abroad with her husband, Lord Napier, in exile; that for some reason or another, the gold-box and heart had been lost sight of by both families, that of Montrose and that of Napier, for some time, until an intimate friend of his, the fifth Lord Napier, a gentleman of Guelderland, recognised in the collection of a collector of curiosities in Holland, the identical gold flagree box with the

steel case, and procured it for him when he was in that country."

This case was given by the fifth Lord Napier to his daughter, the mother of Sir Alexander Johnston. On her way to India the vessel was attacked by a French frigate. The gold flagree box was shattered by a blow, but the steel case remained uninjured. While in India, the lady found a goldsmith, who, partly from description and from the preserved fragments, made a flagree case like the one which had been destroyed, in which was placed the heart of the hero:—

"My mother's anxiety about it gave rise to a report among the natives of the country that it was a *talisman*, and that whoever possessed it could never be wounded in battle or taken prisoner. Owing to this report it was stolen from her, and for some time it was not known what had become of it. At last she learned it had been offered for sale to a powerful chief, who had purchased it for a large sum of money."

The writer of the narrative, becoming acquainted with this chief, begged for its restoration, detailing the circumstances which made it valuable in his eyes. The chief—

"Immediately added that one brave man should always attend to the wishes of another brave man, whatever his religion or his nation might be; that he, therefore, considered it his duty to fulfil the wishes of the brave man whose heart was in the urn, and whose wish it was that his heart should be kept by his descendants, and for that reason he would willingly restore it to my mother. . . . My father and mother returned to Europe in 1792, and being in France when the revolutionary government required all persons to give up their plate, &c., entrusted the silver urn, with Montrose's heart, to an Englishwoman of the name of Knowles, at Boulogne, who promised to secrete it until it could be sent safely to England. This person having died shortly afterwards, neither my mother or father, in their lifetime, nor I myself, since their death, have ever been able to trace the urn, although every exertion has been made by me for that purpose."

The events which succeeded the wreck of the royalist cause in Scotland are familiar to all readers of general history. The military despotism established by Cromwell was terminated by the restoration of monarchy,

and the recall of Charles II. to fill the throne of his father. Religious discord still remained rife in Scotland, and reached its acme of bitterness during the brief reign of the brother and successor to Charles II., King James II. The successful revolution of 1688, placed William of Orange on the throne, made vacant by the forced abdication of his royal father-in-law, who passed the remnant of his days in dreary exile. It was at this juncture that the desperate fortunes of the House of Stuart were well-nigh retrieved by another Scottish cavalier, nearly allied in reputation as in name to the Great Grahame, Marquis of Montrose.

John Grahame of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount Dundee, was a younger son of the House of Fintrie. He had the advantage of a learned education at the University of St. Andrew's; but probably did not profit much by his studies, as he wrote and spoke his own language very ungrammatically. His genius lay in war, not in the peaceful pursuits of literature. His career commenced on the Continent, and he served for a time under the Prince of Orange, to whom he afterwards proved so formidable an opponent. He saved William's life at the battle of St. Neff, but a petty misunderstanding completely estranged them soon after.

Claverhouse has been depicted in very varied colours, as the portrait happens to be drawn by friend or by foe. "Bloody Claverse," "Hero-fiend," are among the mildest epithets lavished on him by the one party, while his admirers describe him in terms of unqualified eulogy. In illustration we would refer our readers to Professor Aytoun's Appendix, "Viscount Dundee," in the "Lays," where he criticises Mr. Macanlay's statements about Claverhouse, from which he strongly dissents. Perhaps the most faithful portraiture extant may be that of the novelist. Sir Walter Scott has finely described Grahame of Claverhouse, in "Old Mortality." Even his horse, a supposed gift from the enemy of mankind, is not unnoticed. Friends and foes, at least, concur in acknowledging Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse to have been brave to excess, a skilful commander, and a devoted servant to King James II. Even after the monarch's abdication Dundee did not despair of his cause, but hastened to Edinburgh to

exhort the Duke of Gordon to maintain the Castle against the Convention, as the revolution party were then termed, while he hastened to the Highlands to raise King James's standard among the royal clans.

General Mackay, on the part of the Convention, advanced northward to encounter the redoubtable Dundee. The armies met at Killiecrankie, a wild mountain pass near Blair-Atholl. There, at the moment of victory, Dundee fell, mortally wounded in a gallant charge which scattered the foe. But the success was deemed to be dearly purchased, when the life of the great leader, *Ian dhu nan Cath*, was the forfeit.

In his description of the battleground and military dispositions at Killiecrankie, Mr. Hill Burton has warmed into unusual animation. We quote at length this, probably the most picturesque passage to be met with in his two volumes :—

"The most picturesque of Scottish battlefields is stamped by the hand of nature with marks which seem destined to remain while the crust of the earth holds together; and, long as the memory of the battle may be preserved, it is likely to be lost in oblivion behind the multitudinous thickening of greater events, ere those peculiar features, which are adjusted to every stage of the tragedy with so expressive an exactness, are obliterated. The spot at once indicates the general character of the conflict, and its minute features fit with singular accuracy into the mournful narrative of the defeated general. Though not the field of battle, the nature of the pass itself had an important influence on the whole calamity; for it deprived Mackay, after having entered it, of all chance of a selection of ground. The Highland rivers, generally sweeping along winding valleys between chains of mountains, sometimes seem to break, as it were, through such a barrier, where it is cleft in two, like the traverses of the Jura; and such a cleft, as a formidably defensible gate to the country beyond it, is generally called a pass. In Killiecrankie, the cleft is not straight down from the general upper level of the mountain range, but appears as if cut into a declivity or hollow between widely separated summits, so that at the top of the rocks which form the walls of the narrow ravine, there is a sort of terrace stretching backward on either side, with a slightly inclined plane, the upper extremity of which starts abruptly upwards to the summits of the mountain range on either side of the declivity. And this peculiarity in the ground had considerable influence on the fate of the day. A broad

terraced turnpike road, with many plantations, somewhat alter the character of the spot from its condition in Mackay's day, when the clefts and patches fit for vegetable growth were sprouted with the stumpy oak scrub indigenous to Scotland, relieved by the softer features of its neighbour, the weeping birch, hanging with all its luxuriant tendrils from the rocks. The path of the army must have lain, not by the present road, but along by the base of the rocks, where roars the furious river, tumbling through all its conraes over great stones into successive holes, where, in uneasy rest, the waters have that inky blackness peculiar to the pools of the moss-stained rivers of the Highlands.

"On reaching the top of the pass, an alluvial plain was found, of small extent, but level as a Dutch polder, where the troops formed as they came in a string through the pass, and rested while the general set himself to the vain task of seeking a good position. He sent onwards an advance to announce traces of the enemy, who were but a little way on when they gave the announcement; and Mackay riding to the spot, saw them appear on the sky-line of a bend in the hill above him to the north, from six to eight hundred feet higher than his position, and not a mile distant from it. Rising close over the small plain, where his troops were forming, was an abrupt knoll, on which stand now a few old oaks,—the remnant, probably, of the scrubby copices, which made the general notice it as 'full of trees and shrubs.' Observing that the high ground on which the enemy appeared carried them directly, by an almost unvaried descent, to the top of this immediate elevation, Mackay saw that the enemy, reaching it while his troops remained on the flat close under it, would undoubtedly force them 'with confusion over the river.' And no one who looks at the narrow strip of meadow, with the abrupt ascent rising over it, can have the least doubt that his apprehensions were well founded.

"Let us now look to the other camp. When it was known at Blair Castle that Mackay was entering the pass, the Highland chiefs were clamorous for a battle. They said it was not the nature of their followers to keep together unless they came quickly to some decided result; and Dundee, from his previous experience of their rapid dispersal when he could not give them fighting or plunder, agreed to the proposal. They swept around, keeping the upper ground to the elevated bend on that ridge looking down on Killiecrankie, where we have seen that their approach was first noticed from below.

"The usually overpowering effect of a superior force of disciplined and equipped troops, would be lost in the vast arena on which the mountaineers looked down, confident in the strength of their position, their command of an impetuous descent on an

enemy with a pit behind, and their ability to regain their rocks if their charge proved ineffective. It is easy to believe Lochiel's assertion, that their own shout sounded loud and full, and that of the enemy below them faint and feeble.

"The armies faced each other, after they were formed, for more than two hours. The midsummer sun shone full on the Highlanders, and Dundee would not charge until it had touched the western heights. The object of his adjustment was to cut through Mackay's thin line with his impetuous bodies of Highlanders, to cut it effectually through in several places, and yet with so broad a blow at each as not merely to pass through, but to throw the whole into confusion. To make the blows effectual, it was necessary that his line should not be too thin; to make them tell fully along Mackay's line, he must not make his own too short, or the intervals between the battalions too wide. If he erred, it was, as we shall see, in the latter cautious direction.

"The ground had an admirable slope for the necessary impulse. When the charge was given, the Highlanders came on at a slow trot, received the fire of their opponents, and, while they were screwing on their bayonets, discharged their own, threw down their guns, and rushed on with their slashing broadswords, as sailors board with their cutlasses. Nothing but strong columns, or squares with the fixed bayonet, could stand the rush. The result was instantaneous; and those who were not cut down were swept into the gulf of the pass. An accident created some hesitation in the charge of Dundee's troop of cavalry. It had been commanded by Lord Dunfermline; but a commission from James to a gentleman with the illustrious name of Sir William Wallace, to supersede him had just arrived. The men, not quite sure whom to obey, or unaccustomed to the method of the new commander, did not charge right forward at once. Dundee had ridden on, supposing that he was in their front, and, looking back, was surprised not to see them at hand. Lord Dunfermline told Lochiel, that above the smoke he saw the general wave his hat over his head, as he rose in the stirrup to signal them onwards. It is then that he is supposed to have received his death-wound; for it was by a bullet that entered his side, some inches within the breast-plate. As he dropped from his horse, a soldier named Johnson caught him. The dying man, with the instinct of the enthusiastic commander, asked anxiously how the day went. The supporter said it went well for the king, but he was sorry for him. Dundee answered, it mattered not for himself, if the day went well for the king. He appears to have died

almost immediately; and when some of his friends, finding him before life was extinct, endeavoured to remove him, they were obliged to abandon the attempt by the fire from Leven's battalion remaining on the field. Those who were present said his body was wrapped in two plaids, and conveyed to Blair Castle. Within a short time afterwards he was buried beneath the secluded church of Blair; and never vaulted roof or marble monument covered the last abode of a more restless and ambitious heart than that which has slept in this quiet spot amidst peasant dust."

Dundee's death at Killiecrankie can scarcely be subject of lamentation, even to his friends. It was a glorious termination to a career which, if further prolonged, must have proved an unenviable one. James II. was a discouraging master to fight for, notwithstanding the devotion with which his general risked all in his cause. How noble was the rejoinder of Dundee to the friends who urged him not to engage personally in the battle. "Gentlemen," said he, "as I am absolutely convinced and have had repeated proofs of your zeal for the king's service, and of your affection to me as his general and your friend, so I am fully sensible that my engaging personally this day may be of some loss if I shall chance to be killed; but I beg leave of you, however, to allow me to give one *shear darg* (that is, one harvest day's work) to the king, my master, that I may have an opportunity of convincing the brave clans, that I can hazard my life in the service as freely as the meanest of them."

"Last of Scots and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O, thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after time:
Honour may be deemed dishonour—
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true—
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew,
Sleep! and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee."*

The followers of Dundee dispersed, notwithstanding their success at Killie-

* From the "Burial March of Dundee." Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

crankie. They could not find a leader qualified to head them as their departed chief had done. The highlanders sought safety in their mountain fastnesses; their chieftains made terms with the revolution government. The officers and gentlemen who had served under Dundee retired to France. There, after experiencing in too many instances the extremest privations, they found themselves reduced to the rank of private sentinels in the armies of Louis Quatorze.

We may here revert to the sacrifices made by the Irish adherents of the House of Stuart, who with equal devotion imperilled life and property in the cause of James II., and, when the fortunes of the monarch were utterly wrecked in Ireland, voluntarily expatriated themselves, to the number of nearly 20,000. The majority of these chivalrous men took service in France, where, under the name of the "Irish Brigade," they performed many valiant feats of arms during the wars of *le grand monarch*.

A detailed narrative of these companies, under the command of their native leaders, has lately appeared,* containing, in addition to the text, much interesting matter in the form of notes. It is still incomplete, the first volume alone having been published. From this work we extract the story of the MacCarthys, Earls of Clancarty, of which illustrious family Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, Lieutenant-General of the Irish Brigade, was a member.

Justin MacCarthy was a younger son of the first Earl of Clancarty, who had followed the fortunes of Charles II. when an exile, but was reinstated in his Irish possessions at the Restoration. The earl's grandson, Donough, third Earl of Clancarty, was a mere youth when the cause for which his family had fought and suffered was finally wrecked in Ireland. He was taken prisoner at the siege of Cork, and imprisoned in the tower of London, from whence he effected his escape, and sought refuge in France. He had married at the early age of sixteen; and at the time of his death his eldest son, Robert Lord Muskerry, an officer in the British navy, made strenuous

efforts to recover the inheritance of his fathers.

The Clancarty estates "had been so secured by Donough's marriage settlement that no alleged *rebellion* or *treason* on his part in supporting King James II. against the Revolutionists, even admitting the support of the king to have really been *rebellion* or *treason*, could legally affect more than Donough's life interest in such estates; and this marriage having taken place in 1684, any children he might have had by that marriage down to any period of the war of the Revolution in Ireland (from 1688 to 1691) would necessarily be of such a 'tender age' then as to be quite incapable of *rebellion* or *treason*, and therefore equally incapable of being subjected to any forfeiture of property for offences of which they could not be adjudged guilty. Robert Lord Muskerry, who, on his succession by his father's death to the title of Earl of Clancarty, was in command of a ship of war off the coast of Newfoundland, consequently returned to Europe to endeavour to recover his property in Ireland."

Robert Earl of Clancarty had many connexions of influence at the English court, through whom to urge his claims to the estates. But the forfeited property was too valuable to be resigned by the then possessors without a struggle. The English cabinet, influenced by their representations, left the earl to "his legal redress. The law was clear in his favour. A minor at the Revolution, he was incapable of treason; and he claimed under a marriage settlement which placed his title beyond the reach of attain. With this incontestible title, he brought an ejectment; but met an insuperable obstacle in the unconstitutional unexampled interference of Parliament. By a resolution of the Commons, all barristers, solicitors, attorneys, or proctors that should be concerned for him were voted public enemies. His lordship's cause was, in consequence, abandoned; and this unparalleled act of oppression forced him to desert his country, and spend the remainder of his days in poverty and in a foreign land."

Robert MacCarthy, Earl of Clancarty, is mentioned by a contemporary

* "History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France." By John Cornelius O'Callaghan. Vol. I. James McGlashan. Dublin: 1854.

as "a nobleman of the strictest probity, a sea-officer of the greatest valour and experience;" and the treatment he met with on this occasion is, therefore, referred to as "the hard fate of one worthy of a better." In the person of this nobleman, the earldom of Clancarty, as a dignity denoting the head of the great sept or name of MacCarthy, disappears from history.

The Ladies Margaret, Catherine, and Elizabeth MacCarthy, sisters to the exiled Earl Donough, and aunts to Robert Earl Clancarty, were no less unjustly dealt with. Their claim on the estate, together with that of their mother, the Dowager Countess, was ignored by Bentinck, afterwards Earl of Portland, the grasping favourite of William III. These unfortunate ladies endured every extremity of want and poverty, having appealed in vain as "innocent persons, and miserably necessitous, to the highest degree of distress, to which may be added the consideration of their sex and quality; in all which regards, over and above the equity of their pretensions, they hope to be found proper object of Christian charity, humanity and common justice."

We shall conclude this brief account of one of the noble families who endured the loss of all things from their attachment to the royal Stuarts, by recounting an anecdote of another MacCarthy, which has been preserved by Thomas Crofton Croker:—

"A considerable part of the MacCarthy estate in the county of Cork was held by Mr. S——, about the middle of the last century. Walking one evening in his demesne, he observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree, and approaching the spot, found an old man extended on the ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. Mr. S—— inquired the cause, and was answered—'Forgive me, sir, my grief is idle; but to mourn is a relief to the desolate heart and humbled spirit. I am a MacCarthy, once the possessor of that castle, now in ruins, and of this ground. This tree was planted by my own hands, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. Tomorrow I sail for Spain, where I have long been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. I am an old man, and to-night, probably for the last time, bid farewell to the place of my birth and the house of my forefathers.'"

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We trust that these cursory notices of men who endured with such noble disinterestedness *les travaux d'une longue et triste indigence*, will not be without interest for the generous reader, however opposed in principle to the cause for which they suffered. Who can think without emotion of their sacrifices, as recorded by a contemporary writer?—how they cheerfully acquiesced in a diminution of their stipulated pay, "in hopes the overplus of their just pay, amounting to fifty thousand livres a-month, retrenched from them, might abate the obligations of their master to the French Court. The world knows with what constancy and fidelity they stuck ever since to the service of France, not but that they might push their fortunes faster in other services, but because it was to his Most Christian Majesty their master owed obligations most, and had from him sanctuary and protection—nay, so wedded they were, for these reasons, to the French service, that many, who were some of them field-officers, others captains and subalterns, and who could not be all provided for, pursuant to the methods taken for the modelment of their troops in France, had submitted to carry arms rather than quit the service their master expected succour from. Most of these poor gentlemen mouldered away under the fatigues and miseries of the musket, before there was room to replace them as officers. This vast stock of loyalty was not appropriated to the officers alone—it ran in the blood of the very common soldiers; an instance whereof was seen in the wonderful affection they bore to the service, and the confidence the captains had in the fidelity, as well as bravery, of their men, who were so little acquainted and tainted with desertion, that, upon a day of march or action, the commanders were not seen in any apprehension their marauders or stragglers would give them the slip; and it was frequently observed the officers were less in pain for the return of the men, than these were to rejoin their comrades."

Having noted the devotion of those who followed in exile the fortunes of the abdicated monarch, we shall glance at the efforts made by the Jacobites in Scotland and England, for the establishment on the throne of Great Britain of his son and grandson.

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The first Jacobite rebellion of 1715 is greatly inferior in historic interest to the rising thirty years later, in 1745. The leader of the movement in Scotland, the Earl of Mar, was influenced by motives of personal ambition; and sacrificed, by his incapacity for command, those whom his selfish policy had induced to arm for James Stuart. The "Pretender"—as the son of James II. was designated—also was not possessed of those personal characteristics which call into existence the enthusiasm of a people, and attach adherents to a desperate cause. His brief sojourn in Scotland rather disgusted his friends than stimulated their zeal for his restoration.

The insurrection, commenced by Mar, when he summoned to his "tinchel," or hunting-match, at Braemar, the chieftains and gentlemen well affected to the cause, was inauspiciously terminated at Sheriffmuir, where he was checkmated by his rival, the great Duke of Argyll. Although a drawn-battle, the right wing of each army proving victorious, the conflict at Sheriffmuir resulted in the dispersion of the northern clans who had flocked to Mar's standard; and, coupled with the signal overthrow of the Jacobite leaders on the border and in England, completed the discomfiture of this ill-planned revolt:—

"There's some say that we ran,
Some say that they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a' man;
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sherra-muir,
A battle there was that I saw man;
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
But Florence ran fastest of a' man.

"Whether we ran, or they ran,
Or they ran, or we ran,
Or if there was running at a' man,
There no man can tell,
Save one brave genarell,
Who first began running of a' man."

The suppression of the rising in England, which was headed by the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, was tragical in the extreme. The insurgents, compelled to surrender at Preston, were treated with ruthless severity by the victors. Derwentwater and Kenmuir perished on the scaffold, while the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower, achieved by the

heroism of his Countess, which preserved him from a similar fate, adds another chapter of deep interest to the true romance of history.

Thirty years of comparative tranquillity succeeded the suppression of the first Jacobite rebellion. Two generations of the House of Hanover sat on the throne of Great Britain. The "Pretender," or the Chevalier St. George, whom his adherents still regarded as King James III., had almost ceased to dream of possessing the inheritance of his fathers, when his son, the youthful representative of the Stuarts and the Sobieskis, resolved, unaided and alone, to strike a blow for the crown which his grandfather had won. Attended by but seven followers, discountenanced by the Court of France, the young adventurer sailed for Scotland, in the month of July, 1745; and unfurling his banner at Glenfinnin, on the coast of Inverness, summoned the friendly clans around his standard.

The clan Cameron were the first to rally around the banner of Charles Edward Stuart. Their chief, one of the victims of 1715, was himself a son of Sir Evan Cameron, the companion in arms of Montrose and Dundee. Donald Cameron the younger, of Lochiel, the grandson of the redoubtable Sir Evan, had great influence in the Highlands. His talent and integrity of character made him respected by his own followers, and also by the neighbouring chieftains. He was, in common with all judicious friends of the young Prince, extremely averse to a rising which promised but little success, if unsupported by France. These considerations were urged in vain on the gallant Prince, who averred, that if but six trusty men would follow his standard, he would "choose far rather to skulk with them among the mountains of Scotland than to return to France."

The Prince had landed at Borodale, adjoining the southern extremity of Lochnanuagh. Thence he sent for Lochiel, requesting a personal interview: As the staunch adherent journeyed to meet him, fully bent on deterring him from the enterprise he had undertaken, Lochiel paused for a brief visit at the house of his brother, John Cameron of Fassefern, who endeavoured to dissuade him from a personal interview with the Prince, and

urged that he should convey his sentiments by letter.

"No," said Lochiel; "although my reasons admit of no reply, I ought, at least, to wait upon his royal highness."

"Brother," said Fassefern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if this Prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases."

Cameron of Fassefern judged rightly of the Prince's powers of fascination. Both friends and foes have concurred in describing the manners of Charles Edward as singularly attractive and gracious. He possessed, too, a handsome person and most winning demeanour. He was then in his twenty-fifth year, inured to many exercises; hardy, courageous, frank, and hopeful. Not can he be contemplated at this period of his life otherwise than with warm admiration and respect. The "princely laddie" was worthy of a crown, and was adored by those followers who had personal access to him. Years afterwards, when disasters and sorrows had set their mark on the hero of the "forty-five," those adherents even who had lost their all in his cause, and had but too good reason to judge him harshly, could not speak of him without deep emotion — so lasting, so real was the attachment inspired by his charm of manner, his personal heroism, and his unrepining endurance of cruel reverses of fortune.

But in the instance of Lochiel, the prediction of his brother of Fassefern was completely verified. Lochiel urged on the prince the hopelessness of the expedition he had undertaken, and refused to arm in so desperate a cause. Had he persisted in his resolve, the rebellion of 1745 would have expired at its very birth; for the Jacobite chieftains of the western highlands were prepared to follow the example of the clan Cameron. Charles Edward having exhausted all his arguments with Lochiel, and without effect, at last exclaimed, as he announced his intention of risking all on the chance of success — "Lochiel may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince."

"No," said Lochiel; "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall

every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power." Thus the die was cast, and the rising of the "forty-five" began.

On the 19th of August, the royal standard was unfurled at Glenfinnin, by the Marquis of Tullibardine, titular Duke of Athol. The title and estates of Athol had devolved on his next brother, Tullibardine having been attainted in 1715. He had lived in exile with James Stuart, and now accompanied his son on his expedition to Scotland. The military leader of the Jacobite forces in "forty-five" was his younger brother. Lord George Murray was a valuable accession to the prince's cause. He had seen service abroad. He possessed talent, as well as devotion to the party he had embraced. To his counsels are due the brilliant successes which attended the Prince's banner, and the manœuvres which enabled his small army to baffle the more numerous forces sent to oppose him. The measures of this able leader made the Prince master of Edinburgh, and a victor in the heart of England, within a few days' march of her alarmed metropolis. With the military details of the descent of the Highland army on the lowlands, the capture of Edinburgh, the victory of Preston, the march to Derby, the victory of Falkirk — when the Jacobite army had again sought Scottish ground — we have nothing to do. Nor shall we detail the dread conflict on Drummoissie Muir, when the Stuart cause was hopelessly overthrown on the bloody field of Culloden, and the "son of a hundred kings" became a fugitive and a wanderer "o'er hills that were by right his ain." We pause only to recount a few personal anecdotes of the Jacobite chieftains. Their memorials have been gathered from various sources — some of them already published; others original — the testimony of eyewitnesses and personal actors in the scenes they describe, by the labours of Mr. Robert Chambers.* They form an unpretending volume of unequalled and unsurpassable interest. His book is one which will hardly be read without emotion, even by those whose convictions are entirely opposed to the belief for which the Jacobites fought and died.

It may be interesting to give the

* "History of the Rebellion of 1745-'6." By Robert Chambers. 1847.

names and numbers of the clans who armed for the Stuarts in the "forty-five." These details are given in an octavo life of the Duke of Cumberland. London: 1767:—

CLAN REGIMENTS, AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

Lochiel—Cameron of Lochiel	700
Appin—Stuart of Ardhail	200
Clanranald—Macdonald [younger] of Clanranald	300
Keppoch—Macdonald of Keppoch	200
Kilochmoldart—Macdonald of Kin- lochmoldart	100
Glencoe—Macdonald of Glencoe	120
Maclean—Macdonald of Maclean	120
Macpherson—Macpherson of Cluny	120
Glengarry—Macdonald of Glengarry	300
Glenbucket—Gordon of Glenbucket	300
Maclean—Maclean of that ilk	200
Struan—Robertson of Struan	200
Glenmorriston—Grant of Glenmorriston	100

2960

LOWLAND REGIMENTS.

Athole—Lord George Murray	600
Ogilvie—Lord Ogilvie, Angus men	900
Perth—Duke of Perth	700
Nairn—Lord Nairn	200
Edinburgh—Roy Stuart	450

HORSE.

Lord Elcho and Lord Balmerino	120
Lord Pitligo	80
Earl of Kilmarnock	60

At the head of the list we have the name of Lochiel, of whose devotion we have already spoken. He was wounded at Culloden; but lurked in concealment for five months afterwards, until conveyed, with his prince, to France. It was only towards the close of this dreary period of *skulking*, that Charles Edward and Lochiel found themselves re-united. The prince had been roving among the Western Isles, but being again on the mainland of Scotland, sought eagerly for some means of re-joining his faithful adherent:—

"The prince now crossed Loch Arkalg, and was conducted to a fastness in the fir-wood of Auchnacarry belonging to Lochiel. Here he received a message from that chieftain and Macpherson of Cluny, informing him of their retreat in Badenoch, and that the latter gentleman would meet him on a certain day at the place where he was, in order to conduct him to their habitation, which they judged the safest place for him. Impatient to see these dear friends, he would not wait for the arrival of Cluny at Auchnacarry, but set out for Badenoch immediately, trusting to meet the coming chief by the way, and take him back. Of the journey into Badenoch, a long and dangerous one, no particulars have been preserved, excepting that, as the prince was entering the district, he received from Mr. Macdonald of Tullochcraom (a place on the side of Loch Laggan) a coarse brown short coat, a shirt,

and a pair of shoes—articles of which he stood in great need. It was on this occasion, and to this gentleman, that he said he had come to know what a quarter of a peck of meal was, as he had once lived on such a quantity for nearly a week. He arrived in Badenoch on the 29th of August, and spent the first night at a place called Corineur, at the foot of the great mountain Benalder. This is a point considerably to the east of any district he had as yet haunted. On the opposite side of Benalder, Loch Erich divides Badenoch from Athole. It is one of the roughest and wildest parts of the highlands, and therefore little apt to be intruded upon, although the great road between Edinburgh and Inverness passes at the distance of a few miles. The country was destitute of wood; but it made up for this deficiency as a place of concealment by the rockiness of its hills and glens. The country was part of the estate of Macpherson of Cluny, and was used in summer for grazing his cattle; but it was considered as the remotest of his *grassings*.

"Cluny and Lochiel, who were cousins-german, and much attached to each other, had lived here in sequestered huts or shellings for several months with various friends, and attended by servants, being chiefly supplied with provisions by Macpherson younger of Breakachie, who was married to a sister of Cluny. Their residence in the district was known to many persons, whose fidelity, however, was such, that the Earl of Loudoun, who had a military post at Sherwmore, not many miles distant, never all the time had the slightest knowledge or suspicion of the fact. The Highlanders did, indeed, during this summer, exemplify the virtue of secrecy in an extraordinary manner. Many of the principal persons concerned in the insurrection had been concealed and supported ever since Culloden in those very districts which were the most thoroughly beset with troops, and which had been most ravaged and plundered. . . . Next day, August 30, Charles was conducted to a place called Mellaneur, also on Benalder, where Lochiel was now living in a small hut with Macpherson younger of Breakachie, his principal servant Allan Cameron, and two servants of Cluny. When Lochiel saw five men approaching under arms—namely, the Prince, Lochgarry, Dr. Archibald Cameron, and two servants—he imagined that they must be a military party, who, learning his retreat, had come to seize him. It was in vain to think of flying, even though the supposed military party had been more numerous, for he was still a cripple, in consequence of the wounds in his ankles. He therefore resolved to defend himself as well as circumstances would permit. Twelve firelocks and some pistols were prepared; the chief and his four companions had taken up positions, and levelled each his piece, and all was ready for saluting the approaching party with a

carefully-aimed volley, when Lochiel distinguished the figures of his friends. Then, hobbling out as well as he could, he received the Prince with an enthusiastic welcome, and attempted to pay his duty to him on his knees. . . . The gentlemen whom Charles here met for the first time in his wanderings were, like all those he had met previously, astonished at the elasticity of mind which he displayed in circumstances of so much discomfort and danger, and under prospects, to say the least of them, so much less brilliant than what had recently been before him.

"The day after Cluny's arrival, it was thought expedient that there should be a change of quarters. They therefore removed two Highland miles farther into the recesses of Benalder, to a shelling called Uiskchilra, 'superlatively bad and smoky,' as Donald Macpherson has described it, but which the Prince never once complained of. . . .

"After spending two or three uncomfortable days in the smoky shelling, they removed to 'a very romantic and comical habitation, made by Cluny, at two miles' farther distance into Benalder, called the *Cage*. It was really a curiosity,' says Donald Macpherson, 'and can scarcely be described to perfection. It was situate in the face of a very rough, high, rocky mountain called Letternilch, which is still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the *Cage*, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation, and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to equal height with the other, and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were entirely well levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes made of heath and birch twigs all to the top of the *Cage*, it being of a round, or rather oval shape, and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the *Cage*; and by chance there happened to be two stones, at a small distance from [each] other, next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a bosom chimney, and here was the fire placed. The smoke had its vent out there, all along a very stony part of the rock, which and the smoke were so much of a colour, that no one could have distinguished the one from the other in the clearest day."

Lochiel eventually obtained the command of a regiment in the French service. He died in 1748. His brother

of Fassefern has found a biographer among the contributors to THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. We refer our readers, who may desire to trace the after history of the Camerons, to the memoir contained in No. CCLVII., of MAGA, for May, 1854.

It will be remarked, on a reference to the list of clans who armed in '45, that the Macdonalds constituted a considerable part of Charles Edward's forces. Macdonald of Clanranald, Macdonald of Keppoch, Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, and Macdonald of Glencoe, all headed their respective septs. But the already illustrious name has received fresh and undying laurels from the devotion and heroism of Flora Macdonald, the lady who so largely contributed to the Prince's safety after the disastrous fight of Culloden. Flora was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, but resided in Skye with her mother, whose second husband, Macdonald of Armadale, had held aloof from the Jacobite party, though not disinclined in principle to that cause. On the ruin of his hopes, Charles Edward had sought refuge among the Western islands, and under the protection of Flora Macdonald, for whose servant he passed, disguised in female garb, spent many weary days wandering from island to island.

While in Skye, and under the guardianship of this heroic girl, the Prince owed much to the hospitality of Macdonald of Kingsburgh. The night passed by Charles as his guest has been described with much animation by Mr. Chambers. The prince, disguised as Flora's maid, was journeying with her on Sunday, an humble highland follower, Nial Mackechan, afterwards remarkable as being the father of Marshal Macdonald, one of Napoleon Bonaparte's most distinguished generals, being their only attendant:—

"In crossing a stream which traversed the road, Charles held up his petticoats indelicately high, to save them from being wet. Kingsburgh pointed out that, by doing so, he must excite strange suspicions among those who should happen to see him; and his Royal Highness promised to take better care on the next occasion. Accordingly, in crossing another stream, he permitted his skirts to hang down and float upon the water. Kingsburgh again represented that this mode was as likely as the

other to attract observation; and the Prince could not help laughing at the difficulty of adjusting this trifling and yet important matter. His conductor further observed that, instead of returning the obeisance which the country people made to them in passing by a curtsy, his Royal Highness made a bow; and also that, in some other gestures and attitudes of person, he completely forgot the woman, and resumed the man. 'Your enemies,' remarked Kingsburgh, 'call you a pretender; but if you be, I can tell you you are the worst at your trade I ever saw.' 'Why,' replied Charles, laughing, 'I believe my enemies do me as much injustice in this as in some other and more important particulars. I have all my life despised assumed characters, and am perhaps the worse dissimulator in the world.' The whole party—Charles, Kingsburgh, and Miss Macdonald—arrived in safety at Kingsburgh House about eleven at night.

"The house of Kingsburgh was not at this time in the best possible case for entertaining guests of distinction; and, to add to the distress of the occasion, all the inmates had long been gone to bed. The old gentleman, however, lost no time in putting matters in proper trim for affording a supper to the party. He introduced Charles into the hall, and sent a servant up stairs to rouse his lady. . . . She did not upbraid her husband for having been so imprudent, but, on the contrary, asked if he thought the stranger would know anything regarding the Prince. Kingsburgh then took his wife's hands into his own, and said seriously, 'My dear, this is the Prince himself.' She could not restrain her alarm when he pronounced these emphatic words, but exclaimed, 'The Prince! then we'll be all hanged!' Kingsburgh replied, 'We can die but once—could we ever die in a better cause? We are only doing an act of humanity, which anybody might do. Go,' he added, 'and make haste with supper. Bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else you can quickly make ready.' 'Eggs, butter, and cheese!' repeated Mrs. Macdonald, alarmed upon a new but scarcely less interesting score—the honour of her housewifery; 'what a supper is that for a prince—he'll never look at it!' 'Ah, my good wife,' replied Kingsburgh, 'you little know how this poor prince has fared of late! Our supper will be a treat to him. Besides, to make a formal supper would cause the servants to suspect something. Make haste, and come to supper yourself.' Lady Kingsburgh was almost as much alarmed at her husband's last expression as she had been about her provisions. 'Me come to supper!' she exclaimed; 'I know not how to behave before majesty!' 'But you must come,' Kingsburgh replied; 'the Prince would not eat a bit without you; and you'll find it no difficult matter to behave before him—he is so easy and obliging in conversation.'

"Supper being accordingly soon after prepared, and Miss Flora Macdonald introduced, Charles, who had always paid the most respectful attentions to his preserver, placed her upon his right hand, and Lady Kingsburgh on his left. He ate very heartily, and afterwards drank a bumper of brandy to the health and prosperity of his landlord. . . . So much did Charles enjoy the novel pleasure of a good bed, that though he seldom, during his distresses, slept above four hours, he on this occasion slept about ten, not awaking till roused, at one o'clock next day, by his kind landlord. Kingsburgh inquiring, like a good host, how he had reposed, the Prince answered that he had never enjoyed a more agreeable or a longer sleep in his life. He had almost forgot, he said, what a good bed was. . . . The only reformation he thought it would be allowable to make in his habiliments at present, was a change of shoes, those which the prince had brought with him being worn so much that his toes protruded through them. Kingsburgh happened to have a pair in the house which he had never worn, and those he provided for the accommodation of his Royal Highness. When Charles had shifted the old for the new, Kingsburgh took up the former, tied them together, and hung them up in a corner of his house, observing that they might yet stand him in good stead. Charles asked him what he meant by that, and the old man replied, 'Why, when you are fairly settled at St. James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof.' Charles smiled at the conceit of the good old gentleman, and bade him be as good as his word. Kingsburgh accordingly kept these strange relics, or the greater portion of them, as long as he lived. After his death, and when all prospect of Charles's restoration to St. James's was gone, his family permitted the remainder to be cut to pieces, and dispersed among their friends. It is the recollection of one of his descendants that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got in their bosoms.

"When Charles was to dress, Mrs. Macdonald caused her daughter to act as his handmaid, for, as she afterwards told Bishop Forbes, 'the deil a preen he could put in.' While Miss Macdonald was dressing him, he was like to fall over with laughing. After the pinnas, gown, hood, and mantle were put on, he said, 'Oh, miss, you have forgot my apron. Where is my apron? Get me my apron here, for it is a principal part of my dress.' Kingsburgh and his lady informed their friends afterwards that at this time he behaved not like one that was in danger, but as mirthfully as if he had been putting on women's clothes merely for a frolic. Lady Kingsburgh having asked a lock of his hair, to preserve as a keepsake, he laid down his head upon Flora's lap, and

told her to cut off as much as she chose. Flora severed a lock, the half of which she gave to Lady Kingsburgh, and the other half retained for herself. . . . After he had taken a tender farewell, she went up stairs to his bedroom, and folded the sheets in which he had lain, declaring that they should never again be washed or used till her death, when they should be employed as her winding-sheet. She was afterwards induced to divide this valuable memorial of her distinguished guest with the amiable Flora, who, it may be mentioned, many years afterwards carried her moiety of it to America. In the course of her strangely adventurous life, and though often reduced to situations of the greatest distress by the republican insurgents, she never parted with it till the day of her death, when her body was wrapped in its precious folds, and consigned with it to the grave."

Flora having preserved the life of the Prince at the risk of her own, found her anxious task ended, when an opportunity presented itself for the young adventurer's return to the mainland. She retired to her mother's house, but was arrested and imprisoned when the part she had taken in furthering the Prince's escape became known. On the passing of the Act of Indemnity, she regained her freedom, and some time afterwards married Alexander Macdonald the younger, of Kingsburgh, with whom she emigrated to America. In the troubles which resulted in the severance of the American colonies from the mother country, Flora and her husband sided with the British Government; and finding themselves again on the losing side, as they had been in Scotland when opposed to the House of Hanover, in whose cause they now suffered, returned to Skye. Here this heroic woman died, at the age of seventy, and was buried in the shroud which she had so strangely selected for that purpose in her youth, and carried with her through so many adventures and migrations. Flora Macdonald sleeps in the churchyard of Kilmuir, her grave unmarked even by a stone, but her memory revered in the traditions of her country, and her name hallowed

in the hearts of all who can reverence heroism, noble generosity, and disinterested self-sacrifice.

The Jacobite cause, for which these generous victims endured so much, was hopelessly wrecked on Drummosie Muir. The Prince for whom they suffered, broken down by hardship, poverty, and hopeless of the future, fell into the errors and vices from which his earlier years had been exempt, and in after life disappointed the promise of his youth and the expectations of his devoted friends. He had contracted during his wanderings the habit of intemperance, which became painfully strengthened as he advanced in years. He died in 1788, at Florence, on the 30th of January — a day already fatal to the House of Stuart — without leaving any legitimate descendants. His only brother, Henry, Cardinal of York, had embraced the ecclesiastical life, and followed Charles Edward to the tomb in 1807.

There is an end of the Stuarts. Their expulsion has given us a century and a-half of freedom from priestly arrogance and arbitrary power. Enjoying these immunities, we can afford a generous admiration for the virtues of individual members of the defeated party. Happy it is for us that we may indulge such sentiments with safety. If Lochiel, in all the dignity of his romantic loyalty, were in the field to-day for the same cause, the friends of freedom should throw sentiment behind their backs, and range themselves under the banner of Cumberland. But as that hard necessity can no longer arise, the friends of freedom will love to read of the Jacobite chieftains, just as in an age of confirmed Christianity, the best divines take most delight in Pagan literature. Long may we feel ourselves sufficiently secure for such enjoyments; and distant be the day when any sense of danger shall compel us to discard from our list of heroes the Cameron and the "gallant Graeme."

THE SEA.*

"THE Sea, the Sea," sings the Englishman—"Θάλασσα Θάλασσα," shouted the old Greeks, when they first caught sight of its blue waves, after fighting their way from the heart of the Babylonian empire towards their own seagirt homes. With a deeper and more solemn voice chants the sacred Psalmist—"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep." Poets of all ages and of all climes have sung of it; all men who have beheld it have loved it, or wondered at it, or been awed by it. Even the untutored savage cannot "walk lonely on the shore of the many-sounding sea" without feeling his soul stirred within him; while the educated and civilized man is never weary of watching it, in all its aspects, whether the rippling wavelets play over it like multitudinous smiles and dimples (the *αγαθὸν γέλασμα* of the poet), or whether, lashed by the howling storm, it rolls its swelling waves into fierce white-crested breakers, and roars with deep-toned thunder round the land.

It has been well said that Englishmen take to the water like ducks; you cannot keep them away from it. Schoolboys roar sea-songs, and have their memories and their boxes both bursting with sea stories; and even when they have sufficient conscience to forbear running away, or, perhaps, as in our own case, not quite sufficient courage to attempt it, their imaginations are haunted by vague desires of becoming cabin-boys, and visions of ships and sailors mingle with their dreams. For our part, we know, that although it was our lot to be born and bred in the midland counties of England, and never even to see the sea till we had arrived at man's estate—never to have had a relative a seaman, nor any other direct connexion or association with the sea—yet so strong in our breast was the duck-like feeling aforesaid to take to the water, that

even the filthy cabin of a canal-boat seemed the most enviable of all habitations, and the sight of a barge, with an actual mast and sail, was a thing to be remembered and dwelt upon for weeks.

Our first distinct recollections of books were of course all the sea-passages of "Robinson Crusoe," while the very first book which we ever had the ambition and the courage to secure the possession of with money from our own pocket was a duodecimo edition of Captain Cook's "Voyages."

Over this we used to pore till our imagination was full of Tahiti, and New Zealand, and New Holland, and New Caledonia, and the Sandwich Islands, till we knew the ship *Endeavour*, and the river named after it, as well as our own playground, but were sorely puzzled to form a precise and distinct conception of the coral reefs on which that good vessel struck. We are afraid, indeed, that our ideas of coral were considerably modified and contracted by recollections of young ladies' necklaces, which used to be common in those days. In spite, however, of misconception, and in spite of our utter and entire want of understanding of all sea phrases and sea terms—not knowing which was the mizen mast and which was the main—what was the difference between hal-yards and braces—what kind of a thing the binnacle might be—in which part of the ship were the catheads and where was the taffrail, or what was meant by tacking, wearing, and heaving to—though *Punch's* old joke of the "trysail scuppers being clewed fore and aft" would have passed muster with us as a perfectly correct and intelligible specimen of nautical language—still all sea books were our delight and our study, including even what we now think (being able to understand it) the rather pedantic and heavy poem of Falconer's "Shipwreck."

Most Englishmen have, we believe,

* "The Physical Geography of the Sea." By M. F. Maury, LL.D., Lieut. U.S. Navy. London: Sampson, Low and Co. 1855.

Maury's "Sailing Directions." Fourth Edition. Washington: 1852.

schoolboy recollections of this kind. The occasional passage of a regiment, perhaps, with their gaudy uniform and their heart-stirring band, may, for a time, have given a scarlet tinge to the youthful imagination; the tented field, the plumed helm, and the rattling drum, may have usurped the place of the "sea service" in our hearts; but the hallucination was but a temporary one, and soon passed away, and was forgotten.

Nor has this early preference for the sailor over the "sodger" been a transient one, or one we have found any reason to correct in ourselves, or any occasion to diffuse among our neighbours in after life. It is a general preference, and it is a true one, and well founded. We have no wish to detract from the heroic deeds of our army. "On service," with their gilded gewgaws knocked off, and the starch taken out of them—their real quality, the "stuff" of which they are composed, is able to show itself; and the army not only becomes an excellent and glorious one as an army, but the army officers may even become endurable as companions to sensible men. In piping times of peace, however, there is something about the mass of these gentry, with their superciliousness and conceit, their aristocratic notions and affectations, their *blasé* manners, their idleness, emptiness, and want of all earnest and honest feeling,* that contrast most unfavourably with the simple, manly frankness, the modest *naïveté*, the blunt downrightness to men, and the courteous gallantry to women, which are the common characteristics of the seaman. Let us hope that better times are in store, and that one result of the present war may be a good Cromwellian sort of purge administered to the army, to restore a more healthy and hearty tone to its constitution. This, by the way; our present business, however, is not so much with "men" as with "things;" not with the transient forms of human institutions, but with the unfading glories and never cloying wonders of nature.

"The sea" has often been used by the poets as an emblem of eternity, and of unchangeableness, and in one sense this is true:—

"Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now.

In all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity!"

The whole passage is as true as it is beautiful; but the whole truth as it is known to the man of science now, and will be more perfectly known hereafter, is still grander and more beautiful than the conception of the poet. The ocean, the same now as in creation's dawn, is yet never the same from moment to moment; still less from day to day. Its waters are momentarily, hourly, daily ascending into the sky as vapour, at the rate of some hundreds of cubic miles a-day, to be returned in the shape of rain or snow, either directly on the sea, or by a long circuit through springs, and lakes, and rivers, glaciers and icebergs. They are, moreover, kept in perpetual motion, not merely by the action of the wind rippling or agitating their surface, but by vast never-ending streams and currents communicating to them as regular a system of circulation as is given to the blood of our own bodies. The waters that bathe our own shores to-day are not those which washed them yesterday, or will wash them to-morrow; they have come to us from the West Indies, and are on their way to the shores of Norway and the Arctic Sea. They bring us occasionally fragments of tropical productions, and it is said even that, before the time of Columbus, bodies of West Indian savages had been cast ashore on the coasts of Ireland. The waters that sweep along the eastern shores of North America travel from Baffin's Bay, and bring down with them great floating icebergs from those northern regions. What is true of the waters of the opposite shores of the North Atlantic, is true also, with modifications, although it may not be so well known, of every other shore of every other ocean in the world.

The quasi-eternity, the very unchangeableness of nature is produced, not by immobility and stagnation, but by never-ending changes, and by never-ceasing motions—all so admirably

* These remarks apply with full force to the cavalry, the "crack" regiments of the line, and to the other regiments in proportion to their "crackness." They are much less applicable to the artillery, and to the engineers not at all.

arranged as exactly to balance and compensate each other, and to combine, by means of the very play of apparently antagonistic forces, all the variety of life with perfect constancy of state. The whole solar system, the very universe itself, is constantly changing; every body in it exerts and feels an hourly varying influence on and from all the rest, so that they are kept always vibrating and quivering about their mean or legitimate paths, but in such a way that every perturbation on the one side is ultimately exactly balanced by an equal disturbance on the other; and, after some almost inconceivable lapse of time, every star and every satellite, having passed through "cycle and epicycle, orb in orb," returns to precisely the same relative position they had once held before.*

What is true of the motions and the circulation of the heavenly bodies is true also of the drops of water that compose the ocean. They pass from one part of the sea to another, and follow through current after current round about the globe, till they come again to the same spot. They rise from the sea into the sky, becoming successively vapour, cloud, rain, hail, or snow; and, after spending perhaps ages on the mountain top, or in the bowels of the earth, they run down as rivers again into the sea. A time must come when all the widely separated drops readjust themselves into the relative positions they once held before.

Contemplating these ceaseless changes, and their resulting uniformity, which require for their evolution time, that seems to stretch into eternity, listening as it were to the perpetual beating of the great heart of nature, and feeling with reverent hand the pulses of her life, the philosopher learns at once humility from a sense of his own individual littleness, and hope, and confidence, and courage, from a consciousness that he also has a place in the universe, and that nothing that exists is ever lost, wasted, or thrown aside. "I think, therefore I

am," he extends into "I am, therefore I shall be."

It is one of the greatest glories of the naval service of all nations—English and American, French, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, Portuguese, and Russian—that each and all have from time to time contributed large stores of knowledge and discovery to the great realm of physical science. The names of their several sea warriors, celebrated for their heroism in fighting with each other, are hardly more numerous, and are certainly not more deeply and lastingly graven in the tablets of the history of the world, than are the names of the more peaceful heroes who have braved dangers and endured hardships for the sake of knowledge, striving in a brotherly rivalry and friendly warfare, where the victory of one became the gain of all.

Among these names that of Lieutenant Maury, of the United States' navy, has been enrolled within these last few years by the common consent of scientific and nautical men, including in the latter term merchant sailors as well as those of men-of-war.

Lieutenant Maury is superintendent of the observatory in the United States—a post answering nearly to that of our Royal Astronomer.

It is now some years† since he published, under the authority of the Naval Department of the United States, his "*Wind and Current Charts*." These were compiled from all the old log-books and sea journals he could lay hands on, and exhibited the results of all the past experience that could be obtained, as to the prevailing winds, weather, currents, &c., for every month of the year all over the globe. All the old voyagers' tracks were laid down previously, and the mean results of the whole were given in the charts, by the use of symbols, and colours, and signs, so that the mariner, entering on any new route at any time, might at once see what kind of winds, weather, currents, fogs, &c., had been experienced by those that went before him at that sea-

* In the case of Jupiter and Saturn alone, the period required for the compensation of their mutual perturbations is 70,414 years, after which we may easily understand that many millions of years would be required for that of the whole solar system.

† The first official move towards the construction of these charts was in the year 1843, but the first three sheets were not published till 1848.

son. To a landsman it might appear that from the width of the great spaces of the ocean which might be variously traversed by different ships, this information, except in particular narrow seas, or entering particular ports, must be very vague and uncertain. Landsmen, however, are little aware how closely sailors adhere to particular routes, and what well-beaten paths there are upon the sea. Let us hear what Lieutenant Maury says upon this point:—

"On those charts all the tracks that could be collected at that time from the old sea journals were projected, and one was surprised to see how they cut up and divided the ocean off into great turnpike-looking thoroughfares. There was the road to China: it, and the road to South America, to the Pacific around Cape Horn, to the East around the Cape of Good Hope, and to Australia, were one and the same until the navigator had left the north, crossed the equator, and passed over into the South Atlantic. Here there was, in this great highway, a fork to the right, leading to the ports of Brazil. A little farther on you came to another on the left: it was the road by which the Cape of Good Hope was to be doubled. There was no finger-board or other visible sign to guide the wayfarer, but, nevertheless, all turned off at the same place. None missed it.

"This outward road to India and the gold-fields of Australia was, as it passed through the South Atlantic, a crooked one, but the road home from the Cape was straight, for the winds along it were fresh and fair.

"But the outward-bound route through the North Atlantic, from the United States especially, was most curious and crooked. It seemed, on the chart, to be as well beaten, and almost as well defined, as any Indian trail through the wilderness. First it struck across the Atlantic until it reached the Cape de Verd Islands on the other side; then it took a turn, and came back on this side again, reaching the coast of Brazil in the vicinity of Cape St. Roque. Here there was another turn, and another recrossing of the broad ocean, striking this time for the Cape of Good Hope, but bending far away to the right before that turning point was reached.

"Thus the great highway from the United States to the Cape of Good Hope nearly crossed the Atlantic, it was discovered, three times. The other parts of the ocean by the wayside were blank, untraveller spaces. All the vessels that sailed went by one road and returned by the other. Now and then there was a sort of a country cross-road, that was frequented by robbers and bad men as they passed on their voyage from Africa to the West Indies and back. But all the rest of

the ocean on the wayside, and to the distance of hundreds of miles on either hand, was blank, and seemed as untraveller and as much out of the way of the haunts of civilised man as are the solitudes of the wilderness that lie broad off from the emigrants' trail to Oregon. Such was the old route.

"Who were the engineers that laid out these highways upon the sea, and why did traders never try short cuts across the blank spaces? There was neither rock, nor shoal, nor hidden danger of any sort to prevent; why did not traders, therefore, seek to cut off these elbows in the great thoroughfares; and, instead of crossing the Atlantic three times on their way to the Cape of Good Hope, cross it only once, as they did coming home.

"Who, it was repeated, were the hydrographic engineers concerned in the establishing of this zigzag route?

"Inquiry was instituted, and, after diligent research, it was traced, by *tradition*, to the early navigators and the chance that directed them. When they set sail from Europe, seeking a passage to the east *via* the Cape of Good Hope, they passed along down by the Cape de Verd Islands, and then, as they approached the equator, the winds forced them over toward the coast of Brazil. Thus a track was made, and the route to the East laid out.

"As one traveller in the wilderness follows in the trail of another, so, it was discovered, did the trader on the high seas follow in the wake of those who had led the way."—pp. ix. x.

One practical result of high importance springing from the publication of these "Wind and Current Charts" was the shortening of the passage between New York and Rio Janeiro by ten days; of that between New York and California by thirty days; and of that between England or America and Australia by twenty days.

Still much remained to be done; the blank spaces of the ocean required to be explored and described, and new tracks marked out, new routes still opened up. An appeal was made to the mercantile marine accordingly, and the sea captains were asked to unite in one system of observations, and send copies of their abstract logs to the National Observatory at Washington, where their observations might be reduced and co-ordinated, and the general results got out and published for the benefit of the whole. "The quick practical mind of the American shipmaster," says Lieut. Maury, "took hold of the proposition at once. To him the field was inviting, for he saw in it the promise of a rich harvest and of

many useful results; so, in a little time, there were more than a thousand navigators engaged day and night, and in all parts of the ocean, in making and recording observations according to a uniform plan." The Government of the United States took up the question, and invited all other maritime states to a conference on the subject. This conference was held in Brussels in 1853, and was attended by representatives from France, England, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, and the United States. It was agreed by these and other states who subsequently joined the movement, that observations should henceforth be taken with instruments compared with a standard common to all, and that even in case of war "if any of the vessels on board which they are conducted may be captured, the abstract log, as the journal which contains these observations is called, is to be held sacred."

As an aid and incentive to this noble movement Lieutenant Maury has now published his "Physical Geography of the Sea," which is principally a condensation of the larger and more diffuse "Sailing Directions," of which a fourth edition was published in 1852. It opens with a chapter on the Gulf Stream, of which he speaks thus:—

"There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon.

"Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked, that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea; so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity between those waters, and the reluctance, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea."—p. 25.

This great river spreads in the mid-Atlantic—one portion sweeping past our own shores and those of Norway, into the Arctic Ocean; the other part running down by the shores of Africa, where it joins the equatorial current,

that sweeps thence back again into the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. In the centre of this vast whirl of waters is the Sargasso Sea:—

"Midway the Atlantic, in the triangular space between the Azores, Canaries, and the Cape de Verd Islands, is the Sargasso Sea. Covering an area equal in extent to the Mississippi Valley; it is so thickly matted over with Gulf weed (*Fucus natans*), that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded. When the companions of Columbus saw it, they thought it marked the limits of navigation, and became alarmed. To the eye, at a little distance, it seems substantial enough to walk upon. Patches of the weed are always to be seen floating along the Gulf Stream. Now, if bits of cork or chaff, or any floating substance, be put into a basin, and a circular motion be given to the water, all the light substances will be found crowding together near the centre of the pool, where there is the least motion. Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream, and the Sargasso Sea is the centre of the whirl. Columbus first found this weedy sea in his voyage of discovery; there it has remained to this day: and certain observations as to its limits, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its position has not been altered since that time."—p. 29.

By a very natural mistake, we used formerly to look on our own climate and temperature as the normal one for all similar latitudes in other parts of the world, and to regard any deviation from them as the exception, and ours as the rule. Now, the very reverse of this is the truth. In no part of the northern hemisphere, between the parallels of 50° and 60°, is there another country with the climate of the British islands. During the month of January the air is not on the average ever above the freezing point as far south as latitude 40° throughout Asia, and through the greater part of America. This is the latitude of Lisbon and Madrid, of S. Italy and of Greece. On the Western side of the two continents, as we approach the ocean and come within the region of the warm westerly winds, this cold zone recedes towards the north, its boundary in Europe crossing obliquely from Turkey to Holland, and in America running up to Vancouver's Island, and thence skirting the coast to the Aleutian Islands, in latitude 50° and 52°. In Europe, however, this boundary runs from Holland directly north, skirting

the coast of Norway up to latitude 69°, or well within the Arctic circle. This excessive pushing back towards the north of the extreme cold of winter, to which all the rest of the northern hemisphere is subject, is due to the warm water of the Gulf Stream. It is, in fact, a great natural hot-water apparatus adapted for the especial benefit of the British islands and the coast of Norway. To compensate in some measure for this advantage, our summers are proportionably cloudy and cool compared with the bright flash of heat and sunshine which passes over Asia, and America, and Eastern Europe in our latitudes during the summer months. To convince ourselves of the truth of these statements we have only to recollect that the Labrador and Hudson's Bay on the one side, and on the other, Moscow, and Tobolsk, and Kamtschatka are in the same latitudes as England, and Ireland, and Scotland.

In his "Sailing Directions," Lieut. Maury gives us a curious anecdote with respect to the political and commercial effects of a knowledge of the existence and course of the Gulf Stream. In the old days of navigation, vessels (their average rate of sailing was then two knots an hour) which were bound from England for Boston and the New England States, ran down to the Cape de Verd Islands, and then crossed the Atlantic with the north-east trade winds, so that they first fell in with the American coast about Charleston, in South Carolina, whence they drifted, by aid of the Gulf Stream, all along the American seaboard till they reached New England. At that time, Charleston had more trade than New York, Boston, and all the rest of the American ports put together. Now, it so happened that when Dr. Franklin was in London, in the year 1770, there came a memorial from the merchants in Providence, Rhode Island, to the Lords of the Treasury, asking that the Falmouth packets (the mail packets of those days) might run to Providence, instead of to Boston; the grounds of the memorial being, that although Boston and Falmouth lay between London and Providence, and the distance between the two former was some 400 miles less than that between the two latter, yet it was found practically that the traders between London and Providence made the passage

in fourteen days less than the packets took to go from Falmouth to Boston. The Lords of the Treasury were naturally puzzled by this statement, which, without supposing them all to be equally ignorant and stupid with the treasury lords and clerks of the present day, or to have red tape souls and sealing-wax brains, like our existing Sir Charles Trevelyan, *et id genus omne*, we may very well excuse them for—for it also puzzled Dr. Franklin; for these Lords of the Treasury did not send out a commission to Rhode Island, neither did they allow any busy prig of a treasury clerk to "pooh, pooh" the statement; nor, as has happened in our own days, commit great and important interests to the management of subordinates, whose self-sufficiency was only to be measured by their ignorance and incapacity; but they consulted Dr. Franklin. Dr. Franklin at once consulted a Captain Folger, a Nantucket whaler—a very unofficial personage, not probably the kind of man for a commissioner, or for a *Times* correspondent, but one who knew all about the matter, and could make the mystery plain at once. He explained that the whole difference arose from the fact, that the Rhode Island skippers were acquainted with the Gulf Stream, and avoided it on their passage from Europe to America, while those of the English packets knew nothing about it, and, consequently, often lost sixty or seventy miles a-day in contending against it. Dr. Franklin and Captain Folger constructed a chart, showing the limits of the Gulf Stream, which enabled navigators equally to avoid it when it ran against them, and to take advantage of it when it was their interest to do so; and, moreover, gave them the still farther benefit of finding their longitude, and knowing where they were, by the simple expedient of dipping a thermometer into the sea. The limits of the Gulf Stream became thenceforward like red or blue streaks, or a line of buoys, in the ocean; the difference of temperature being often twenty degrees between the Gulf Stream and the water on the coast of the United States.

This discovery changed the course of trade; ships henceforward ran direct to their ports of destination; the passage from England to Boston or New York was reduced from sixty to thirty days; and Charleston, being

no longer a house of call by the roadside, fell out of notice, and remained stationary, and lagged behind in the great race of improvement and advancement, which was won by the New England States.

The history of science abounds with instances of similar practical results, springing from the most remote and unexpected sources. We can fancy how one of those old Falmouth captains would have laughed at any inquiring passenger who occupied his leisure during a voyage by dipping up buckets of sea-water, and taking their temperature with a thermometer.

Lieutenant Maury next gives us a chapter on the atmosphere, commencing it with a quotation from a paper by Dr. Buist, of Bombay, which we shall re-quote :—

“A philosopher of the East, with a richness of imagery truly Oriental, describes the atmosphere as ‘a spherical shell which surrounds our planet to a depth which is unknown to us, by reason of its growing tenuity, as it is released from the pressure of its own superincumbent mass. Its upper surface cannot be nearer to us than fifty, and can scarcely be more remote than five hundred miles. It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the softest down—more impalpable than the finest gossamer—it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion, its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests and stable buildings with the earth—to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapours from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself, or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path, to give us the twilight of evening and of dawn; it disperses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and the retreat of the orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us and fail us at once, and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape; no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat, but the bald earth, as it revolved on its axis, would turn its tanned

and weakened front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day. It affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames, and receives into itself that which has been polluted by use, and is thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of the fire—it is in both cases consumed, and affords the food of consumption—in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal, which requires it for combustion, and is removed by it when this is over.”—pp. 66, 67.

We have then a long and admirable account of the circulation of the atmosphere. In this Lieutenant Maury explains the origin of trade winds and monsoons, of calms and variable winds—extending and enlarging the explanation previously given by philosophers. Diagrams are necessary for the complete explanation of this subject, but we will endeavour here to give an outline of it.

Suppose the earth to be motionless, and the sun to go round it over the equator, the air about the equatorial regions would be heated and expanded, and would consequently rise from the surface to the upper regions of the atmosphere, producing an ascending current. The cooler air on each side of the equatorial regions would consequently be sucked in to supply the place of that which was rising, and we should thus have a north wind blowing towards the equator in the northern hemisphere, and a south wind in the southern hemisphere. The air rising under the equator would be cooled in the higher and colder parts of the atmosphere, until it could ascend no longer.

In the meantime the abstraction of the air that was set in motion along the surface of the earth, from the direction of the polar regions, would tend to produce a vacuum there, and the air above would be sucked down to supply its place. The place where this drawing down occurred would be somewhere between the equator and the poles, according to the cooling and condensing that took place. Now, suppose the earth to begin to move or rotate from west to east, it is obvious that its surface would begin to rub or brush against these north and south tropical winds, so that they would be converted into N.E. and S.W. winds. The rotundity of the earth being greatest at the equator, and less and less as we approach the poles, it

is obvious that as air travels from the pole to the equator, it is continually coming upon parts of the surface that are moving faster towards the east than the parts which it left. But a current of air or a wind is equally produced, whether the earth be moving faster than the air, or the air faster than the earth. In the above case easterly winds are produced. If, on the other hand, air that has acquired the rapid motion of the equatorial regions, from west to east, be made to travel towards the poles, it is continually coming on parts of the earth that are moving more slowly than the parts which it left, and of which it had acquired the motion; and hence it moves over these parts more rapidly towards the east than they do, producing a westerly wind; south-west if going towards the north pole, north-west if going towards the south.

So far the explanation is easy and obvious. We know that we have N.E. trade winds in the northern tropical regions, S.E. trade winds in the south tropics, with a belt of calms under the equator, where these two winds meet; and are drawn directly upwards from the surface. We know, also, that outside the tropics we have winds prevailing from the S.W. in the northern hemisphere, and from the N.W. in the southern hemisphere. That prevalence is greatest where there is the least chance of interruption from irregularities, or where the surface is most uniform, as in the southern hemisphere, where it is almost all sea, and where westerly winds blow almost without any intermission right round the globe south of Africa, Australia, and America.

Lieutenant Maury, however, makes it probable that the circulation is complete over the whole globe; that when, for instance, a particle of air coming up as part of the S.E. trade wind is drawn up at the equator, it does not turn back again, and flow towards the south pole, but continues on towards the north as part of the upper current above the N.E. trade winds — sinks down to the surface, about the tropic of Cancer, continues thence, as a south-west surface-wind, round and round the northern hemisphere, till it rises in the calms of the north polar regions; whence it moves to the south as part of the upper current, sinks down again at the tropic of Cancer, and enters into

the N.E. trade wind, rises at the equator, and flows south as an upper current over the S.E. trade winds, sinks down at the tropic of Capricorn, and enters into the N.W. winds, with which it whirls round the southern hemisphere, till drawn up in the south polar regions, as it had previously been at the north pole, and then again enters on its never-ending circuit.

As proofs of this interchange between the winds of the two hemispheres, he adduces, among others, two remarkable facts.

First, there is half as much rain again falling in the northern hemisphere as there is in the southern, although the proportion of land and water in the two hemispheres is exactly the other way. It is probable, therefore, that the increased proportion of vapour which falls as rain in the north is taken up as vapour in the south, where there is the largest evaporating surface. The extreme dampness of our climate is thus fully accounted for, inasmuch as the wind which comes to us as the S.W. wind, along the surface of the North Atlantic, had previously blown as the S.E. trade wind along the surface of the South Atlantic, or, perhaps, even the South Pacific Ocean. Although these winds, when they ascended under the equator, had been drained of much of their moisture, which had been condensed by the cold of the upper atmosphere, and fallen as part of the perpetual rain of that region, there still would remain a balance of moisture, which would be added to as they traversed the Atlantic, and again squeezed out of them as they approached the cold, condensing regions of the north.

Lieutenant Maury points out, that with the exception of the River Plata (and the Amazon, which is equatorial) all the great rivers of the world are in the northern hemisphere, while the largest spaces of ocean are in the southern. He likens the one to the condenser, and the other to the boiler of the great machine of the globe.

The other fact produced as evidence of the interchange between the winds of the two hemispheres is perhaps still more striking. We will allow Lieutenant Maury to state it in his own words:—

“Seamen tell us of ‘red fog’ which they sometimes encounter, especially in the vic-

nity of the Cape de Verd Islands. In other parts of the sea also they meet showers of dust. What these showers precipitate in the Mediterranean is called 'sirocco dust,' and in other parts 'African dust,' because the winds which accompany them are supposed to come from the Sirocco Desert, or some other parched land of the continent of Africa. It is of a brick-red or cinnamon colour, and it sometimes comes down in such quantities as to cover the sails and rigging, though the vessel may be hundreds of miles from the land.

"Now the patient reader, who has had the heart to follow me in the preceding chapters around with 'the wind in his circuits,' will perceive that proof is yet wanting to establish it as a fact that the north-east and south-east trades, after meeting and rising up in the equatorial calms, do cross over and take the tracks represented.

"Statements, and reasons, and arguments enough have already been made and adduced to make it highly probable, according to human reasoning, that such is the case; and though the theoretical deductions showing such to be the case be never so good, positive proof that they are true cannot fail to be received with delight and satisfaction.

"Were it possible to take a portion of this air, as it travels down the south-east trades, representing the general course of atmospherical circulation, and to put a tally on it by which we could always recognise it again, then we might hope actually to prove, by evidence the most positive, the channels through which the air of the trade winds, after ascending at the equator, returns whence it came.

"But the air is invisible; and it is not easily perceived how either marks or tallies may be put upon it, that it may be traced in its paths through the clouds.

"The sceptic, therefore, who finds it hard to believe that the general circulation is such as Plate I. represents it to be, might consider himself safe in his unbelief were he to declare his willingness to give it up the moment any one should put tallies on the wings of the wind, which would enable him to recognise that air again, and those tallies, when found at other parts of the earth's surface.

"As difficult as this seems to be, it has actually been done. Ehrenberg, with his microscope, has established, almost beyond a doubt, that the air which the south-east trade winds bring to the equator does rise up there and pass over into the northern hemisphere.

"The Sirocco, or African dust, which he has been observing so closely, has turned out to be tallies put upon the wind in the other hemisphere; and this beautiful instrument of his enables us to detect the marks on these little tallies as plainly as though those marks had been written upon labels of wood, and tied to the wings of the wind.

"This dust, when subjected to micro-

scopic examination, is found to consist of infusoria and organisms whose *habitat* is not Africa but South America, and in the south-east trade wind region of South America. Professor Ehrenberg has examined specimens of sea dust from the Cape de Verds and the regions thereabout, from Malta, Genoa, Lyons, and the Tyrol; and he has found a similarity among them as striking as it would have been had these specimens been all taken from the same pile. South American forms he recognises in all of them; indeed, they are the prevailing forms in every specimen he has examined.

"It may, I think, be now regarded as an established fact, that there is a perpetual upper current of air from South America to North Africa; and that the volume of air which flows to the northward in these upper currents is nearly equal to the volume which flows to the southward with the north-east trade winds, there can be no doubt."—pp. 97, 98.

The same law by which we explain the action of the trade winds, will give us also the reason for the course of those exceptions and interruptions to them known by the name of "monsoons." Wherever within the tropics, or close to them, we have a large expanse of land which the vertical, or nearly vertical, sun can heat intensely, there you will establish a great ascending current of air from the surface into the higher region of the atmosphere, and a consequent surface current or wind rushing in laterally to supply its place. In the northern hemisphere, the land of Texas and New Mexico becomes, during the summer, so hot, as to draw the wind from the Gulf of Mexico, from a N.E. into a S.E. trade, or "monsoon." Central America, in like manner, produces a S.W. wind in the summer in the Pacific near the isthmus. North Africa produces a S.W. monsoon during our summer in the Gulf of Guinea; and Southern Asia, when heated by the summer sun, causes the S.W. monsoon to blow over all the adjacent parts of the Indian Ocean, from Madagascar to the coasts of China. In our winter, or when the sun is over the southern tropical regions, the N.E. or S.E. trade wind resumes its normal course in all these places. At this period, however, namely, in the northern winter and southern summer, Australia plays the part of a great heater to the air above it. The S.E. trade-wind which blows upon its eastern coast, is then sucked up and put an end to; and the tendency to a vacuum

being caused, a wind from the N.W. rushes in to fill it up, from all the seas about Java and Sumatra, and thus is produced the N.W. monsoon of those regions which, being once set in motion, is carried on and continued by New Guinea, and New Ireland, and New Caledonia, and the other islands of those parts, as far even, we believe, as the Feejee Islands.

Neither must the reader suppose that the Gulf Stream before spoken of is the only great river of the ocean (*οὐρανοῦ ποταμὸς ὁὖτος ὁ ὠκεανῷ*) that we are acquainted with. It is repeated in the North Pacific by a stream of warm water rushing by the Philippine Islands towards the Aleutian Islands, and the N.W. coast of America; and even the circumstance of a cold in-shore current from the north occurs along the coasts of Asia, like that which comes down from Davis's Straits along the eastern coast of America. Of these, Lieutenant Maury says:—

"Between the physical features of this current and the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic there are several points of resemblance. Sumatra and Malacca correspond to Florida and Cuba; Borneo to the Bahamas, with the Old Providence Channel to the south, and the Florida Pass to the west. The coasts of China answer to those of the United States, the Philippines to the Bermudas, the Japan Islands to Newfoundland. As with the Gulf Stream, so also here with this China current, there is a counter-current of cold water between it and the shore. The climates of the Asiatic coast correspond with those of America along the Atlantic; and those of Columbia, Washington, and Vancouver are duplicates of those of Western Europe and the British Islands; the climate of California (State) resembling that of Spain; the sandy plains and rainless regions of Lower California reminding one of Africa, with its deserts between the same parallels, &c.

"Moreover, the North Pacific, like the North Atlantic, is enveloped, where these warm waters go, with mists and fogs, and streaked with lightning. The Aleutian Islands are as renowned for fogs and mists as are the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

"A surface-current flows north through Behring's Strait into the Arctic Sea; but in the Atlantic, the current is from, not into, the Arctic Sea: it flows south on the surface, north below; Behring's Strait being too shallow to admit of mighty under-currents, or to permit the introduction from the polar basin of any large icebergs into the Pacific.

"Behring's Strait, in geographical posi-

tion, answers to Davis's Strait in the Atlantic; and Alaska, with its Aleutian chain of islands, to Greenland. But instead of there being to the east of Alaska, as there is to the east of Greenland, an escape into the polar basin for these warm waters, the Pacific shore-line intervenes, and turns them down through a sort of North Sea along the western coast of the continent towards Mexico.

"These contrasts show the principal points of resemblance and of difference between the currents and aqueous circulation in the two oceans. The ice-bearing currents of the North Atlantic are not repeated as to degree in the North Pacific, for there is no nursery for icebergs like the frozen ocean and its arms. The seas of Okotak and Kamtschatka alone, and not the frozen seas of the Arctic, cradle the icebergs for the North Pacific."—p. 136, 137.

After describing several other currents which are known to traverse the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and alluding to others which must exist, but which have not yet been examined, Lieutenant Maury gives us the following striking passage on one of the causes of such currents:—

"And what else should we expect in this ocean but a system of currents and counter-currents apparently the most uncertain and complicated? The Pacific Ocean and the Indian Ocean may, in the view we are about to take, be considered as one sheet of water. This sheet of water covers an area quite equal in extent to one-half of that embraced by the whole surface of the earth; and, according to Professor Alexander Keith Johnston, who so states it in the new edition of his splendid Physical Atlas, the total annual fall of rain on the earth's surface is one hundred and eighty-six thousand, two hundred and forty cubic imperial miles. Not less than three-fourths of the vapour which makes this rain, comes from this waste of waters; but supposing that only half of this quantity, i.e., ninety-three thousand, one hundred and twenty cubic miles of rain falls upon this sea, and that that much, at least, is taken up from it again as vapour, this would give two hundred and fifty-five cubic miles as the quantity of water which is daily lifted up and poured back again into this expanse. It is taken up at one place and rained down at another; and in this process, therefore, we have agencies for multitudes of partial and conflicting currents, all, in their set and strength, apparently as uncertain as the winds.

"The better to appreciate the operation of such agencies in producing currents in the sea, now here, now there, first this way, and then that, let us, by way of illustration, imagine a district of two hundred and fifty-five

square miles in extent to be set apart, in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, as the scene of operations for one day. We must now conceive a machine capable of pumping up in the twenty-four hours, all the water to the depth of one mile in this district. The machine must not only pump up and bear off this immense quantity of water, but it must discharge it again into the sea on the same day, but at some other place. Now, here is a force for creating currents that is equivalent in its results to the effects that would be produced by bailing up, in twenty-four hours, two hundred and fifty-five cubic miles of water from one part of the Pacific Ocean, and emptying it out again upon another part. The currents that would be created by such an operation would overwhelm navigation and desolate the sea; and, happily for the human race, the great atmospheric machine which actually does perform every day, on the average, all this lifting up, transporting, and letting down of water upon the face of the grand ocean, does not confine itself to an area of two hundred and fifty-five square miles, but to an area three hundred thousand times as great; yet, nevertheless, the same quantity of water is kept in motion, and the currents, in the aggregate, transport as much water to restore the equilibrium as they would have to do were all the disturbance to take place upon our hypothetical area of one mile deep over the space of two hundred and fifty-five square miles. Now when we come to recollect that evaporation is lifting up, that the winds are transporting, and that the clouds do let down every day actually such a body of water, but that it is done by little and little at a place, and by hair's breadths at a time, not by parallelipipeds one mile thick—that the evaporation is most rapid and the rains most copious, not always at the same place, but now here, now there, we shall see actually existing in nature a force sufficient to give rise to just such a system of currents as that which mariners find in the Pacific—currents which appear to rise in mid ocean, run at unequal rates, sometimes east sometimes west, but which always lose themselves where they rise, viz., in mid ocean.”—pp. 140-1.

Among the other charts of the set Lieutenant Maury has published a “Whale Chart,” giving an account of the different spaces of ocean where different kinds of whales have been seen for each month of the year, as far as he could procure documents to inform him. These documents consisted chiefly of the log-books of whalers. Some of the results are very interesting. It appears that the “Right Whale” of the Greenland and Davis’s Straits, is the same species as the Right Whale of Behring’s Straits, but that

this whale never goes so far south as the tropics in either ocean. Lieutenant Maury inferred from this, before the fact was proved, that there must be an open passage from Davis’s Straits to Behring’s Straits. It appears, however, to us, that this does not absolutely follow, because, supposing continuous land had stretched from North America to the pole itself, still this whale might have passed from Greenland by Iceland and Spitzbergen along the north coast of Asia to Behring’s Straits, or *vice versa*.

There is also a Right Whale in the southern hemisphere, of a different species from the northern one, which spreads round the north polar portion of the globe, never coming so far north as the tropics, except in one part of the north Atlantic, between St. Helena and Rio Janeiro.

The great Sperm Whale, on the other hand, is a tropical animal, rarely going more than 30° from the line. He is said never to double the Cape of Good Hope, even although he has been known to double Cape Horn. Lieutenant Maury uses the latter fact to show the probable existence of a deep under current of warm water round that Cape.

An instance was known of a sperm whale being struck on the coast of Peru, and being afterwards taken with the harpoon-head, bearing ship’s name, &c., still remaining in him, off the coast of the United States.

In the “Sailing Directions,” Lieutenant Maury gives, *verbatim et literatim*, a number of letters from old whaling captains, descriptive of the habits of the whale. These letters are exceedingly rich—they smell of the sea. Their writers are evidently genuine “old salts,” going straight and direct to the point, with a total disregard of all the dangers of grammar, and an open and hearty contempt for all the precise meanings of words, as well as for the opinions of “naturalists describing animals that are found in regions where they never venture themselves.” Where, however, these honest sailors describe what they themselves have seen, their words are most valuable.

One of them, after most erroneously attributing to zoologists the idea that whales and other cetaceous animals are fish, and most rightly pointing out their analogy to the larger land

animals as having warm red blood, finishes by declaring, that "they seem to form a sort of intermediate and connecting link between *absolute beasts*, and their more near submarine neighbours."

Another says — "The right whale feeds upon a small *animal* substance, which seems to *vegetate* and come to maturity every year, and perish like the vegetation upon the land. The sperm whale feeds upon an *inanimate animal substance*, called a squid,† which *grows upon the bottom of the sea*, and is never seen upon the surface, except when torn up by the whale."

There are many other most interesting chapters in Lieut. Maury's book, entitled "The Salts of the Sea," "The Equatorial Cloud Ring," "The Geological Agency of the Winds," "The Basin of the Atlantic Storms," "Routes," &c., but our space forbids us to describe them all as they deserve. The basin of the Atlantic, with its accompanying chart of deep-sea soundings, showing the general form of all the slopes and ledges of that great submarine valley, is most curious. The deepest hollow in this ocean is a little south of the Banks of Newfoundland, where its depths exceed 30,000 feet. From this great pit, its slopes rise rapidly up to the coast of America on one side, and more gradually towards that of Europe and Africa on the other. Between the North coast of Ireland and that of Newfoundland, the depth never exceeds 2,000 fathoms, or 18,000 feet, and a broad extension of this plateau spreads down round the Azores, and far into the centre of the Atlantic, between those islands and the West Indies. This is surrounded by a still wider plateau not exceeding 8,000 fathoms, or 21,000 feet in depth, which is connected by a narrow ridge, a little N.E. of the Windward Islands, with the corresponding plateau of the American shore — a comparatively narrow trough of 3,000 fathoms and upwards stretches thence down into the middle of the South Atlantic on one hand,

and a wider and deeper hollow leads, on the other, to the deep pit of the North Atlantic before mentioned.

At one or two places specimens of the bottom were brought up by means of Brooke's sounding apparatus, from a depth of more than two miles, or 10,500 feet. These specimens were thought to be "clay," but on examination by the microscope, this clay turned out to be a mass of microscopic calcareous shells (*foraminifera*), together with some siliceous shells of "diatomaceæ." In these myriads of minute organisms thus accumulated at the bottom of the ocean, so minute that they are less than grains of sand, and not larger than the particles of which clay or mud is composed, we have the explanation of the phosphorescence of the sea, produced by them; when alive they sported on the surface of the waters.

The chapter on Storms is brief, and that on Routes is largely taken up with the exciting details of a race between four clipper ships from New York to San Francisco in California. This, which Lieut. Maury describes as the most celebrated and famous race that has ever been run, came off in the autumn of 1852. The names of the competitors were the "Wild Pigeon," Captain Lutnam; the "John Gilpin," Captain Doane; the "Flying Fish," Captain Nickels; and the "Trade Wind," Captain Webber. Maury discusses all the chances and changes of the race, but we have only space for the result. The "Flying Fish" beat; she made the passage in 92 days and 4 hours from port to anchor; the "John Gilpin," in 93 days and 20 hours, from port to pilot; the "Wild Pigeon" had 118 days; the "Trade Wind" followed, with 102 days, having taken fire and burned for eight hours on the way.

So we come back to human interests and human actions at last. Thus will it ever be. The astronomer who has passed the night in observing the majestic march of the heavenly bodies will be called back again to earth by

* Does the reader recollect the conversation between two niggers, one giving to the other an account of a sermon about Jonah he had been just listening to? — "Bery fine sermon, Peter, all about one Massa Jonah; him eat a whale in three days." "By golly, him debil of a fellow for fish," replied his wondering auditor.

† A squid is a small cuttle fish, but whether it be used by whaling captains always with this signification is perhaps doubtful. In Newfoundland, the fishermen call medusæ "squid squalls."

the want of his breakfast. The most enthusiastic student, the most abstract philosopher, must succumb to the demands of sleep, of hunger, and of thirst. Ought we to complain of this? Should we regard it as a degradation? Nay, verily. If it were a true answer that the naturalist gave to the caviller who sneered at his devoting his time to the pursuit of butterflies and the dissection of beetles—"Man's time can never be misemployed in the study and contemplation of the most insignificant thing that God has thought it worth his while to create"—so to the right judging philosopher there are none of our corporeal wants or desires which do not deserve and require their due share of attention. Man being created as body and soul, it is as plain an antagonism to the divine intention to neglect or enfeeble the body, as it is to think of it alone, and leave untrained and uncultivated the faculties of the soul.

Science, then, though the pursuit of it be its own exceeding great reward, steps not one whit out of its legitimate path when it studies to promote the

welfare, to contribute to the convenience, to increase the comforts and the luxuries of the human race. Grand, and delightful, and spirit-stirring as may be the local contemplation of the sea and the atmosphere in all their varied aspects of calm, and breeze, and storm—strengthening, purifying, ennobling as it may be, when we rise on the wings of science above their mere local contemplation, and view the world *ab extra*, as if we were already beings of another sphere, watching its motions, and all the quick play of air, and cloud, and water that give life and beauty to its surface—awe-struck as we might be in viewing the beautiful regularity of their movements, the exquisite system and harmony of their circulation, and all its wonderful adjustments and compensations—still, while we remain human beings, this height is too vast for us to retain long, its air too rarefied for us to continue to breathe without an occasional descent to earth and its concerns, where, Antæus-like, we may gather strength and energy for fresh enterprise.

NINETTE POMPON.

PART I.

How rarely do maturer years fill up with any sort of fidelity those vague and visionary outlines of life which youth and fancy have so confidently sketched! Rarely indeed; for soon or late the strong hand of destiny snatches the pencil from our hands while we are dreaming, sternly sweeps out and effaces those dim beginnings, and paints in her own picture of the world in wholly different colours. How few, how less than few, of the thousand thousand human hearts that beat around us in sorrow or in joy, are now palpitating with the fulfilled happiness of an early dream, or vibrating to the still tremulous impulse of a first grief! To all alike, the just genius portions joy and sorrow, perhaps more equally than is known; but our joy is not the joy we have been waiting for, nor our sorrow that which we were prepared to meet. Our successes in life are seldom correspondent

with our ambitions, and how rare are the bridals of first love?

The tale I am about to tell—a very brief and simple narrative of what is so common in human life, that I shall not seek to identify it with reality, by very minute details or local colouring—will, I think, too surely demonstrate the sad veracity of these reflections.

In the southern part of France there is a sunny little village which I do not care to name. It is very near a great seaport town, which any body who chooses may find upon the map, but which it is not worth my while to describe. Of this village it is quite enough to say, that human faces thronged its little streets, and human hearts beat among its quiet homes, much in the same way as they throng and beat in any other village upon this green earth. Labour toiled, and youth dreamed, and humble duties—

sed beneath the humble roofs, and sat by peaceful hearths; nor this the less, that, at the time I speak of, the star of the great Corsican commander was rising with a beautiful light over Europe, already near its zenith; that along the air yet echoed the crash of the Burbons' thunder, and the nations still reeled with the shock of the great earth-shaking revolution of Paris. History-readers easily forget that, among those great tumults which swell the dazzling chronicles they peruse, human life did not cease to beat, with its old, calm heart, along its usual ways. The world was not *all* full of captains, kings, and conspirators. Then, as now, love and duty, and the domesticities of the heart flowed on, in their quiet under-current, through the life of man; and had we, dull householders of this present time, prophetic eyes to read the pages of some future historian, I have no doubt but that we should be quite startled and astonished to find what a mighty pothor and fuss we have been living in.

In this village dwelt an old Doctor Gilibert—neither rich nor poor, but of middling fortunes, and an easy mind, in spite of the days of the Directory. He had adopted as his daughter the child of a very distant female relative, for whom in youth he had had a sort of *tendresse*, but who married another, and died in her confinement. This young girl was so beautiful, that they called her the rosebud of the village; and so gentle, that the dullest lips in the neighbourhood grew eloquent in the praise of Ninette Pompon, for that was her name. You may readily guess that Ninette was not without a great many admirers, and that all the young gentlemen in that part of the country considered themselves in love with her. But there was one young man, of far humbler birth than even her own, poor child, and poor besides, who had yet been fortunate enough to love her, not without a warm and tender return; and who can say how precious a thing is the first flower and fragrance of a young heart?—precious, because it is different from all feelings that succeed it! Hubert Dessert was the son of a peasant; and his mother, early left a widow, had devoted all her narrow means to the education of this, her only child. The boy, indeed, was ambitious and aspiring; he managed

to acquire more knowledge at the country school than is usually obtained from such sources; but, when yet a lad, his mother died, and his only means of support were those which he obtained from a small stipend as teacher in the village school, which post of authority the benevolence of the Curé had secured for him.

At the school sometimes, at the little church often, at the house of the Curé, and in some of their Sunday rambles, the two young people had met, and conversed. They were both handsome, and the intelligence and language of Hubert were, indeed, far above his lowly rank in life. But it is idle to describe the progress of an affection already full-grown at the time this tale is supposed to open. They had both allowed their love to bud and ripen unheedingly; in the joy and ecstasy of a new and delicious sensation, and in the frank confidence of youth, they had never thought of the future; and it was not until Hubert felt with a proud rapture that his affection for Ninette was not without return, that he began to reflect that it must be almost without hope. Penniless, a boy, and without friends, how could he think of marriage? The old doctor, who was something of a *philosophe*, and thought much of the "*contract sociale*," had permitted this intimacy between Hubert and his adopted daughter to go on, with a quiet smile; and when the young man, at last, passionately and bitterly confessed to him his hopes and his despair, he was not angry.

Indeed, Doctor Gilibert, with all his democracy, had sufficient aristocratic pride at heart to prefer a union of this kind for Ninette, as proving his scorn of unphilosophical class-distinctions, and congruent with the rights of women, to any more haughty nuptials, in which she might be the recipient, rather than the bestower of favour.

"Be at ease, *mon fils*," he said; "Ninette's *dot* will be sufficient for you both to live comfortably upon. No wise man needs more than this. Luxury is a take-in."

But Hubert, not ungratefully, though with sorrowful pride, refused to hear of this.

"Penniless myself, and nameless," he said, "I will never wed her thus; nor could I ever live content on any

dewy but her beauty and her love. That you should not withhold hope from me is all I asked, and I am deeply grateful for your answer. I will join the army. Promotion is quick in these days. The Republic knows no outcasts among her citizens. I shall rise—though from the ranks—rapidly; I feel it. Citizen Bonaparte is about to depart for Egypt—I will join his army,—he wants soldiers; and fortune follows his star. I have a strong hand to work, and a stout heart to wait. O! sir, we are both young—we can wait. Ninette loves me—I, her; we are sure of ourselves. What are a few years? We are both young; we can wait a little."

"What are a few years?—you foolish boy!—Everything! Sure of yourselves, say you! No man is sure of himself. That is the most unphilosophical thing in the world."

But Dessert was inexorable in his resolve.

"He is as stubborn as the devil, that boy," said the doctor; "he must have his way, and take his chance. But look you, sir," he said, "I don't choose Ninette's heart to be wasting away, while you are amusing yourself with shooting Turks. If, in your absence, she should repent her choice, I shall consider that you have no claim upon her hand, having lost it on her heart. No man is sure of himself, I tell you—certainly no woman."

"You speak justly," said the young man, bowing his head, yet with a confident look. "You have expressed my own feelings on this point; I did not think it worth while to express them myself, because I know Ninette, and disbelieve in such a possibility. When it comes, I shall be resigned."

Ninette's consent was more hard to obtain to this scheme of her lover's; but in vain she implored him to relinquish it.

"Worthier!" she cried sadly, repeating his words. "Love is best worth. I cannot love you more at any time than I do now. True, indeed, you may come back, after years of absence, with military rank and honour; but I should not be happier for these—should you, Hubert?"

"Yes!" he said, almost bitterly.

"Then go," she said, dropping the hot hand that had been clasped in hers, "and God be with you!" She was very pale—"If it would make you happy"

—She faltered, but her voice failed her; and catching her in his arms passionately, he strained her to his heart.

Their last meeting was a sad one. The house in which Ninette and her father as she called him, lived, stood some way back from the one street of the village, in a pleasant little garden (a coquettish grisette of a garden), which Ninette's constant care had educated into a sort of prim beauty. The porch was muffled up in vines; and a green arcade of trellised clematis and honeysuckle led to the cool ambush of a little summer-house, perched on an embasure of the wall. The breeze from the distant sea was ever fresh and fragrant there; and voices from the street outside floated pleasantly enough among the flowers.

In the sunset of their last day together, the two children were seated in this little arbour, gazing wistfully, and in silence, at the deepening orange in the west. Ninette's pale and almost haggard cheek betrayed a sleepless and unhappy night, and her eyes were full of tears; but the look on Hubert's face was that of hopeful and assured, almost triumphant, self-confidence. Ninette looked long and anxiously into those eyes of his, clear, shining, without a tear; and then, drooping her head, pressed his hand convulsively against her own, as though to shut out a painful reality from her comprehension.

"So you have, indeed, fixed upon to-morrow, Hubert," she said at last.

"Dearest," he answered, "to-morrow fixes me. Major Montmar, whom you know I spoke to last week, leaves for Paris early in the morning. He has offered to take me with him; and it is my only opportunity.

"To-morrow!" she said mournfully, and they both gazed into the sunset for some minutes in silence. He, doubtless, seeing among the crimson clouds the realised ambitions of his youth and love; she, nothing but doubt, desolation, and terror.

"Hubert," she said, at last, and, with a sudden energy, winding her arms about him, and looking up imploringly into his face, "it is not yet too late; give up this hideous plan. It is not right—it is not right! It is tempting fate—tempting God! For ever a fearful possibility is before me, which I dare

not so much as name. Oh, Hubert, I feel that if you still continue in this resolution, our last meeting may have been to-night! Indeed, I may not live to look on you again—and you . . . alas! God has given us nothing but the present—the future is not ours to possess; who can count upon a day? Oh, stay, my Hubert; live—live happy and contented, and give up this wild and baleful dream. Is not my love enough for you? Ah me! I once thought so; but I feel that it is not your love, but your pride, which urges you to leave me. Unkind! I know this only, Hubert, that were I you, and you miserable—prostrate—unhappy as I am, at your feet—see Hubert—at your feet—imploping you to stay, I should not have the heart to leave you so!”

The young man started up—his spare and slender form convulsed and quivering. He clenched his hand, and sat down again, in silence, for some moments, although the nervous working and twitching of his lip showed well how much he was moved.

“Ninette,” he said at length, very slowly, with a low and tremulous voice, but looking down into her face steadily and sadly—“you know not what you say. Were you really in my place, you would act as I do. You are not, and you cannot feel what I feel—God forbid it. But this must not be. It is one thing to love; another to love worthily. The love of the slave and the coward is not that of the free man. My Ninette, were I, indeed, to do as you urge—to yield now, with all the world at stake, and the choice of a brave and honest man to be made now or never, you may think that you would continue to love me as you do, but you deceive yourself. If I have read that fair, frank brow aright, you could never long love what is mean and dastard; and that I should then have shown myself to be. No; there is something above love even—it is duty. You cannot—even you, my heart’s dearest—make me shrink from that; but you can, indeed, make the burden heavier to bear. Alas! yes. Every look, every word of yours goes like a dagger through my heart. And oh, think you, indeed, that in this bitter separation, brief as I believe it will be, I do not suffer keenly, keenly?”

His voice grew thick and choking.

She bowed her head meekly. Silently she drew his hand within her own.

“Yes,” she murmured, more to herself than to him—“yes; your hand! There is security in this while I clasp it; it seems as though we could not part!”

Poor child, she would not relinquish her light grasp of that hand, which, indeed, trembled as she held it; but she leaned her cheek upon his shoulder, and was silent. At length, after a moody pause—

“Ninette,” said Dessert, still speaking with a labouring and broken voice, “Ninette, if ever in absent years your heart should wholly change; if ever you should grow to regard these vows of ours as the result of a passing, girlish fancy on your part—if—if—that is—you should, when I am gone, meet some one—some other—worthier one to love than me, be happy—forget me at once. I could not blame you ever, or reproach you. I can never change; I feel that too, too well,” he said. “There is a lifetime in the love I offer you. But you—you—”

He was going on; but she lifted up her head, and gazed at him with a look of such sorrowing and reproachful appeal, that his voice faltered, and he paused.

“I shall love you,” she sobbed out, hiding her face again upon his breast, ever, ever, thus.

He strained her closer to his heart, and called her his betrothed wife.

“See,” she said, “I am very bold. I wed you with this ring;” and then drew from her finger a little turquois ring, and placed it upon his. “It is my troth,” she said, smiling rather sadly.

He bowed his lips to it, and a silent pressure of the hand was all his answer.

“Ninette,” he said, after a pause, and he turned away his face as he spoke, “if ever this ring comes back to you, you will know what it means.”

She did not reply; but, trembling and very pale, clung to the trellised wall of the arbour; and just then, a hoarse, unmusical laugh startled them both; and, looking up, they perceived Major Montmar strolling up the arcade towards them, and smoking a cigar. Dr. Gilibert was with him.

This Major Montmar was a man somewhat beyond middle age. His close-cut hair and short stubborn

mustache were both grizzled. He had a sour, perhaps a cynical expression on his countenance. In truth, life had not, I believe, gone very well with him; his military career had been both long and laborious, but not brilliant; and, although he was a brave officer, he had seen younger men rise before him. This had caused him to regard all success as a trick of fortune, and to look upon life as a pretentious injustice. It was reported that in his younger days he had been deceived and forsaken by some lady to whom he was attached, and, if there were any truth in this story, probably the fact had not added either to the sweetness of his temper or the cheerfulness of his views. He professed to disbelieve entirely in the honesty of women and the honour of men; yet, strangely enough, this false and dangerous creed had not influenced his own actions, for even those who most disliked him admitted that he was scrupulously honourable, and, at times, even generous. Love he spoke of as a child's toy, and friendship as a sham; yet, though apparently impervious to all attacks upon his heart, he was known to have performed acts of genuine kindness, and even self-sacrifice, to those in whom he took an interest. His features were coarse, and though not unsolderlike, his gait was awkward and ungraceful.

"I am sorry," said the Major, with a grim smile that did not add to the beauty of his face, "I am sorry to interrupt a *tête-à-tête*, apparently so interesting; but, my dear Citizen Dessert, if you are to start with me to-morrow, it is time that we should be settling our plans. You had better accompany me to the hotel."

"I am ready," said Hubert; but he did not move.

Ninette clung to him.

"So soon, Hubert?" said she. "See the moon is just rising; it is quite early yet."

"Poor child," said the Doctor, sympathisingly; "this is a cruel separation."

"Oh," said the Major, laughing again, "take my word for it, although Master Dessert looks very romantic and indignant just now, and you, mademoiselle, truly pathetic, in these enlightened republican days of ours, hearts don't break quite so easily as old historians say they did long ago; and sensible people soon get tired of

weeping and groaning. Life doesn't go on at that rate. No, trust me," he continued, laying his hand familiarly upon the girl's head, and not heeding the frown and the look of disgust and scorn which she gave him, "in less than a few years, you will feel very differently, and take the world as it is, not as you think it ought to be. Of course, you will marry; you are too pretty not to marry—but you will not marry Dessert. Nobody ever marries their first love. Perhaps it will be one of our rich silk-merchants here—a very good match, for I am sure you will act sensibly. And as for Citizen Dessert, he will find himself wonderfully changed at Paris. No doubt, when he gets to Egypt, he will marry a great many dark ladies; but you know that ceremony is performed with a pitcher instead of a ring, therefore it's illegal, and counts nothing. However, I am sure he won't go mad for the sake of the silk-merchant, but will be wise enough to rejoice in finding himself young, and yet single; and you will be the best friends in the world."

Spite of the coarse cruelty of this speech, there was a latent sadness in the tone with which it was spoken.

"Enough, sir," said Dessert, angrily, and with an impatient wave of his arm; "the relations between us have given you no right to speak thus."

Ninette clung to the arm of the Doctor, and flashed a look of haughty scorn upon the Major. She had, since she first saw him, experienced a feeling of involuntary dislike and repulsion for Major Montmar; and now she felt as though she hated him with all her heart.

"Well, they must take their chance," murmured the Doctor, rather gloomily; "and though I don't quite agree with Rousseau, I think that marriage is a matter which no one has the right to control."

"Well," said the Major, in a more soothing, and somewhat apologetic tone, "I did not mean to anger you. There are some bitter lessons in life which you will both have to learn as well as the rest of us; and the time may come"—his face darkened as he spoke—"when you will agree with me that it is better to laugh than to frown at them. Do not forget, Citizen Dessert," he added, with some harsh-

ness in his voice, "that you are under my orders. Follow me to the hotel as soon as you can. I have matters to speak to you about."

Hubert Dessert bowed his head rather haughtily, as the Major turned down the walk and tramped away, his sword clattering behind him.

"My heart's chosen, best and dearest," cried the young man, catching Ninette in his arms, and passionately pressing his hot lips to the girl's cold brow, "farewell, God bless you;" then, as not daring to trust himself to say more, he put her from him, and strode rapidly after the Major. Ninette remained where she had been standing, as though stunned by what had happened.

"Come, my child," said the Doctor, winding her arm tenderly into his, "the air is growing cold;" and he drew her to the house. Hubert lingered one moment at the garden gate. He watched that frail, fair form of his betrothed receding among the shadows of the porch. He heard her cough as she entered the house. A pang shot through his heart: he remembered to have heard that her mother had been consumptive. He felt choking—sickening. He yearned to rush back, to fall at her feet, and say, "Ninette, Ninette, I am here again, I cannot leave you:" but he suppressed the impulse with a proud pain, and, thrusting

his arm into his bosom, walked on towards the inn, where he found the Major waiting for him.

Deep into the night they remained together, arranging plans. Hubert spoke quite calmly, and entered into every detail with interest. The Major was struck by the acute and business-like intelligence which he showed; for if he felt deeply, no quiver of the lip betrayed it.

"You will do, young man," said his companion; "that is, you have it in you. But remember the world goes round the wrong way. Expect nothing. Merit and courage have but doubtful claims upon success. Good night. Do not forget to be here at six o'clock to-morrow. I wait for no man."

Hubert, as he sought his humble home that night, passed by the Doctor's dwelling; but he hastened his pace, and would not look at the windows. He did not see Ninette there. She was gazing, with her pale face, at the stars, and seemed trying to look through and through them up to God. In silence Bootes drew in a dazzling leash his hounds up the horizon; in silence Andromeda glittered in her astral chains. Ah, wisely, wisely, in the morning of the world, said the Divine voice: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiads, or loosen the bands of Orion?"

CHAPTER II.

Time passed silently away. Nature, at her old labour, rotting oaks and bursting rosebuds, worked on in silence and unchanged. Whatever Ninette suffered, she endeavoured to hide it in her own bosom. For she felt herself the mistress of a sorrow that could not be spoken of. This is the first great era in life, when we feel anything too deeply to talk of it. It is a surer sign of age than the first grey hair. But the girl's cheek was paler and thinner, and her cough more frequent than it used to be. She loved, in sad and sweet summer evenings, to sit alone in that little arbour where they had so often sat together, and where their last meeting had been—their last farewell spoken. She would recall every word that he had said, and repeat it to herself, while she tried to bring before her fancy the

look that had accompanied it. Still she had yet to console her, life's most precious blessing—hope: and every night that she laid her head upon her wakeful pillow, she thought, "it is one day nearer to his return!" She would cheat herself from her own grief too, as she sat in that little arbour, by weaving strange dreams, and endeavouring to persuade her fancy that Hubert had indeed returned; that the long ordeal was over, that she should find him there when she went home, waiting for her; that it was only some trivial circumstance which now detained him away from her; that they were already married; and then she would lay out little plans for their future household. Thus in that old summer-house many a sunset waned about her. She wore round her neck a little chain which he had once given

her, and she would never take it off even at night, but felt, as she pressed it to her heart, that something of his was still near her, — a pledge that he must return. In the autumn, too, although the days were so chill and damp, and her chest began to pain her, she would draw her shawl closely about her, and wander to the old arbour in the garden, as before. There, as she stood among the decaying leaves, and heard the wind sighing through the bare trellises, she would ask herself, "Am I indeed Ninette—still the same Ninette that once sat here with Hubert, and so happy?"

Indeed, this question was ever on her lips when she was alone — "Is it I? am I indeed myself?" Poor child, her mirror, when she looked in it, which was not often, for it pained her, could not reassure her. The old beauty indeed had not left her face, but it was changed — saddened and wan. Now and then, but at rare and long intervals, she received a long letter from "her Hubert," as she called him, breathing of hope and confidence. Again and again she would read it over, to assure herself that he was still unchanged; and again and again she would press to her poor pale lips the happy page, so full of warm and tender affection. Every evening she would write something to him, a little journal of her monotonous life, but from which she scrupulously excluded all expressions that seemed to her too sorrowful and triste. She wished that he should think she fully shared the confident hopes which he himself so exultingly dwelt upon; but in her secret heart she felt an icy and unaccountable foreboding, which all in vain she endeavoured to stifle. Now, he detailed to her some daring conduct of his, which his comrades had frankly applauded. He knew, he said, this would make his Ninette so happy. Now, he had spoken, he told her, to General Bonaparte himself—had been praised by him, and looked to speedy promotion. He spoke of the General with that enthusiasm which master-minds seldom fail to draw from those they come in contact with, and which that singular man so eminently knew how to excite. He spoke often too of Montmar. "He is kindness itself," said he, "this bluff man that we disliked so. Indeed, Ninette, you must like him very much some day. I un-

derstand him now, I think, and only smile at his bitter way of talking. Although he still pertinaciously asserts that I shall find you married when I return, and that it won't break my heart at all. I know he doesn't believe this himself; and oh, Ninette, you can have no notion what a warm, strong heart beats under that rough and *brusque* hide of a manner which he chooses to wear."

How anxiously, and with what trembling hands did Ninette tear open the papers from Paris, as from time to time news came to the little village of the splendid progress of the French arms in Egypt! Rapidly her eye glanced over the details of battle; it ever sought, with a sickening at the heart within, the closing bulletin—that of the killed and wounded; and it was with a gasp of inexpressible relief that she finished reading that painful record without having found her lover's name in it. At last there came intelligence of a great engagement fought within sight of the Pyramids, and now matter of history.

There had been a great many promotions consequent upon this, and among the list she read, with kindling eyes, the name of Hubert Dessert promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Soon followed a letter from Hubert himself. Yes, he was now Lieutenant, he said; but several of the commanding officers above him had been dangerously wounded, and were not expected to live. Hubert said he had hope of soon obtaining his captaincy. Montmar, he said, had been wounded, and was in a very precarious state, but that there were still great hopes of his recovery. And again the time went by very wearily. Months had passed without bringing her any news of Hubert—not a line from him—and the poor girl's heart was very low. Indeed she was fast failing in health and strength, and all the neighbours observed it; but their sympathy, however anxiously expressed, only irritated her; she was reserved even with the old Doctor, and shrunk daily more and more into herself. At this time an event occurred, which, while it gave her a terrible shock of the heart and much pain, yet by rousing all her energies, and for a time changing the current of her emotions, perhaps saved her from a rapid decline. Dr. Gilbert was seized with a bad attack of indol-

enza. At his age, such maladies are dangerous; the cold turned into intermittent fever, of which, after lingering some weeks, he finally died. The whole of the old man's little fortune went, of course, to Ninette. And now she sat in her black weeds of mourning, quite alone in the desolate old house. She was startled and vexed with herself to find how much less the death of her adopted father affected her than she could have expected. When a goblet is nearly filled to the brim, you may add water without the glass seeming much fuller. It is so with sorrow. It was not from want of feeling that Ninette wept less over the grave of her sole guardian than she would have done had he died years ago. The degrees of pain seemed cancelled; a comparatively trivial grief would now cause her as much vexation as a greater sorrow. When the sense of touch is all sore and morbid, the pressure of a feather is as painful as that of a leaden weight.

Any other girl of her age would probably have shrunk from remaining thus unprotected, alone in that old house; and indeed she wandered from room to room now emptied of all joy, and felt very desolate and forsaken. But it seemed to Ninette that if she left that house the charm and spell of her existence would be broken—that she must wait there till Hubert came. Where could she go? How would he find her if she went away? It would be deserting her post. It seemed as though there were infidelity in the very thought. Besides she knew nothing of her mother's relations. She shrunk from new faces. "No," thought she "he will come back some day, and find me here in the little harbour, as he left me, and we will sit down together quite quietly, and it will not seem strange; but all this dreary time of wolding and waiting will be as a dream, and I shall think that he has always been here."

Poor girl! but he did not come, nor any letter from him; and never had that icy foreboding at her heart been stronger than it was now. Ninette was no longer a child, but a woman, and a sad woman, and she felt this.

At last the army returned from Egypt. The land was loud with acclamations. Everybody talked of the young hero of the Pyramids; but she read and heard all their accounts with

a vague and sickening despair, for they told no news of Hubert, and no letter came; and although the army had landed, and were now in France, still he did not come.

"How unkind," she sometimes thought, and then rebuked herself. "Is he changed?" she would say, "and has he forgotten me?" but she scorned to indulge the imputation. She would believe in anything rather than the worst possibility—death. "No," she said to herself, "he lingers a little in Paris; perhaps he cannot leave his regiment so soon; and he does not write, that he may surprise me when he does come." Yet she could not but feel how improbable this was.

While her father was alive, Ninette had less time to indulge her own morbid apprehensions, and the desire to appear cheerful before him had lent her energy and self-command. Now he was gone, and every day she felt her utter loneliness more chilling. She had no longer another's feelings to consult. She had nothing left to care for but her sorrow; and this she cherished and hugged to her desolate heart as some forsaken mother might her forlorn infant. Poor foolish little Ninette!

It was towards the close of a somewhat damp and dreary afternoon in autumn, that the crack of a postilion's whip sounding up the principal street of the little village startled the inhabitants, to whom it was not a very wonted sound; and a heavy travelling carriage, with horses steaming in the dense and foggy atmosphere, rattled up to the door of the inn. The landlord, obsequiously bowing, opened the door of the carriage, and a person in a military uniform, but closely wrapped about with a heavy fur coat, with some difficulty descended to the ground. He rather laconically told the landlord to show him to the best room, light a fire there, and get dinner ready immediately; and then, leaning upon a crutch stick, for he was very lame, limped stiffly upstairs to his apartment. When the stranger flung off his cloak as he entered, one might see that he had one arm in a sling, and that he was neither young nor well-favoured. He wore blue spectacles, which partially revealed two very unsightly orbs behind. His beard was grey, but the deep lines about his face seemed to have been rather brought there by toil

than age. As he uncovered his head he revealed a deep purple seam across his brow, and there was a slight scar upon his cheek.

The waiter perceiving that he was a military officer, and judging that he might be one of those who had lately served in Egypt, attempted to *intammer* a conversation, but the imperious and monosyllabic answers he received soon discouraged him.

When the stranger had finished his dinner, which he ate like a cormorant, and with the air of one who was accustomed to dine in a hurry, he flung himself into a chair before the fire, stretched his lame leg over the back of a second, and planted the other, heavily booted, against the mantelpiece. For some while he sat rather moodily looking at the blazing logs through his blue spectacles; and then, as if he had finished his reflections, he rang the bell, and continued to whistle a tune till the waiter made his appearance.

"Is there not one citizen Gilibert residing in this village?" demanded the gentleman in the blue spectacles.

"He has been dead five months," was the reply.

"Dead!" echoed the stranger:

This announcement seemed to startle him greatly. After a pause he said—

"I think he had a daughter—an adopted daughter, that is——"

"Yes, Ninette Pompon; we called her our rosebud."

"I suppose she is married by this time?" continued the stranger, looking steadily at the fire.

"Married! no. True she was engaged to a young man of this village; but he joined the army in Egypt, and we have never heard anything more of him. Perhaps he is dead," suggested the waiter with a questioning tone, as though he suspected that the stranger in the blue spectacles knew more about the matter than he did himself.

The stranger took no notice of the latter part of this remark, however.

"Humph! not married," he muttered, still looking straight at the fire. "You surprise me. I have heard that she was a very good-looking girl."

"Yes, but——"

"But what?" interrupted the stranger, shifting uneasily in his chair—"Is she dead, too?"

"Oh, no."

"I suppose she has left the village."

"No; she lives here yet, but very

secluded. She has shut herself up in the Doctor's old house, and her face is seldom seen. They say she is heart-sick for that young man."

Again the stranger turned uneasily in his seat.

"That will do. You may go," he said, waving his hand. He sat alone for about half an hour, and if one might judge by the expression of his face, and the restless way in which he changed his position from time to time, his thoughts were not pleasant ones. At length he shrugged his shoulders, rose, and heavily leaning on the ballusters, limped down stairs. The landlord met him in the hall and inquired if he wanted anything, but he waved him back impatiently, and stepped out into the street; nor did he stop walking, or rather limping, until he stood before the door of Ninette's solitary house.

Twice his hand was on the bell, and twice he paused before ringing it. "Not married!" he muttered to himself. "Humph; well I dare say the girl has forgotten him, for all that; yet I would give anything that this business should have fallen upon other shoulders than mine. Poor fellow! he was a brave soldier. Well, the thing must be done, so the sooner the better;" and he pulled at the bell as if he were storming a breach.

Ninette was sitting alone, in her black gown, in the same old parlour where the Doctor used to sit. The fire burnt badly, the room was cold, it was almost dark, and the wind moaned and sobbed at the window, rustling the dry leaves in the garden below. Nothing could be more dreary.

"Mademoiselle," said the servant, entering, "there is a strange monsieur below, who desires to be permitted to speak with you for a moment."

"A strange monsieur! Does he really look like a gentleman?"

"O yes; but he would not give me his name. He told me to say that he is from Egypt; and he has a military uniform on."

The blood rushed suddenly back into Ninette's heart, and then tingled again to her finger-tips. "It is he," she thought. "He is come at last. I said it would be a surprise." But the old servant, who even in that dim light could read her countenance, shook her head mournfully. "Oh, miss," she said, "it is not Master Hubert."

Ninette felt faint and sickening, with an overpowering sense of imminent calamity. She feared the worst had come. "Let him come up," she said, almost inaudibly; and soon a heavy and uneven tread sounded up the passage. It was not Hubert's, indeed. She would have recognised his footfall she thought.

"My eyes are very dim, indeed," said the stranger, entering; "but I think that it must be Mademoiselle Pompon that I am addressing." As he spoke he shrunk back into the shadow of the wall, and kept his cloak closely folded about him.

"I am Mademoiselle Pompon, sir," faltered Ninette, trying to speak calmly. "If you have anything to communicate to me, pray do so at once."

The stranger did not, however, reply immediately.

"I think I recognised just now," she added suddenly, "a voice not unfamiliar to me." She pressed her hand to her head, and advanced a step towards the stranger. "Can it be," she was about to continue—

"Yes! yes!" interrupted the other, hastily. "Yes, I am he. We have met before. Colonel Montmar, Major that was then," he said, advancing and taking her hand.

"O, sir," she cried with vehemence, "you have brought me news of—of—Hubert Dessert. For God's sake speak

it out. He—he is well? O yes, perhaps he is with you?"

The stranger turned away his head. "Speak, sir," she cried, "if you have anything to say. O God, it cannot be—that, that——"

"Calm yourself, mademoiselle," he said. "You guess rightly. I have brought you news of Hubert Dessert. I—I"—his voice trembled slightly, "I have brought you something from him."

"A letter! Give it me," she cried, "quick, pray!"

He turned to the window, and drew from under his coat a little case. He put it silently into her hand without looking at her, but still standing with his face to the window. She opened it hurriedly, with trembling fingers, and with a sensation of icy chilliness. Within the case was the little turquoise ring which she had given to Hubert on that last evening in which they were together. "If this ring should ever come back to you," he had then said, "you will know what it means."

Colonel Montmar had expected to hear a shriek or groan, or some such sound. Hearing neither, he turned round in alarm. He was just in time to break her fall, as, white and senseless, the girl reeled back and fell into his arms.

CHAPTER III.

FORTUNATELY for Ninette, this sudden and severe blow, falling upon nerves already weakened and exhausted with prolonged suffering, brought about a sharp attack of delirious fever, in which she lingered in a very dangerous condition for months; but which, for the time, suspended all thought and emotion, save that of a wandering brain and burning pulse, and from which she woke to consciousness with only a numbed sense of past calamity. When she was able to sit up in her room a little, the spring was already in the meadows outside. The grapes were still green upon the vines; but the breeze that came through her casement was warm and fragrant. She was too listless and indifferent to all things to observe that there were fresh flowers every morning in her little vase, or to inquire whence they

came; yet if she had once remarked them, she must have seen that they were far too exotic and curious to have ever bloomed in her own little garden.

One day Colonel Montmar sent up his card, and requested permission to see her, to which she languidly acceded. He approached her with a deference very different from that old, off-hand familiarity which had once so much displeased her. He sat down at a little distance from her, and regarded her somewhat sadly, through his blue spectacles, for many minutes, without speaking. At length he said, with some hesitation, "that he was shortly going to Paris, and wished to know if he could be of any use to her there." He spoke with a rather awkward hesitation, but kept the blue spectacles fixed steadily at her.

She thanked him, without a smile,

and without lifting her eyes, and said—

“No use at all.”

After a pause, he observed that he had lingered in the village, not only because he could not with any cheerfulness leave the place while he knew that Madlle. Pompon's illness was dangerous and doubtful, but also in the hope that, having been for years the intimate companion and camp comrade of one who was very dear to both of them, when the time came that she could bear to hear and speak of that person without pain, it would be some relief to her to feel near her some one whose connexion with the past, and whose deep affection for the dead, might entitle him to sympathise in an affliction, which, to a great extent, he could not but share with her. She looked surprised, indeed, at this speech, so unlike all that she had hitherto known of Colonel Montmar, and, for the first time, she remarked his terribly altered appearance—the blue spectacles, the arm in the sling, and the recent scars upon his face. She thanked him now somewhat less languidly and indifferently, yet hardly without a shudder. She said—

“That Hubert,” and she faltered as she pronounced that name—“that Hubert had, indeed, often written to her about M. Montmar, with great affection. That she felt touched by the delicacy of feeling which he showed; that at present the past was too recent to speak of; but that she could not, indeed, refuse the sympathy of one who had been the friend of—of her husband,” she said, “for she always thought of him as her husband.”

Colonel Montmar did not return to Paris so soon as he had expressed his intention of doing; and Ninette did not refuse to admit him when he called upon her. By degrees she grew to find a melancholy pleasure in hearing from his lips all the little anecdotes, which he was never wearied of telling her, about her lost lover—their conversations by silent watch-fires in the desert; their deeds together in the field; their weary marches through the burning sand. He spoke with hearty enthusiasm and affectionate warmth of the bravery and hardihood of the young man, and dwelt with pride upon his rapid promotion. She made him describe to her the engagement in which they last fought together, and repeat the dying words of Hubert Dessert, and the last

sad message with which, drawing it from a bleeding breast, he confided to Montmar the little turquoise ring, that pledge of their early love, and now the token of death.

“Tell her,” he said, “that I had thought to live to look once more into those dear eyes of hers; but bid her not to sadden them with tears. Tell her that I thought to bear proudly back to her no ignoble result of years of danger and toil, ever fortified by the hope, and gladdened by the memory, of our love; but God willed otherwise, you see. When she sees this ring, which has been the talisman of all my dreams, she will know the worst. Tell her she is free, but, alas! alone. The heart that would have soothed her, the arm that would have guarded her through all life's perils, will soon be dust. But tell her, Montmar, that I died with her name upon my lips, and her image in my heart.”

These conversations, mournful as they were, were the events of her sad and solitary life in that old house. And though it was not often that she saw Montmar (for, perhaps from delicacy, perhaps business or other causes, he came but rarely), his visits certainly soothed her, although he always left her sadder and more lonely than before.

“You are, indeed, changed, sir,” she said to him one day.

He thought she alluded to his altered appearance, and a slightly redder tinge deepened in his sallow cheek.

“Why, yes, mademoiselle,” he said, “I never had much to lose in the way of good looks, but indeed I am not now a very comely object.”

She did not know how morbidly sensitive he was to the fact of his crippled and disfigured condition.

“I did not mean that,” she said, and she laid her hand gently on his arm.

He did not seem to notice these words.

“The sand and glare,” he continued, speaking rather hurriedly, “have almost deprived me of my eyesight. One eye is already darkened for ever, and the other grows dimmer every day. I fear I shall, too, soon lose the sight of it altogether. I have a musket ball in my shoulder, and one in my leg; and these sabre-cuts,” he added, laughing, “are no ornaments, I know.”

"They are more honourable, those scars," she answered, "than any stars, I think, sir."

She said this with the delicate and intuitive sensibility of a woman, who did not wish to give pain where she saw that it was easily felt. But she could scarcely repress a slight shudder as she looked at him. He may have observed this, for he was watching her keenly, and he turned away with an expression of pain in his face. She somewhat timidly inquired how and where he had received them, wishing to repair whatever painful effect she might have involuntarily produced, by manifesting an interest in his misfortune. He hesitated in answering her. The fact was, the sabre which had disfigured him for life had been aimed at the head of his young comrade. The Colonel had endeavoured to parry the thrust, but his guard was beaten down. Hubert indeed escaped unhurt, and the blow fell upon Montmar.

He made light of this circumstance; but when at length she grew to understand it, she pressed his hand—

"You are a far better man," she said, "than I ever thought you."

He smiled at the *matinée* of the remark, and said that any soldier would have done the same; which was probably true enough.

One day Montmar was sitting with

Ninette. He had been unusually silent; at last he said abruptly—

"Mademoiselle, I am going to Paris to-morrow. Can I serve you there in any way?"

"Why are you going so suddenly?" she said, with some surprise; "has anything happened?"

"Something. Yes, I think so," he answered.

"Nothing bad, I hope?" she said, looking at him inquiringly; for there was something strange in the tone with which he had answered her question.

"No," he said, "not altogether bad, I think."

He would say no more, and soon rose to leave her.

"We may probably never meet again," he said—"most probably so. God bless you, mademoiselle."

"Colonel Montmar," she said, her pale face slightly flushed, "I wronged you when I did not know you. Hubert told me I should judge you differently if we ever met again. I do judge you differently now. Forgive me."

She held out her hand to him, and smiled.

"I think, indeed," she added, "that you are greatly changed."

"I am changed, mademoiselle," he said, rather gravely. "Good-bye." And the door closed behind him. The next morning he returned to Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

I can scarcely fancy a more desolate picture than poor Ninette, in her dark weeds of widowhood (for she chose to dedicate to the memory of Hubert Dessert the outward symbols of a wife's sorrow—and by the most sacred of all symbols were they already wed, these two young hearts), sitting alone, and now fearless, under the desolate roof of her lost youth. So long as through those still rooms, or in the little garden and its quiet arbour, she had wandered, with Hope for her companion, she had indeed found in their very sadness and silence a sort of forlorn pleasure; but now they only impressed her with a crushing sense of unutterable desertion. The poor little girl grew wearier and weaker every day, and her chest now caused her constant pain. She wondered why she had not died in her illness, and seemed to have survived

herself. "To what use," she would often exclaim, "do I still live on?" I dare say poor Ninette had never heard that old German proverb, which I greatly hold to—

"*God hat sein plan für jeden man.*"
God hath his plan for every man.

Yes; and woman too. Courage, little Ninette! There is something still to be done. You must live, and do it as bravely as you can.

The motives which had made her shrink "from deserting her post," as she called it, existed no longer. She had clung to the old house while she yet thought that Hubert would still return there. That dream was shattered for ever; and everything about her now only reminded her of lost happiness and dreams never to be realised. She resolved to let the house, and leave her native village. She

would make the experiment, at least for a short time; for she began to feel a hungry yearning for change of air and scene. This was a very wise resolution certainly. When the heart is very low, there is nothing which does people so much good as to go and see how big the world is, and assure themselves, that the shadow of their own sorrow only covers a very little spot on this planet. So Ninette advertised the lease of the old house both in the provincial and Paris journals; and as soon as she had packed up her few boxes, left the Doctor's old servant in charge of her little homestead, and set out on her wanderings, neither knowing nor caring much where she was going. As the carriage drove down the familiar highway, she saw old faces through the dusty windows gazing after her. Kind hands waved their sad farewells; the old servant stood in the porchway with her apron to her eyes; the old Curé was hobbling out of his house with a parting blessing. Then she felt that she was leaving all she knew — that the home of her childhood was rapidly receding from her sight, and that the world was wide and friendless; and Ninette burst into a flood of tears, the first she had shed for months, and which left her heart lighter than it had been for many days.

This little heroine certainly appears to be acting in a very independent way; but I believe that, in those topsyturvy times, women did many stranger things than live or travel alone. Indeed, after the grand semi-satanic impersonation of the Goddess of Reason by a Parisian Aphrodité, who could have had any wonder left for minor marvels? Still Ninette could not but feel that, thus unaccompanied, so young, and an unmarried girl, she was running great risk by her solitary begira; and, after some reflection, she determined to travel as a married woman, and adopt some name accordingly. Her first idea was to call herself Madame Dessert; but she could not bear that a name so sacred to her should be bandied about upon the lips of porters and innkeepers; and she finally fixed upon that of Dumont, as one little likely to attract notice: so she put off her widow's cap, although she would not resign her dark dress, and amused her fancy

in trying to believe herself Madame Dumont, and wondering what sort of a person M. Dumont might be like.

At the neighbouring seaport, where she stopped for three or four days to arrange her plans somewhat more carefully, she received a letter from the old servant whom she had left in charge of the house, informing her, that her advertisement had been answered by a lawyer in Paris, on behalf of a client of his, who had agreed to pay the full rent which was demanded, but who, being in a very delicate state of health, requiring the immediate benefit of country air, was anxious to enter the house without loss of time. She wrote back instructions to conclude the arrangement at once, and continued her journey, in which it is not necessary that the reader should follow her very closely.

About a fortnight after this arrangement had been concluded, a solitary horseman entered the little village towards nightfall. The long riding boots which he wore were splashed with mud, and betokened that he had ridden far that day; a brace of heavy horse-pistols were thrust into the holsters of his saddle, and his horse looked jaded and weary. He rode slowly down the street, till he reached the door of Ninette's deserted home. Here he halted, and as he leaped to the ground, the early moon falling upon his face revealed a countenance too evidently wasted and emaciated by sickness and physical pain. He rang the bell, flashing his boots impatiently with his whip, till a strange servant opened the door, and demanded what he wanted. The wayfaring stranger slightly started.

"I understand," he said, "that Dr. Gilbert, who formerly resided in this house, is no longer living; but I suppose that his daughter, Mademoiselle Pompon, is still here, and I wish to see her." He spoke these words with an authoritative air, and, quietly pushing aside the servant, was walking into the house, when the domestic, with evident indignation, caught his arm.

"Mademoiselle Pompon," said he, "no longer lives here; she left this village about a fortnight ago."

"Left the village! No longer lives here!" cried the stranger. "Pooh — nonsense;" and he again pushed by the servant into the house. "Hold

my horse for a moment," he cried, looking back, as he caught the bewildered stare on the man's face.

"I tell you," cried the servant angrily, "that Mademoiselle Pompon has been gone away this two weeks. The house is let; and if you want to come in, you must say what your business is, for my master never sees visitors."

"Gone!" repeated the other; "and where the devil, sir, has she gone to?"

"How the devil, sir, should I know?" answered the man, with rising wrath, and shrugging his shoulders. The stranger not heeding the anger he had excited, remained fixed in thought for some moments, stroking his beard slowly. "I beg you ten thousand pardons," he said at length, slightly lifting his hat as he spoke. "I have been mistaken;" and without another word, he turned to his horse and sprang into the saddle. He rode on to the house of the Curé. There he alighted again, but was told that the Curé had started that morning to a neighbouring town, to attend the last hours of a dying friend.

"Do you wish to leave any message?" inquired the servant.

"No," answered the stranger; and mounting again, he rode on to the inn. Here he asked to see the landlord, and was closeted with him for about half-an-hour in a private room, from which he came out looking very moody, and called for a bottle of cognac. He drank rapidly, gulped down several glasses with a trembling hand, while his horse was feeding; then he mounted again, and rode on in the direction of the neighbouring seaport.

In those days travelling was both a difficult and a costly luxury to obtain. Ninette could not, of course, leave France; and her wanderings, although they were protracted, were not very wide. She chiefly sought the cities on the sea, and lingered amid mountain regions; for the sight of the great ocean, and the everlasting hills, so old yet ever new, refreshed and invigorated her. She did not meet with much molestation, for her youth, her beauty, and a certain queenliness which grief had thrown about her, won her respect and kindness wherever she went. The impression which she generally created was, that she was a young wife, who from jealousy or caprice had just run away from her hus-

band; and although this impression now and then drew upon her the somewhat too ardent attention of one or two military strangers, the sorrowful dignity of her manner soon repelled it.

Early one summer evening, two men, both apparently strangers to the place, entered the principal inn of a certain town in France, not far from the Pyrenees. They went up to the landlord, and the elder of the two, stating, with a significant look, that he was an officer of Government, requested to see the book containing the names of those travellers who had lately arrived at the hotel. After turning over the pages of this volume for about half-an-hour, they rang the bell, and again summoned the landlord.

"I notice," said the younger man, now speaking, "among the names of those who are now staying in this house, that of a Madam Dumont; I wish to know if the personal appearance of this lady answers to the description I have here written down;" and he handed a paper to the landlord:—

"Above middle height—slight figure—rather pale—darkish hair—blue eyes, &c., &c. Why, yes, certainly—Madam Dumont is, I should say, above the middle height; and she has a slight figure, darkish hair, and, I believe, blue eyes," &c.

"Are you aware what length of time Madam Dumont intends to pass at your hotel?"

"She leaves the place this evening by the diligence."

"Good! that will do—you may go;" a permission which mine host was not sorry to comply with. "Nothing but espionage all over the country," quoth he, and closed the door with a gasp of relief. "I dare say they know what we all eat for dinner; how many pair of breeches I have in my wardrobe; and my wife's petticoats." But this item recalled the worthy fellow to more sober reflections, and he checked himself.

As the *soi-disant* Madam Dumont was leaving the door of the inn, and just about to take her place in the diligence, she was accosted in the doorway by a person, who not very deferentially inquired if she were Madam Dumont.

"I am, sir," she replied, rather haughtily. "And pray, may I understand the object of this inquiry?"

"Yes, madam; I wish to know if you really are (as you represent yourself to be) married."

"What right, sir," cried Ninette—her eyes flashing indignantly beneath their dark lashes—"What right, sir, have you to ask so impertinent a question of a lady whom you never saw before?"

"I am not here, madam," replied the man, not the least daunted by this look, "to explain my right to ask questions, but simply to have them answered."

"Madam," whispered the landlord hurriedly; but she waved him back impatiently.

"If you think, sir," said she in her anger, and her embarrassment falling into a very pardonable equivocation, "that because my husband is not at this moment with me, I am to be insulted with impunity, you are mistaken."

"Then I am to understand that you are married?" said her interrogator, doggedly returning to the point.

Ninette was about to reply in anger to this persisting persecutor, when another man—apparently his companion, who had all this while been standing apart in the dusk and shadow of the door, and, if one might judge from his attitude, for it was too dark to catch a glimpse of his countenance, keenly watching the scene—suddenly stepped forward, and laid his hand on the shoulder of the first speaker.

"Enough," he said; "be at ease, madam—you shall not be insulted. Why, of course," he added, addressing his companion, "this lady is married—she has just confessed, I mean just stated, as much. She must be about twenty, I should say; no woman who can help it continues single so long—certainly not with such a face!"

This was spoken with a tone of irrepressible irony; and as he said it, the speaker turned on his heel, and, motioning to his companion to follow him, strode away, and mingled immediately with the crowd in the street.

Yet that voice, bitter as were its accents, thrilled strangely to the heart of Ninette. With an involuntary cry she started forward, and looked in the

direction of the speaker. In the darkness he had gone, and vainly her eye sought to trace his form in that dim twilight, among the moving loiterers in the street.

She remained motionless like one who had been suddenly stunned. "Madam," said the conducteur, "all the passengers are waiting;" and he hurried her into the diligence. The whip cracked; off went the horses. She seemed to start as from a trance, with her temples throbbing and her throat choking.

"Are you ill, madam?" said an old gentleman who was sitting opposite to her.

"No, no," she answered hurriedly. On went the diligence. She leaned her head against the open window, and looked desparingly out into the dark street. She did not see the stranger there. She could not see him, though, hidden behind the crowd that was bustling to and fro, he was leaning against the wall with his arms folded on his breast, and sadly and sternly watching the lumbering vehicle as it drove away. She could not hear him murmuring to himself, as it receded from his sight—"O Montmar, you were indeed a truer prophet than my own heart!"

Ah, Ninette, Ninette! that one momentary approach to falsehood—if falsehood it can be called—was thine undoing! Child, child! how innocent was thine untruth! Yet in this unequal world, the lightest faults bring often with them the heaviest retribution.

The dark diligence drove on, and within it poor Ninette, along the distant highway—where? Ah, who can answer where any road will lead to?

Lamps and houses passed and waned on either side, as on they went. Hedge-rows and trees fitted slowly by, and fields and orchards in the early moon. Still that voice was ringing in her ears and in her heart; and in many a weary dream, and through many a sleepless night, and many a dreary desolate day, with its cruel, reproachful music, it often rung and echoed there, years—years afterwards!

CHAPTER V.

THE longer that Ninette pondered over the occurrence of that night, the

more mysterious, unreal, and dream-like did it appear to her; until from

thinking of it till her brow ached and her heart sickened, she grew at last to regard it as an event of very little import, which her own excitable fancy had coloured with undue meanings, attributing to the accents of a stranger a tone which they did not really possess. However, the adventure made her reflect on the many dangerous and disagreeable casualties to which she might expose herself by continuing these solitary wanderings; and, as the year to which the lease of the house had extended was now nearly over, she wrote word to her old servant not to renew it, and commenced her journey homewards as speedily as she could. Nor was it without a sense of security and repose that she once more found herself in her native village, and among the kind and quiet faces that had smiled upon her childhood. Her old servant embraced her between laughing and crying, as she led her up stairs to her own little room again, which looked just as though she had never left it; with its white curtains, its little writing-table and sofa, and the sunny window over the garden, about which the honeysuckle and clematis had now climbed somewhat higher. She could not help remarking a beautiful nosegay of rare flowers which was blooming in the little vase on her table, and she inquired how it came there, for she well knew there were no such flowers in the garden.

"The blind gentleman sent it," said the servant, "with his respects, miss, because he knew you were fond of flowers, he said."

"What blind gentleman?" asked Ninette, with surprise.

"Why, our tenant, to be sure. But indeed, miss, you know him well enough; for who do you think has been living here all this time that you've been away?"

"Indeed I don't know any blind gentleman," said Ninette, smiling.

"O, but he wasn't blind then, mademoiselle; it came upon him since you've been gone, poor man; and truly it's a pitiful sight to see him guided about and feeling so darkly with his one arm for that crutch of his, and sitting so helpless and with such a sad look, poor old man, in that old chair by the fire, as he used to sit, miss, for hours last winter, without speaking a word to any one."

"Good heavens!" cried Ninette,

"you cannot mean Colonel Montmar?"

"Yes indeed, miss; him that was such a fine hearty-looking man long ago, when — O dear, but it's sad to remember those times!"

"When did Colonel Montmar send these flowers?" asked the girl, stooping over their crimson bells, to hide a tear which was slowly stealing down her cheek, perhaps from the sources of sympathy as well as sorrow.

"This morning," miss.

"Then he is still in the village?"

"Why, yes. The fact is, miss, he's a poor ailing creature, and for the last week or so he's been worse than usual, I fear; so that I felt quite grieved to turn him out of the house, for he wanted to renew the lease very much, and I didn't much think he'd be able to move out on such short notice. But as soon as he heard that you were coming back, miss, he said you shouldn't be inconvenienced for a day, and indeed I was quite surprised to see how brisk he seemed to get; for, to be sure, the morning after I gave him notice, he had everything packed up and sent to the hotel where he's staying now. He must have sent to the great town for those flowers, miss. Indeed I think he's a good creature; and although he's so very ugly, and has such a sour, forbidding look at times, he's as gentle as a lamb."

Ninette felt happier than she had been for a long while. She did not care to ask herself why. It was a lovely afternoon, and she put on her straw hat and ran out into the garden. The old servant lingered at the window watching her wistfully.

"Bless her," she cried; "she's the sweetest, kindest heart that ever lived. O, if Master Hubert had come back. But it's no use thinking of it now."

Ninette did, indeed, look beautiful in that old sunny garden, with the golden light falling all about her, and the light wind tossing against her warm neck one careless stream of soft brown hair which had escaped from her loose hat, and flung its dancing shadow over her flushed cheek, as it fell upon her graceful bosom. One might have taken her for the fairy of the flowers, as she wandered through them to the little arbour, her old haunt. The honeysuckle and all the creepers were full in fragrant bloom, and the little

place seemed to welcome her. She was glad to find it all so unchanged. She sat there thoughtfully, leaning her cheek upon her arm for more than an hour, and looking down the little garden while it hemmed in the sun. The saddest home has its claim upon the heart, and perhaps Ninette felt this. The shadow was slowly lengthening under the house, and the bees and butterflies were all gone to bed, when she rose from her seat and turned towards the little porch. It was so cool and fresh, however, that she could not resist one other walk round the garden before she went home, and she remembered that she had not yet been all over it—no very great exploit indeed to perform; for, notwithstanding the pretension of its four green walls, covered with vines and apricots, it was one of the smallest gardens one might ever care to look at. But Ninette had not gone far down one of the side walks, when she became aware of a very great change. The only angle of the garden which was not walled in, had been fenced by a little privet hedge, just facing an ugly dead wall and some out-buildings by no means picturesque, which entirely obstructed a very pretty view behind them. Fancy Ninette's surprise then, when, instead of the dead wall and the out-buildings, she came upon another little garden rising up to the old one upon green terraces, with a little fountain in the midst, and full of beautiful flowers.

She could not repress an exclamation of joyous surprise, and from the house behind she could hear the old servant laughing and clapping her hands for joy.

"He told me I was to say nothing about it, mademoiselle, because it was to be a surprise. For he said that he'd heard you say when he was here before, that 'twas a great pity those ugly buildings stood in the way of the view, miss. Therefore he said he thought you wouldn't mind much if they were all pulled down; and I don't know how much money he gave for the ugly old things, just to pull them to pieces, and make this garden, which, indeed, is a great improvement to the place."

Ninette walked to the house much more grave and thoughtful than when she had left it.

"Do you know, miss," said the servant, as she brought up the bedroom candle, "that when you were so ill a year and a-half ago, it was Colonel Montmar that used to send those flowers every day? but, indeed, I don't think you ever remarked them, and he bid me say nothing about them unless you should ask me."

"Indeed!" said her mistress, rather sharply, "that will do. You needn't be always talking to me about Colonel Montmar. He is very civil. Good night."

Ninette slept in her own bed: and her dreams were peaceful. No doubt some guardian angel blessed her sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE than a week has passed since Ninette's return to her home, without bringing any visit or even message from Montmar. At any other time she would herself have sent to inquire how he was, for she could not but fear that he might be unwell. Now, however, she felt angry with herself, and angry with him, without exactly knowing why, or caring to ask herself the reason, and she shrank from doing what, after all, would have merely been a very common and natural civility. As the days still passed by, however, without any news of her late tenant, she began to relent, and she was on the point of sending the old servant to the hotel, when a message arrived from Montmar himself, to say "that if Madlle. Pompon

would permit him, he would be very glad to pay her his respects that afternoon."

"I am glad to find that he is not unwell," said Ninette.

"O, indeed," mademoiselle, said the man, "he has been in great suffering for the last fortnight; and this is the first day he has been able to leave his room."

Ninette said nothing: her kind heart indeed rather reproached her.

Montmar came in the evening. She had been prepared to receive him with some degree of reserve; for she felt vexed with herself for having been pleased by the flowers he had sent her (poor little girl! as though there were any crime in being gladdened by the welcome even of a few flowers!) and

she had almost brought herself to look upon the improvements he had made in the garden as very unwarrantable changes — a sort of snare craftily laid to entrap her into a little happiness. As soon as she saw her enemy, however, all her resolutions gave way. For now, as he came slowly up the garden, guided and half-supported by a servant, and leaning heavily on his crutch as he limped along, with his grey head bowed sadly, while he moved with that painful and mistrustful hesitation of total blindness, Ninette could not but feel sadly shocked and grieved at his altered appearance. He did indeed look wasted, emaciated, and broken. He seemed to have suddenly dropt into old age. At a little distance one might have taken him for a man of eighty.

The girl ran forward, and, kindly greeting her old acquaintance, laid his arm gently on her own.

"Will you lean upon me, sir?" she said, "I am much stronger than I was."

"I am very glad to hear it, my child," said the blind man (his face brightening suddenly over as he spoke); "and I am so glad that you have come back. I wish I could see you." And certainly if he could have seen her as they walked on, her deep eyes kindling under their soft shadow, and her pure cheek just touched with a transient tinge of glowing light, he would not lightly have resigned himself again to his loss of sight.

Ninette felt happy again in the feeling that some heart was gladdened by her return, and had, perhaps, missed her while she was absent; nor, as she stole a shy glance at the grey and wrinkled face beside her, did she seek to repress the feeling so energetically as she had done before. Truly it is a blessed feeling that of welcome, though it were only the welcome of an old blind man!

They walked through the garden slowly, for Montmar was very feeble, and often obliged to halt. His health was evidently shattered for life. But when they came in front of the new garden, Ninette's companion paused a moment. She felt that she ought to thank him for what she could not but see had been done with a gracious thoughtfulness to give her pleasure.

"It is very beautiful!" she said.

"I hoped that you would like it," said the blind man, "for I remembered that the old dead wall was not a very pretty object, and that there was a pleasant view behind it. But, indeed, since I cannot see them any more myself," he added, sadly, "I perhaps overvalue the pleasure which these things may give to others."

"You have indeed given me pleasure, sir," she answered, as though she felt what she said. For in the last light of the rosy west, the little garden looked fair indeed. The fountain was bubbling merrily, and flinging up its music and its freshness into the warm air, while it ceased not from its joyous song. The flowers seemed truly to enjoy themselves, now that the heaviness of the noontide heat was lifted from their glowing bells and cups; and ever among them the bright lake bee reeled drunkenly, droning his last song.

And perhaps Ninette felt as she looked silently at this scene, that a little garden had, in truth, been opened in her life, with song and sunshine, where all was desolate and harsh before; that an old dead wall had been lifted from before her eyes, and replaced by a fairer prospect. Perhaps, I say, she thought this, but I can't tell, for she said suddenly, "God is very good!"

"Yes, my child," said her companion—"very good, I believe. But we don't always think so. May you never lose that faith which gives to life its only true sunshine. This will soon pass away, and change, and fade. But that other even the blind may feel."

They walked on, and sat down in the little arbour. Ninette was absorbed in her own thoughts. The sun was nearly set, and the whole one-half of heaven was rose and gold. The girl could not help recalling the old irrevocable hours when she had sat there, as she now sat, gazing into that same evening sky, with Hubert at her side, his hand in hers, his head upon her bosom, building on those rifts of crimson light castles of future happiness. "And what has become of them now?" she thought sadly: yet she smiled a somewhat melancholy smile as she murmured, "Duty has her house on earth: happiness in heaven." I don't know whether this thought caused her to look at Mont-

mar, but when her eye fell upon his face, she was startled by the darkness, as of night, which had gathered over that sightless countenance.

"Are you ill, sir?" she asked anxiously.

"No," he replied, smiling; and as he spoke the cloud passed from his face. "We were both thinking just now of the past; we had both gone back into the shadow; but I trust my child that your face was not as dark as mine I dare say looked. It ought not to have been so. You have a gentle voice," he added after a pause. "We blind are not without consolations; the loss of one sense, often renders more acute the others that remain. And, after all, happiness is not in the eyes."

Evening had now fallen, and Montmar rose to say good night.

"May I sometimes come and visit you again?" he said. "I fear I am not well enough to return to Paris immediately, so you will be a *Sœur de Charité*, if you let me come now and then."

"I am sorry," she said, "that you should have been obliged to leave this house so suddenly. I did not know," she said, laughing, "that you were my tenant, or I would have given you more grace."

After a pause she added, with a little hesitation, laughing still—"Since you don't dislike my voice, sir, perhaps you would like me to read to you sometimes."

"No," he replied quickly, and again his face darkened. "I am quite resigned to the loss of books, and don't

care to open ones again. I have learnt too much already, and as is usual in such case, I have now to unlearn it all again; but that process is better carried out by thought than by reading."

Ninette did not quite understand him, so she said nothing. "O!" he cried, with sudden bitterness, "I learned a lying lesson in my youth. I had scarcely tasted the cup of life before it turned sour on my lips. When I had health, energy, and freedom, to have won them, I refused to seek the love of woman or the friendship of man, because I did not believe in the worth or truth of either. You, my child, have taught me a truer lesson. But, alas, it comes too late. Age and sickness are indifferent scholars of new things! yet I bless you, child; an old, blind man, like me, may say that without making you blush."

"Sir," said Ninette, timidly, and after a pause, in which she was perhaps trying to unravel these words, "I think you may be mistaken. It is not I but your own heart that has been the teacher; perhaps, I should say, your own life," she added, for she thought that her words might be easily misconstrued.

"Well," he said, "you may be near the truth;" and he bowed his head submissively, as though to the authority of some voice within him.

"I fear the air is growing cold for you," said Ninette, kindly seeking to draw him from painful reflections; but he did not answer. Perhaps he was still in commune with that inward voice.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

"ENGLAND and Scotland! those countries whose literature has operated so powerfully on my whole mental development; those countries where I now count many leniently-judging friends, and to which my heart has become strongly attached, I knew and loved those countries before my feet trod them. With Marryat's 'Jacob Faithful' I had long sailed up the Thames; by Dickens I was led into London's narrow lanes, and I listened to the throbbing hearts there; and in 'Night and Morning,' Bulwer opened to my gaze the rich landscape, with its towns, its churches, and its villages. I was at home on Scotland's mountains, and familiar with its deep lakes, lonely paths, and ancient castles. Walter Scott's genius had wafted me thither; Walter Scott's beneficent hand had extended to me the spiritual bread and wine, so that I forgot the earthly. I was intimate with Shakspeare's land and Burns's mountains before my corporeal eye beheld them; and when at length I visited them, I was not received as a stranger. Kind eyes regarded me—friends extended the hand to me. Elevated and humbled at the same time with so much happiness, my heart swelled with gratitude to God."

Thus writes Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish poet, novelist, and traveller. Who does not know a little of him? And who that knows a little does not desire to know more? He may not inappropriately be designated the living Goldsmith of Scandinavia (though very superior to Goldsmith in prudential virtues), and he is as warmly beloved by all who know him personally as ever our own "poor dear Goldy" was. We purpose endeavouring to convey a fair idea of this remarkable son of genius both as a writer and a man—first saying a few words concerning modern Danish literature, which, up to the beginning of the present century, was very limited in extent, and possessed little of value, excepting the fine old *sagas*, and popular ballads and hymns. The Danes were formerly content with the translated writings of other nations, especially of Germany. During the last

fifty years, however, they have proved themselves to possess literary genius of the very highest order, particularly in the flowery walks of imagination. Several Danish authors have obtained more than European fame. Of these, Adam Œhlenschläger, the Shakspeare of the North, is decidedly the greatest dramatic genius Scandinavia has ever produced; and Hans Christian Andersen is the most eminent writer of prose fiction of a highly poetical, strikingly original, and delightful kind, as well as of short sweet lyrics and longer poems and dramas, the latter chiefly vaudevilles. Many other living Danish authors are men of very great talent, of whom any country might be proud, and their productions are generally pervaded by a fresh and healthy spirit, and characterised by national feelings. Denmark is, indeed, an intellectual kingdom, and as all the people are more or less educated, and partial to reading, we need not marvel at the comparatively large supply of mental food prepared for them. The remuneration acquired even by the most popular Danish writers is of the smallest—nor can it well be otherwise, for Denmark Proper contains only one million and a-half of inhabitants, and German is the language of the duchies. But the crown, or government, aids to bring out valuable scientific and other works, and munificently recognises the claims of literature and art, by granting *stipendia* to enable youthful students to travel abroad for improvement for a term of years. It also gives pensions to authors, painters, sculptors, and scientific men, of acknowledged merit, besides appointing them to professorships, &c. But for this fostering care on the part of the parent state, few of its children of genius could possibly exist by the mere exercise of their intellectual gifts. Would that our own mighty country condescended to follow the example of poor little Denmark in these matters! Altogether, the existing current literature of Denmark is such as reflects the highest honour on the nation, and there is every promise that it will steadily improve in all departments.

Turn we now to our special task. The writings of Andersen are a faithful reflex of his own nature; the incidents introduced in his novels are very frequently passages of his own life; and his books of travel are mainly episodes of his adventures and personal experiences and feelings, rather than descriptions of the countries visited. This being the case, we cannot separate the man from the author, but must interweave our biographical sketch with notices of his works in their chronological order. The story of his life reads almost like one of his own fairy-tales—with the advantage of being true! Well has he himself exclaimed (writing in 1846), "The story of my life, up to the present moment, lies unrolled before me—so rich and beautiful, I could not invent it. I feel that I am a child of good fortune; almost all meet me candid and full of love; seldom has my confidence in mankind been deceived. From the prince down to the poorest peasant, I have felt the noble heart of man beat. It is a delight to live, to believe in God and man!"

The father of Andersen was a shoemaker at Odensee, the chief town of the island of Funen, and was a man of a brooding, melancholy disposition—probably not quite free from the taint of insanity, although his son declares him to have been highly gifted, and of a poetical turn of mind. He actually constructed the frame of his bridal bed out of the pedestal or supports of a Count's coffin, and upon this bed was born the only child of the young couple, Hans Christian Andersen, on the 2nd April, 1805. The poet himself thus graphically alludes to this singular fact:—"Instead of the noble corpse, surrounded by crape and chandeliers, there lay here, on the 2nd April, 1805, a living, weeping child—that was myself. . . . I cried on, even in the church when I was being baptized, so that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, 'The younger screams like a cat!' which words my mother could never forget!" Somebody consoled her at the time by saying that the louder he cried as a child, the more pleasingly would he sing as he grew older. Prophetic words they proved!

From his very infancy Andersen evinced a painfully sensitive disposition, and was a timid, dreamy child. There was ever something "eerie"

about him, and that his friends well knew. He has himself most minutely depicted his own childish character under the name of Christian, in "Only a Fiddler." Poetry, superstition, and strong religious impulses swayed his peculiar mind to and fro, as the breeze bends the tender sapling. His father would take him on lonely rambles, and read poetry to him, or make him doll's theatres and other playthings. At length the father yielded to his restless love of wandering, by enlisting as a private soldier, indulging at the same time in a wild notion, that he should soon earn promotion and glory. He only reached Holstein before the peace was concluded, and he was then dismissed to his home, where he soon afterwards died. His widow (who, by-the-way, subsequently married again) and child were now reduced to great straits, and the education poor little Hans received was of a meagre description. The embryo poet, nevertheless, felt the stirrings of genius within him, and actually wrote comedies and tragedies! Ridicule and derision was his lot; everybody jeered and flaunted at him, and his sensitive soul shrank within him. Meanwhile it became necessary that he should, if possible, earn his livelihood, and he was sent to a manufactory, where he for a while was tolerably well treated, as he could amuse the workmen by singing in a voice of great sweetness and pathos. Soon, however, they treated him with rudeness, and he ran away from them, to return no more.

His love of theatrical performances grew to be an absorbing passion. He used to play Shakespeare's "King Lear," &c., in his own little puppet theatre, and by hanging about the play-house at Odensee, when the Copenhagen actors came there, he managed to get admitted and to be employed in mute parts, and occasionally to sing in the choruses. He was about this time noticed and encouraged by Colonel Guldberg and one or two other persons of some standing, but they do not seem to have conferred on him any substantial marks of patronage. Yet the mere word of kindness from such people was to Andersen a more than recompense for all the sneers and ironical remarks that beset him on every side. All that he felt and suffered—all his fervid yearnings after fame and distinction—all his pursuits, joys,

hopes, and fears, at this period of his life, he has depicted in burning language in "Only a Fiddler."

The time arrived for his confirmation, and an old female tailor made him his coat for the occasion of the material of his deceased father's clothes; and he also got a pair of boots for the first time in his life. So delighted was he, that he could think of nothing else but of these acquisitions all the time in church. And now came the great epoch—the starting-point in his life. He had managed to save the sum of thirteen rix-dollars (nearly 30s.) and he implored his mother to permit him to set off for Copenhagen, to obtain an engagement on the stage, or to become in some way or other great and famous. His mother consulted a fortune-teller, who predicted that the boy would become so great a man, that Odensee would be illuminated in his honour, and thereupon he was permitted to have his way. Accordingly, with his little hoard of money, and a letter of introduction to Madame Schall, an opera-dancer, he set off for the capital, and arrived there on the 5th September, 1819, just at the time when the Jewish riots were raging. Here he was at last! only fourteen years of age, far away from home and kindred, in a strange city, and without knowing a single individual in it. He first visited the Theatre Royal, and then presented his letter of introduction, but the *dansense* professed not even to know the person who had written it. The young stranger astonished and startled her by his extraordinary demeanour and statements. He informed her that he wished to perform on the stage, and that the part he preferred to appear in would be Cinderella! He then pulled off his boots, and using his hat for a tambourine, began to sing and caper about the room, so that the lady was convinced he must be insane, and she forthwith dismissed him. He next went to the manager of the Theatre Royal, who declined to engage him, on the plea (doubtless very true in itself) that he was too thin!

His money was soon exhausted, and in despair he answered the advertisement of a carpenter who required an apprentice. The man was inclined to receive him, but first sent him to the workshop on liking. One single half-day quite sufficed to convince the tremblingly sensitive boy that the life

of a carpenter was not for him. The workmen (frightened and disgusted him, and planing boards was not exactly the sort of occupation to suit an exquisitely poetical temperament. Remembering his vocal powers, he now waited on Professor Liboni, who happened to have Weyse the composer, and Baggesen the poet, and other friends, to dinner. Poor Hans sang and performed to them, and then burst into tears. They pitied him, and predicted there was good stuff in him. Weyse collected for him seventy dollars, and Siboni gave him vocal instruction, but his voice quickly broke. A number of eminent people patronised him, and he was taught his own language better—for hitherto he knew it very imperfectly. Finally, he became a pupil at the theatre, and wrote some dramas for it, but they were rejected on account of their immaturity.

A director of the theatre, named Collin, was struck by the traces of genius in these productions, and he at once took Andersen by the hand, and, as the latter emphatically declares, became henceforth a father to him. Councillor Collin obtained for his *protege* free education in the Latin school at Slagelse. Here Andersen was unfortunately quite unappreciated by the rector, who thought him a stupid, idle student. He certainly was neither stupid nor idle, but one can well believe that he did not exhibit that pliant alacrity to learn by rote which immeasurably less gifted youths frequently evince. And how many literary men whose fame fills the world have been misunderstood, and set down as dullards by the pedants who educated them! Of this number were Newton, Dryden, Cowper, Swift, Johnson, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, and Chalmers. But the stern rector literally behaved with downright cruelty towards the poor orphan student, and when his noble-minded benefactor, Collin, heard of this, he at once removed him from the school. At leaving, Andersen thanked the rector for whatever degree of kindness he had experienced; but the savage man, in reply, cursed him, saying that he would never be a student, that his verses would rot in the booksellers' shops, and that he would die in a mad-house! When Andersen heard this brutal prediction, he tells us that his soul shuddered. The rector after-

wards, when Andersen had gloriously vindicated himself from the aspersions of inability, was candid enough to confess to his former pupil that he had been mistaken.

Councillor Collin then provided him with private tutors, and a year subsequently he passed a satisfactory examination. We were informed, when at Copenhagen, that Andersen now holds rank as an honorary professor of the university of that city. About this period he wrote a poem, entitled "The Dying Child," which attracted considerable notice, and of which he yet thinks very highly. His first work of size was written in his twenty-fourth year, entitled "A Pedestrian Journey from Holmen's Canal to Amack." The canal in question is in Copenhagen, and Amack, or Amager, is a remarkable island joined to the city by long bridges. It is a small work, chiefly in rhyme, and is of a humorous and somewhat satirical nature. It took the public by storm, although it was not all published at once, and thenceforth the young author became a man of some note. He himself tells us that the extraordinary success of this little work intoxicated him with joy. He felt that he had fairly broken the ice, and all misgivings as to his own powers now vanished for ever. In 1829 he produced the vaudeville called "Love on St. Nicholas's Tower." This was performed at the theatre, and received immense applause, especially from his fellow-students of the university. In 1830, his first collection of poems was published, and met at once with the most decided success. Everybody was delighted with the freshness, the originality, the tender sentiment, the genial humour, the charming style, that pervaded them. In this collection, also, appeared the first specimens of his "Prosaic Popular Stories," and well did they assert their claim to the title. The same year (1830) he made a tour in the Danish provinces, especially in his native isle of Funen. In the course of this journey it was that he for the first, and (as a Danish lady, who is an intimate friend of his, told us), for the last time, fell in love! In his autobiography occurs a deeply touching episode, descriptive of this event. He says there that—

"Two brown eyes my sight perceived—
There lay my world, my home, my bliss."

Further, he tells us that—"New plans of life engrossed my thoughts, I desired to give up writing verses—whereto could it lead? I desired to study, in order to become a preacher. I had but one thought, and that was *she*. But it was self-delusion; she loved another—she wedded him. It was only several years after that I admitted and felt it was best, as well for her as for myself. She probably never for a moment anticipated how deeply my feelings were involved—what an effect they had produced on me. She has become the excellent wife of a good man; a happy mother also. God's blessing be on her!"

A new collection of poems, entitled "Fancies and Sketches," was the result of this journey, and in them we find deep traces of the melancholy which a while possessed him, consequent on his misplaced love affair. In 1831 he travelled in Germany, especially in Saxony, the Hartz mountains, &c. On his return he wrote a book, entitled "Skygge-billeder"—literally "Shadow-Pictures,"—but translated by Beckwith into English, under the more appreciable title of "Rambles in the Romantic Regions of the Hartz Mountains." On this tour he made the acquaintance of Chamisso, Tieck, and other celebrated men, who soon called upon all Germany to admit the genius of the young Dane. After this, he seems to have frittered away his time in writing words for operas, and other theatrical drudgery, in order, poor fellow, to eke out a living! He, however, produced a poem of great power and ability, entitled "The Twelve Months of the Year 1833;" but this, as well as all his other writings, were now attacked with bitter hostility by Hertz, Molbeck, and other Danish critics. So persevering and undisguisedly personal became this persecution that Andersen was almost broken-hearted. It seemed as though he was to realise, in all its sadness, the truth of the wise saying, that a prophet is never honoured in his own country. Indeed it was not until Germany and Sweden hailed his writings with acclamation, that the majority of the Danes began to reluctantly admit that he indeed was a distinguished ornament to the literature of his country. To this day, as we personally know, some of his countrymen speak contemptuously

of Andersen as a merely lively writer of books to please children! Ay, but children of ages varying from four to fourscore! His own account of his mental distress and despair, arising from this unjust and cruel treatment during his early struggles to make himself known, is exceedingly painful, and we gladly pass it over without further comment.

In 1833, Andersen and Hertz (his most relentless literary foe) both obtained stipends to travel. The former went first to Paris, and thence to Switzerland and Italy. At Rome he met Hertz, and it is very pleasing to learn that on this distant foreign soil they mutually forgot and forgave, and became attached friends. Here, also, Andersen became acquainted with his great countryman, Thorvaldsen, the sculptor, and an intimate friendship ensued, which ended only with the death of the latter. At heart Andersen is emphatically a child of the sunny South, and he drank deep draughts of poetic inspiration from the wonders of nature and art in this land of his early dreams. No marvel, therefore, that on his return he produced that wonderful work, "The Improvisatore." Here his temperament found vent, and we are presented with a book which, for rich and brilliant word-painting, has not its equal in the whole range of literature. Italy in body and soul is evoked, and passes before our vision as clearly, as truthfully, as captivately, as though we literally were amid and beheld the scenes and people depicted. "I am a poet!" is the exulting exclamation of the Dane, as he stands on the brink of Vesuvius, and well indeed does he prove the truth of his boast. The fervid glow pervading this book is indescribable. It is a perfect treasury of enthusiasm — of prose-poetry — of exquisite sensibility — of luxuriant imagination — of unchecked delight in all around. Its success was prodigious, and in Denmark it did much to turn the current in his favour. One important result of its publication was, that the then prime minister was so pleased with it, that he waited personally on Andersen, and after delicately inquiring into his pecuniary resources, obtained from King Frederick VI. a pension for the poet of 200 rix-dollars (£22 10s.) per annum. To Andersen this comparatively small annuity (which has since

been increased) was a source of future independence. He felt that in case of sickness, as he himself says, he had something certain to fall back upon, and he would not be obliged to waste his genius in paltry labours for the sake of present subsistence. People of high rank now began to emulously invite the rising author into their family circles, and his grateful and pious spirit expanded with joy and love towards God and man. Moreover, the "Improvisatore" was the first work that introduced Andersen to the British public — a translation, by Mary Howitt, appearing in 1845 (we believe), and almost simultaneously another English translator published his "Only a Fiddler."

Subsequently, in 1835, appeared the first series of Andersen's "Eventyr" — of which "Fairy Tales" is the nearest equivalent, although not precisely correct. These "Eventyr" have from the first met with universal favour. They have appeared under different titles in many languages, and the author yet continues the series from time to time. He, in fact, is quite unrivalled for power in rivetting the attention of children by his fascinating little stories. He himself says that "children are most amused with new expressions, and being spoken to in an unusual manner." This, however, would by no means explain satisfactorily the secret of his power of charming them. We rather would attribute it to the soul of goodness that shines in such a transparent manner through all that he writes. Children are acute critics in these matters. They can intuitively distinguish between tinsel and pure gold — between simulated sensibility and goodness, and the genuine thing. Then his style is so genial, so winning; his words are so happily chosen, that every sentence is a picture instinct with life. Yes, Andersen is the prince of fairy lore and story-telling, in the estimation of children of every growth. Of his personal love of children we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

In 1836 he published "O.T., or Life in Denmark," a novel. The letters "O. T." are the initials of Odensee Tugthuus (House of Correction), and were formerly branded on criminals. This fiction contains an interesting and very animated picture of student-life and describes national customs

manners with spirit and fidelity. During the same year he wrote a pastoral drama, *Parting and Meeting*, which proved successful on the stage. In 1837 appeared his celebrated novel of "Only a Fiddler" — a powerful, but, to us individually, a painfully interesting work, which we cannot take up and glance over without feeling very sad, and almost regretful that Andersen gave it to the world. Nevertheless this work is perhaps the most popular with his countrymen of any that has proceeded from his pen. It also was received with much favour on the Continent, and among other great personages who testified to its attractive power, the King of Prussia personally told the author how much he liked it. Two remarkable instances of the effects produced by the work deserve to be here mentioned. When Andersen was travelling in Saxony, he learned that a lady there was so struck with the melancholy story of the poor fiddler, that she expressed her determination that if ever she met with a poor child of great musical gifts, she would at least save him from the fate that befel the unfortunate hero of the novel. A musician of eminence heard of this benevolent resolve, and soon brought to the lady two friendless boys, at whose birth Apollo had not been absent. The lady nobly redeemed her pledge, by having them educated along with her own family, and provided them with the best musical instruction. Andersen had the pleasure of hearing their performances, and we may envy him his feelings at the moment. The other instance is almost equally gratifying. When Andersen was travelling up the Rhine, he was desirous to make the acquaintance of the well-known German lyrical poet Freiligrath. He inquired for him, until he found that he resided at St. Goars, where Andersen visited him at his home.

" 'You have many friends,' said Freiligrath, to quote Andersen's own account of the interview, 'in little St. Goars. I have a short time since read out to a great circle your novel of "O. T." One of these friends, however, I must fetch here, and you must also see my wife. Ay, know you not yet that you have had some share in our marriage?' And now he told me how my novel of 'Only a Fiddler' had brought them into a correspondence by letter, and even-

tually into an acquaintance, which ended in their becoming a married couple. He called her, told her my name, and I was considered as an old friend. Such moments are a blessing, a mercy of God, a happiness; and how many such, how various, have I not experienced !"

Like all Andersen's fictions, the one in question can hardly be said to have a plot, although it is by no means devoid of artistic construction and development. Its chief characters are drawn so strongly and so clearly, that they stand forth like portraits on which the sunlight falls. The pictures presented of Danish country life and customs are vividly drawn, and faithful as though produced by the daguerreotype. Andersen, in fact, is throughout the book reproducing the scenery and recollections of his own early life. The father of the hero is just Andersen's own father — the terrible early struggles of the gifted but unhappy Fiddler are those of Andersen himself in his own individuality. He says that he wrote it after much thought, and certainly it is full of splendid passages, and vigorous from first to last. Andersen's novels are comparatively so little known and understood in England, that, perhaps, we should only weary the reader were we to analyse them at any length; but we may be permitted to express our opinion, that they are well deserving of careful perusal by all who appreciate artistic delineation of character, and exquisitely truthful and vivid pictures of nature.

In all our author's works, of every class and kind, we find him ever turning back with yearning heart to his own loved little Denmark. The following charming touch of home-memory, from one of his books of travel, is a characteristic example, and well deserves quotation for its own intrinsic beauty and truthfulness: — "They say," exclaims he, "that sorrow gets up behind a man and rides with him! I believe it; but memory does the same, and sits faster! Do you remember, it sang, the large, calm lakes enclosed by large fragrant beech-woods? Do you remember the little path between the wild roses, and the high brackens, where the rays of the evening sun played between the branches of the trees, making the leaves transparent? Near the lake

lies an old castle with a pointed roof, and the stork has its nest up there; it is beautiful in Denmark! Do you remember the brown, sweet-smelling clover-field, with its old *tumulus* grown over with bramble-bushes and black-thorn; the stones in the burial-chamber shine like copper when the sun throws his red gleams within? Do you remember the green meadow, where the hay stands in stacks, and spreads a sweet perfume in the calm air? The full moon shines, the husbandmen and girls go singing home, with glittering scythes. Do you remember the sea, the swelling sea, the calm sea? Yes, it is beautiful in Denmark!"

In the same year he visited Sweden, for the first time, and became acquainted with Miss Bremer in the steamboat, on his way to Stockholm, in a manner sufficiently characteristic of the twain. Ever since then they have been warm friends and correspondents. During the next two years he wrote several poems of size, and acted as a playwright for the theatre. One vaudeville by him produced in 1839, became, and yet continues, an established favourite with the public. It is called *The Invisible* on *Sprogö*. The name *Sprogö* means literally "language island," and it is really situated in the middle of the Great Belt. This lively piece abounds with humour and fun, besides exhibiting fancy and imagination of a high order. The success this trifle met with inspired the author, and he speedily produced his first great drama, entitled *The Mulatto*, which met with decided success, and was so relished in Sweden, that Andersen was invited to the university city of Lund, and the students there gave him a splendid banquet, and a serenade in the evening. This was the first public mark of honour he had yet received, and most acutely did he feel it. "My heart," says he, "throbbed feverishly when I saw the dense crowd, with their blue caps, approach the house, arm-in-arm. I experienced a feeling of humility—a truly vivid consciousness of my deficiencies—so that I felt myself, as it were, bowed down to the earth, whilst others were elevating me; as they all uncovered their heads, whilst I stepped forward, I had to bring all my powers of thought in requisition, in order to avoid bursting into tears. After an hurrah, a speech

was made, of which I remember these words—'When your native land, and the countries of Europe, present you their homage, then may you not forget that the first which was presented to you arose from the students of Lund.' When the heart is warm, strength of expression is not weighed; I felt it deeply, and replied, that from this moment I feel that I must assert a name, in order to render myself worthy of this honour."

Immediately after his return he wrote "A Picture Book without Pictures"—a collection of stories, highly poetical in conception, and capitally written, which was universally well received, and has become a sort of stock-work in various countries. *The Moorish Girl*, a tragedy, followed; and Andersen set out on a second tour in Italy, and thence to Greece and Asia Minor. He returned to Copenhagen in the autumn of 1841, and embodied his reminiscences of, and adventures during, these travels, in a series of episcodical chapters, which were published under the fanciful, but not altogether inappropriate title of "A Poet's Bazaar." This book produced the author the handsomest honorarium he had as yet received for any work in his own country, and was translated in various languages. The English version, in three volumes, is by the author's friend, Mr. Charles Beckwith, and is splendidly executed. No English translator has ever yet done such justice to Andersen's original Danish as Mr. Beckwith, who translates all the works of his friend, on principles of mutual interest, which is not the case with the other English translators.

The "Bazaar" is a spirited, enthusiastic work, and seems to mark the era in which the author's style became permanently fixed and determined, for he has never swerved from it since. It is totally different from all ordinary books of travel—giving little or no information of a practical character, and entirely ignoring the every-day scenes and lions. It is a gallery hung with pictures, each separate in itself, yet a chain, looped up with genius. Many of the such they truly are—fancies, and are brilliant what is called words—con-
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use them with more felicitous effect, does not exist. The subject chosen by him to exercise the witcheries of his genius upon is of little consequence; for whether he writes a chapter about the Alps, or about *his old boots* (which he actually has done in the "Bazaar"), we are almost equally carried away with him at his potent will and pleasure. Yes, he is a great enchanter! See how, with a few artistic touches, he paints old Modena by moonlight! "It was after midnight — I sat in the rolling carriage — the soldiers kept close to it — it was the most beautiful moonlight! A large city, with old walls, lay straight before us; it was again pitchy dark; we rode in through the gate, and the moon again shone. We were in Modena! The sight is before me now — full of moonshine, like a strange dream. Old buildings with arcades; a magnificent palace with an extensive open place revealed itself; but all was void and still — not a light shone on us from a single window, not one living being moved in the large old city; it was quite like witchcraft. We stopped in a little square, in the centre of which stood a brick column, the upper part of which formed a sort of lantern, with a glass window; a lamp burned within. This sort of altar is called the 'eternal light;' the lamp is kept burning night and day. The flame appeared in the clear moonlight like a red spot — a painted flame; a woman wrapped in a ragged mantle sat there and slept. She leaned her head against the cold wall of the pillar; a sleeping child lay on her knee, with its head on her lap. I stood long, and regarded this group; the little one's hand was half open on its mother's knee. I laid a small coin quite gently in the child's hand; it opened its eyes, looked at me, and closed them again directly. What was it dreaming of? I knew that when it awoke, the moonlight would cause the money to appear like silver in its hand." As a companion picture, he tells us that he "saw Bologna by sunlight. It lies between luxuriant vine-fields, close under the Apennines, which form a green hedge, wherein every tendril is a vineyard — every flower a villa or a church."

As we have already hinted, Andersen, when on his travels, is a true Dane in his deep-seated love for the brave little land of his birth. He never for-

gets Denmark; however distant in body, he is ever present in spirit. He will turn aside from the most gorgeous sunset of Italia, to expatiate on the grey skies of the North; and the magnificent panorama opened up to his gaze on the Bosphorus only makes him burst into a rhapsody about the isles and seas of Scandinavia. To this love of native scenes how many delightful passages of fresh and heart-warm poetry do we owe! It is amusing, and almost affecting also, to notice that what would otherwise be deemed disappointments and annoyances to the traveller are turned into pleasant thoughts and feelings through intense love of distant *Fadreland*. For instance, Andersen meets with very wet and raw weather at such a town in Italy, and instead of repining, he forthwith works himself up into an ecstasy, because this gloomy weather happens to be precisely similar to that with which Copenhagen is blessed about the end of October, and consequently he is so powerfully reminded of home associations that his poetic spirit transports itself to dear old Denmark, which he eulogises till his heart glows within him. Happy is the man who, like our gentle friend, can thus extract elements of joy and contentment from all around!

Even yet Andersen does not appear to have been properly appreciated by his own countrymen. The Danish critics ridiculed the "Bazaar," in every conceivable fashion, accusing the author of inordinate personal vanity, exaggeration, and absurdity in his descriptions of nature, especially because he happened to have seen a lunar rainbow, a thing which they did not believe to have any existence but in the poet's teeming brain! But the book sold better for all this silly abuse; and what was yet more important to the author, he now was cordially received in the family circles of men of the highest rank; and at their country mansions he revelled in the free and unalloyed luxury (for such it was to him) of communion with nature amid the green vales, by the sleeping lakes, and in the deep shades of the beech-woods which he so oft apostrophises. And amid these scenes, and in this refined society, he spent some of his happiest days, and wrote most of his best tales. Especially did he enjoy a sort of poet's elysium at Grissfeld, the

seat of the Countess Danneskjold, mother of the Duchess of Augstenburg; and also at the neighbouring mansion of Bregentveld, the seat of the Danish minister, Count Moltke, where he was so happy that he says his visit has diffused a sunshine over his life. At another noble summer residence, that of Baron Stampe, he met the great sculptor, Thorvaldsen, and the result of their intimacy was an enduring friendship which reflected equal honour on both. In the winter season he lived chiefly at Copenhagen; and the warm friendship of Cehlenschläger and Thorvaldsen, as well as many other eminent men, seems to have cast a sort of halo around his every day life. Of Cehlenschläger, both as a man and a poet, Andersen speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration. He gives us some characteristic glimpses of the illustrious but eccentric sculptor; and the following, in Andersen's own words, will not be devoid of interest to the English reader:—"I often spent several weeks in succession with Thorvaldsen, at Nyso. One morning—he was just then working at his own statue—I entered his studio, and bade him good morning; he seemed to be unwilling to notice me, and I stole out softly. At breakfast he was rather silent, and when he was asked to say something, he said, in his own dry way, 'I have this morning spoken more than in many days together, but no one has listened to me; there I stand and think that Andersen is behind me, for he said good morning, and I told him a long story about a matter which had to do with Byron. I thought that one word might have been said in reply; I turned myself round, and there I stood more than an hour, and chattered aloud before the empty walls.' We all begged him to relate the story once more, but we got it very short. 'O, that was in Rome, when I was setting about to make Byron's statue; he placed himself opposite to me, but immediately commenced to put on an entirely different countenance from that which was usual to him. 'Will you not sit still?' said I; 'but you must not make those faces.' 'That is my expression,' said Byron. 'Indeed I' said I; and then I made him as I wished: and every one said, when he was ready, that it was a hit. But when Byron himself saw it, he said—'It does not resemble me at

all; I look unhappy.' He was above all things so desirous of looking extremely unhappy," added Thorvaldsen, with a comic expression."

Another like anecdote we must also be permitted to give, as it so pleasantly gives us an insight of the cordial nature of the poet, and shows how Thorvaldsen himself could unbend. "Thorvaldsen's last birthday," says Andersen, "was celebrated there in the country; I had written a little song; it was still wet on the paper when we sang it early in the morning before his door, accompanied with a music of jingling fire-irons, gongs, and bottles, which were rubbed with a cork. Thorvaldsen himself, in his morning-gown and slippers, opened the door, and danced around his room, swung around his Raphael's cap, and joined the chorus. There was life and mirth in the strong old man."

About this time Andersen produced a dramatic trifle for the theatre, where it was duly hissed by a rival clique. His own account of the affair is very amusing. He himself had not been present at the first representation, but the ensuing morning, the lady of a house where he called sympathised with him, telling him that there were only two hisses, and that the rest of the house took his part. "'Hissers! my part!—was I hissed off?' cried I. It was quite comic when one assured me that this hiss was a triumph for me. All had joined in the approbation, and 'there was only one hiss.' After this came up another, whom I asked after the number of hisses. 'Two,' said he. The next said, 'three,' and positively not more. When one of my friends most to be relied on came, I asked him, on his conscience, how many he had heard; he laid his hand on his heart, and said, 'At most there were five.' 'No; I now ask no more; the number increases just as in the case of Falstaff. Here stands one who maintains that there was only one hiss.' Shocked, and still disposed to set it all right again, he replied, 'Yes, that is possible; but it was a strong, powerful hiss.'" Poor Andersen!

Some poems, dramatic trifles, and short, sweet tales followed the "Bazaar;" and from the profit of his writings and his pension, he saved enough, by practising economy, to start on a new journey in 1843. He travelled through Belgium to Paris, where he

was already known by his works, and was cordially received by Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Dumas, De Vigny, and other eminent men. Of Dumas he says—"The jovial Alexandre Dumas I generally saw in bed, even when it was far beyond noon; here he lay, with paper, pen, and ink, and wrote his newest tragedy. One day I found him so; he nodded to me in a friendly way, and cried, 'Sit down for one minute; I have just now a visit from my muse, and she will be going presently.' He wrote, spoke aloud, gave a *viva*, sprang out of bed, and said, 'The third act is ready!'" Dumas introduced him to the great actress, Mlle. Rachel, who soon learned to esteem him. Of another child of genius, almost equally great as an actress, and unrivalled as a vocalist, the world-renowned Jenny Lind, it may not be here out of place to say a little concerning Anderson's acquaintance with her. It was in 1840, when Jenny was unknown out of her own country, that she arrived at Copenhagen, and Andersen waited on her in pure kindness of heart towards a young stranger *artiste*. She received him coldly, and so they parted. In 1843 she again came to Copenhagen. She had, by this time, read Andersen's writings, and that freshened her memory of the author. A mutual friend proposed to the latter to try and persuade Jenny to perform at the Theatre Royal. He consented, and Jenny now received him cordially; but declared that she dared not perform at Copenhagen. Andersen and the friend alluded to overruled her modesty, and Copenhagen was soon thrown into a musical rapture. Ever since that epoch Jenny has been a most intimate friend of Andersen, who has done much for her in one shape or other. His admiration of, and affection towards her, is enthusiastic. "With the perfect feeling of a brother," he exclaims, "I prize her: I feel myself happy that I know and understand such a soul. May God send her peace, that quiet happiness which she desires for herself! Through Jenny Lind did I first know the holiness of art; through her did I first learn that one must forget oneself in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men have worked on me as a poet in a better or more ennobling manner than Jenny Lind."

In 1844, Andersen again visited Germany, where he was received with open

arms by very many of the most illustrious men of the country. On returning to Copenhagen, the Danish minister, Rantzau-Breitenberg, forwarded to him an invitation from the King and Queen of Denmark, to join them at the island of Föhr, a watering-place in the North Sea, near the coast of Sleswick. With joy the poet hastened to accept the gracious invitation, and during the stay of the royal couple at Föhr he every day dined at their table, and spent the evening in their family circle. Just five-and-twenty years before, Andersen had travelled to Copenhagen, a poor, friendless boy; and now, when on the anniversary, 5th September, he sat at the royal table, he touchingly says—"My whole life passed before me in my thoughts, and I was obliged to exert all my strength in order not to burst into tears. There are moments of thankfulness, in which, as it were, we feel an impulse to press God to our hearts; how deeply I felt my nothingness; how all, all came from Him. . . . After dinner the King and Queen wished me happiness, and in truth—*graciously* is a poor word—so cordially, so sympathisingly! The King wished me happiness in that which I had endured and won. He asked me about my first entrance into the world, and I recounted to him some characteristic traits. In the course of the conversation, he asked me if I had not some certain yearly income. I named to him the sum. 'That is not much,' said the King. 'But I do not require much,' said I, 'and my writings also bring me in something.'" The King then hinted his wish to do anything in his power for his guest, who, however, was too true a poet to take advantage of the royal kindness. Subsequently (in the following year) Christian VIII. increased his stipend, so that the modest requirements of the poet were quite satisfied. In continuation, Andersen adds—"So much may easily spoil a man, and make him vain. But, no; it does not spoil; it makes one, on the contrary, good and better; it purifies the thoughts, and one must thereby get an impulse, a wish to merit all this. At my parting audience the queen presented me with a valuable ring, as a memorial of my residence at Föhr, and the king again spoke very kindly, nobly, and with generous sympathy. God bless and preserve this exalted pair!" The Duchess of Augustenberg

and her daughters were of the royal party, and they so warmly invited Andersen to next visit them at the ducal seat at Augustensberg, that he did so, and was entertained during fourteen happy days.

In 1844, Andersen's chief production was a drama, called *The Flower of Fortune*, and about this time his chief works were so frequently translated in different foreign languages, that he appears to have been deeply struck with the moral responsibility of a successful author, and his thoughts and reflections on the subject are noble, true, and excellent.

"It is something elevating, but at the same time something terrific, to see one's thoughts spread far around, and amongst men; it is almost an anxious thing to belong to so many. That which is noble and good is a blessing; but that which is bad, our errors shoot up, and involuntarily the thought forces itself from us — *God, never let me write down a word for which I am not able to give thee an account!*"

In 1845, he, for the third time, set out for his darling Italy, intending to return home by France and Spain. On his way he visited his native town of Odensee, but every thing there fell like a chill on his heart. All was changed: his parents' graves were obliterated; a fresh generation walked the streets; he felt a greater stranger there than in any foreign city. He travelled through Germany, renewing old friendships, and making new ones. The last evening of the year he spent with Jenny Lind at Berlin — the circle comprising only Andersen, Jenny, and her attendant. A little Christmas-tree was prepared, and the poet was the child, he tells us, for whom it was lighted up and hung with presents. The King of Prussia sent a cordial invitation to him, and he joined the royal family, to whom he read some of his stories, for which his Majesty expressed great sympathy; and the evening before Andersen's departure invested him with the order of the Red Eagle of Prussia. After leaving Berlin, our happy poet became for some time the guest of his friend, the Grand Duke of Weimar, of whom he exclaims, "I love him as one who is dearest to my heart!" Onward flies the wandering bird of passage, everywhere caressed, until he alights at Dresden, where again he is the wel-

come family guest at the royal palace — King, and Queen, and Princes, and Princesses striving to make him feel at home. At Vienna he was very kindly entertained by the Archduchess Sophia of Austria, to whom her sister, the Queen of Saxony, had given him a letter of introduction. The Empress-dowager, her mother, and Prince Wasa also manifested much interest in him. He arrived at Rome in March, 1846, and lived, as usual, on terms of intimate friendship with many of the most gifted and eminent dwellers and sojourners there, quitting it after Easter for Naples. The heat of the latter place was so unusually intense, that even the sun-loving poet was prostrated.

"I, who had fancied that I was a child of the sun, so firmly did my heart always adhere to the south, was obliged to own that the snow of the north lay in my body; that the snow melted, and that I was still more miserable."

By the advice of his physician he left by steam-boat for Marseilles, whence he resolved to travel by easy stages through the South of France, and across the Pyrenees into Spain. At Marseilles he was delighted to meet with Ole Bull, the Norwegian, who had come from America, where he assured the poet that his writings were universally read. Here was fresh cause for felicitation!

"My name had flown over the great ocean! I felt myself altogether nothing at this, but most joyous and happy. Why should so much happiness be allotted to me before so many thousands? I had, and have, a feeling at it, as though I were a poor peasant boy around whom a royal mantle is thrown."

He went on through Provence (which he fancied looked entirely Danish), but in escaping from Naples he only seemed to have leapt out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the heat was awful. He reached Perpignan.

"The sun had here, as it were, swept the people off the streets. It was only in the night-time they came out, like a roaring stream, as if a real tumult would destroy the city. . . . Sick as I was, I gave up every idea of travelling to Spain. I felt that it would be impossible for me, even if I had been able to recover my strength, to reach Switzerland."

He was recommended to go to the baths of Vernet, high up the cool Pyrenees. A few days' sojourn there quite re-established his health; but alas! he could not cross the mountain, and realise his long-cherished desire of visiting Spain.

"I stand, like Moses, and see the land before me, but must not set a foot on it. However, please God, at some future time I shall fly during a winter from the north into this rich, beautiful land, from which the sun, with his sword of flame, now holds me back."

May this hope be realised, say we!

It was at Vernet that Andersen wrote the closing lines of his own autobiography, or, as he called it, "*The Story of my Life*," which he brought up to this period. We have repeatedly quoted from it hitherto, and need only characterise it, generally, as being one of the most beautiful, spirited, and deeply interesting autobiographies ever given to the world. Never were early struggles more vividly depicted; never were the rewards and fame acquired by the honourable exercise of God-given genius more modestly alluded to; never were the patronages and aids bestowed by discerning friends more gratefully acknowledged. In this story of his life the soul of Andersen shines transparent. He tells us with manly simplicity everything that is desirable to be known, and when we lay down the book, we know not which most to admire — the marvellous life-drama itself, or the eloquence and exceeding beauty of the language in which it is narrated. With one final extract we will quit this wondrous autobiography. These are its final words: — "A star of good fortune shines over me. Thousands deserve it better than I. I myself cannot understand why so much joy has fallen to my lot before numberless others. May it shine! but should it set, still it has shone. I have received my full share. Let it set. From this also the best springs. To God and to men my thanks, my love."

After his autobiography he published a novel, called "*The Two Baronesses*." In it we are introduced to Danish scenes and characters equally extraordinary; but the former are undoubtedly faithful transcripts of nature, and the latter appear to be drawn from life. Its merit, which is solely depends on its powerful

delineation of characters and scenery. Both the baronesses, especially the old one, are drawn with masterly power. We feel as though we had seen them, talked with them, known them quite intimately for years. The paintings from nature in the book are highly finished, and are attractive from their novelty. It did not prove a very popular work, but is worthy of a patient perusal.

Here we would pause, and attempt to convey a broader idea of the character and nature of Andersen, as an author and a man; but we must premise that the task is a somewhat difficult one to do justice to: for his life itself is reflected throughout his works, and they are of a kind rather to be accepted just for what they are, and quietly enjoyed, than to be made the subject of critical analysis. Still there are certain remarkable features in his writings which distinguish him from any other writer whatever, and peculiar and striking traits in his character, which confer on him an easily appreciable and very interesting individuality.

Born and reared under adverse and depressing circumstances, he very early felt that he was sent into the world to perform a certain mission, and he triumphantly trampled down every hostile circumstance that environed him, and in a measure compelled the public to listen to his utterances. He never mistook the bent and scope of his genius. From the first feeble utterings of his poetic pinions to his latest prolonged flights through the realms of fancy, he has stood forth as the interpreter and expounder of the hidden beauties and meanings of the every-day commonplace things of life; and striking the responsive chord in the heart of humanity, he exemplifies the truth of our own Shakespeare's declaration, that a touch of nature makes the whole world one kin. Love to God and man — a cheerful, ever contented philosophy — a pure, healthy enjoyment of all things which minister to the happiness of life — these are the pervading principles of the man, and in all his writings they are enunciated and iterated in the most winning and delightful language. The great ever-open volume of nature is the book which he principally studies and draws inspiration from; and his own experiences of life supply him with exhaust-

less matter, to be reproduced in a variety of shapes. His early battlings with adverse influences have made an ineradicable impression on his mind, and to a certain degree have chastened and subdued it, and imparted a tone to much of his writings. The German poet and critic Hanch has very justly commented upon this. He says, that "the principal thing in Andersen's best and most elaborate writings is that wherein the richest fancy, the deepest feeling, the most lively poetic spirit is a talent, or, at least, a noble nature, which will struggle its way out of a narrow and depressing condition. That is the case with his three novels; and to this end he really has a state of existence full of importance — to represent an interior world, which no one knows better than he who has himself drank from the bitter cup of sufferings and privations; painful and deep feelings, which are nearly allied to those which he has himself experienced, and wherein memory — who, according to the old significant myth, is the mother of the muses — met him hand-in-hand with them. What he can here relate to the world certainly deserves to be listened to with attention; for whilst it is, on the one side, only the internal personal life of the individual, it is, at the same time, the common lot of talent and genius, at least when placed in indigent circumstances, which is here brought before our eyes. In so far as in his 'Improvisatore,' in 'O. T.,' and in 'Only a Fiddler,' he represents not only himself in his separate individuality, but, at the same time, the important struggle, which many have made their way through, and which he also well knows, because his own life has developed itself in it, he presents nothing whatever which belongs to the world of illusion but that only which bears testimony to the truth, and which, like every such testimony, possesses a universal and enduring value." In other words, Andersen may be thus classed with many other gifted beings who have—

"Learnt in suffering what they teach in song."

Happily both for Andersen and the world, his sufferings and trials, instead of rendering him morose and miserable, have only quickened and refined his natural sensibility — given him a more intense enjoyment of all the

blessings of his present lot, and filled his soul with a gushing fount of gratitude. Personally, indeed, he has great cause for rejoicing in the wonderful number of powerful friends that Providence has raised up for him in so many countries; for never was poet more sympathised with and caressed wherever he goes. It seems as though men of all classes strive to show most kindness towards the genial-hearted Scandinavian wanderer, whose writings have prepared a welcome for him, and have predisposed everybody to receive him on the footing of a cherished guest. The German poet Moser well expressed this feeling in the lines he addressed to Andersen:—

"Once a bird flew to this region
From the north sea's dismal strand;
Singing, flew he on swift pinion,
Marching, singing through the land.
Fare thee well! again to dear friends
Bring thy heart and song once more."

Andersen does not possess a sufficient combination of powers to enable him to produce any work of epical compass; he is by no means Shakspearian in genius. His most ambitious poem, "Ashauerus," to produce which he had read and studied intensely, sufficiently evinces this. In dramatic talent also he falls immeasurably short of his countryman, Ehlenschläger, and appears to advantage only in such humorous trifles as "Ole Luck-On" (Ole Shut-Eye). But his short lyrics, written on the inspiration of the moment, and founded on incidents drawn chiefly from every-day life, may be pronounced masterly of their kind.

Again, in his prose writings we are not called on to admire any very comprehensive grasp of intellect, no profound and subtle philosophical acumen; nothing at all exciting in incident nor enthralling in interest; no attempt whatever to command attention by startling disquisitions or brilliant declamation; nothing at all indicative at a first glance of something far beyond ordinary story-telling. Perhaps the reader, who for the first time in his life holds a volume by his hand, may hastily turn with a perplexed and doubtful but let him fairly consider the work, and he will be amazed at the reputation he has acquired, and will be unable to

attractive subject by the very peculiar genius of the gentle Dane. He will first admire the astonishingly affluent imagery, the genial, playful fancy, and unaffected poetical powers of the author; and next he will irresistibly be drawn to love him for his pure, healthy morality, warm-heartedness, and deep feeling of appreciation for all that is good and ennobling. Moreover, he will recognise a literally unrivalled power of word-painting, a prodigious effluence of felicitous phrases and expressions, and a mode of treating all subjects as fascinating as it is original and indescribable. All these qualities combined render him one of the most delightful companions for a quiet hour, when the heart is disposed to commune with a kindred spirit, that we could name in the whole range of literature. His beautiful fairy-tales charm the child; his sweet and truly exquisite poetic fancies gratify all who derive pleasure from the sparkling freaks of a most vivid, yet tender imagination; and the melodious utterances in which he embodies his more serious and solemn thoughts and reflections at once delight and instruct the thoughtful and mature reader.

If we might venture to attempt an allegory, we should not compare Andersen's writings to a broad, deep, majestic stream, itself the recipient of a hundred minor streams in its steady course to the ocean; yet less should we compare them to an impetuous mountain torrent, leaping frantically from crag to crag, foaming, and roaring, and vexing the still air with its rolling mists, until it loses itself in the black waters of some sullen lake, deeply imbedded amid frowning rocks; but we would rather compare them to a pellucid stream, gently flowing adown a verdant hill-side, reflecting every sun-beam, singing a pleasant under-song throughout its fanciful course, and ever and anon breaking up in sparkling dimples, or joyously bubbling around some water-worn stone.

Nature, as we have already said, is the grand source whence Andersen derives his inspirations, and by the study of which he is enabled to discourse with us so eloquently, and to unroll before our admiring vision such novel and beautiful scenes. When Professor Hase first heard some of Andersen's stories read, he wrote on the leaf of a memorandum book the

following appropriate testimony of his approbation:—"Watt Schelling—not he who lives in Berlin, but he who lives an immortal hero in the world of mind—once said, 'Nature is the visible spirit: the spirit the invisible nature;' and this was yesterday evening rendered fully palpable to me by your little stories. As you, on the one hand, penetrate so deeply into the secrets of nature, understand and know the language of birds, and what the feelings of a fig-tree or a daisy are, so that everything seems to be there for its own sake, and we, together with our children, participate with them in their joys and their sorrows; yet, on the other hand, everything is but the image of the mind, and the human heart in its infinity trembles and beats throughout. May this fountain from the poet's heart which God has lent you, still continue to pour forth so refreshingly." And refreshingly, indeed, does it still continue to do so. We cannot doubt that Andersen's habitual study of nature, and his facile and truthful delineation of her aspects, is the main source of the fascination of his writings; although the felicity of his style, and the very remarkable power he possesses of embodying all his thoughts in graphic yet melodious language, must also contribute to the result in a material degree.

We do not know any English writer of the present day, with the exception perhaps of Dickens, who approaches Andersen in the latter respects. But Dickens has a more jerking and abrupt style; and, after all, we must probably cite Goldsmith as being the only English author who can be said to resemble Andersen in the tender beauty of his language. The flow of Goldsmith's language, however, is more continuous and unbroken, and he does not indulge in such original flights of fancy, and such frequent bursts of the warmest and most glowing enthusiasm as Andersen. The latter himself is undoubtedly an enthusiast of his kind, and he sings whatever his own heart prompts, without hesitation or reserve. He undeniably is original to a remarkable degree, but there is no affectation whatever in that originality, and it always evinces itself within the bounds of good taste. One thing may be said alike of the man and his writings—both personally and in them he evinces a sort of restlessness. His

mind is so full of fancies, so overflowing with quaint and novel ideas, that it seems incapable of settling down for any length of time to work out a great subject in the calm, persistent manner its importance would demand. His pen appears evereager to dash off one theme, only to fly to another, and treat it so in turn. He is incapable of deliberately sitting down to a task which will chain him to its thorough development for a lengthened period, and call into calm and continuous exertion his best and highest powers. Thus we see, in all his largest works, that he presents us with a gallery of most delightful *cabinet* pictures, which do not illustrate in unbroken order any given subject or leading idea, but are, so to speak, quite separate and independent of each other, and possess little more connexion and relation than that which arises from bearing a certain family likeness—a certain and unmistakable imprint of having been produced by the same master-hand. Even in his most elaborate novels, we plainly see that it costs him the greatest effort to keep strictly to his subject; in fact, he does not and cannot do so, but presents all in an episodical form. Again, his books of travel are *not* books of travel in the common acceptation of the word: they are rather reminiscences of all sorts of things, scenes, and ideas of a poetical and attractive nature; but all are dressed up in such a charming garb, that no one can quarrel with the author for his wayward fancies, and peculiar mode of conveying his ideas and recollections of foreign lands. As to anything in the shape of dry detail, of mere facts and figures, he shuns it with horror. And the man himself is quite as discursive, restless, and fanciful as his pen. He is a real *Wandering Vogel*—a wandering bird, and as essentially migratory in his habits as are the storks, which he so delights to introduce in every book he has written. But we shall have much to say of him as a man towards the conclusion of our paper.

Certain authors and certain books, to be properly appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed, should only be read at particular seasons and hours, and when the mind of the reader is in a fit condition to sympathise with their utterances. Who, for instance, when in the flush of health and flow of high

spirits, would think of sitting down in the golden sunshine of noon-day, to deliberately peruse “Young’s Night Thoughts”? It is a book to be read in a solemn frame of mind, by the taper burning in the study at the midnight hour; and then only will its magnificent yet essentially gloomy and saddening poetry be properly enjoyed, and its lessons find their fitting response in the thoughtful and awe-struck heart of the reader. Andersen, to the reverse, is an author whom of all others we should carry with us as a companion in our light, cheerful rambles through the fields, and by the river’s bank, or the shell-strewn seashore, or in the open sunny glades of the forest, where birds are flitting to and fro, and the cooing of the stock-dove and the hum of animated nature fills the air. We should then enjoy the beauties of the landscape, the odour of the flowers, the twittering of the birds, the rustling of the long green grass, and the murmuring of the bubbling rivulet, with increased intensity, for he would teach us how to find hitherto hidden charms in all around, and would stand forth an eloquent interpreter between us and nature.

To resume. In 1851 “*Pictures of Sweden*” were published, being the results of the author’s recent travels in that country. We are inclined to reckon this as the most delightful book he ever wrote, always excepting his own autobiography. Like the “*Poet’s Bazaar*,” it is not a regular book of travels, but a number of episodical chapters, scarcely connected together; and yet, as we happen to know, Andersen was excessively fastidious in their arrangement, with a view to consecutive reading—though why he was so we do not clearly perceive, for several of the chapters have no more connexion with Sweden than with China. There are also some passages scarcely worthy of Andersen; but, taking it altogether, it is an embodiment of all his excellencies of style and tone, and some parts are of transcendent beauty. How surpassingly tender and suggestive of sweet, holy thoughts is the chapter entitled “*Grandmother!*”

We cannot name any book whatever that, in our opinion, contains such brilliant examples of a great writer’s mastery over the art of “word-painting” as the “*Pictures of Sweden*.” It is the

bouquet of all the author's works. Imagination, fancy, humour, deep insight into the springs of human affections, are all blended together so as to form a genial, radiant, fascinating book, which it is impossible to read without loving the gentle, large-hearted author, even if you knew no more of him than that book reveals.

We perceive that we have omitted to mention that subsequent to the publication of his "*Improvisatore*," in English, Andersen visited England and Scotland, where he was so well received, that the *Corsaren* (the *Punch* of Copenhagen) caricatured him as receiving the homage of the Queen and Court of Great Britain, &c. His latest work is "*A Poet's Day Dreams*," published during the year 1853, but we have not space to do more than to allude to it. We have enumerated all his works of importance, but he has also written numerous little dramas, tales, and poems. Of the latter, he is continually contributing to the newspapers of Copenhagen; and we ourselves heard his *death-verses* upon his intimate friend Cehlenschläger (the crowned *digter-konge*, or poet-king, of Scandinavia) sung over that great poet's inanimate remains on their passage to the tomb, on January, 26th, 1850. We shall not soon forget that thrilling moment!

Andersen's works have been translated into most European languages, enjoying a very large circulation in Swedish, German, and French. They have sold by tens of thousands in America, and so they would in England were they published at a more accessible price. They have even appeared in Dutch and Russian, and a selection of his short, sweet poems, upon subjects that make all mankind one kin, have actually been translated into the language of the hardy natives of Greenland, who are said to be in the habit of almost daily singing them. If this be not true fame, tell us what is!

Personally, Andersen is a very tall man, and like many authors, he is somewhat ungraceful in his movements, but dresses with great neatness, and in the most fashionable style. He has a fine poetic-looking head, open, animated features, and a pair of sparkling eyes. He is just as genial and frank in manner as one would anticipate from his works; and before you have been one hour in his society you feel as

though you had been his intimate friend for years. He loves all the world, and all the world loves him; he is a great diner-out, for there is a smiling welcome for him at every house. Perhaps no living author whatever has numbered as personal friends so many distinguished men of different countries as he has. Were he to chronicle his reminiscences of princes, poets, artists, actors, and other people of rank and intellect, what a book would it be! And such a work, we venture to predict, he will give to the world yet, or else leave materials for its posthumous appearance. Andersen is passionately fond of his *little Denmark*, and yet he is continually leaving it, almost as regularly as his friends the storks, to wander in southern lands. Whether he inherited this love of rambling from his father, or whether it is an acquired habit, we know not; but certainly we think that fully one-half of his life, since his twenty-fifth year, has been spent in foreign parts. We should be the last to find fault with this propensity, for how much do we not owe to it! What pictures of Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and the East, has he not given to the world! Long may he live to go to and fro upon the earth, and far may he wander to unroll before us new and beautiful visions of all that is admirable in nature; but may he ever safely return to his loved Scandinavian home; for finely does he himself say, "*The first moment of arrival at home is, however, the bouquet of the whole voyage!*" When we last heard from him, he told us he had just arrived home from a fresh journey in Germany, only to start soon for Switzerland.

The story of Andersen's life is, in itself, a perfect romance of reality; and it conveys a noble moral lesson, which will go down profitably to posterity. A poor boy is born in a country, and amid scenes, which offer no extraordinary spur to the development of talent, but rather the reverse. From his very childhood he has intuitively felt that he possessed that within him which distinguished and set him apart from others of his own age and class; something which would, with God's blessing, hereafter enable him to become a great man, even as other poor little boys had become, of whom we read in the story-books. And he commences the cultivation of the talent which had

been entrusted to him, with "trust in God, and persevere," for his motto, amid extreme discouragements, trials, and rebuffs. Poverty cannot extinguish the sacred spark in his breast; the meanness of his education, and his ignorance of the world, shall not daunt him. A mere child in years, and in knowledge of all that is practical in life, he sets forth all alone from his humble home, and arrives at the distant great city, friendless and almost penniless. Onward! up the hill! that is the secret cry of his heart; and he fights with adverse circumstances; he struggles onward and upward, till he stands at the summit of the goal, triumphant, yet bowed down with gratitude to the Divine Protector whose aid he never ceased to implore, and filled with love towards his brother-man. And now great men, and princes, yea, kings and queens, greet him kindly, and take him by the hand, and seat him at their table, and tell him how they admire his works, and his heroic victory in the great battle of life! And they tell him they wish to confer on him such outward marks of their royal approval as may testify to the sincerity of that admiration in the eyes of their subjects. And so the crosses and stars of four orders of knighthood* glitter on his breast, and he is the friend and companion of the great and noble, and the cherished author of innumerable readers in both hemispheres; he, the son of the poor Odensee shoemaker! Well may he himself marvel at his own career, and be disposed to consider himself specially favoured by God and man!

As the touch of Midas transmutes all things into gold, so does that of Andersen all things into poesy. He takes a stalk of flax, a tree, a flower, or even a solitary blade of grass growing in a barren, thirsty soil, and endows it with eloquent language, with melodious utterance of charming thoughts; and yet we cannot smile, and say, this is a childish conceit, for we feel and know that a profound moral truth or wise counsel is symbolised in the beautifully-worded allegory. There is a *purpose* in the most seemingly fanciful and fantastic of his conceptions — another meaning than what prominently meets the eye, and

the youngest of his readers is aware of this. No living author has so perseveringly and successfully laboured to show us that the elements of the richest poetry, and a soul of goodness, dwell in every thing that surrounds us, as Andersen. He invests the most common productions in nature, and the meanest and most familiar domestic objects, with a halo of poesy, and we glow with pleasure, and wonder that we never appreciated the real loveliness and spiritual symbolism of all created things, till he, the magician, unveiled all before us, and bade us rejoice and thank God for the innumerable gifts and blessings that fill the earth for our use and delight! Say, do we not owe a deep debt of gratitude to the man who, with resistless eloquence, and in all sincerity of purpose, strives to enable us to better appreciate all visible things — strives, with yearning heart and soul, to induce us to love God and one another better than we do — strives to purify us, to gladden and ennoble us by gentlest, sweetest teachings — strives to eschew the evil, and to search out only the good, and true, and beautiful, in nature and in man — strives to impart to us all a portion of his own genial faith and sensibility, so that we may become happy even as he is himself? Say, what does this man deserve of his fellows? He is a poet, a true poet, and a great poet, and he would have us all be poets also, for he knows there are the elements of poetry inherent in every man, although unto very few is given the faculty to adequately express what they feel. He would have us all participate in that exquisite enjoyment of the works of creation which is the poet's birthright — a birthright that kings can neither give nor take away. He would have us live somewhat more after the fashion that the Almighty designed, when He bade man replenish the earth with his kind. Say, then, reader, hath this man — this prescient poet — lived altogether in vain in his generation, and shall his name perish with his body on earth? We trow not.

Andersen writes not as a poet, he writes; he does not give figures, and make science thereof; but he has hymned the power and

* Conferred by the Kings of Denmark, Prussia, Swe-

fic skill (as exemplified in the steam-engine) in a recent work, in a way that proves he may yet become the Poet of Science, *par excellence*, even as he is already the Poet of Nature. In another splendid chapter on "Faith and Knowledge," he properly exalts the former immeasurably above the latter, but shows how science may become the humble yet useful handmaid of faith. Speaking of immortality, he exclaims — "I know it in the faith, in the holy, eternal words of the Bible. Knowledge lays itself like a stone over my grave, but my faith is that which breaks it. . . . Now, thus it is ! The smallest flower preaches from its green stalk, in the name of knowledge, *immortality*. Hear it ! The beautiful also bears proofs of immortality, and, with the conviction of faith and knowledge, the immortal will not tremble in his greatest need ; the wings of prayer will not droop ; you will believe in the eternal laws of love, as you believe in the laws of sense. . . . Just as our own soul shines out of the eye, and the fine movement around the mouth, so does the created image shine forth from God in spirit and in truth. There is harmonious beauty from the smallest leaf and flower to the large swelling bouquet—from our earth itself to the numberless globules in the firmamental space ; as far as the eye sees, as far as science ventures, all, great and small, is beauty and harmony. . . . By walking with open eyes in the path of knowledge, we see the glory of the annunciation. The wisdom of generations is but a span on the high pillar of revelation, above which sits the Almighty ; but this short span will grow through eternity, in faith and with faith. Knowledge is like a chemical test, which pronounces the gold pure." We may remark here, that Andersen is naturally very religiously inclined—he has been so from childhood, and his feelings of devotion are only deepened and purified by each added year. There is no affectation in the pious ejaculations which so frequently burst from his grateful heart ; he does really feel all that he expresses, and, perhaps, even more. His religion is not sectarian nor narrow-minded, but is the simple faith of a child in Christ the Saviour and God the Father ; and these religious principles pervade all and all he does. He knows

well the value of prayer, and the confidence derivable from feeling that he has a friend in God on high.

Andersen's strength lies in his vivid imagination, his sweet quaint fancy, his impassioned feeling, his keen perception of the beautiful, his loving heart, and his fascinating gift of writing a species of prose-poetry in a style of unapproachable eloquence. The heart of man is his empire ; our best aspirations and affections are the strings of the harp whereon he plays with such masterly skill. His own heart is the source of his inspiration — and to appeal to and move the hearts of others is his object. Poetry is as natural to him as the odour to the rose ; and it is ever uttered in melodious and happily chosen words. He tells us himself that Danish is a language peculiarly adapted to express his ideas ; but the English versions by Beckwith cannot fall far short of the original in beauty and effect. As a sample, take the following bit concerning the shapes that memory assumes to our mental vision :—"It is commonly said that memory is a young girl with bright blue eyes. Most poets say so ; but we cannot always agree with most poets. To us memory comes in quite different forms, according to that land or that town to which she belongs. Italy sends her as a charming Mignon, with black eyes and a melancholy smile, singing Bellini's soft, touching songs. From Scotland, memory's sprite appears as a powerful lad, with bare knees — the plaid hangs over his shoulder — the thistle flower is fixed in his cap. *Burns's lyrics then fill the air like the heath-lark's song ;* and Scotland's wild thistle flowers beautifully fragrant as the fresh rose." The line we have italicised surely conveys a most beautiful image, in words as simple as they are appropriate.

Andersen's mind is stored with picturesque legends, and he is exceedingly well read in the old *sagas*, and in the chronicles of his country. These he occasionally introduces and details, after his own fashion, in his writings, with such a vivid, startling effect, that we have often wished he would undertake a history, or a consecutive series of annals of Scandinavia in the remote ages. He could depict the ancient Vikings — their warriors and *akalds*, their battlings and their feasting, their

life in the field and in the hall, so that they would almost seem to us to be bodilily resuscitated, and their era returned again, in the great cycle of change. What he is capable of doing in this style may easily be seen by referring to some of the historical chapters in the "Pictures of Sweden." There is no mysticism, no obscurity, in what Andersen writes; whatever the subject, all is clear: all can be understood by the merest child, for each sentence is rendered luminous by the light of genius.

We have already spoken of Andersen's very remarkable power of charming children by his written stories; and we have to add, that he can personally attract them in an equally surprising manner. His nature assimilates itself very much to that of children: blessed nature, that it can do so! say we, for that is in itself a proof that our poet is a good as well as a gifted man! He has an extreme affection for little ones, and his entrance into a room is the signal for them to flock around him, and he then either amuses them or himself—for it is difficult to say whether they or he enjoy a child-like pastime most—by entering into their sports and occupations, or else by improvising songs and fairy-tales for their sole and special gratification. We have been assured by those whose own children are pets of this extraordinary man, that the fascination he can exercise at will and pleasure over all children is absolutely marvellous. This trait in his character is to us by no means the least interesting and loveable. "Blessed is he whose hand prepareth a pleasure

for a child!" One can hardly help feeling sad to think there is now little probability of the loving-hearted poet having any children of his own, to climb his knee, and look up in his face, and call him father! He has given us most delightful pictures of wedded happiness; but what would he not have written had he himself experienced what he describes? But, as he would tell us, God knoweth what is best for us all. Even as one who was disappointed in his first and only love affair, and who has possibly on that very account remained unmarried, he has, nevertheless, enjoyed a very happy life on the whole — what is more, he richly deserves to be happy.

We must now conclude. Perchance it will be thought we have spoken in somewhat too eulogistic a manner of the Danish poet. We believe otherwise. He has his faults both as an author and a man, but they are insignificant in comparison with what challenges our admiration and esteem. The more he is read and studied, the more he will be liked; and it is impossible not to love him when once you know him, either personally or through the medium of his writings, which are just a reflex of the man himself. If the reader has not yet made his acquaintance in either shape, we entreat him to lose no time in obtaining almost any one of the author's works. For ourselves, we echo from our heart's depths his own desire (expressed in a letter now lying by our side), "that we may meet once again in this world," and know one another better than we do. Long life here, and happiness hereafter, to Hans Christian Andersen!

THE WAR BUDGET.

If it were possible for the nation for a moment to lose sight of the great events which are now occurring in the East; if it were possible that it could intermit the intense anxiety with which every incident of the war is regarded, another stimulant to attention has been supplied to us in the financial statement just made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Inferior in importance, no doubt, are the considerations presented by that statement to those which relate to the justice of our cause,

the honour of our name, and the welfare of thousands who are dear to us, and who are personally engaged in the conflict. Still, however, the financial burdens which the country must endure are subjects of deep and permanent importance; and if it be practicable, by a difference in the mode of defraying the necessarily increased outlay of the war, or by a different distribution of the burden to lessen its amount or diminish its pressure, it surely becomes a subject of anxious

inquiry, and one which calls for prompt investigation from us all. Now, for the first time within the last forty years, we have again the self-same financial measures with which the late war made such of us as are old enough to recollect it, abundantly familiar. Once again we have increased taxation on the necessities of life—again we have subsidies to foreign allies—again we have an increased and increasing income-tax—again we have our national debt augmented by contracting heavy loans. Is it not, at first sight, startling to us, who have just witnessed the ruin we may say of one gallant army, by adherence to formal and antiquated systems of warfare, which should have long since been treated as obsolete and utterly exploded, to be reminded by the very announcement of the financial scheme, that in this department likewise we have made no change—that the old expedients and the old mode of supplying the requirements of the Exchequer, are again to be resorted to? Are the resources which we are now drawing upon the only ones which are available to us, or are they best, or are there any principles in these economical inquiries, of which we have heard so much of late years, by which their merits and their fitness may be tested?

According to the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the estimated expenditure for the ensuing year will amount, in round numbers, to about £86,339,000. The ordinary expenditure of late, in years of peace, has been about £52,000,000, but the actual expenditure of last year amounted to £65,693,000. The estimated revenue for the coming year is but £62,339,000; and this apprehended deficiency between the income and expenditure of £24,000,000 it is now proposed to provide for, partly by an increase of our direct taxation, partly by an increase of our indirect taxation, and partly by a loan. The direct taxation the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to affect by adding an additional sum of one per cent. to the present income tax, or, in other words, by raising it from 14d. to 16d. in the pound. The indirect taxation he affects by laying an increased duty of 3s. per cwt. on sugar. The duty on coffee he raises by 1d. in the pound, that on tea by 1s. per lb. The duty on Scotch whis-

key he raises from 6s. to 7s. 10d. a gallon, equalising it thereby with the English; and the duty on Irish whiskey he raises, with some comical notion of compensation, to the 6s. at which the Scotch whiskey had been charged. He also makes cheques on bankers, drawn within fifteen miles of London, liable to the stamp to which all such other cheques are subject, but from which these had been exempt. By the increase in the direct taxation, he hopes to add two millions to the public revenue — by the increase in the indirect taxation he expects to make an addition of three millions, and he raises sixteen millions by a loan; thus making in all a sum of twenty-one millions three hundred thousand; and he asks leave to issue three millions of Exchequer bills, if it should become necessary to do so. The loan he has contracted for, partly on the security of consols, partly on that of terminable annuities, to continue for thirty years; and, with reference to the former portion, he recommends a provision to be made for paying it off by a sinking-fund of a million a year, to commence with the signing of the peace. Such are the financial proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Now, the first reflection which suggests itself on reading this statement is, the great variety of expedients which it adopts. We have proposals for new taxes, and proposals for a new loan; we have taxes on commodities, and taxes on income; we have a loan which, in part, must be paid off year by year, and which, in part, may be added to the permanent debt of the country, although it is recommended that provision should be made for its gradual reduction. Is this multiplicity of expedients indispensable — is it the variety of the scheme which constitutes it merit, or does it but indicate the patchwork and make-shift system of a mind which wants vigor to grasp with principles, or courage to enforce them? If the income tax be sound in principle, why not raise the necessary amount of increased taxation by the simple process of increasing its amount? — why disarrange our commerce, embarrass our merchants, send the officers of excise and customs into every warehouse and store in the country, prying into the stock of our traders; and, above all, why, in a

peried necessarily of much pressure on the poor, by reason of the unavoidable disarrangement of many of the great branches of industry — why augment that pressure by increasing the price of many of the chief comforts, if not of the very necessities of life? But if, on the other hand, all this be necessary and unavoidable, why then have an income tax at all? or does the perfection of the scheme consist, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to think, in the union of both systems, each contributing in a certain proportion to the revenue of the country?

No one, we fancy, will hesitate to admit that the great object of any system of taxation should be to tax every member of the community according to his ability to bear it; in other words, to tax every man in proportion to his income. The direct system does this openly and at once. It asks him what is his income, it assesses his proportion of the general contribution, and calls this his income-tax. The indirect system professes to attain the same end, but it does so covertly: it says that every man spends his income in one way or other, either productively or unproductively; that no man now locks up money in a treasure-chest, consequently, that we will lay such taxes on the various commodities of the country that, turn which way he will, no man shall be able to spend any portion of his income without contributing a quota to the general revenue; whether it be raw products imported for the purposes of consumption, or of manufacture, or the manufactured article itself, we will let nothing go untaxed — nothing which shall not, at least, be charged with duty or excise in some stage or other in the course of its production, so that every member of the community, although he may not feel it, although he certainly does not know it, must yet contribute as he spends to the revenue of the country, and that the more he spends the larger will be his contribution. In other words, his contribution is proportioned to his income, for no man's expenditure can, for any time, exceed his income. Such is the system of indirect taxation — a system which, be it observed, professes the same object, avows the self-same purpose, as the rival system of direct taxation or income-tax, but seeks to

attain this same end in a way which is obviously more intricate, complicated, and clandestine; whether it has a claim to being in any respect preferable we shall presently see.

So far, then, does the system of indirect taxation fail in attaining that which should be its first object, namely, that every man should be taxed in proportion to his ability; that the great objection to the system consists in this, that it necessarily and unavoidably presses with undue severity on the poorer and middle classes. All experience has taught us that, in order to raise a sufficient revenue by this mode, we must tax the necessities of life. The Chancellor of the Exchequer followed but the teaching of all his predecessors, when he selected for the increased imposts, not the luxuries, which are used but by a few, which may be abandoned at a moment as taste, or fashion, or whim may suggest, but those articles which contribute to the enjoyment and comfort of the great bulk of the community, and which cannot be abandoned but at a grievous sacrifice, and in the last necessity. But the poor man's consumption of the necessities and comforts of life, of those very articles which are thus unavoidably selected for the increased taxation, is very nearly equal, if not fully equal, to that of his wealthy neighbour. In matters of luxury, the consumption of the latter may be limited only by his income; but he cannot eat more bread or drink more beer, than the labourer; and the poor workwoman must spend as much of her wretched earnings to supply her with the needful refreshment and stimulant of tea, as the wealthiest lady who employs her. How unequal, then, how unjust, how cruel is the pressure of this system — a system under which not only is it impossible to exempt the poor man from taxation, but one in which it is impossible not to make him contribute a much greater proportion of his income than the rich man to the exigencies of the State. The man of a thousand a-year spends one hundred of it on necessities and on the more important comforts of life, and contributes to the State the amount of tax which has been laid on these articles. The man of a hundred a year spends his all on the same commodities, and contributes as great an amount as the other to the expenditure of the nation. From this

crying injustice an income-tax which assesses every man directly in proportion to his income is obviously exempt.

This is the chief objection to the system of indirect taxation, but is it the only one? Is the enormous expense incidental to its collection no objection? Is it no objection that we are obliged to keep a protective force of coast-guards all round the country, and a fleet of revenue cruisers, for no object whatever but to protect us against smuggling, to ensure that no commodity shall come into the country without paying the duties which may be charged on it? Is it no objection that the fair and honourable trader is broke by a competition to which he never ought to be exposed—that of the knavish smuggler—or that temptation and incentive to fraud should be presented to the latter? Is it no objection that trade is diverted from its natural channels, and that men are prevented from importing, or producing, or using that to which they would otherwise be inclined, because of the heavy duties which are laid either on the manufactured article, or on the materials of which it is composed, and that they are driven to the use of those articles which contribute less to their comfort and enjoyment? Is it no objection that our manufactures are inspected and embarrassed by officers of excise, and their development obstructed by the necessity for following the regulations and prescribed routine which makes improvement impracticable, as it must be attended with change? Is it no objection that in a country which boasts of its freedom, which is so especially jealous of its independence in everything connected with money matters, that it will not suffer any branch of the legislature, but its own representatives, to interfere in its taxation, that yet no man can, by possibility, say how much he is himself paying, and that no man is made to feel that he is in fact contributing largely to the national revenue? Would incompetency be tolerated and profusion sanctioned, if every man individually felt the extent to which he was himself paying for it? Take these objections singly, is any one of them trivial?—take them in the aggregate, do they not constitute a mass of objection sufficient to break down any system which laboured under it?

From all these objections the system of direct taxation is obviously exempt.

But has it, then, it will be said, no evils peculiar to itself? can it be presented as wholly unobjectionable? One argument there is which we frequently hear urged against the income-tax, but which we believe to be very much overstated; we believe that the objection, whatever weight is to be attached to it, applies with nearly as much force to the system of indirect taxation, which is assumed to be wholly exempt from it. The income-tax is said to be unjust in principle, inasmuch as that it presses as heavily on the professional or mercantile man, whose income is dependant on his success and exertions, as on the landed proprietor, fund-holder, mortgagee, or other person whatsoever, whose income, though the same in annual amount, is yet derived from a realised or permanent source; that the property of the latter may be worth twenty-five or thirty years' purchase, that of the former, not worth five years' purchase; and yet, that each pays the same annual sum into the public treasury. Now, without pausing to inquire whether, after all, there is any unfairness in every man alike paying from year to year, on the absolute amount of his income, irrespective of the source from which it is derived, or the time for which it is likely to endure; or whether this inequality of pressure, if it does exist, might not be corrected by a somewhat different scale of charge on the one description of income and on the other—we can dispose of the argument by simply calling attention to the fact, that under the other system, that of indirect taxation, the self-same consequences must, in a great measure, arise; and that here there is no possible way of correcting the evil, if it be one. Under the system of indirect taxation, the landed proprietor, with a permanent income of a thousand a-year derived from a realised source, spends his thousand a year, and contributes to the general taxation by whatever amount of duties may have been charged upon the articles which he purchases. In the same year, and under the same system, the merchant, who has a precarious income of a thousand pounds derived from the exercise of his own skill and industry, likewise spends his thousand pounds and contributes in like manner, and to the same amount, to the revenue of the State. If, indeed, he expends but five

hundred of it unproductively, and adds the other five hundred to his capital, upon this latter portion, no doubt, he may be said to escape taxation; for though the articles of commerce in which he invests it may be liable to duties, still he but advances these sums, which are repaid him by the purchaser when he sells his goods. But the same thing is true of the landed proprietor, if he thinks proper to invest any portion of his income in some profitable undertaking. The distinction, then, in this respect, between the two systems, would appear to be but this, that with direct taxation one pays on his whole income; with indirect taxation, he escapes on that portion of it which he saves. Such is the whole force which is due to this argument in favour of indirect taxation—an argument which, as we have intimated, might probably be met by adopting a different scale of taxation in the different classes of income; but one which, even allowing it its full force, cannot weigh a feather in the balance against objections so formidable as those by which the indirect system of taxation is encountered.

Again, we used to hear of the inquisitorial character of the income-tax—an objection to which less importance is every day attached, under the experience we have had of the practical working of the system. It never was more than a feeling of intrusion, nor did we ever hear a complaint of any actual ill-consequence resulting from it. It is to be observed, however, that whatever may be said on this head against the introduction of such a tax, it is no objection whatsoever to its increase, for each man's income must be as much inquired into for a tax of one per cent. as of twenty per cent.; consequently, the argument gives no support whatsoever to the propositions of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer for increasing the indirect taxation of the country. If Sir Cornwall Lewis has ever bestowed any consideration on these subjects, we cannot suppose but that they must have presented themselves to him as they now do to us. We believe his course to have been a simple one—that he should have proposed to have raised the increased amount of revenue irrespective of the loan by an increased income-tax, suggesting any readjustment of the present tax that he might

have thought necessary or desirable. We are convinced that such a proposition, forcibly and resolutely advocated, would have ensured the support of the House and of the country; and that by falling back, as he has done, on a vicious system, and thereby aggravating the pressure on the national resources, he has shown himself utterly unfitted for the high office which he fills in this great emergency.

Having now glanced at so much of the financial project as relates to the new taxes, let us turn to that portion of the scheme which has reference to the loan of sixteen millions, which has been just contracted for. And here we will venture to say, that a greater absurdity than that by which Sir Cornwall Lewis sought to establish the necessity for a loan never fell from the lips even of a Chancellor of the Exchequer—absurdity so glaring, that it needs but the smallest portion of common sense, and the slightest acquaintance with the mere elements of arithmetic, to expose and to refute it. Speaking of the attempt to defray the extraordinary expenses of a war by loan, or by taxes levied within the year, he reasons in this way—"It is impossible," he says, "with a large expenditure for military purposes, so immediately to raise your taxation as to defray the whole additional charge within the year; and even if the experiment were made, it would be found that the encroachment on the savings of the industrious classes, caused by excessive taxation, would be a greater evil than the abstraction of capital by means of a loan and its expenditure upon a war. I apprehend that nothing can be more certain than the effect of excessive taxation in making inroads into the savings of the industrious classes. We see this fact proved to a certain extent in the diminution of useful projects of various kinds which has already begun to take place in this country, and which is exhibited by the diminution of private business in this House. It is well known that a diminution has taken place in the number of bills for new projects of various kinds which are brought before the Private Bills Committees, and that many projects which had already received the sanction of this House, and upon which the calls due from shareholders had not been paid, have been suspended during the last year. Taxes which cripple enterprise, derange in-

dustry, and interfere with the ordinary distribution of capital, are more detrimental to a community than loans effected by Government."

Such is the argument in favour of a loan relied upon by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We want sixteen millions to make up the necessary expenditure of the year, and he tells us that if we raise this by taxation within the year, distributed over the whole community, we will make inroads on the savings of the industrious classes; we will diminish useful projects of various kinds, as we have already suspended others; we will cripple enterprise and interfere with the ordinary distribution of capital. In other words, that we will prevent the accumulation, and interfere with the natural distribution, of capital in the country. Now how may the loss which is thus sustained be measured and expressed? Plainly by the profits which would have been annually realised by the several investments which are thus prevented from being made. If one million were thus raised by taxes within the year, and the rate of profits were five per cent. per annum, the country would be annually a loser to the extent of £50,000—various articles of this annual value, which would have been produced from year to year, had the million been embarked in those useful projects, to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer refers, would be lost to the community, because that the money was spent in war instead of being invested as capital. But we would be glad to know what possible difference it could make, if this million were taken by way of perpetual loan from the accumulations of some few great capitalists, instead of being abstracted from the savings and investments of the industrious classes generally. In each case the same sum, one million, is taken from the country and spent in war; in each case the annual loss sustained is the same, namely, £50,000—the profits which would have been realised by the investment of the principal sum; wherein does the difference consist? is there, or can there be, any imaginable distinction between the two cases? Would not the capital of the large capitalists, which is thus expended in war, have been as judiciously invested, as carefully superintended, have given as much employ-

ment, and been as productive, as the aggregated capitals of the less-wealthy sections of society? We confess ourselves utterly unable to see any distinction between the two cases; and yet it is upon such assumed distinction that Sir Cornwall Lewis seeks to support himself in his position, that to raise the money by general taxation is more detrimental to the community than loans effected by Government. It is for reasons such as this that he asks the House of Commons to accede to his propositions.

There may be, however, a difference between the effects of raising money by loan and by general taxation within the year, which did not occur to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and which was not presented to the House, but which it may be well to advert to. The amount raised by loan will almost certainly be withdrawn from the capital of the country. Sir Cornwall Lewis further conceives that the sum raised by general taxation will in like manner be a subtraction from the national capital, and no doubt it may be so, and in all likelihood will be so to a considerable extent, but it is by no means necessarily so. It is highly probable that the effect of raising the whole revenue by general taxation, would be to cause a great portion of the community to forego a large amount of their unproductive expenditure; that a considerable portion of the tax would be taken, not from what the country would otherwise have saved and applied to purposes of production, but from what it would have unproductively consumed. Men might be rather stimulated by the pressure to increase their savings, and to diminish their unprofitable outlay. To whatever extent, then, the society curtailed its present unproductive expenditure, to that extent it alone would be the sufferer, as, by such expenditure, it only could have been the gainer by the enjoyment which such outlay would have afforded. Whenever the capital of the country is diminished, whether by loan or by general taxation, a portion of the burden is thrown on posterity, inasmuch as that they are thereby deprived, as we have seen, of a permanent benefit which the investment of that capital would have given rise to. But when the tax is taken, not from the capital, but

from the unproductive expenditure of the country, posterity has nothing to be deprived of, for it could have derived no possible advantage from such unproductive outlay; it has nothing to lose, and it bears no portion of the burden, which in this case falls wholly on the present generation.

If, then, it be deemed just or expedient to throw a portion of the present burdens which have become indispensable in the prosecution of the war on succeeding generations, this is more likely to be done, to a certain extent at least, by Government loan than by general taxation within the year; because the former mode will almost necessarily fall upon the capital of the country, the latter may not wholly do so, and to the extent to which it is thrown on the unproductive expenditure of the year, to that extent, whatever it may be, it falls exclusively on the present generation.

It was impossible, however, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should not have profited to some extent by the errors and experience of his predecessors. Consequently, we find him taking much credit to himself for avoiding the serious error into which preceding Chancellors of the Exchequer had fallen—that of borrowing at a low nominal rate of interest, by giving a larger amount of stock than the money received; giving, say, stock to the value of £120 at a low rate of interest for £100 in money, instead of giving stock but to the value of £100 for the same sum, but paying a proportionally higher rate of interest for the loan. This was, doubtless, a great error, and Sir Cornwall Lewis congratulates himself on having escaped it, “We have at least,” he says, “secured from the public £100 in money for every £100 stock created.” But Sir Cornwall Lewis has not pointed attention to the nature of the advantage which he has thereby secured; all that he says on the subject is that, “Government has thereby avoided that state of things which sometimes occurs during a period of war, namely, of a large debt of stock being created, for which Government received an imperfect equivalent.” Now, it certainly might suggest itself to the inquirer, that if funded property is never to be repaid, if the nature of the contract is, that the lender gets a perpetual annuity, the value of which he

can only realise by sale and transfer in the market, it can be of no importance to the nation that it is nominally bound to pay a larger sum than it originally received, but which it is never to be called upon for. Surely, after the instances which we have given of Sir Cornwall Lewis's little familiarity with such inquiries, it is not uncharitable to suppose that he knows not the importance of the arrangement he thus prides himself upon. Its advantage consists in this, and in this only, that as the nation can only reduce the rate of interest by offering to pay off the principal if the reduction be not acceded to, the country, when it gives £100 stock for £80 in money, virtually binds itself not to reduce the rate of interest one-half, or one-quarter per cent, or by any other amount, except on the terms of paying £20 premium for the privilege; it gets but £80, and for this it undertakes to pay £100, an undertaking which becomes of consequence, if ever it is contemplated to pay off the principal, which event is only likely to occur, but which does occur whenever it is necessary to offer it as an alternative for accepting a reduced rate of interest. This we believe to be the advantage which a country gains by taking care to get £100 money for every £100 stock with which it credits the public creditor; it enables a nation which has borrowed on such terms the more readily to avail itself of any reduction in the general rate of interest, and thus to diminish the amount of its annual payments.

We cannot bring this hasty notice of the War Budget to a close without adverting to a peculiarity connected with the loan, trifling and unimportant though it may be. The funds, as many of our readers are now but too well aware, are not at par, but very much below it; it consequently became necessary, when it was arranged that the lender should give £100 money for £100 stock, to make some provision to compensate him for the low price of the funds. This Sir Cornwall Lewis provides for by giving an annuity of fourteen shillings and sixpence per cent, terminable in thirty years. Much has been latterly said and written on the expediency of borrowing on terminable annuities; the advantage consisting, as it is alleged, in this, that it is part of the original

contract with the lender, that, together with his interest, a portion of his principal shall be annually paid off. The trifling extent to which this element now enters into the financial propositions makes it little worth while to dwell upon it. There can be no doubt whatsoever but that it provides for so much of the debt being ultimately paid off; but there can be equally little doubt that securities of this nature could not be as popular nor as marketable as consols, and that, consequently, the Government would borrow on much less advantageous terms on this class of security. For one description of investment, indeed, which creates a large demand for funded property, terminable annuities would be wholly unsuited—namely, trust investments; no trustee could venture to lend on the security of a fund, the nature of which was, that small portions of his principal should be repaid to him periodically, and that he should thus be incessantly running about in search of fresh investments. The same objection would apply to many other persons as well as to trustees—to all, in fact, who resorted to the funds as a permanent investment for their money, and as a constant source from which their income was to be derived. For these reasons we admit that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was well advised in not yield-

ing to the appeals which were made in favour of this class of security. In point of fact, it was hardly worth while to have resorted to it at all—the trifling position, however, which it occupies in the general propositions makes it comparatively unimportant, and renders any further notice of it unnecessary.

Such, then, is the War Budget of Sir Cornwall Lewis—such the financial statement of Lord Palmerston's Chancellor of the Exchequer—a statement which, we are told by the reports, was received with laughter and closed in total silence. To us it occurs that such inefficiency is no subject of mirth, and certainly we could not reconcile it with our duty to pass it by unnoticed. Recollecting as we all do the able and brilliant men who have held that office, it cannot but be matter of deep concern to find that it has now devolved upon one who seems so ill qualified, either by ability, by previous study, or by knowledge, for the responsible functions he is called upon to discharge. We have but the consolation, that the people of England seem now thoroughly roused against incompetency in the administration of affairs; and that it is, consequently, in the highest degree improbable that we shall ever again be called upon to review another budget of Sir Cornwall Lewis.

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DUBLIN

JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

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THE Editor of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE begs to notify that he will not undertake to return, or be accountable for, any manuscripts forwarded to him for perusal.

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VOL. XLV.

THE BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

IT often does men good to be reminded of their beginnings, and to be informed of the extent of the world's knowledge as to who and what their fathers were, and as to the circumstances of their birth and early breeding. If such reminiscences are capable of working good for individuals, they should be still more beneficial to nations whose perpetual and uninterrupted succession seems to connect their earlier and later public deeds, as though they were the acts of a single life; thus imposing upon the present generation a more direct responsibility for the sins or the merits of that which is past. Viewed in this light, the incidents of the birth of the Constitution of the United States must, we should think, be full of deep and never-failing interest for every loyal and thoughtful American citizen; and, blood being thicker than water, we see no reason why they should not also be rife with entertainment and instruction for ourselves. For our own part, we confess we scarcely feel more profoundly interested in the circumstances of the Great Deliverer's landing at Torbay, and in the formalities and difficulties of the Convention Parliament; than in the disembarkation and solemn reception of GEORGE WASHINGTON at New York, on the 23rd of April, 1789, and in the throes and struggles wherewith the First Congress of the United States brought forth the precedents and ritual of the government of the Republic.

All the world knows the history of the origin and progress of the separation of the North American colonies from Great Britain, and upon those topics we, of course, have no intention of touching. They can never, indeed, cease to be interesting to mankind; but

all men's minds have been long since made up respecting the circumstantial details, as the established certainty of the result has obliterated all controversy respecting the principles originally in conflict, and once so hotly contested. The most legitimate representative of the Cavaliers and Jacobites of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would not now venture to maintain that Washington was a rebel, or that any more severe censure could be justly passed upon the break up of connexion between the mother country and her colonies, than would be conveyed in the judgment that it was a necessary and unavoidable consummation, badly brought about—by whom, it is not worth while now to inquire. At all events, the deed was accomplished, after seven years of war, in 1783; and then, when the heat of actual conflict subsided, the work of conceiving and giving birth to a constitution was before America. How much more difficult and perilous than the conquest of independence, is that almost hopeless task, it will not be necessary to remind our readers. The history of France, Spain, Germany, Italy, South America, but too plainly tells how often it has been vainly and disastrously attempted, even in that short period that has elapsed since Washington took the oath of fidelity to the Constitution (still hale and vivacious), the circumstances of the birth of which we propose to call to mind. During those three score and six years our next-door Continental neighbours—to say nothing of the rest—have tried almost every known form of government, and have pretty nearly equally failed in their endeavours to establish a limited monarchy, an oligarchy, a democratic republic,

and an autocracy, the plans of all of which were devised and worked by men of great ability, and looked extremely well upon paper. The American Constitution, brought to the birth in 1789, nevertheless, still endures, with but few marks of the inroads of time upon its frame; and it is satisfactory to know that the mode of its conception was so different from that of any of the others to which we have alluded, as to warrant the inference that its superior tenacity of life is not an accident. It was no charter taken out of the pigeon-hole of a political philosopher that General Washington, as President of the Convention of the United States, presented to Congress, for their approbation, on the 17th of September, 1787; but truly a practical proposal for fitting the approved customs of the republican monarchy of England to the new monarchical republic of America. Nothing seems to have been altered for the sake of change, and in truth no new principle was introduced into the British Constitution, when it was adopted for the new States in the modified shape in which it had been working in the old Colonies. It was, on the contrary, in many respects, restored on the model of the original. The whole work of adaptation was accomplished in seven articles, making together not a fourth part of the ordinary bulk of a president's message of the present time. Thus, the guardians of the new nation set out with the design of allowing the machine of state to work as far as possible in the old tracks, and their struggles to accommodate their practice to their design, when the business of government was actually entered upon, are pregnant with instruction for all makers and menders of constitutions.

All the world knows that the Declaration whereby the thirteen provinces and colonies of North America withdrew their allegiance from George III., and proclaimed themselves to be free and independent states, was agreed to by their representatives, and published, on the 4th of July, 1776. The step was a bold one, but it was taken by men who did not put their hands to the plough with any intention of looking back. No sooner had they asserted their independence, than they applied themselves to the contrivance of means for maintaining it; and upon the 4th of October, the delegates of the thirteen states adopted and signed ar-

ticles of confederation, after these had been "long weighed and discussed, line by line, in the Congress," then assembled at Philadelphia. This contract was, in fact, no more than a treaty of alliance and friendship for common defence among states entirely independent of each other so far as regarded their internal government; and, though declared to be a perpetual union, it was manifestly and essentially temporary in its nature. Its use was to consolidate the force of the several provinces for the purposes of the war into which they had plunged, without restricting the right of self-government or the internal independence of each. Under its provisions a common, or, as it was called, a continental army was raised; a fund was created for the expenses of the common defence, by contributions to a general treasury, and the control over both was given to a congress of delegates from the provinces, comprising within it an executive council of state, invested with a small amount of discretionary authority, jealously limited. The success of the revolution under an organisation so imperfect was truly miraculous; nor is the marvel of the result explained even by the knowledge we now possess of the moderation, firmness, and public virtue of many of the leading men of the time. These qualities, unusually abundant as they no doubt were among the American patriot chiefs, were yet heavily counterweighted by discontent, irregular ambition, and treason; they ultimately prevailed only by reason of the peculiar facilities of acting upon the masses of the people, and of stirring them to orderly and continued exertion, afforded by long habits of local self-government, and by the respect for legal authority thereby engendered. It was the distinct character and completeness of the provincial, municipal, and church jurisdictions in the American colonies, that enabled the leaders of opinion to procure a general expression of it without dangerous excitement, and to direct and moderate the popular anger as occasion seemed to them to require. Under the opposite condition of extreme centralisation, in the French revolution, the act of rousing the mob dissolved the bonds of society, and prostrated the nation under the feet of a horde of frantic savages, only to be relieved from that wretched condition by the power of a military despotism.

In France, a thorough reformation of customs was necessary in order to initiate rational freedom, and in the tide of change every thing old was swept away. In America, all that was needed was to suffer the ancient machinery of constitutional government to work in its accustomed manner, and no alterations of practice being requisite, none were made. During the early period of the struggle the King was prayed for, as usual, in the churches; and in Washington's public letters, previous to the declaration of independence, the nature of the contest is constantly masked by the application of the term "ministerial troops" to the royalist army. This policy was, in fact, identical with that which ruled in the great rebellion of England, when the machinery of government in counties and boroughs was set to work by its intrinsic force to oppose the King in his own name, and when the possession of the great seal was striven for by the rival parties as though that symbol of authority were endowed with active power. Carefully adhered to in America, it held the people under the influence of the instinct of obedience to constituted government, and rendered possible a result which, under other circumstances, could not have been achieved with all the assistance afforded to the insurgents by French arms and British incompetency and mismanagement. But scarcely was peace established when the entire insufficiency of the provisions of the articles of confederation for the security of the independence and sovereignty that had been conquered under their operation became painfully evident, and the impossibility of keeping the states in union without the establishment of a solid federal government, was universally acknowledged. Out of this feeling sprang the convention of 1787, and the constitution of the United States inaugurated in 1789. Of this assembly Washington was chosen President; its work had been the subject of his anxious thoughts from the moment when his release from the toils and cares of war gave him time to reflect upon the still graver perils of peace, the mode of meeting which should decide "whether the Revolution must ultimately be considered as a blessing or a curse."

"There are four things (he says in his farewell letter to the governors of the several states, written on the 8th of June, 1783) which I humbly conceive are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States, as an independent power.

"First.—An indissoluble union of the states under one federal head.

"Second.—A sacred regard to public justice.

"Third.—The adoption of a proper peace establishment; and

"Fourth.—The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity; and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community.

"It is only in an united character as an empire that our independence is acknowledged, that our power can be regarded, or our credit supported, among foreign nations. The treaties of the European powers with the United States of America will have no validity on a dissolution of the union. We shall be left nearly in a state of nature; or we may find, by our own unhappy experience, that there is a natural and necessary progression from the extreme of anarchy to the extreme of tyranny, and that arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness."

The principles here laid down formed the basis of the new *articles*, and in constructing this framework of national polity the model of the British constitution was closely, but not servilely, followed. The executive power was vested in a monarch, or single person—as the phrase was in the days of our own commonwealth—and his authority was scarcely less ample than that of an English king. The question as to the power of the militia, so hotly contested between the Stuart kings and the people, was decided by the Americans in favour of the monarch: he was constituted Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the union. The royal prerogative of mercy was also his; he was given power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the United States, except in cases of impeachment. The making of treaties, the appointment of ambassadors, public ministers, consuls, judges of the supreme court, and all other officers of

the United States lay with him, subject to the approval of the Senate, which, in reference to these acts, performed the part, with much less reality of power, of the British Cabinet. During the recess of the Senate the patronage of the head of the State was to be uncontrolled; he could fill up all vacancies that might happen, and his appointments were to hold good until the end of the next session of the legislature. All commissions of public officers were to run in his name; he was the constitutional guardian of the laws, and was even empowered to exercise a veto upon their enactment; he could convene one or both houses of the legislature upon extraordinary occasions, and in case of disagreement between them with respect to the time of their adjournment, he could adjourn (or prorogue) them to such time as he should think proper; he was in his own person the representative and organ of the state, receiving ambassadors and other public ministers of foreign nations. The name of *PRESIDENT* was given to the administrator of this extensive trust of executive power; but the slightest consideration will show that the office differed little in its real nature from that of a constitutional king. Government by a single person is, in truth, more realised in the presidential than in the royal office as this exists in Great Britain, the authority of "the Crown" being shared between the monarch and his confidential servants in such proportions as to leave to the former no personal power except that of choosing the latter, practically by and with the advice and consent of the Commons, House of Parliament. Thus strictly limited in power, the king is properly relieved of responsibility; but the president, held responsible for his acts, is permitted to exercise a real and direct influence over the patronage of the State. Under both forms the executive office is essentially elective; the President being chosen by the direct vote of certain representatives of the people, and for a fixed term of four years; while the King's ministers, in whom is vested the authority of "the Crown," are practically elected and deposed by the House of Commons whenever it pleases the whim or seems good to the wisdom of that august assembly. So far is the royal executive from enjoying any certain

hold of power, that we may have (as in the present year) two elections to the office, and as many rude depositions from it within a single month.

The analogies between the legislative principles and machinery of the two constitutions are scarcely less striking than those we have pointed out in the executive branches. The legislature was formed, as in Great Britain, of two houses, thus presenting a remarkable contrast to the most modern products of British skill in the manufacture of colonial constitutions. The attempt to raise a mimic house of lords has been condemned and abandoned in the formation of the constitutions of most of our great southern dependencies; it was made, and, all circumstances considered, with wonderful success in the original constitution of the United States, where the plan is still adhered to with apparently general approval. It is remarkable that in no British colony, old or new, has a class from which an hereditary aristocracy could be drawn, ever grown up. Attempts to create a privileged order were frequently made in North America, but they all failed as completely as the baronetship of Nova Scotia, or the fanciful aristocracy devised by John Locke for Carolina; and at the period of the Revolution, although the landed gentry were numerous, independent, and animated by the best spirit of the English gentleman of the olden time, still, had it been desired to form a house of hereditary legislators, the work would have been impossible of accomplishment. The substitute provided was a Senate, to which a solidity of character was sought to be given by a lengthened tenure of office, advanced age of the members, and their election by the state legislatures, not by the people. While the representatives of the people were to hold their seats for two years, and to be eligible when they had attained the age of twenty-five, and been citizens of the United States for seven years; the senators sat for six years, and were not eligible until they had attained the age of thirty, and been citizens for nine years. In the constitution of the two houses there was also this remarkable difference: the representatives were apportioned among the several States, according to the numbers of their respective populations;

while each State, great and small, chose two senators, and two only. The lower house, like the Commons of England, was designed to represent the people; in the upper, each member representing the legislature of his own State—for the time a distinct order—was thus approximated in character to the Scottish representative lord of parliament of the day. The functions of the two bodies closely resembled those of the two houses of the British constitution. Money bills were originated in the house of representatives; but all bills were submitted to both houses. Each house was the judge of its own privileges; but impeachments must be moved in the lower and tried in the upper house. The former had power to choose its own speaker, while the president of the latter was the Vice-President of the United States—the second man in official rank in the commonwealth. To the complete legislature, acting with the consent of the head of the State, the articles gave, in a few comprehensive phrases (afterwards found to be very elastic), nearly all the legislative powers enjoyed by the King, Lords, and Commons of England.

In one important point the copy failed in its resemblance to the original; but this deficiency was supplied by a contrivance, the ingenuity and continued sufficiency of which bears the strongest testimony to the practical wisdom of its inventors. No modification of the senate could have fitted it to exercise the functions of appellate jurisdiction, the permanent possession of which by the house of peers is probably the mainstay of our crudely-mixed constitution; yet without a tribunal of final resort, it was manifest that the Union could not be permanently maintained. To fill up the deficiency, the Supreme Court was invented, and to this creation of the wisdom of the convention of 1787, we venture to think, the world is indebted for the proof that has been afforded it of the practicability of a Republican Government, by the prolongation of its existence over three-quarters of a century. In the British system, the constitution, unwritten, and practically but a mixed deduction from ancient usages and abstract principles of right, is declared and expounded, as occasion requires, in the

judicial decisions of the House of Lords, by a body absolutely independent in theory, and, in practice, perhaps, as much guarded against undue influence as it is possible for human frailty to be. Individuals are thus protected against each other, and against the crimes or errors of the highest judicial functionaries; and the enjoyment of reasonable liberty is rendered possible to the whole nation, by the permanent existence of an institution, venerable from its antiquity and elevation, endowed with power to prevent public or private injury from being inflicted either by the infringement or the overstraining of the law. The confidence requisite to a proper discharge of this high function could not be created in the new commonwealth by any modification of a non-permanent legislative chamber; but it has been freely given and continued to the judges of the supreme court, nominated by the President, "with the advice and consent of the senate," and secured during good behaviour in the tenure of their office and the enjoyment of salaries not to be diminished without a violation of the articles of the constitution. The jurisdiction given to this tribunal was both original and appellate, extending over all controversies, internal or external, in which the general government might be involved, or one State in any way at variance with another; but the power that gives the institution its transcendent importance is, that of deciding between the law and the constitution. An individual citizen, aggrieved by the operation of an act of legislation, correctly (in reference to the letter of the statute) interpreted to his damage by an inferior tribunal, may look for redress to the supreme court of the United States, and hope to obtain it, should it appear that the injurious law was enacted by a state legislature, or even by congress, in contravention of the articles of the constitution.

Fortunately for America, there has never yet been a failure of men worthy to be entrusted with this exalted power; and to its temperate and firm exercise, and the public respect that has followed thereupon, the fact of the existence of the Union at this day is, doubtless, to be ascribed. Had the jurisdiction of the supreme court been less extensive and complete—had its

administration been less respectable or respected, no expansibility of resources, no amplitude of territory, no extension of education, would have prevented a disruption of the Union, and probably a succession of ruinous revolutions in the several States. The articles of the constitution would have been practically overruled by state and general legislation before twelve months had elapsed but for the honest guardianship of these seven keepers of the public conscience. The weight of wrong thereby done upon individuals and classes would have forced on as many counter-revolutions as have happened in Old or New Spain, had not all men discerned an easier and more effectual remedy for their grievances in the learning, integrity, and recognised supremacy of their decisions.

Thus, in effect, the monarchical constitution of Britain, which was found in operation in the several colonies, was adapted to the service of the republican monarchy of the United States, with as close an adherence to the original model as was possible among a people who had lost their hereditary king; who had not within themselves the elements of an order of aristocracy; and whose variety of religious opinions rendered a national church an impossibility. The final agreement was, as may naturally be expected, not obtained without many collisions of opinion, and concessions upon both sides. "Every one knows," says Jefferson, "that that constitution was a matter of compromise — a capitulation between conflicting interests and opinions;" and to him it was a subject of regret that the superiority of the monarchical, and, as he calls them, Angloman opinions was so powerful as it proved to be. Returned in 1790 from a mission to France, which he "left in the first year of her Revolution, in the fervor of national rights and zeal for reformation," he was admitted at once into the familiar society of President Washington, and of the principal citizens of New York; "and he cannot," he continues, "describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversations filled him. Politics were the chief topic, and a preference of kingly over republican government was evidently the favourite sentiment." On the other side were John Adams, the first vice-

president of the Republic, believing that the British constitution, "purged of its corruption, was the most perfect ever devised by the wit of man;" Colonel Alexander Hamilton, who thought the same system, with all its supposed defects, the most perfect government which ever existed; and Washington himself, who "sincerely wished the people to have as much self-government as they were competent to exercise themselves," but who differed from Jefferson in opinion "as to their natural integrity and discretion, and the safety and extent to which they might trust themselves with a control over their government." All parties, however, seem to have applied themselves with wonderful temper and loyalty to the work of securing a fair trial for the experiment. Anglomany was not pushed too far, and Gallomany was satisfied with fewer concessions than would have contented the usually intolerant spirit of unbound slavery. "I consent to this constitution," said Franklin, "because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good." Time has affirmed the judgment of the sage! The sucker of the old English oak has grown into a vigorous and wide-spreading tree; while successions of abortive germs of the Gallic plant of liberty have perished in the heat from which they sprung.

It was on Wednesday, the 4th of March, 1789, that the first congress of the United States, elected under the new constitution, assembled in the city of New York. Eleven of the states had previously accepted the articles, and chosen senators and representatives. George Washington had been elected first president, and John Adams first vice-president, of the United States. The earliest difficulty that met the infant government was, strangely enough, the apathy and indifference of the members of both houses of the legislature. No more than eight senators and thirteen representatives took their seats on the first day of the session — there being of the former fourteen, and of the latter, forty-five absentees. The number of members who appeared not being sufficient to constitute either house, they both adjourned; and, notwithstanding the repeated despatch of urgent cir-

cular letters representing to the absentees "the indispensable necessity of putting the government into immediate operation," lest "the public expectations should be disappointed," it was only upon the 1st of April that the lower house was constituted, by the attendance of thirty members. The senate did not meet for business until the 6th of the same month. The first act of the house of representatives was to elect a speaker and a clerk, the former of whom, having been conducted to the chair in the manner practised in the House of Commons, "suitably acknowledged the honour which had been conferred upon him," in terms pretty nearly the same as would have been employed for the like purpose by his prototype in Westminster.

A chaplain, a sergeant-at-arms, and door-keepers were also declared to be necessary, and were elected; and the framework of a genuine house of commons having been thus constructed, a committee of eleven members was appointed to prepare and report such standing rules and orders of proceeding as should be proper to be observed in the house. A committee of the senate was charged by that body with a similar duty; and in the protracted discussions that ensued during the progress of organisation the prevalence of the desire to copy the British model was shown in a strong light, as well as the moderation and good sense that influenced both parties to submit to a practical compromise between their extreme opinions. One of the earliest conflicts between the lovers of change and the veneration of the wisdom of our ancestors took place over the "hauble," which in England is more apparently than even the crown itself the outward and visible sign of regal authority. The standing orders committee in constructing rules for the regulation of the office of sergeant-at-arms, reported that "a proper symbol of office shall be provided, of such form and device as the speaker shall direct, *which shall be placed on the clerk's table during the sitting of the house, but when the house is in committee shall be placed under the table.* The sergeant-at-arms shall, moreover, always bear the said symbol when executing the immediate commands of the house, during its sitting, returning the same to the clerk's table when the service is performed." To those acquainted

with the forms of the House of Commons the "royal mace" is plainly indicated in this unfashioned symbol; and the manner in which it was to be "mightily upheld" is not obscurely shadowed forth in another recommendation of a joint committee of both houses, appointed "to report a mode of communication, to be observed between the senate and house of representatives, with respect to papers, bills, and messages." Their report prescribed the following ceremonial:—

"When a bill or other message shall be sent from the senate to the house of representatives, it shall be carried by the secretary, who shall make one obeisance to the chair on entering the door of the house of representatives, and another on delivering it at the table into the hands of the speaker. After he shall have delivered it he shall make an obeisance to the speaker, and repeat it as he retires from the house."

The master of the ceremonies in this interlude would, of course, be the sergeant-at-arms, who executing the commands of the house to "call in the messenger," would, of course, bear his symbol. It would then only need to dress the secretary in a full bottomed wig and silk gown to get up a very respectable representation of a corresponding scene in St. Stephen's Chapel. Messages to the model assembly that then met in that venerable fane were and are conveyed from the House of Lords by one or two masters in chancery, in full forensic costume, who are escorted from the bar of the house to the clerk's table by the sergeant-at-arms, with the mace upon his shoulder, making three obeisances to the chair upon their advance, and as many upon their retreat, the latter of which manœuvres they perform by walking backwards. In the proposed rite one obeisance was dropped in honour of republicanism, and the mode of retrogression was not prescribed. But that the ancient ceremonial was vividly present to the mind of the committee when they constructed the standing order, must strike any one who has heard Lord Charles Russell announce "a message from the Lords," and seen that official advance to the table, take the mace, "with which he introduces the messengers," and having accompanied them again to the bar, return and replace the symbol where it is to remain during the sitting of

the house. The question of the mace was shortly disposed of by the house of representatives. They did not "take away the bauble," but they reduced it to a simple constable's badge, by adopting so much only of the proposed standing order as prescribed that a proper symbol of office should be provided for the sergeant-at-arms, to be borne by him when in the execution of his office. To this conclusion they were, doubtless, guided by a wise discretion. A mace, apart from a crown, and symbolising no idea consecrated by antiquity, would have commanded no more respect than the log of wood in the fable of the frogs who prayed for a king. It would, in truth, have brought contempt upon the authority which the house carefully preserved, though they did not adopt its ceremonial ensign. The preservation of order and of the rightful supremacy of the representative branch of the legislature was provided for by the adoption of a standing order for the appointment of a sergeant-at-arms "to attend the house during its sitting, to execute the commands of the house from time to time, and all such process, issued by authority thereof, as shall be directed to him by the speaker." This is the same form of executive power possessed by the House of Commons for the protection of its privileges, and it was used in the same manner. The house resolved that—

"The fees of the sergeant-at-arms shall be, for every arrest, the sum of two dollars; for each day's custody and releasement, one dollar; and for travelling expenses, going and returning, one-tenth of a dollar per mile."

There are instances in the history of the House of Commons of the assumption of larger penal powers, a notable example occurring in the year 1621, when one Floyd having spoken offensive words against the Elector Palatine and his wife, the daughter of James I., was sentenced by the house, in the exuberance of its loyalty, to pay a fine of £1,000, to stand twice in the pillory, and to ride backwards on a horse, with the horse's tail in his hand. But since the year 1686, when a fine of £1,000 was imposed upon Thomas White for absconding after he had been ordered into custody, the British house has never vindicated its privileges otherwise than by commitment of the offender, and by the imposition

of fines in the shape of daily fees; and this modified practice was, as we have seen, adopted by the new representative assembly.

The recommendation of the joint committee with respect to the mode of communication between the two houses, was not so easily settled. The senate had manifestly a strong yearning after lordly usages; and the report was accordingly adopted in that house in the form in which it was offered by the Committee, including, in addition to the ritual we have already referred to, a formula for the reception of communications sent to the upper from the lower chamber. It was as follows:—

"When a bill shall be sent up by the house of representatives to the senate, it shall be carried by two members, who, at the bar of the senate, shall make their obeisance to the president, and thence advancing to the chair, make a second obeisance, and deliver it into the hands of the president. After having delivered the bill, they shall make their obeisance to the president, and repeat it as they retire from the bar. The senate shall rise on the entrance of the members within the bar, and continue standing until they retire.

"All other messages from the house of representatives shall be carried by one member, who shall make his obeisance as above mentioned, but the president of the senate alone shall rise."

This, like the other ceremonial, was a copy, as close as circumstances permitted of the British practice, of which, according to the ancient standing order of the House of Lords,

"The manner is thus:—After we have notice given to us by our usher that they have sent unto us, they attend till we have put that business to some end wherein we are, and then we (sitting all covered) send for them in, who stand all at the lowest end of the room; and then the Lord Chancellor (with such as please) riseth and goeth down to the middle of the bar; then the chief of the committee in the midst, and the rest about him, come up to the bar with three courtesies, and deliver the message to him, who, after he hath received it, retires to his former place; and the house being cleared and settled, he reports it to the lords, who do help his memory if anything be mistaken; and after the lords have taken resolution (if the business require any answer) they are either called for in, and approaching to the bar with three courtesies (as before), and the house sitting in order and covered (as before), the Lord Chancellor sitting upon the woolsack,

covered, doth give them their answer in the name of the house; or else, if the resolution be not so speedy, we send them word by the usher that they shall not need stay for the answer, but we will send it by some express messengers of our own."

The simpler usages of the colonial legislatures, and the want of certain properties, prevented the proposed scene from being so perfect an imitation of the original as that in the other house. There was no chancellor with wig and purse to take the leading part; and there was no habit existing to sanction a proposal that "the compliment of the hat" should be withheld from each other by men of equal social rank, or that one class of legislators should be required to stand in presence of another. The joint committee, nevertheless, went as far as was practicable in asserting the claim of the upper house to a lordly character, by the language and substance of their report. Messages were to be brought up to the senate by members of the house of representatives, who were to salute the more august assembly; and the salutation was to be acknowledged with such differences of form as might show that the courtesy was paid as if to an impersonation of the popular branch of the legislature while engaged in an act of legislation. Two members were to carry a bill, and their obeisances were to be acknowledged by the senators rising; other messages were to be carried by one member, who was to make his obeisances as before, but the senate, recognising in the single individual only a simple messenger, was not to acknowledge them by rising. On the other hand, messages were to be carried from the senate to the popular house, not by a senator, but by a subordinate officer, their secretary.

"Here it is to be noted (says a standing order of the House of Lords) that we never send to the lower house by any members of our own, but either by some of the learned counsel, masters of the chancery, or such like which attend us, and in weighty causes, some of the judges; but the lower house never sends unto us any but of their own body."

The ceremonial was approved of by the senate, who accepted the report, which, however, was ordered to lie on the table of the other house. Two

days afterwards, the senate, probably finding that the public feeling did not go fully with them, reconsidered their acceptance of the report, and ordered its recommitment. The transactions that followed are very curious, as illustrations of the conflicting feelings of the time, and of the care and caution with which all parties scrutinised the materials of the foundation they were laying, even when these might seem to a casual observer to be but idle and shadowy forms. In the second report of the joint committee, the respective dignity of the houses was treated as an open question. It recommended that—

"When a message shall be sent from the senate to the house of representatives, it shall be announced at the door of the house by the door-keeper, and shall be respectfully communicated to them by the person by whom it may be sent.

"The same ceremony shall be observed when a message shall be sent from the house of representatives to the senate.

"Messages shall be sent by such persons as a sense of propriety, in each house, may determine to be proper."

This report was agreed to by the lower house, but the senate in its turn ordered it to lie on their table, and subsequently rejected it in form. A new committee of the senate was then appointed to consider the matter, it being resolved that, until a permanent mode of communication should be settled, messages would be received if conveyed by the clerk of the other house, and delivered by him to their secretary at the bar of the senate. The committee made another attempt to assert the claim to superior dignity, and upon their report, it was *ordered* by the senate—

"That when a message shall come from the house of representatives to the senate, and shall be announced by the door-keeper, the messenger or messengers, being a member or members of the house, shall be received within the bar, the president rising when the message is by one member, and the senate also when it is by two or more; if the messenger be not a member of the house, he shall be received at the bar by the secretary, and the bill, or papers, that he may bring, shall there be received from him by the secretary; and be by him delivered to the president."

This *order* seems to have terminated the conflict; the senate had the last

word; but the victory was a barren one, as the house of representatives seems never to have sent messages by its own members, and communications were thenceforward carried from one house to the other by the respective officers of each. It is manifest throughout those proceedings, that although the house of representatives, as a body, declined to adopt the aristocratic views of some of their own members, and of the senate, still a strongly conservative spirit pervaded all their acts. To have yielded fully to the pretensions of the senate, or to have sanctioned all the ceremonies and forms proposed, would, in truth, have been the introduction of novelties. Many of the proposed rites and observances were unknown in the colonies as British provinces, and they would have been barren of practical meaning in the same communities changed into independent states. The spirit of the British mixed constitution nevertheless ruled the organisation of the whole system, and its forms were adhered to in almost every instance in which their employment was useful or inoffensive. Thus the house of representatives, practically ascribed a superiority of dignity to the senate by providing seats within their bar for the accommodation of the president and members of that body, and they did so notwithstanding the obstinate resistance given by a large majority of senators to the moderate proposal, made session after session, that the doors of the senate chamber should remain open during sittings of the senate in a legislative capacity, except on such occasions as in their judgment might require secrecy. Nor did the Senate itself always fail to exhibit moderation in dealing with manifestations of its own prevailing idea. A motion made with the view of conferring upon individual senators the lordly privilege of entering upon the journal protests against bills or resolutions, with their reasons for dissent, was negatived without a division.

The standing orders for the regulation of actual business, and the conduct of debates and divisions, were shaped almost exactly upon the British model, in accordance with which the minutest particulars of detail were prescribed. Points of order were to be ruled by the speaker "rising from his seat for that purpose." In putting a question the speaker was re-

quired to rise; but he might state it sitting. Divisions were directed to be made, as in the House of Commons, by the "ayes" going to the right and the "noes" to the left of the chair, a form which, however, was soon exchanged for that of rising and sitting down. When the house adjourned, the members were to "keep their seats until the speaker go forth, and then the members shall follow," the framer of this rule, no doubt, having in his recollection the ancient formula in which the session of the House of Commons is daily closed by the door-keeper's loud inquiry at the empty benches if there are "Any more members to go home with Mr. Speaker." In the conduct of debates in both houses, the ingenious mode of evading a direct decision upon the merits of a proposition, by moving the previous question, was retained. When five members in the house of representatives, or a proposer and seconder merely in the senate, as in the House of Commons, should desire to negative a motion without expressing an opinion upon its positive merits, but only upon the expediency of their entertaining it, it was competent to them to move the previous question—that is, "shall the main question" (the motion before the house) "be now put;" and should the negatives prevail, all further debate upon the subject should be precluded. The progress of bills was regulated by the same division into stages used in the British legislature. No bill could be introduced without a motion for leave, or by an order of the house upon report of a committee, and on this point the senators seem to have laid no claim to the privileges of lords of parliament, each individual of whom *could*, upon his own authority, lay a bill upon the table of the house. Having been introduced, the bill was read a first and second time, committed to a select committee, or to a committee of the whole house, reported, engrossed, read a third time, passed, and then sent to be dealt with in like manner in the other house. In committee, as is the usage in parliament, the speaker left the chair, which was taken by a member appointed for the purpose. In case of an amendment of a bill agreed to in one house, and dissented from in the other, a conference might be demanded, which was managed by committees who met in a neutral apart-

ment, and conducted their business in all respects (with the exception of the one party sitting with cocked hats upon their heads, and the other standing uncovered) just as if they had assembled in the painted chamber at Westminster. In either house, just as in lords and commons, business was preceded by prayer; the paramount love of precedent overcoming the influence of religious prejudices, and conciliating discordant creeds by an arrangement that each house should elect its own chaplain, according to the prevailing opinion, but that those reverend persons should interchange their ministrations weekly between the two assemblies. The senate remaining consistent to their order, committed their spiritual concerns to a bishop, the Right Rev. Samuel Provoost; while the house of representatives appointed as their chaplain the Rev. William Linn, whose confession of faith we are unable to particularise.

The process of organisation we have here exemplified was not perfected for several months, and it was manifestly carried out with much anxiety and profound consideration. Its progress was somewhat interrupted by the arrival at the seat of government and inauguration of GEORGE WASHINGTON, the first President of the United States. The first event occurred on the 23rd of April, when Washington, whose journey from his retreat of Mount Vernon was throughout a triumphal procession, was met at Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, by a joint committee of the two houses, and conducted to a residence prepared for him by their care in New York. At Elizabethtown the President embarked on a decorated barge, manned by thirteen branch pilots, dressed in white—every manifestation of respect and affection that a rejoicing people could bestow being spontaneously conferred upon him. He knew what it was all worth, though no benefactor of mankind has ever perhaps so signally escaped the natural consequences of yielding to the influence of motives incomprehensible by the common herd. "The display of boats" (he says in his diary) "which attended and joined on this occasion, some with vocal, and others with instrumental music on board, the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people, which rent the sky as I passed along the wharves, filled my mind with

sensations as painful (contemplating the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labours to do good) as they were pleasing." Upon landing in New York he was received by the Governor of the State and the municipal authorities, attended by whom, and escorted by a body of troops, he was conducted to his house. In the evening the city was illuminated; but it was not until the 30th of April, the day of inauguration, that this great event assumed its solemn public character. In taking order for the first reception of the President on his arrival, the two houses had resolved that he should be conducted, "without form," to his residence by the deputation of three senators and five representatives sent for that purpose to Elizabethtown, and that at such time thereafter as he should signify to be most convenient for him, he should be "formally received by both houses." On the 20th April the Vice-President, JOHN ADAMS, had been received and installed as president of the senate, when he made a speech, the following extract from which bespeaks the king, lords, and commons view of the new constitution taken by him, and doubtless also by the majority of those whom he addressed:—

"I congratulate" (he said) "the people of America on the formation of a national constitution, and the fair prospect of a consistent administration of a government of laws; on the acquisition of a house of representatives chosen by themselves; of a senate thus composed by their own state legislatures; and on the prospect of an executive authority, in the hands of one whose portrait I shall not presume to draw. Were I blessed with powers to do justice to his character, it would be impossible to increase the confidence or affection of his country, or make the smallest addition to his glory. This can only be effected by a discharge of the present exalted trust, on the same principles, with the same abilities and virtues which have uniformly appeared in all his former conduct, public or private. May I, nevertheless, be indulged to inquire, if we look over the catalogue of the first magistrates of nations, whether they have been denominated presidents or consuls, kings or princes, where shall we find one whose commanding talents and virtues, whose overruling good fortune have so completely united all hearts and voices in his favour?"

We have already referred to John Adams's opinion of the excellence of

the British constitution, and here is a fitting public commentary upon that sentiment which was shared in (as Jefferson intimates) by two-thirds of the senate. But this body, not content with the substance, were desirous, as we have seen, of establishing the forms of a monarchical republic. They made another attempt in that direction on the very day of Washington's arrival, when they appointed a committee "to consider and report what style or titles it will be proper to annex to the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States, if any other than those given in the constitution; also to consider of the time, place, and manner in which, and the person by whom, the oath prescribed by the constitution shall be administered to the President, and to confer thereon with such committee as the house of representatives shall appoint for that purpose." The lower house responded by the appointment of a committee of five members to manage the conference; and the final result of the joint deliberation was, an agreement by both houses that the installation (a coronation without a crown) of the President should be performed in an open balcony, in presence of the people; that the oath should be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York, and that the ceremony should be followed by a solemn divine service, to be performed in presence of the entire legislature by Bishop Provost, chaplain to the senate. The other portion of the instruction given to their committee by the senate seems to have been, at that time, evaded, but ten days afterwards the house of representatives resolved that it was not proper to annex any style or title to those expressed in the constitution. The senate, nevertheless, persevered, notwithstanding that in the meantime the occasion for setting a precedent in the first address to the President had been passed over. A motion was made that the title of *Excellency* should be used in addressing the President of the United States, and the motion having been negatived, another committee was appointed to confer again with the house of representatives "on the difference of opinion subsisting between the two houses." A good deal of fencing followed, in the course of which the evasive device of moving the previous question was resorted to, apparently

for the first time, by the lower house. The conference, however, was held, and the committee of the senate having reported that no agreement could be arrived at, their own recommendation that "it will be proper for the senate to address the President as *His Highness the President of the United States of America, and Protector of their Liberties*," was taken into consideration, and disposed of by the following remarkable resolution:—

"From a decent respect for the opinion and practice of civilized nations, whether under monarchical or republican forms of government, whose custom is to annex titles of respectability to the office of their chief magistrate; and that, in intercourse with foreign nations, a due respect for the majesty of the people of the United States, may not be hazarded by an appearance of singularity, the senate has been induced to be of opinion that it would be proper to annex a respectable title to the office of President of the United States; but the senate, desirous of preserving harmony with the house of representatives, where the practice lately observed in presenting an address to the President was without the addition of titles, think it proper, for the present, to act in conformity with the practice of that house:

"Therefore resolved, — That the present address be, *To the President of the United States*, without addition of title."

Before this interlude had been played out the great ceremony of inauguration had been performed with as much of regal pomp and circumstance as it was possible to extemporise for the occasion. At nine o'clock in the morning all the churches in the city were opened, and a service was performed, in the course of which prayers were offered up for the President (no otherwise than they might be offered for our sovereign lady, the Queen), and for the outpouring of the Divine blessing upon the legislature, as though it were a high court of parliament under a most religious and gracious majesty at that time assembled. In passing in formal procession from his dwelling to the Federal Hall, Washington rode alone in a state coach. He was dressed in a full trimmed court suit of dark velvet, with bag and sword, and was attended by the committees of the two houses, by the heads of departments, city authorities, foreign ministers and public officers of every description. The houses were already assembled, and

the senate, upon being informed of his approach, desired the presence in their chamber of the house of representatives, in order to attend the President of the United States while taking the oath required by the constitution. When our sovereign lady visits the palace of Westminster, and arrives within the upper house, the gentleman usher goes to the door of the House of Commons, which is carefully closed and locked upon his approach, and knocking upon it with his black rod, enforces an entry by virtue of that potent symbol. On being admitted, he advances up the middle of the house towards the table, making three obeisances to the chair, and says, "Mr. Speaker, the Queen commands this honourable house to attend her majesty immediately in the House of Peers." He then withdraws, still making obeisances; nor does he turn his back upon the house until he has reached the bar. The command is obeyed in a spirit identical with that which, no doubt, influenced the house of representatives in complying with a summons delivered to them with less semblance of authority, but in constitutional import no way different. The house, preceded by their speaker, went into the senate chamber and took the seats assigned to them; and the joint committee, preceded by their chairman, agreeably to order, introduced the President, who was received by the Vice-President, and conducted to the chair, when the vice-president informed him that "the senate and house of representatives of the United States were ready to attend him to take the oath required by the constitution, and that it would be administered by the chancellor of the State of New York." To which the President replied, "he was ready to proceed;" and, being attended to the balcony in front of the hall by the vice-president and senators, the speaker, and representatives, and the other public characters present, the oath was administered. After which Chancellor Livingston proclaimed — "*Long live George Washington, President of the United States,*" and the whole people catching up the sound shouted with one voice — "God bless Washington! Long live our beloved President!"

The next step was the formal opening of the legislature by a speech from the chair, the house of representatives

again attending in the senate chamber. The speeches of Washington upon that and subsequent occasions closely resemble in their form and arrangement those commonly delivered from the throne in the House of Lords. They were addressed to his lords and commons — "Fellow-citizens of the senate and of the house of representatives" — and conveyed such information as he had or chose to give touching the domestic affairs and foreign relations of the state, with recommendations of special subjects to the attention of congress. A financial paragraph was always interpolated, addressed to the "Gentlemen of the house of representatives," and the joint address to both houses was formally resumed in a closing sentence or two of moral reflection or pious exhortation, which might have been used interchangeably with the analogous passages in a British royal speech. The houses, on their part, fully maintained the precedent. No sooner had they returned from Divine service, and the President had been re-conducted to his house, than they repaired to their respective chambers, and there set about the work of preparing addresses, echoes of the speech which was reported to the house by Mr. Speaker with as little concern for the fact that its words were still ringing in the ears of all who heard him, as is felt under like circumstances by his right honourable prototype, the first commoner of England. Committees were appointed to prepare addresses, and the functionaries who moved and seconded the resolutions in that behalf were, we doubt not, upon that primeval occasion, duly attired after the manner of their British analogues, in full court costume. The addresses when ready were reported, agreed to, and ordered to be presented by the respective speakers, accompanied by the whole of each house, to the President. In England, "lords with white staves," that is to say, members of the royal household, and in the commons "such members as are of her or his majesty's most honourable privy council," are ordered to learn the sovereign's pleasure as to when she will be attended with the address; and that being ascertained, the houses proceed separately to the royal abode. There being neither lords, nor white staves, nor right honourable counsellors in the American chambers,

committees were appointed to ascertain the convenience of the President as to the time for receiving the addresses, which were presented by the senate at his own house, while he was *waited upon* for the same purpose by the house of representatives in a chamber adjoining their own. He replied to each by a simple expression of thanks, just such as his crowned brother of England was wont to use in making his royal acknowledgments for similar compliments.

Thus was the American constitution born, as it were, in the purple of a limited monarchy; and if the personal dignity and high-toned virtue of those who assisted at and conducted the birth could have been surely transmitted from father to son, a lover of mankind might well be excused for regretting that the succession of its noble chief and illustrious senators was not hereditary, and endowed with a vitality as enduring as that of the line of kings and lords, their political ancestors. Nor was it born out of due time. The tone of society and of public feeling in America was then decidedly monarchical and aristocratic, to the full extent compatible with a truly British love of constitutional order and popular freedom. An anecdote related by Jefferson, as "a specimen of the frenzy which prevailed in New York on the opening of the government," is more significant than legislative acts as to the actual condition of the public mind. At the first public ball, which took place after the president's arrival, the arrangements were as follows:—"A sofa at the head of the room, raised on several steps, whereon the President and Mrs. Washington were to be seated. The gentlemen were to dance in swords. Each one when going to dance was to lead his partner to the foot of the sofa, make a low obeisance to the President and his lady, then go and dance, and when done bring his partner again to the foot of the sofa for new obeisances, and then retire to their chairs. It was to be understood, too, that gentlemen were to be dressed in bags.

The ceremony was conducted rigorously according to the arrangements, and the President made to pass an evening, which his good sense rendered a very miserable one to him."

There is probably in this story a little malicious exaggeration, the offspring of the liberty, equality, and fraternity notions with which Jefferson had then arrived, fresh charged, from France. It is abundantly evident, nevertheless, that Washington's good sense did not take the turn indicated by his ultra-republican secretary of state. His personal habits were eminently aristocratic; he was as dignified, stately, and simple as if the noblest blood and most ancient lineage had been combined in him with the purest heart and soundest intellect that ever informed a human being. Like many other remarkable men, he attached considerable importance to dress, as distinctive of station; and the care with which he attired himself for the ceremony of his inauguration was a homage to the solemnity of the occasion, prompted by the established habit of his mind.* Nearly thirty years earlier we find him writing to his agent, "Robert Carey, merchant in London," in the following terms:—

"On the other side is an invoice for clothes, which I beg the favour of you to purchase for me, and to send them by the first ship bound to this river. As they are designed for wearing apparel for myself, I have committed the choice of them to your fancy, having the best opinion of your taste. I want neither lace nor embroidery. Plain clothes, with gold or silver buttons, if worn in genteel dress, are all that I desire. I have hitherto had my clothes made by one Charles Laurence. Whether it be the fault of the tailor or of the measure sent I cannot say; but certain it is, my clothes have never fitted me well. I therefore leave the choice of the workman to you. I enclose a measure, and, for a further direction, I think it not amiss to add, that my stature is six feet; otherwise rather slender than corpulent."

His deportment at New York, during the two first years of his presidency, is described by Mr. Stuyvesant from

* Julius Cæsar, when sinking under the daggers of his assassins, devoted his last energies to the seemly arrangement of his robe. Augustus had his hair carefully dressed in preparation for the great change. Columbus deferred the performance of the great act of his life—his first landing in the New World—until he had made ready for the solemnity by dressing in his richest suit.

the recollections of contemporaries,* as "not plain, nor was it at all pompous; his style gave universal satisfaction to all classes of the community. He seldom walked in the street; his public recreation was in riding. When accompanied by Mrs. Washington, he rode in a carriage drawn by six horses, with two outriders, who wore a rich livery, cocked hats, with cockades and powder. When he rode on horseback, he was joined by one or more of the gentlemen of his family, and attended by his outriders. He always attended Divine service on Sundays; his carriage on these occasions contained Mrs. Washington and himself, with one or both of their grandchildren, and was drawn by two horses, with two footmen behind; it was succeeded by a postchaise, accommodating two gentlemen of his household."

Within a fortnight after his inauguration, on the 12th of May, 1789, he addressed a circular letter to the Vice-President Adams, Mr. Jay, Colonel Hamilton, and James Madison, asking their advice, by formal queries, as to the line of conduct proper to be marked out for his daily life, which should not "please everybody, but, by being consonant with reason, meet general approbation." He points to the propriety of his holding levees, asking "whether one day in every week will not be sufficient for receiving visits of compliment?" He manifestly desires support in resistance to vulgar intrusion upon his privacy, by inquiring "whether it would tend to prompt impertinent applications, and involve disagreeable consequences, to have it known that the President will, every morning at eight o'clock, be at leisure to give audience to persons who may have business with him?" Announcing that he does not intend to give general entertainments in the manner the presidents of Congress have formerly done, he asks, "if it will be practicable to draw such a line of distinction, in regard to persons, as that six, eight, or ten official characters, including, in rotation, the members of both houses, may be invited informally, or otherwise, to dine with him on the days fixed for receiving company, without exciting clamours in the rest of the

community?" He intimates, that he might be willing, if it would be satisfactory to the public, "to make about four great entertainments in a year — on such great occasions as the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the alliance with France, the peace with Great Britain, the organisation of the general government;" but he hints that such arrangements would, perhaps, be better avoided. He inquires "whether there would be any impropriety in the President making informal visits — that is to say, in his calling upon his acquaintances, or public characters, for the purpose of sociability or civility? and what as to the form of doing it might evince these visits to have been made in his private character, so as that they may not be construed into visits from the President of the United States? And in what light would his appearance, rarely, at tea-parties be considered?" Upon these points he requested a candid and undisguised opinion, remarking, that "many things, which appear of little importance in themselves, and at the beginning, may have great and durable consequences from their having been established at the commencement of a new general government." The only answer to these queries found among Washington's papers, was one from John Adams. He discountenances all formal public entertainments by the President; thinks he might make or receive informal visits at his pleasure, marking their nature by undress, and few attendants; that, taking such precautions, he might even go to a tea-party; but that, "as President, he should have no intercourse with society, but upon public business, or at his levees." He points, not obscurely, to a civil list to provide for the President's household, with "chamberlains, aids-de-camp, secretaries, masters of ceremonies," &c., affirming, that "the office, by its legal authority defined in the constitution, has no equal in the world, excepting those only which are held by crowned heads; nor is the royal authority in all cases to be compared to it." But "neither dignity nor authority can be supported in human minds, collected

* In a speech delivered in New York on the 30th of April, 1889, at a dinner on the occasion of the celebration of the jubilee of the inauguration.

into nations, or any great numbers, without a splendour and majesty in some degree proportioned to them." These were manifestly Washington's own views, and it is difficult sufficiently to admire the moderation and single regard to the public welfare with which he carried them out. The extreme Republican and French party, from the first, dreaded the establishment of a permanent monarchy, and, possessed with that notion, they doubted even the purity and virtue of Washington. It is plain that Jefferson, who served in his first cabinet, was constantly influenced by the fear that he designed to make himself a king. He so feared, manifestly against his better judgment, but the suspicion was attended with lasting mischief to the commonwealth. It is true, that in Jefferson's late letters (as, for example, in one written to Mr. Melish in 1813), he fully acquits Washington of any ambitious views; but a short extract from his diary, dated May 23, 1793, will show the real state of his feelings at the time when he was a secretary of state, and the official confidant and counsellor of the President:—

"I had sent" (he writes) "to the President yesterday, drafts of a letter from him to the provisory executive council of France, and of one from myself to M. Ternant, both on the occasion of his recall. I called on him to-day. He said there was an expression in one of them which he had never before seen in any of our publications, to wit, 'our republic.' He said, that certainly ours was a republican government, but yet we had not used that style in this way; that if anybody wanted to change its form into a monarchy, he was sure it was only a few individuals, and that no man in the United States would set his face against it more than himself; but that this was not what he was afraid of; his fears were from another quarter; that there was more danger of anarchy being introduced. He adverted to a piece in Freneau's paper of yesterday; he said he despised all their attacks on him personally, but that there never had been an act of the government, not meaning in the executive line only, but in any line, which that paper had not abused. He was evidently sore and warm, and I took his intention to be, that I should interfere in some way with Freneau, perhaps withdraw his appointment of translating-clerk to my office. But I will not do it. His paper has saved our constitution, which was galloping fast into a monarchy, and has been

checked by no one means so powerfully as by that paper."

It was certainly high time, then, for Jefferson to retire; but three months later we find the President soliciting him to remain in office manifestly (according to Jefferson's own showing) in the hope that he might be able to work upon his better feelings, so far as to induce him to lend his aid towards stopping the tide of mischief he had set free. This occurred but four days after a scene which showed how deeply Washington was hurt, as its contrast with the moderation of tone to which he so soon returned marks the dignified elevation of his patriotism above the party rage of his minister. At a cabinet meeting held to discuss the mode of dealing with citizen Genet, the minister of the French Republic, who had entered upon a career of propagandism, in the course of which he insulted the President, and seriously compromised the peace of the Union, "Knox (Jefferson relates) introduced a pasquinade lately printed, called the funeral of George W——n and James W——n, king and judge, &c., where the President was placed on a guillotine. The President was much inflamed; got into one of these passions when he cannot command himself; ran on much on the personal abuse which had been bestowed on him; defied any man on earth to produce one single act of his since he had been in the government, which was not done on the purest motives; that he had never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning, and that was every moment since; that by G— he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation; that he had rather be on his farm than to be made emperor of the world, and yet that they were charging him with wanting to be a king. That that rascal Freneau sent him three of his papers every day, as if he thought he would become the distributor of his papers; that he could see in this nothing but an impudent design to insult him; he ended in this high tone. There was a pause. Some difficulty in resuming our question." Probably there was no other man on earth who, in Washington's position, would, under such circumstances, have suffered any question to be resumed in amicable discussion with the employer and abet-

tor of Freneau and the palliator of Genet's conduct, in both of which capacities Jefferson confessedly stood. But the purity and strength of the President's patriotism triumphed equally over his own temper and over the most persevering attempts to thwart his public policy, which he himself characterised in the last letter he ever wrote to Jefferson, as "the grossest and most insidious misrepresentations, made in such exaggerated and indecent terms, as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket." Throughout Washington's two terms of government the model of the federal monarchical republic which had been set up was not departed from in fact or in form. The kingly prerogative was unmistakably and substantially asserted in the President's refusal to comply with a demand of the house of representatives for the production of papers in relation to Jay's treaty with Great Britain. He then stood upon the basis of the constitution, which, he says, in a letter written at the time, was struck at, and that boldly, in its fundamental principles; "no candid man (he adds) in the least degree acquainted with this business, will believe for a moment that the *ostensible* dispute was about papers, or whether the British treaty was a good one or a bad one; but whether there should be a treaty at all, without the concurrence of the house of representatives." In resisting that demand, he effectually protested against a democratic invasion of the constitution; and in the apparently trivial ceremonial of his levees, he continued to assert with dignity and simplicity the distinct and paramount character of the presidential office. It is curious to observe the care and deference to adverse opinion with which he explains his practice in these particulars, for the information of those "who would find fault, with or without a cause:"—"These visits (he says in a letter to Governor Fenner) are optional. They are made without invitation. Between the hours of three and four every Tuesday I am prepared to receive them. Gentlemen, often in great numbers, come and go, chat with each other, and act as they please. A porter shows them into the room, and they retire from it when they please, and without ceremony. At their first entrance they salute me,

and I them, and as many as I can talk to I do. What pomp there is in all this I am unable to discover. Perhaps it consists in not sitting. To this two reasons are opposed: first, it is unusual; secondly, which is a more substantial one, because I have no room large enough to contain a third of the chairs which would be sufficient to admit it. If it is supposed that ostentation, or the fashions of courts (which, by-the-bye, I believe originate oftener in convenience, not to say necessity, than is generally imagined), gave rise to this custom, I will boldly affirm, that no supposition was ever more erroneous."

The view we have ventured to present of the dispositions that prevailed in the infancy of the constitution may possibly startle some fast-going democrats of the present day; and the moral we are disposed to deduce from the facts we have pointed to may seem yet more alarming. Nevertheless, we are firmly impressed with the conviction, that when the wisdom of the heroes and sages of the American revolution led them to adopt the British model for their new institutions, they hit upon the plan best suited to the habits and prejudices, and perhaps we may say to the natural genius, of those for whom they were legislating; and that to that fortunate choice the present existence of the Union as a single commonwealth is, in all human probability, due. The object held most tenaciously in view by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, and the majority of the convention and of the early congresses, clearly was, to let the course of events shape a constitution. It was as evidently the object of Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and the minority, to construct a constitution which should shape the nation into that mould of perfection which they childishly believed to be possible for humanity. There can be little doubt that, among both parties, there was a very large proportion of truly honest, earnest, and patriotic men; but no one who examines the history of the times, public and private, will refuse at this day to admit that Washington observed affairs from a higher position than any of them, and looked beyond them all. He perceived that written articles, however logically constructed, could not serve for the foundation of a practical and stable government; that a constitu-

tion, to have any chance of being sound and permanent, must be based upon the customs and requirements of the people—must, in fact, grow out of them,—be modified as the former change, and expanded as the latter become developed. Hence the letter of the constitution of 1787 is nearly as vague as that of Magna Charta, and was accordingly but little suited to the taste of the philosophical constitution-mongers of the day.

"The absence" (says Jefferson) "of express declarations ensuring freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of the person under the uninterrupted protection of the *habeas corpus* and trial by jury in civil as well as in criminal cases, excited my jealousy; and the re-eligibility of the president for life I quite disapproved."

Washington and the practical men, on the other hand, saw in the omission of such declarations the surest safeguard of those fundamental institutions. They were in full operation; and not being expressly mentioned in the articles, they were consequently included in the category of "ancient and undoubted liberties" which, sacred, irrefragable, and yet expansive, is the constitution of the Anglo-Saxon race. Washington foresaw, what we have actual knowledge of, through the experience of the many bran-new constitutions that have been forged in Europe during the three-quarters of a century last past, viz.: that a *charte* may declare religious toleration, freedom of the press, liberty of the person, and trial by jury; and yet, that not one of those privileges shall be secured in practice, or perhaps seriously wished for by the majority of the people. The full acceptance of the philosophy of the "social contract," and the fullest development upon paper of the doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity, in France, did not ensure an inoffensive citizen in the right of removing a score of miles from his domicile without the protection of a passport. Although not a scrape of a pen was ever made with a view of securing such a right in an English or American constitution, an attempt to infringe upon it in England or America would at once be met by an invocation of "ancient and undoubted liberties," and the appeal would be irresistible. The attention paid to forms and precedents, which, as

we have shown, guided the organisation of the new government, was truly British in conception as it was in practice. It proves satisfactorily to us that the ruling statesmen of the time recognised the full influence a ritual always has over the popular mind. Their great object was to establish constitutional forms in the public view as symbols inseparable from principles of orderly freedom; and they set about accomplishing it in the same spirit that ruled in the Long Parliament when Sir Symonds D'Ewes was wont to "vouch a record"—the spirit to whose influence James II. testified when he flung the Great Seal into the Thames, in the hope that the disappearance of the symbol of authority might awaken emotions of constitutional loyalty which the royal presence failed to excite. The Parliament throughout used the forms and precedents of the monarchy to sanction their hostile proceedings against the king; and the use of those symbols was mainly instrumental in preserving the moderation and order that so wonderfully distinguished our Great Rebellion from the French Revolution, in which all that was ancient and familiar to the people was swept away to make room for a new structure, of ideal perfection. In 1688, the disappearance of the old seal suggested not a repentant submission to despotism, but the manufacture of a new symbol of authority, to be used after the ancient manner in the consolidation of freedom. It was precisely in this spirit Washington and his colleagues applied themselves to their work. Having lost the old seal, they set about constructing a new one of such materials as were at hand. They did not, indeed, seek to make themselves like to Cato, by assuming a short robe and a fierce countenance; they manufactured no pinchbeck nobility, to fail as such an article has ever failed, equally in the powerful hands of Cromwell as when tried by an Emperor of France or of Hayti. They set up no state church where none was before established; but they strove as manfully as the Barons of Runnymede to prevent the laws of England from being changed in the new state, except by the ordinary course and growth of legislation. That no motive of personal ambition actuated Washington, it would be impertinent to waste a word in proving. He certainly had no design to make him-

self a king, and we see no reason for supposing that a specific project for establishing an hereditary monarchy was entertained by any of the leading statesmen of the day. There was, in truth, no more material out of which to shape a king existing on the spot than there was for the construction of a privileged aristocracy or a dominant hierarchy; but still the idea that a greater permanency would require to be given to the executive power was manifestly present to the mind of Washington, as well as to those of his contemporaries who openly professed monarchical principles.

"He said" (Jefferson relates) "that he did not like throwing too much into democratic hands; that if they (the house of representatives) would not do what the constitution called on them to do, the government would be at an end, and must *then assume another form*. He stopped here; and I kept silence to see whether he would say anything more in the same line, or add any qualifying expression to soften what he had said; but he did neither."

It was, doubtless, under the influence of this view of the transition state of the commonwealth that the "articles" provided for the gradual development of a constitution, rather than for its immediate construction; and it was, we conceive, in so far as they thwarted this view, that the general designs and particular suspicions of the Republican party proved so productive of mischief. In the fervor of his rage against a presidency for life, Jefferson denounces the principle of the independence of the judges as the germ that is to destroy the state.

"They are" (he says), "in fact, the corps of sappers and miners, steadily working to undermine the independence of the States, and to consolidate all power in the hands of that Government in which they have so important a freehold estate."

An example of the blindness of party rage, and of the influence of theory over a strong mind, more notable than this, it would, indeed, be difficult to conceive; but unfortunately the doctrines of Jefferson have exerted but too much practical influence over the generation that has succeeded his. The supreme court of the union still retains its exalted position and venerable character; but the point of the wedge

has been introduced, and in many of the States the independence of the judiciary has been already abolished. "I venture to predict" (says M. de Tocqueville) "that these innovations will sooner or later be attended with fatal consequences, and that it will be found out at some future period, that the attack which is made upon the judicial power has affected the democratic republic itself." The prediction bespeaks a thorough understanding of the nature of the American constitution; that the condition precedent to its fulfilment may remain long incomplete must be the earnest prayer of every friend of rational liberty, and of the happiness of mankind. As long as intrinsic independence and the general respect of men shall be secured to the federal judiciary by the salutary provisions to which Jefferson and the republicans objected, and by the worthy conduct of its members, so long will the constitution of the monarchical republic of America differ in no principle essential to security and permanence from that of the republican monarchy of Great Britain. We speak not, of course, of the dangers that hang upon the toleration of a slave class within the Union, which, great and pressing though they may be, must be considered, in a political view, as altogether extrinsic to the constitution. The coloured race may rise against their masters, and imperil the fabric of government; but so may the unenfranchised coloured races of India rise against the British rule. In the one case or in the other, the danger and the result would depend upon causes altogether foreign to the internal polity of either community. A servile population living within a free state is, in reality, an alien enemy, with which it is not the business of the civil power to deal. If a nation chooses to retain the institution of slavery, it must provide for its security by main force, as it would provide against an invasion upon its borders. A consideration of this peculiar peril of the United States is, therefore, beyond the scope of our present argument; but leaving it out of the question, we venture to believe that we have shown, in the sketch we have given of the incidents of the birth of the constitution, so much of peculiarity in the design and practice of its authors as is sufficient to account for the superior vita-

lity it has been proved to possess. In the influence of the same circumstances, so far as it still endures, we further see much ground for hope that scandal will not be brought upon free institutions by an early break-up of the Union, which a few years ago was supposed, by many thoughtful observers, to be not far distant. The prominent defects pointed to in the American system are, the weakness of the executive branch, and the practical exclusion of the best men from the high offices of government; but in truth there is no superiority, in either of these respects, in the British system. Whenever the pressure of external danger hooped the States together, there was no want of executive strength and unity shown. In Great Britain, the hour of change from peace to war, or the moment of the exigency of internal calamity, has always exhibited the Government feeble and vacillating, often corrupt. The blundering and weakness in war, the feebleness and folly in diplomacy, the corruption in administration disclosed by the occurrences of the last two years, are no novelties in the history of England; the helplessness and economical ignorance exhibited by the executive authority during the first two years of the Irish famine would not, we believe, have been equalled, certainly could not have been surpassed, in America. But as we see no shadow of a reason for despairing of our now rising from the ground with renewed strength, as we sprang up after like seasons of depression signalised by the events of Walcheren, Corunna, the commencement of the second American war, the Afghan expedition, the Kaffir outbreaks; so we recognise no signs of a disruption of the United States in the looseness with which the executive authority holds the reins of government during times of peace. Moreover, we frankly admit, that we are no admirers of what is called strong government; nor shall we much regret the want of executive strength, which, we do not deny, is manifest in the two free states of the world, until it shall be shown to us that there exists a strong despotism more productive of happiness to mankind, more durable, more really powerful than England has shown herself, and America is showing herself to be, in the plenitude of their respective diffusion of administrative power.

Of the other rock a-head of the American constitution we confess we must speak with less of cheerfulness and hope. It seems to be unquestionable that the best men are practically excluded from the high offices of the state, and that they do not commonly obtain, seldom seek, seats in the legislature. It is also unfortunately but too true that, whatever of peril there may lie in this condition of affairs—and we see much—it is equally incurred by ourselves. Among us the chief administrative employments are notoriously monopolised at this instant by the members and dependents of one or two families, associated for the purpose of usurpation; the details of government are carried on by and through a system of patronage which ramifies into every department, and every corner of the land; the qualities whereby men obtain representative seats in the legislature are not independence of mind, ability, and honesty, but subserviency to party views, corruption, and venality. Fully conscious of the gravity of the danger in either case, we own to a doubt as to which is most pregnant with peril—the American system, in which the honours of Congress are sought for the sake of the daily dollars that accompany them; or the English model, wherein a seat in the House of Commons, obtained by cajolery or bribery, is valued only as a stepping-stone to a lucrative place or irresponsible patronage. The cause of the evil in both states is, we venture to think, not any inherent vice of constitution, but is to be traced to the influence of extraordinary mercantile prosperity, which has turned the best men from the barren and thorny paths of the public service into the rich and productive fields of private enterprise. The energetic man, on either side of the Atlantic, rushes into the pursuit of wealth; the able, rich man follows pleasure, or indulges in repose; both leave politics to the care of needy adventurers, and are often so emasculated by luxury or maddened by the desire of gain as to boast of their dereliction of the first duties of citizens. Herein there is, indeed, much hazard, somewhat diminished in England by the existence of an independent and highly-educated landed aristocracy, prescriptively bound to the unpaid service of the State; somewhat enhanced in America by that departure from the

English model of the laws of inheritance, the initiation of which is boasted of by Jefferson as one of his chief republican triumphs, but which has, we fear, destroyed out of the land the class of English gentry from whence sprang Washington and most of the other founders of the Republic. The subject can scarcely be touched without a sense of humiliation. The decay of public virtue evinced in a growing indisposition of the best citizens to dis-

charge public duties has ever been a proximate cause of the decline of states. Let us hope that the native energy of both branches of the Anglo-Saxon family may be found able to contend successfully with the formidable malady. For ourselves, we look faithfully to the present war, and its checks and reverses, as the providential and salutary storm that may purify our political atmosphere, and restore moral health to the national frame.

BOULOGNE.

EVERYONE who visits a foreign country, has his attention called to two classes of objects—the fixed and the changing—the actual and the suggestive—new things and new thoughts. The handbooks of travel supply ample guidance, and serve as faithful memorials for the one. In the other, the spirit of the tourist “must minister unto itself.” I will have an album.

Boulogne-sur-Mer,
Hotel Des Pavillon Imperial.

Here I am, installed by mere accident, and, through the good offices of an old acquaintance (which are not to prove ruinously costly), in the very apartment in which his Majesty Napoleon III. recently reposed, which is to be fitted up more elaborately for a second imperial visit, but in which, at this moment, all remains as the Emperor left it. One less acquainted with the vicissitudes of life than he, might well be contented with this, not spacious, but most cheerful, chamber.

But what a spot for meditation! The waters in which he struggled for life, and in which he was made prisoner, fifteen years ago, are creeping, with gentle murmur, on the sands beneath this balcony, upon which the Emperor's chamber opens. Pleasant it is, the old poet sings, to look out on a vast ocean, in calm or in storm, when one has escaped its perils; but what poet could enter into the feelings of him who sat at ease in a luxurious apartment, gazing upon the scene of former disaster, and remembering the few followers—some led with him to captivity, some the victims of his daring

enterprise—shot down in the waters as they swam to gain the bark which had carried, as they thought, “Cæsar and his fortunes.” And he who recently looked from this balcony over a tranquil sea and shore, which he must have peopled with these reminiscences, is now an Emperor, at whose command (even in this immediate neighbourhood, and it might be said within bugle-call of this hotel) a hundred thousand soldiers would “draw the ready sword,” and dare the world in arms.

“Oh, world, thy slippery turns!”

I, too, have my topics for meditation. As I have now followed upon the track of the Emperor's greatness, so was it my fortune to arrive in this same town while tongues were busiest, angriest, or most contemptuous, in comments upon what was thought to be the utter overthrow of a mad and a mischievous enterprise, and upon the adventurer's hopeless fall. I had seen Louis Philippe, the King of the French at that time, enter Dieppe, and can never forget the frigid respectfulness of his reception. That was a scene to be remembered—pensiveness, and what would seem a governed anxiety, in the countenances of the royal ladies, who sat in an open carriage—the silence of the crowds through whom they passed—the lion-like repose of him who rode “every inch a king,” like some fabled form of old, carved from the solid rock, and retaining, when kindled into life, the impenetrability of the granite out of

which he was taken. What Charles Philips said of Swift—

"Even the land he saved he scorned,"

was suggested to me by the stately Sovereign's look, as he rode through crowds who remembered names more loved than his, and felt no gratitude towards him for their prosperity.

There was no apathy to be discerned in this inflexible demeanour. If I could for a moment have thought there was, a little incident which I witnessed would have corrected my error. I walked near the King as he rode past a house where a family was collected on a balcony. Conspicuous in the group were two boys, who might be ten or twelve years of age, and whose glowing countenances had evidently more of English than of French in them. As the *cortège* passed, they waved their large straw hats, and shouted *Vive le Roi*, with so hearty a cheer that even the sullen multitude uttered a response to it. The King, too, acknowledged the greetings. A smile and a gracious bow accepted the loyal tribute; but there was more than that formal recognition—the impassive countenance experienced a momentary change. You saw that it was susceptible of emotion; and then, after one brief glimpse of feelings habitually controlled or disguised, the stern features resumed again their accustomed monarchical composure.

This great man—the Wellington of peace—Ulysses in the catalogue of modern princes—how has his story ended! When, after witnessing his reception at Dieppe, I heard reports of his demeanour when he visited Boulogne—reports which were in brisk circulation when I arrived there—it seemed to me as if the abortive enterprise of Napoleon had called into existence a new defence for his throne, and procured for it additional security. Men spoke freely of the dangers they had escaped, and of the advantage assured to industry by the stability of such a government as that of the reigning Sovereign. The attempt of Napoleon seemed to them like a horrid awakening of Socialism into guilty life. The suppression of it was a mercy, for which those who had possessions, and those who hoped and deserved to have, could not be sufficiently grateful. The benefits of order and law became understood by be-

ing endangered; and Louis Philippe, who appeared as the citizen King, and seemed, at least, to trust himself, unguarded, among his subjects, won praises, the more promising for the spirit of selfishness they were conceived in, from the bourgeoisie whose interests he protected. "We were not worthy of such a Sovereign," was an expression more than once repeated. "It is you, English, who would know how to value and deserve him." Well, the revolutionary spirit, against which Louis Philippe was to defend "the monarchy of the middle classes," prevailed against him, broke down his power, subdued even his regal spirit, wrung tears from him in exile, and brought him in sorrow to the grave. The brilliant adventurers, who aspired to dominion through the storms in which his throne disappeared, are scattered and obscured; and, at this moment, Louis Napoleon seems absolute monarch of France, resting his power on the persuasion that *he* is the bulwark against anarchy, which the citizen King *was thought to be*, and having won his power by that all-prevailing spell—his uncle's name.

Reflected splendour, however, has not the fire with which the original glory was associated. The military enthusiasm at this day is not like the "hero worship" of old; it is not passionate enough to prove contagious: Citizens do not share in it. I remember how Napoleon I. was spoken of here, even by the sons of those who had seen him. I remember the solemnity, like that of devotion, in which a young man said, "On this spot the Emperor laid his hand on my father's shoulder." Nothing has been spoken of Napoleon III. in my hearing, in such a tone, or has been illuminated with such a look.

He has not charmed the women of France; they look upon him and speak of him without illusion. "Handsome, madame," a chamber-maid has just now said in my hearing—"The Emperor handsome? Well, if you will have it so—yes; but then, *not to extremity*, you know, madame, for a king." This is a fair representation of the judgment which would be generally pronounced by ladies as well as grisettes. Their estimate of the sovereign's *personnel* would be sober. Enthusiasm of loyalty as well as of love "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt." Absence of disaffection rather than ardour of

loyalty is the prevailing disposition of the citizens here. There is no repentance of the effort which has set Napoleon on a throne; law is maintained, and property secure, under his sway; the people willingly pay the price of such a benefit — more than this calculated and graduated loyalty is not yet to be demanded of them. A time may come when the habit of respecting him as the instrument of good may become devotion to his person. Events may accelerate such a change; he may not live to see it accomplished.

The Emperor has his enemies. There is a remnant of noblesse still in existence — some small portion of it here, with which the Napoleon dynasty finds no favour. This party submits to an unwelcome, and, what it accounts, an alien domination, because it would be bootless to make resistance; but, it remains aloof, abstaining, where it is permissible, from having part in any demonstration of loyalty to the reigning power. It may become extinct, but it will not change, nor will it dishonour itself by any affectation of changing. Meanwhile, the Emperor's promptitude and dispatch are winning acknowledgments (and this is winning favour) from more than his zealous adherents. "There should be a bridge," said he, "between these camps strong enough to bear artillery." This was said on his first visit to the spot, and his act was prompt as the expression. He sketched, as he sat on horseback, a plan for his bridge, and pointed out in the timbers of a ruined, or, at least, now useless pier (formed in 1804 to protect the boats by which England was to have been invaded), materials for its construction. Such traits have their effect: they denote qualities meet for leadership, and they who prize success more highly than a principle or a cause (that is to say, a very great majority of more than the French people) are strongly influenced by them in determining whom they will follow. The wooden bridge at Wimereux, and the story of its erection, with all the embellishments it may reckon on receiving, will procure many adherents for Napoleon III., and will conciliate many a malcontent.

If reports may be credited, he has shown promptitude and self-possession under circumstances in which courage is more severely tested. Whispers are abroad, that while he was here, in this

hotel, an armed man found his way (none can say how) to the chamber in which the Emperor was sleeping. The intruder was detected — and at the moment when the discovery was made, the Emperor awoke, gave his directions, and turned to sleep again. Before morning the party taken thus in the fact (but not red-hand) was on his way to Algeria. The Imperial party have made no disclosure of the occurrence. It is not the approved policy to parade such incidents; but certainly there is in the silence of those who speak well of dignities here, something of the character which marks the distinction between omission and reserve. There is not such reserve in the language of the Non-juring or Non-conforming party. In the moments of effusion which intimate converse sometimes numbers, they give vent to their feelings of discontent. They express amazement at the part taken by England in what they conceive to be a piece of *escroquerie*, and their indignation at the conduct of those French and English who overwhelmed with every contumely the discomfited *escroque*, and now ostentatiously idolise him, travestied into an Emperor. That England should have entered into alliance with such an adventurer they account degrading and unwise; but language fails them when they speak of placing British troops and their high-born commander under the authority of such a man as General St. Arnaud. It was all well, they say, that a man like Louis Napoleon should make choice of such an instrument. He had learned to deceive and intrigue, while he lived as a strolling player — he added to these accomplishments the sterner merits that are acquired in wars of carnage and rapine, while he made his remorseless campaign in Algeria; and he put all his talents to the use that best served the occasion for his associate, and proved most disastrous to the country, when he schemed for President Napoleon the command of the army. Everything was ready for flight had that "coup" failed. Napoleon's arrangements had all been made for his escape from Paris; but the intrigue was successful, and "voilà l'Empereur."

One thing the censors of the Emperor forget to notice. In that competition for power which had such results, there were others engaged, with

not less ambition, and with not more of scruple, than the victor. Had their efforts prevailed, their course was shaped out: Napoleon would have been the prisoner—from them the executive would have been chosen. It is to the credit of the Emperor, as his defamers or censors must acknowledge, that he was prepared for an issue which his antagonists overlooked. Defeat would not have surprised him. Had he lost the game, they who won would have had no opportunity to make him captive. A good retreat tests and proves the military talents of a general. To be prepared for the necessity of retreat, and ready to take advantage of the success that says "Advance"—in such circumstances as these, in which Napoleon III. established his ascendancy—is to show capacity for more than military command.

The military command seems, no

doubt, most effectual. The habits of the encamped soldiers indicate order, industry, and obedience; and as in hours of freedom they crowd the roads and streets, they have the air of persons equally ready to exchange courtesies with the citizen classes, as they are to pass on their way without a recognition; and in whom the "esprit de corps" will not display itself in rudeness or incivility. Every soldier you meet knows that if he be well conducted he may become an officer; and the hope for future has its influence in fashioning the private soldier into the gentleman, with certainly not less effect than that with which memory acts upon the soldier who has been a gentleman born.

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate" is not inscribed over the portals through which the conscript in France passes from citizenship into the army.

DUNKIRK.

I do not know whether the Mint of France, under Napoleon III., has had much attention fixed upon it. My thoughts were drawn to it to-day. At the shop of a money-changer, I observed that gold coins, struck under the recent Republic, were heavier than those for the same amount, bearing the Imperial "image and superscription" upon them. The lady who officiated at the counter was asked whether there was the substantial difference between the two coinages, which we imagined. "Yes," said she, "they do differ in weight, but not in value; for observe," she continued, as one imbued with the doctrines of political economy, "you value them for what they represent, not what they are; and as you obtain, for either, the same amount of any commodity for which you give them in exchange, they are the same to you for all useful purposes. Look at this paper," she continued in illustration, "it is not inherently worth the smallest of these copper coins—not worth the fifth part of a sou—and I am paying you for it one hundred and twenty-five francs, with some sous additional

by reason of exchange." What struck me most in the transaction was, the fearlessness with which she accepted the bank note, and gave her coined money in return—proof, it seemed, that forgery on the Bank of England was of rare detection in Dunkirk. I did not quite admit, although I offered no objection to, the cogency of the lady's argument, because I doubted the justice of her assumption. If gold becomes dearer by passing through the Mint, the commodities it purchases will rise in price, in order to preserve their real value; and if the State gain ten or twenty per cent. profit on the coinage of Napoleon III., the people must suffer to that amount in the increased price of articles of consumption. The change in price may not be immediate, but it will surely come. Depreciation in the coinage, however the charge may be distributed among those who have to defray it, is a tax paid to the State on its issues from the Mint. It is a test of the Emperor's popularity if contentedly borne, or proof of his absolute power, if unwillingly submitted to.

OSTEND.

It is something to have passed over ninety miles of way, through cultivated

lands, without seeing a single country-house of more pretension than a good

English or Irish parsonage, and without being saddened by the dreary aspect of one of those wretched hovels in which life stagnates or struggles (perhaps it would be more correct to say, is cheerfully sustained) in many a fair and fertile tract in Ireland. It is something more to compare the route recently passed over, from Boulogne to Ostend, with the remembrance of former travels and other places, and to say that France and Belgium have much to show like what I have been reflecting on, and have not much to show of those inharmonious and depressing contrasts which so often mar our own rural scenery.

Is it a just inference from such premises, that aristocracy is an element with which nations can dispense? Or is the society, in which this element is not found, provisional merely, out of which an aristocracy is yet to grow, and is it to be regarded as imperfect until the new growth has been completed?

So far as the aspect of the peasantry can be received as evidence, its testimony to the condition of rural life is satisfactory. Good clothing and healthy countenances seem to indicate something like domestic comfort. There appears little, however, of those gradations in rural life, which in the British empire so shade into each other, that, in the transitions from the lowest condition of labour to that of an aristocratic proprietary, there is no startling abruptness. That is a wholesome state of things, in which every class may entertain aspiring hopes, every parent may hope, for some one of his children, a position above that of his own, and every superior may be influenced to discern and respect, in those who rank in the social category beneath him, the presages of improved condition which are found in virtuous qualities. Industry, probity, good sense, self-denial, and self-restraint are not mere embellishments of an humble estate in a country like ours; they contain the promise of advancement, and assign, by anticipation, to their possessors, honours of the condition to which in due time they exalt them.

An aristocracy *is to be created* in France: the experiment of its creation should have deep interest for the world. There are, no doubt, descendants of old houses, numerous

enough, in various cities, towns, and villages, but they have no such influence with the people, or favour at the court, as would prove their birth an advantage. In truth, tradition is against them. If they are acknowledged as offspring of the old noblesse, it is remembered against their parentage, that, in the time of sorest trial the eminent in birth were not the illustrious in action. Expatriation was their unpardonable offence. The "*natale solum*" shall grow no more a privileged aristocracy. No first-born shall be educated into dignity as lord of the soil. Habits of authority and command, wealth and influence, must be acquired in other employments and relations than those which are cultivated between landed proprietors and their tenants.

Is there — is there to be — a new aristocracy where the old has been effaced? In what pursuits — through what processes is it to be fashioned? The Emperor Napoleon III. has anticipated the questions. There is to be an aristocracy. It is to be of the kind that sprung into being when Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth. War is to provide it. Soldiers, he has pronounced, are the true aristocracy of nations — their armorial ensigns, their genealogical trees are the standards of their regiments — the proud traditions of camp and field are their hereditary distinctions.

Perhaps this is not much amiss. Horace was not astray when he said, that among the ingredients out of which man was fabricated, one was the devouring rage of the lion. Certain it is we are by nature prone to respect the honours won in war. Tell us the story of a criminal whose courage has been conspicuous, of a good person in whose life timidity has been betrayed, and most probably we will respect the man of "one virtue and a thousand crimes" more than him whose many virtues have but the one alloy — the vice of cowardice. The god of war is appropriately head of the aristocracy. From him it has *its name* as well as its existence.

But, then, Napoleon's recipe for the fabrication of a court circle has its disadvantage. If we are to have an aristocracy of soldiers, there must be wars in which they can take their degrees. If the mission of France under the new Imperial sceptre be peace,

how is it to have an aristocracy? Assuredly, the grandeur of a military system is not compatible with the stagnant tranquillity of unruffled peace. The aristocracy of military life ought to be conversant with danger. There must be campaigns and battles. "Helm and feather," parades and reviews, are not enough for military glory. To declare soldiers the aristocracy of a state, is to declare war "*en permanence*." We would not accept the commodity on the terms.

Napoleon provides for the military estate a suitable education. The officers of his army are not to be, of necessity, idlers, on whose hands time hangs heavily—ignorant persons whom life has no power to educate. The officers in the French army must be instructed; at least, provision is made that they shall all receive instruction. The *Ecole Polytechnique* is open to all who will compete for admission, and none are admitted, except on competition, into its classes. Out of this institution will go forth those who are to command in the army and the navy; to have charge in the artillery, and engineers, and commissariat—over bridges, and roads, and mines, over the fabrication of gunpowder, and the preparation of tobacco, &c., &c. Such is to be the mission and charge of the modern aristocracy. The education is conformable—mathematics and physics, chemistry and mechanics, mapping and engineering, languages (French and German)—such education may form a soldier and engineer; it is not enough *for a man*. It does not suffice to prepare a soldier for the place assigned to him in a national aristocracy.

It is probable, however, that the Emperor places reliance on the education young students are likely to give themselves. They may add the humanising and embellishing elements of literature to the sciences and art in which the state makes provision that they shall be instructed. As to the most important of all educational departments, the religious, there seems to be no place assigned to it in the new system—indeed, I would say, *no room left for it*, so fully is the system occupied by other subjects; but I am judging merely from what I have read in the *Moniteur*, and feel that there may be provision made of which I have no knowledge.

If the army is to furnish the aristo-

cracy of the Empire under Napoleon III., it will prepare it through processes of economy which formed no part of the training of a gentleman in the thoughtless days of old. The expenses of a French officer are far less extravagant than those for which British officers are under a necessity of providing. He has not to share in the expenses of a mess-table. In Belgium, I am assured the ordinary cost of an officer's dinner is thirty francs a month, less than tenpence per day. In France and Belgium, the cost of an officer's outfit is not one-half of what it is in England. And the result is conformable. Outward things are thought to be essential to the influence which high caste or place should exercise over the people—and, indisputably, the appearance of a French officer has not the stamp of aristocracy which commands officers in the British army.

Napoleon I. is said to have been extremely sensible of the importance attached to the exteriors of condition, and painfully sensitive to any want of harmony between the outward semblance of his officers or courtiers, and the requirements of the station to which he may have raised them. Mr. Lever, with his characteristic tact and discrimination, has not overlooked this trait, and has given, in his "Tom Burke," some curious notices of it. "Dead Caesar's" nephew may, in due time, follow his uncle's example; but, in the meantime, the training of an aristocracy "yet to be," is in habits of economy rather than of expenditure and show. He may be of opinion that the age can dispense with such parade, and that the sterling merits of ancient Roman times will more prevail with a people than the glitter and grace which have been most conspicuous, perhaps, in the days of greatest degeneracy. But it is a question of deep moment: Is the training of the French officer that in which he is most likely to acquire good habits—habits of self-denial as well as self-respect; or is it of that kind under which *vice* grows rank, although what the law calls crime, and what popular opinion calls disgrace, may be among the evils it discourages?

The education question is assuredly of most momentous importance as it affects the prospects of France, and of the world. It does not appear well determined. For morals, *the people*

seem given up to sacerdotal direction—the soldier-aristocracy, to that of the sciences, or rather, the moral seems to form no part of their training.

An education in which the moral element is omitted, for the *élite* of a people, can this be good? And what a contrast to the education of the masses! Science for the higher caste, superstition for the people! Strange contrasts, and much to be dreaded—

the masses educated *out of their conscience*, and into a superstitious submission to fallible men—the *élite* educated *out of their faith*, and into a no less perilous dependance on what they are taught to think human reason! The result will be, in all probability, another convulsive throes of that moral earthquake which has already caused such disaster, and affliction, and crime.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN: THEIR HISTORY, LITERATURE, AND ARTS.*

THE very mention of the Moors in Spain recalls to mind one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Europe, fertile in incident and full of romantic episodes of love and war. Christian knights and Moorish cavaliers, the mosques and palaces of Cordova, the green Vega of Granada, the courts and arcades of the Alhambra crowd upon the view, till one almost regrets that the slothful and bigoted Spaniard has supplanted the tolerant and industrious Moslem on the verdant plains of sunny Andalusia.

To the greater number of historic students, however, the Moors in Spain are associated chiefly with the history of Granada, the last of the Mohammedan kingdoms, and only one of the many fragments which split off from the mighty empire of Cordova, which once ruled over seven-eighths of the Spanish peninsula, and whose annual revenue was equal to that of all the other kingdoms of Europe united. How few are aware that, prior to the Norman conquest of England, and at the time when the long night of the dark ages overshadowed the rest of Europe, many of the infidel monarchs of Cordova were accomplished and profound

scholars, the founders of schools, colleges, and libraries, and the munificent patrons and rewarders of learning; that agriculture and commerce, as well as the elegant arts and philosophy, flourished under their enlightened sway; and that, nine centuries ago, Andalusia could boast of a population and a revenue at least five times greater than she at present possesses under the enfeebling rule of the Spaniards.

It is to the valuable collections of Arabic MSS. contained in the libraries of the British Museum, of Paris, Vienna, Leyden, and the Escorial, that we are indebted for the fullest account of the history of the Arabs during the long period of their residence in Spain. Until recently, however, the only historian who had derived his information solely from these sources was Don José Antonio Condé. He was appointed by Joseph Bonaparte chief librarian of the Royal Library at Madrid, an office which he continued to hold as long as the French remained masters of that capital. In the preface to his *History of the Spanish Arabs*, he clearly points out the absolute necessity for referring to Arabic MSS. in order to obtain a complete and accurate account of the

* "The History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain, translated from the Arabic of Ahmed Ibn Mohammed Al-Makkari." By Don Pascual de Gayangos, Member of the Oriental Translation Committee, and late Professor of Arabic in the Athenæum of Madrid. 2 vols. 4to. London: 1840.

"History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain, translated from the Spanish of Dr. J. A. Conde." By Mrs. Jonathan Foster. 3 vols. (The third volume has just been published.) London: Henry G. Bohn, York-street, Covent-garden. 1854-5.

"Chronologie Historique des Maures D'Espagne. L'art de Vérifier les Dates." Part II. tom. i.

Mohammedan tribes so long dominant in the Peninsula :—"For my purpose the consultation of such memorials as have been left to us by the Arabic writers was indispensable. The little we yet know of the extended dominion exercised by that nation on the soil of Spain, is taken from the superficial notices of our ancient Spanish chroniclers ; but these writers are not only disfigured by the extreme rudeness of their style as well as by their excessive brevity and lamentable inexactitude, but have also been so much injured by time as rarely to have reached us until reduced to a condition which leaves them deplorably incomplete. Even in things relating to ourselves they are frequently obscure, while the little they contain respecting the Arabs is deformed by every kind of confusion and misrepresentation."

But by far the most complete and authentic account of the Moors is to be found in the "History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain," translated from the Arabic of Ahmed Al-Makkari, by Don Pascal de Gayangos, Member of the Oriental Translation Committee, and formerly Professor of Arabic in the Athenæum of Madrid. Not only is the text of this work most interesting and instructive, but the translator's notes, of considerably greater length, contain a mass of information bearing upon the history, geography, and antiquities of Spain, and evince an amount of learning and assiduity equally rare and admirable. Nearly forty Arabic MSS., besides that of Al-Makkari, appear to have been perused by De Gayangos, with the view of rendering his book as full and accurate as possible. Unfortunately, however, the size of his work, two thick quartos, and its consequent price, render it too costly and inaccessible to be of much general utility. Its author, Ahmed Al-Makkari, was descended from an illustrious Arabian family, and was born towards the end of the sixteenth century, at the town of Telemsân in Africa. He was distinguished throughout the East for his learning and eloquence, and besides "The Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain," which was completed in 1629, he composed numerous other works on theology, history, and biography. He died at Cairo of a fever, about 1632.

Al-Makkari's work is almost entirely composed of passages transcribed or

abridged from more ancient historians, and chronologically arranged. It is, therefore, more properly an historical compilation than a history. But the collection of historical extracts and fragments thus brought together, has the advantage of presenting to the reader a detailed and uninterrupted narrative of the conquests, wars, and settlements of the Spanish Arabs, from the date of their invasion until their final expulsion, and also brings before us the original text of ancient historians, many of whose writings have since been lost.

We shall now venture to attempt a slight sketch of the brilliant and stirring period embraced by the works at which we have thus shortly glanced.

More than twelve hundred years ago, an illiterate Arab, of the tribe of Koreish, announced his divine mission, and published at intervals, during a period of twenty-three years, the revelations which he professed to have received from above. One hundred years later the disciples of this eloquent impostor had conquered Arabia, Egypt, Africa, Persia, Syria, and had borne their victorious arms from the Indus to the shores of the Atlantic. All gave way before the irresistible fervor of their early fanaticism ; and the Koran, the tribute, or the sword, seemed the destined fate of the rest of the world. The disciplined bands of the Greek empire and the countless hosts of the Persians alike melted away before the burning zeal of the followers of the prophet. Okbah, Lieutenant of the Caliph Moawiyah, led ten thousand Arabs from the mouths of the Nile to the pillars of Hercules ; and, on finding his further triumph stopped by the ocean, drew his cimeter, spurred his war-horse into the waves, and exclaimed—"God of Mohammed, were not my progress barred by this sea, I would advance to the unknown regions of the west, preaching the unity of thy holy name, and destroying the idolatrous nations which worship other gods than thee." When such was the spirit that animated the earlier converts to Mohammedanism, need we wonder at the extent or the rapidity of their conquests ?

Africa subdued, the Gothic kingdom of Spain offered a tempting prize to the Moslem arms. Everything tended to facilitate the conquest of the peninsula. The Goths had degenerated

from their warrior ancestors who conquered the Romans. Two centuries and a-half of sloth and luxury, in the mild climate and teeming soil of Spain, had impaired their warlike energies. The court was a scene of licentiousness and intrigue, in which King Roderic himself surpassed the wildest excesses of his nobles. He held the crown by an insecure and precarious tenure. The sons of Witiza, his predecessor, viewed him as a usurper; and to them adhered a powerful party, headed by their uncle Oppas, archbishop of Toledo and Seville. Count Julian, also, a powerful and warlike noble, and governor of Ceuta, hated the monarch, who, according to the popular story, had debauched his daughter Florinda. The Spanish Jews, too, were numerous and wealthy, and suffered the most cruel persecutions under their Gothic rulers. Count Julian invited Musa, the lieutenant of the Caliph Al-Walid, to invade Spain, and furnished him with ships for the conveyance of his troops. Musa sent his servant Tarik, who, with 15,000 Moslems and the forces of Count Julian, encountered King Roderic at Xeres, on the banks of the Guadalete, and there gained a complete victory, owing chiefly to the treachery of Bishop Oppas and the sons of Witiza, who deserted the Christian army at the critical moment of the battle. This defeat was fatal; the king and the flower of the Gothic chivalry perished on the field, or in the pursuit. Spain, which had resisted the arms of Rome for two hundred years, was conquered by the Arabs in a few months—in fewer months than its recovery cost the Spaniards centuries. Musa was jealous of Tarik's success. They quarrelled, and were both recalled by the Caliph to Damascus. The subsequent fate of these two remarkable men furnishes a striking proof of the fickleness of fortune, and the ingratitude of princes. Musa was publicly and ignominiously disgraced, and fined 200,000 pieces of gold, by order of the Caliph; his son, Abdulaziz, whom he had left Governor of Spain, was put to death, and his severed head thrown at Musa's feet, who soon afterwards died of a broken heart, in the neighbourhood of Mecca, to which he had been banished.

Tarik was more fortunate; his sovereign condescended to pardon his services, but he was detained in inactivity amongst the crowd of slaves around the Caliph's footstool.

For nearly forty years after the conquest, which took place A.D. 711, Spain was governed by Amirs appointed by the Caliphs of Damascus, or the Governors of Africa. There were twenty-two of these Amirs; some of them were men of great ability and enterprising spirit, who contributed to spread the renown of the Moslem arms. Under the government of Alahor the Christians began to recover from their panic, and to make head against their conquerors. They were headed by Pelagius, of the blood royal of the Goths, and by his son-in-law, Alphonso. They took refuge in the mountains of Asturias, and from this scanty band of warriors sprang the future conquerors of the Moors. At one time, so hard were the Christians pressed, that nothing remained to Pelagius but the rock on which he had taken refuge and three hundred followers. These were blockaded by the Moors until all but thirty men and ten women had perished from hunger. The Moslems then withdrew, partly from weariness and partly from contempt, saying, "What can come of these few barbarians?" This was the greatest military and political blunder which could have been committed; and deeply, in after times, did they expiate their contempt of that starved and scanty band. Eight centuries afterwards the descendants of the holders of that rocky fastness for ever expelled the Moors from their sunny homes in the south of Spain. But the Moslems "found in their success and imagined security a pretext for indolence; even in the cultivation of science, and contemplation of the magnificent architecture of their mosques and palaces, they forget their poor but daring enemies in the Asturias."*

Several of the Moslem Amirs carried their arms far into the French territory. Abdurahman led a mighty host into France, which he laid waste as far as Tours, and gained two battles over the Christians. He was at length, however, encountered by Charles Martel, at the head of the French and Bur-

* Hallam's "Middle Ages," vol. ii. p. 8.

gundian chivalry; and in the conflict that ensued Abdurahman himself fell, his numerous army was almost entirely destroyed, and Christendom was saved. Under Okbah Assaluli, another of the Amirs, the Moslems took the city of Narbonne, and pushed their conquests as far as the banks of the Rhone.* But the Amirs were not merely distinguished by military talent, and thirst for conquest; Elzemagh, one of their number, was a distinguished patron of science and literature. He embellished Cordova, the Moorish capital, and exerted himself to attract thither learned men from every quarter. He was himself an author of eminence, and, at that early epoch composed an elaborate topographical work, descriptive of Spain, of its cities, provinces, ports, rivers, mines, and of every production that could in any way promote useful knowledge, or minister to the comforts and conveniences of life.

The Spanish Moors could seldom remain for any length of time free from internal feuds; indeed one of the principal causes which led to the decline and fall of the Moorish power in Spain were the unceasing civil wars which raged among them. These originated partly, in the fickle and jealous disposition of the Arab tribes, and partly in the mistaken policy adopted by the Amir Abu-l-Khater Alkally, who, instead of striving to fuse and blend together the conflicting nationalities of the different Arab and Moorish tribes which had flocked into Spain, by inducing or forcing them to mingle with each other, assigned to each tribe a separate district or city for its residence, thus keeping up and perpetuating the elements of civil commotion.

One very remarkable and distinguishing feature in the conquest of Spain by the Moslems, were the easy terms granted to the conquered, and the toleration which was uniformly extended to the Christians and the Jews. At the taking of Toledo, for example, the Arabs permitted all voluntary exiles to depart with their effects. Seven churches were set apart for Christian worship; the archbishop and his clergy were allowed to exercise their functions; and the Goths

and Romans were left in all civil and criminal cases to their own laws and magistrates. The justice and toleration of Tarik protected the Christians, whilst his policy and gratitude led him to reward the Jews, to whose secret and open aid he was deeply indebted for his conquests:—

“If we compare” (says Gibbon) “the invasion of Spain by the Goths with its recovery by the kings of Castile and Arragon, we must applaud the moderation and discipline of the Arabian conquerors.”†

Condé bears similar testimony to the moderation of the victorious Moslems:—

“The conditions imposed on the conquered nation were such that the people found consolation, rather than oppression, in the presence of the conquerors. The free exercise of their religion, a careful preservation of their churches from all injury, the security of their persons, with the unimpeded enjoyment of their goods and possessions;—such were the first returns which they received for their submission to the stranger, and for the tribute (a very moderate one) which they paid to their victors. But there was yet more—the fidelity of the Arabs in maintaining their promises, the equal-handed justice which they administered to all classes, without distinction of any kind, secured them the confidence of the people in general, as well as of those who held chosen intercourse with them; and not only in these particulars, but also in generosity of mind, and in amenity of manner, and in the hospitality of their customs, the Arabians were distinguished above all other people of these times.”†

The most interesting period of the Moorish dominion in Spain is, undoubtedly, that of the dynasty of the House of Ommeyyeh, whose princes reigned at Cordova, as Caliphs of the West, for two hundred and seventy-five years, from A.D. 756 until 1031. Another most interesting period is that occupied by the history of the kingdom of Granada, founded in 1232 by Mohammed I., and conquered by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492. Between the fall of the Ommyad Caliphs of Cordova and the establishment of the kingdom of Granada a space of two centuries intervenes, comprehending

* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," &c., vol. ix. p. 483.

† Condé's preface to his "History of the Arabs in Spain."

the history of the numerous petty kingdoms which rose upon the ruins of that of Cordova, such as Seville, Valencia, Toledo, Murcia, Saragossa, Denia, Huesca, and several others; as well as the history of the princes of the African tribes of Almoravides and Almohades, who conquered and reigned over Moorish Spain, the former for fifty-five, and the latter for rather more than one hundred years. This period presents an almost unbroken scene of war and destruction. The Moors are seen constantly weakening each other by intestine strife, and the Christians profiting by their folly and weakness, gaining battle after battle, city after city, stronghold after stronghold; while fierce African tribes pour over into Spain, nominally as allies, but really as conquerors and despots. There is a sanguine hue over the whole picture.

In 1491, Ferdinand and Isabella, who had united the kingdoms of Christian Spain under their sceptre, encamped before the city of Granada, the last refuge of the Moors, with sixty thousand veteran warriors. Even in this extremity, the civil feuds which had always been the bane of the Moors raged within the city, although the Christian host were thundering at her gates. At the commencement of the siege, according to Pedroza, there were five thousand nobles belonging to the rival tribes of the Abencerrages, Zegrís, and Gomeles, within the walls of Granada, but at the date of its surrender only three hundred remained; the rest had fallen in duels, skirmishes, and sorties. In the beginning of the year 1492, this last bulwark of the Moslem power in Spain surrendered to the Christian arms, and received Ferdinand within her gates. The Moorish king, Boabdil, was slain in Africa many years afterwards, whilst fighting in defence of the throne of his kinsman, the King of Fes; and his descendants were beggars at the mosque doors of that city.

Thus fell the Moslem power in Spain after eight centuries of almost uninterrupted warfare, during which, according to the Spanish historians, more than three thousand seven hundred battles had been fought between the followers of the crescent and the cross.

Granada surrendered upon certain conditions which were solemnly sworn to by Ferdinand. These were, that

every Mussulman should be guaranteed his personal liberty, the possession of his property, and the free and undisturbed exercise of his religion; and that the Moors should have their own laws, judges, and mosques preserved to them. But, unlike the early Moslem conquerors of Spain, Ferdinand perfidiously broke his plighted faith as soon as he had obtained possession of Granada. Cardinal Ximenes had no difficulty in persuading him that he could not be bound by any obligation to tolerate the sworn enemies of the cross. Compulsion was had recourse to; and the Moors, having only the alternatives of death or conversion offered them, consented to embrace Christianity; and in this way many thousand converts were obtained.

"It is true (says Mr. Ticknor) that by the treaty which surrendered Granada to the Catholic sovereigns, the property of the vanquished, their religious privileges, their mosques, and their worship were solemnly secured to them; but in Spain, whatever portion of the soil the Christians had wrested from their ancient enemies had always been regarded only as so much territory restored to its rightful owners; and any stipulations that might accompany its recovery, were rarely respected. The spirit, and even the terms of the capitulation of Granada were, therefore, soon violated. The Christian laws of Spain were introduced there; the Inquisition followed; and a persecution of the old Arab invaders was begun by their new masters, which, after being carried on above a century with constantly increasing crimes, was ended in 1609, like the persecution of the Jews, by the forcible expulsion of the whole race."

The wars against the Moors were, in general, characterised by great cruelty. The Spaniards were taught by their priests to believe that the enmity of the Arabs to the religion of the cross justified any excesses that could be committed against them. This spirit of bigotry and intolerance produced a very unfavourable effect upon the Spanish character. In the Christian armies there was a body of soldiers called "*taladores*," whose duty it was to cut down every vine, fruit-tree, and field of corn, and to ruin every garden; thus, the expression of a country being laid waste was no mere figure of speech when these locusts had passed over it. It was no uncommon thing for the Christian knights, on their return from a *foray* into the territories

of the Moor, to bring back with them the ghastly heads of slain enemies dangling at their saddle-bows; these they would throw to the boys of the villages through which they passed, in order to cultivate and exasperate their hatred against the enemies of the true faith. This practice prevailed as late as the war of the Alpuarras, carried on by Don John of Austria against the insurgent Moors, during the reign of Philip II.* Such was the effect of the prevalent bigotry even upon the chivalrous conqueror of Lepanto, that, on one occasion, he ordered one hundred women and children, his captives at Galera, to be butchered in cold blood.

The Moors were persecuted and oppressed, in every possible way, from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella to that of Philip III., under whose reign they were finally expelled from Spain. During that period (from 1492 to 1609) it has been computed that upwards of 2,000,000, of her best subjects left the peninsula, to avoid the increasing persecutions to which they were exposed by the rabid bigotry and ferocious cruelty of the Inquisition. Besides this number 600,000 were forcibly driven out in 1609. Spain has never recovered that exodus.

At the time of their expulsion the Spanish Moors were the most industrious inhabitants of the peninsula, the most skilful husbandmen, and most ingenious mechanics. The proud and indolent Spaniards could not supply the place of those whom their folly and bigotry had driven from the homes of their fathers. They had neither the patience, the industry, nor the ingenuity. Yet such was the effect of the prevalent religious fanaticism and intolerance—the results of priestly teaching—that all Spain regarded the expulsion of the Moors as the most glorious event in the reign of Philip III. Valesquez painted a triumphal picture for Philip IV., representing his predecessor in the act of giving orders to a troop of soldiers, who are compelling a group of Moors to embark. Cervantes, too, in his "*Pericles and Sigismunda*," praises the expulsion, as a measure fraught with the greatest advantages to Spain; and Lope de Vega, in his "*Corona Tra-*

gica," fixes upon it as the most brilliant achievement of the reign of Philip III.

But the evil consequences of this most unjust and impolitic step soon became manifest. The Moors had carried with them their skill in the arts and in agriculture; and, though the bright and fertile Vega still smiled at the foot of the snowy Sierra, and the rich soil of the plains of Andalusia still preserved its wonted fertility, they were not taken advantage of by the Spaniard as by the Moor. He was either too indolent to work, or too ignorant to work to the best advantage. "Spain," says Southey, "was almost without native artificers. Such of its raw materials as were not exported were worked up by the Italians: '*Agri vero et vinee Gallie colenda relinquuntur.*'" This was when the expulsion of the Moriscoes had left whole provinces half depopulated." The natural consequences soon followed: these rich districts, once blooming like a garden, were, in many places, left waste, or imperfectly and partially cultivated; the hamlets and villages with which they had been covered fell into ruin; whilst year by year the crops decreased more and more, and with them, the revenue. The great cities, also, which, in the days of the Moors, teemed with people, gradually dwindled down, till, in some cases, they did not contain a twentieth, and in almost no case above a half of the population which once thronged their streets. Cordova, which, in the days of the Omniad Caliphs of the west contained a population of one million, has now not more than forty thousand inhabitants. Toledo, which once numbered two hundred thousand, has now diminished to twelve or thirteen thousand; whilst Seville, which in the thirteenth century could boast of three hundred thousand inhabitants, possesses now only ninety thousand. Granada, also, which contained under Yusef the First, in the fourteenth century, four hundred and fifty thousand citizens, has decreased, until at the present day there are scarcely eighty thousand; and the kingdom which then contained three millions of Moors is now inhabited by only five hundred thousand Spaniards.

* Ticknor's "*History of Spanish Literature*," vol. i. p. 409.—Note.

Before the era of Mohammed, the tribes of Arabia were ignorant and barbarous; even the use of alphabetical characters had been but a short time known to them. Their energies were concentrated, and their enthusiasm kindled by that most able and eloquent impostor, and they burst upon Europe and Asia like a deluge, overturning and sweeping before them, like things worn out, old institutions and old religions. But the sudden and successful irruption of these desert tribes is not more singular than the facility and rapidity with which they emancipated themselves from a state of savage ignorance, and cast off the fetters of sectarian intolerance, which had rendered their earlier conquests productive of nothing but evil. At first everything about them had the vigour and also the passion and rashness of youth; but this soon ripened into a wise and vigorous manhood. No sooner had their acute intellects received an impulse in the right direction than their conquests in almost every field of literature and science were as rapid and extensive as they had formerly been on the sterner field of battle. The great object of the earlier caliphs was to extend their religion by the sword, and to study the Koran devoutly; other learning was despised: "the Book" was all in all. Thus the Caliph Omar, in a spirit of narrow bigotry, ordered his general, Amru, to destroy the magnificent library of Alexandria, because its volumes—if they contained only what was in the Koran—were useless, and if they contained what was contrary to it, were dangerous. If, however, we look forward a few years, we shall find the successors of this throned fanatic the successful cultivators, and the most munificent patrons of literature. The Ommiad Caliphs of Damascus, indeed, whose dynasty lasted for about ninety years, were too much occupied in extending their conquests and consolidating their empire to bestow much attention upon literature or science; but, amongst the dynasty of the Abasides, which supplanted them, are to be found some of the most enlightened and intelligent sovereigns of whom history can boast. The golden age of literature in the East commenced with the reign of the Caliph Almansur, 754-775. He was the founder of Bagdad; and under his reign the Arabs

first acquired a knowledge of medicine from George Baktishua, a learned Christian physician, whose services were rewarded with princely liberality. This accomplished scholar also translated for the Caliph various works from the Greek, Syriac, and Persian languages. The grandson of Almansur, the celebrated Haroun-al-Raschid, surpassed him in his fondness for literature and patronage of learned men—never travelling without a hundred of them in his train. He made many wise laws and regulations, in order to promote education throughout his empire. One of these was, that no mosque should ever be erected without at the same time having a school attached to it. The result of this and of similar enlightened enactments was the general diffusion of knowledge throughout the wide-spread dominions of the Caliph. Haroun's tolerance might afford a lesson to many a Christian monarch. The general superintendence of the schools and studies throughout his empire was conferred, not upon a Moslem, but upon John Ibn Messua, a Nestorian Christian of Damascus, who was deeply skilled in Greek literature. Haroun was succeeded by his second son, Almamun; who, during a reign of twenty years (813-833), surpassed all his predecessors in devotion to the cause of learning. His favourite companions, from his youth upwards, had been the most distinguished scholars of the day; and, on succeeding to the throne, his first care was to collect around him learned men from every country, and literature became a passport to the first dignities of the state. He offered the enormous sum of one hundred pounds weight of gold in order to procure the services of the celebrated mathematician, Leo, then employed at Constantinople by the Emperor Theophilus. The paltry jealousy of the Greeks caused this munificent offer to be rejected. He also despatched messengers into various countries to search for and buy up ancient manuscripts, and during his reign hundreds of camels entered Bagdad laden entirely with books in various languages, the most valuable of which were translated into Arabic, and distributed amongst all classes of his subjects. Under this Caliph Alexandria could boast of twenty schools, and Cairo possessed numerous colleges. But, with all his de-

votion to the cause of science and education, Almamun's attachment to his own language induced him to commit an act of gross barbarism, by ordering the original Greek manuscripts to be burned, as soon as the Arabic translations, which he had ordered to be made from them, were completed.

Whilst the Arabs in the east were thus assiduous and successful in diffusing the light of literature and philosophy, their efforts were rivalled by those of their brethren in Spain. The Amirs, like the Ommiad Caliphs of Damascus, were in general too much engrossed in extending or confirming their recent conquests to devote much attention to letters. Nevertheless, Assam Ibn Malik Al-khawlāni, the sixth Amir, composed, for the information of the Caliph, a most admirable and complete statistical account of Spain. He was familiar with the various modes of agriculture and irrigation practised in Egypt, Assyria, and other eastern countries; and described, amongst other things in his work how the various productions of Spain could be reared or extracted, and applied to the best advantage. This enlightened and accomplished governor fell in battle with Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, after a reign of little more than two years.

The materials for a history of the literature and science of the Moors in Spain, owing to the bigotry and neglect of the Spanish Government, are not nearly so ample as they ought to have been. After Granada was taken, Cardinal Ximenes ordered 80,000 Arabic manuscripts to be burned in the great square of that city, under the pretence that they contained doctrines adverse to the diffusion of the Gospel amongst the vanquished Moors. Robles, who wrote a life of the cardinal, states the number of volumes that perished in this literary *auto-da-fé* at a million and five thousand. But even this sacrifice could not propitiate the demon of fanaticism, and the Spanish priesthood eagerly sought after, and destroyed, those Arabic works that had escaped the conflagration of Granada and still remained in the hands of the Moors. Nor was it to a better feeling, or more enlightened policy on the part of the Spanish Government that we owe the formation of the valuable collection of Arabic manuscripts now in the Escorial.

This was entirely the result of accident. Two Spanish galleys which were cruising in the Mediterranean, fell in with, and captured, three Moorish vessels, which had on board an extensive collection of books belonging to Muley Zidan, Emperor of Morocco. These were placed in the Escorial, and remained there, neglected and uncared for, until, in 1671, a fire broke out, and consumed a great part of the Escorial library—eight thousand volumes perished. Three-fourths of the Arabic manuscripts were thus destroyed—an irremediable loss; for, as Conde says—

“It is well known that, after the expulsion of the Arabs from Spain, their literature constantly degenerated; nay, it has continued to do so, until they have, at length, arrived at the deplorable ignorance into which they are now sunk—not those of Africa only, but of the Orient also. Their only good and valuable works are those of old times; but the copies of these books are not now multiplied, as in the days when learning flourished among the Arabians; and the originals are unhappily perishing.”

The loss of the greater part of these precious manuscripts had, however, one good effect; it aroused the Spanish Government from their criminal neglect, and they entrusted to the learned Casiri the task of making a catalogue of the remaining manuscripts, the result of which was, the magnificent “*Bibliotheca-Arabico-Hispana Escorialensis*.” In this great work the manuscripts, to the number of 1,851, are judiciously classed by Casiri; and his copious extracts from the more important of them throw considerable light upon the history and literature of the Arabs in Spain.

It was under the dynasty of the Ommiad Caliphs of Cordova that literature and science were most assiduously cultivated in Spain. Their capital became the resort of learned men from all countries; they founded schools and colleges; built mosques, palaces, and aqueducts; collected vast libraries for themselves, and established others for the public benefit. At Cordova, as at Bagdad, learning was a sure path to distinction and preferment. The lamp of science burnt there with a bright and steady lustre, whilst the rest of Europe was wrapt in

thick darkness. The golden age of Arabian literature was the leaden age of Europe. An eloquent writer* thus describes this palmy period of the Moorish power in Spain:—

“Beneath the wise and munificent patronage of their rulers, the cities of Spain, within three hundred years after the defeat of King Roderic, had been everywhere penetrated with a spirit of elegance, tastefulness, and philosophy, which afforded the strongest of all possible contrasts to the contemporary condition of the other kingdoms of Europe. At Cordova, Granada, Seville, and many now less considerable towns, colleges and libraries had been founded and endowed in the most splendid manner, where the most exact and the most elegant of sciences were cultivated together with equal zeal. Averroes translated and expounded Aristotle at Cordova; Ben-zaid and Abou-l-Mander wrote histories of their nation at Valencia; Abdel-Malek set the first example of that most interesting and useful species of writing, by which Moreri and others have since rendered services so important to ourselves; and even an Arabian Encyclopedia was compiled, under the direction of Mohammed-Abu-Abdallah, at Grenada. Ibn-el-Berthar went forth from Malaga to search through all the mountains and plains of Europe for everything that might enable him to perfect his favourite sciences of botany and lithology, and his works still remain to excite the admiration of all who are in a condition to comprehend their value. The Jew of Tudela was the worthy successor of Galen and Hippocrates; whilst chemistry and other branches of medical science almost unknown to the ancients, received their first astonishing developments from Rases and Avicenna, rhetoric and poetry were not less diligently studied; and, in a word, it would be difficult to point out, in the whole history of the world, a time or a country where the activity of the human intellect was more extensively, or usefully, or gracefully exerted, than in Spain, while the Mussulman sceptre yet retained any portion of that vigour which it had originally received from the conduct and heroism of Tarifa.”

It was under the long and prosperous reign of Abderahman III. (912–961,) and under that of his son and successor, Alhakem II., that the literature and magnificence of the Spanish Arabs attained their culminating point.

Alhakem exerted himself to the utmost to promote the cause of education, and in his time Cordova possessed eighty free schools. His own attachment to literature was ardent, and his application unwearied. By means of his agents in Africa, Persia, Egypt, and Arabia, he collected books from every quarter, and at any price; and where he could not purchase a book, he caused it to be transcribed. He himself wrote personally to every author of reputation for a copy of his works, for which he rewarded him nobly. By these means he succeeded in accumulating a vast library, the unfinished catalogue of which, in the time of the historian, Abu Hassan, amounted to forty-four folio volumes. The library itself contained, according to the lowest estimates, four hundred thousand volumes, and many authorities raise the number to six hundred thousand. Alhakem was himself an accomplished scholar, and a successful author; he composed an elaborate and voluminous history of Andalusia; and the historian, Ibnu l'Abbar, bears a very astounding testimony to his erudition and industry: he asserts that not one book was to be found in the whole of his vast library on the fly-leaf of which the Caliph had not written the name, surname, and patronymic of the author, that of the tribe or family to which he belonged, the year of his birth and death, together with such anecdotes of the work or its author as his immense information had enabled him to collect from other sources.† An interesting account of the decay and final destruction of this magnificent library is given by Said Ibn Ahmed, an author of great repute among the Moors, who was Kadi of Toledo, and died in 1069. The first blow was dealt by Almansur, who, in order to conciliate the Moslem theologians opposed to the cultivation of the philosophical sciences, commanded a strict search to be instituted throughout Alhakem's library, and all the works on philosophy, astronomy, and similar subjects, to be removed and burned in the squares of the city, or thrown into the wells and cisterns of the palace. The

* Lockhart's "Ancient Spanish Ballads." Introduction.

† Alhakem entrusted the care of this superb collection to one of his brothers, and he committed to another of them the charge of protecting literary institutions, and rewarding learned men. His reign was the golden era of Arabian literature in Spain.

treatises upon rhetoric, grammar, poetry, history, medicine, and law, were suffered to remain undisturbed; but all the works on natural philosophy, astronomy, and the philosophy of the ancients, perished for ever. The civil wars which shook, and finally prostrated, the caliphate of the west, gave the finishing stroke to that which Al-mansur had spared. During these commotions, Cordova was taken and sacked, the palace levelled with the ground, its costly furniture and splendid decorations plundered or demolished, and, at the same time, the literary treasures, in the collection of which the learned Alhakem had lavished toil and treasure with an unsparing hand, were either entirely destroyed, or plundered and dispersed over the country; some being taken to Seville, others to Granada and Toledo, and others to more distant kingdoms, where they were sold at the lowest prices.

At the close of the eleventh century, Mohammedan Spain could boast of seventy public libraries, of a university in the capital of each province, and of numerous schools and colleges in the other cities. In the year 1126, these seventy libraries contained the works of a hundred and fifty authors of Cordova, seventy-one of Murcia, fifty-three of Malaga, fifty-two of Almeria, twenty-five of Portugal, as well as a great number from Seville, Granada, and Valencia, and a numerous collection of the works of foreign authors. According to an Arabian writer, cited by D'Herbelot, the Moors could number one thousand three hundred authors in the single department of history. Mohammed Ibn Abdalla, in a work entitled "The Universal Library," composed about the middle of the fourteenth century, gives an account of the lives and writings of all those Spanish Moors who had attained any literary or scientific celebrity, from the foundation of the monarchy down to his own time. This work originally consisted of eleven parts, of which only five remain; but with reference to them, Mr. Berrington* remarks:—

"Its imperfection enhances our admiration; for if we were attentively to consider the list of the authors who are here recorded, their works in every department of polite

literature, and the perturbed state of the various governments, and compare it with an equal period of the most enlightened and tranquil of modern times, with their authors and their works, I would not hesitate to say that the decision must be in favour of Moorish Spain."

And Al-Makkari † says:—

"Indeed science was so much esteemed by them (the Andalusian Moors), that whoever had not been endowed by God with the necessary qualifications to acquire it, did everything in his power to distinguish himself, and conceal from the people his want of instruction; for an ignorant man was at all times looked upon as an object of the greatest contempt, while the learned man, on the contrary, was not only respected by all, nobles and plebeians, but was trusted and consulted on every occasion; his name was in every mouth, his power and influence had no limits, and he was preferred and distinguished in all the occasions of life."

During the long reign of Abderahman III., the internal peace of his empire was preserved undisturbed, justice was impartially administered; and agriculture and commerce improved and increased to an almost incredible extent. His revenues were immense—about £6,000,000 annually. Under him, Moorish Spain could boast of eighty principal towns, and three hundred of an inferior size; whilst along the banks of the Guadalquivir, and in Andalusia, there were twelve thousand villages and hamlets. Cordova is said to have contained, at this time, two hundred and sixty thousand houses, one thousand six hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, and one million of inhabitants. Learned men flocked to it from all quarters, attracted by the liberality of the Caliph, and sciences and literature were cultivated with success and enthusiasm. We may not, perhaps, be inclined implicitly to credit, to the full extent, these wonders of wealth and population; but they are corroborated by too many credible historians to justify us in treating them as "Arabian tales;" and we believe that a recent intelligent traveller in Spain is correct in saying, that without entirely believing these accounts, ‡ it seems highly probable that Andalusia, during the period of the dynasty of Ommeiyah, contained a population of between five and six millions."

* Berrington—"Literary History of the Middle Ages."

† Al-Makkari, l. p. 139.

‡ Hoskin's "Spain as It Is."

Abderahman erected, at a short distance from Cordova, the city and palace of Az-Zahra, perhaps the most sumptuous edifice ever constructed by man. The Alhambra, in its greatest magnificence, was but a faint reflection of its splendours. The accounts which remain to us, from various credible historians, sound more like a tale of enchantment than sober reality. The city and palace of Az-Zahra were built by Abderahman, out of compliment to his mistress, Az-Zahra (the flower or ornament of the world), with whom he was passionately in love. It was situated at the foot of a mountain, four miles to the north of Cordova; there were daily employed in its erection ten thousand men, and one thousand four hundred mules, yet it required forty years and twelve millions of golden dinars to complete it; and we are told, in proof of the extent and magnificence of the structure, that it contained four thousand three hundred columns of precious marbles, and fifteen thousand doors, covered either with plates of iron or with sheets of polished brass. The celebrated Arabic historian, Ibn Hayyân, who derived his information from Ibn Dabrun, who again derived it from the geometrician and architect, Moalemah Ibn Abdallah, who lived in the reign of Abderahman, gives a minute description of the city and palace of Az-Zahra. The great wonder of the palace was the apartment called *Kosru-l-Kholassâ*, or Hall of the Caliphs, which is thus described by the Arabic historian* :—

“The roof was of gold, and solid but transparent blocks of marble of various colours, the walls being likewise of the same materials. In the centre of this hall, or, according to some, on the top of the fountain in the hall, was fixed the unique pearl, presented to Abderahman by the Greek Emperor Leo, among other valuable objects. The tiles that covered the roof of this magnificent hall were made of pure gold and silver, and, according to Ibn-Bashkúwâl, there was in the centre of the room a large basin filled with quicksilver; on each side of it, eight doors fixed on arches of ivory and ebony, ornamented with gold and precious stones of various kinds, resting upon pillars of variegated marble and transparent crystal. When the sun penetrated through these doors into the apartment, so strong was the action of its rays upon the roof and

walls of this hall, that the reflection only was sufficient to deprive the beholders of sight. And when Abderahman wished to frighten any of the courtiers that sat with him, he had only to make a sign to one of his Sclavonians to set the quicksilver in motion, and the whole room would look in an instant as if it were traversed by flashes of lightning; and the company would begin to tremble, thinking that the room was moving away—this sensation and their fears continuing as long as the quicksilver was in motion. Such was Abderahman's care for this building, that he would commit the superintendence of it to none other but to his son and successor, Alhakem. In one thing, however, we find all authors agree, namely, that there never was built a more splendid hall than this, either in the times preceding Islam or afterwards.”

Abderahman had everything on a princely scale. His harem far surpassed King Solomon's; for, including his wives, concubines, and eunuchs, it amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and the guard which attended him to the field consisted of twelve thousand cavaliers, whose belts and cimeters were studded with gold.

Amongst the most useful works of this great monarch was the furnishing Cordova with abundance of water from the neighbouring mountains by means of a magnificent aqueduct:—

“The waters thus conveyed, in admirable order, and by dint of extraordinary science, were discharged into a vast reservoir, on which was a colossal lion of wondrous workmanship, and so beautifully imitated, that the sight of it only was sufficient to cast fear into the hearts of the beholders; and that none devised by the Sultans of former times had been seen equal to it either in likeness or magnificence. It was covered with the purest gold, and its two eyes were two jewels of inestimable value, which sent forth torrents of light. The waters of the aqueduct entered into the hind part of this monster, and then poured out of his mouth into the aforesaid basin, which circumstance, united to the beautiful appearance of the animal, to its terrible and overawing aspect, to the two eyes which shone forth as if they belonged to a human creature, never failed altogether to produce the most extraordinary effects in the minds of those who beheld it for the first time.”†

The most distinguished of the successors of Abderahman was Mohammed Ibn Abi Amir, better known as

* *Al-Makkari*, vol. i. p. 236.

† *Al-Makkari*, vol. i. p. 241.

Almansur, who for twenty-five years (977-1002,) exercised all the real powers of the Moorish empire during the nominal reign of the indolent and incapable Hisham II. He built the city and palace of Az-Zahira on the banks of the Guadalquivir, not far from Cordova. He constructed it for his own residence and security, at the time when he usurped the Caliphate, during the minority of Hisham. It was begun in 978-9, and, though second only to the Az-Zahra in magnificence, was finished in the short space of two years. Both of these splendid structures were utterly destroyed in the disastrous civil wars that preceded and followed the overthrow of the Caliphate of the west. The following interesting anecdote of the state and magnificence of Almansur in his palace of Az-Zahira is related by Al-Makkari :—

"I recollect having read in an historical work,* which I saw in the library of Fez, the following anecdote respecting Almansur, and the splendour and magnificence with which he used to surround his person in his palace of Az-Zahirah. There came once to the Court of Almansur ambassadors from the most powerful of the Christian kings of Andalus; their object was to ascertain the real strength of the Moslems, and gain, if possible, a knowledge of their internal affairs. No sooner did Almansur hear of their arrival than he issued orders for their suitable entertainment, and began to make preparations previous to their admission to his presence. He ordered that a vast lake, several miles in length, which was in the gardens of Az-Zahirah, should be planted entirely with water-lilies; he then caused four *kintars*† of gold, and four kintars of silver, to be cast into as many small pieces as there were water-lilies in the lake, and ordered that one of those pieces should be introduced into the cavity of each water-lily. All this having been executed agreeably to his instructions, Almansur despatched a messenger to the Christian ambassadors, and bade them appear in his presence the next morning at dawn. The Christians did as they were desired, and found Almansur sitting in the great hall of his palace, in a balcony overlooking the lake. At sunrise one thousand Sclavonians, dressed in silken robes embroidered with silver and gold, their waists being girt by sashes of gold tissue, and carrying in their hands gold and silver trays, made their appearance, and the ambassadors were very much struck to see the beauty of their

personal appearance, the magnificence of their dresses and ornaments, and the admirable order in which they drew themselves up on each side of Almansur's throne—the five hundred with robes of gold tissue and gold trays to the right, and the five hundred with robes of silver tissue and silver trays to the left. The Christians, in the meanwhile, not knowing what was meant, were dumb with amazement; but when the first sunbeams shone upon the water-lilies in the lake, all the Sclavonians left their ranks at a signal from their chief, hastened to the spot and began plucking the flowers, placing those that had the silver pieces inside in the gold trays, and those that had the gold pieces in the silver trays, and when every water-lily on the lake had thus been plucked and placed in the silver and gold trays, they appeared again in the presence of Almansur, and deposited their gatherings at his feet, thus raising a mountain of silver and gold before his throne. When the Christian ambassadors saw this, they were seized with astonishment, and remained deeply convinced of Almansur's immense resources and countless treasures; they addressed him in the most humble terms, asked for a truce, which was granted, and returned to their country, when they said to their king—'Do not make war upon these people, for, by the Lord, we have seen the earth yielding them its hidden treasures.'"

After the extinction of the race of the Omniad Caliphs of Cordova, literature and empire alike began to decline. The constant and sanguinary civil wars which for two centuries wasted the strength of the Moors, left them neither leisure nor security for the peaceful pursuits of science. Some of the monarchs, however, who rose upon the ruins of the Empire of Cordova, were distinguished both by their magnificence and by their love of learning. Almamun Ibn Dhi-n-asn, who reigned at Toledo towards the close of the eleventh century, reared in that city a splendid palace, in the construction of which he lavished immense treasures. Al-Makkari ‡ says:—

"He not only employed all the best artists of his age, but he sent also for architects, geometricians, and painters, from distant lands, made them execute the most fantastic and wonderful works, and rewarded their labours with the greatest munificence. Adjoining to his palace he planted a most luxuriant garden, in which he made an ar-

* Al-Makkari, vol. i. p. 243.

† Kintar, 100lbs.

‡ Al-Makkari, vol. i. pp. 239-40.

tificial lake, and in the centre of this he built a kiosk of stained glass, adorned with gold. His architect so contrived this, that by certain geometrical rules the water of the lake was made to ascend to the top of the dome, over the kiosk, and then, dropping at both sides, join the waters of the lake. In this room the Sultan could sit untouched by the water, which fell everywhere round him, and refreshed the air in the hot season."

Amongst the princes of this period most distinguished for their attachment to learning, we may place Ibn-Abbad, King of Seville, who is said never to have travelled without a collection of books sufficient to load thirty camels. But the most successful cultivator of literature during this stormy and unsettled epoch, was Mohammed Almodhaffer, King of Badajoz, who died towards the end of the eleventh century, leaving behind him no less than fifty volumes of annals and materials for history. Ibn Hayyan and Ibn Bessem, both of whom wrote biographies of this monarch, relate that he surpassed all the princes of his time in science and learning, as well as in virtue and brilliant qualities.

The university founded by the Moors in the city of Seville, in the early part of the twelfth century, became distinguished as a seat of learning; and Casiri enumerates seventy illustrious scholars who were either professors in the university, or residents in Seville. Granada, the last kingdom of the Moors, produced many ingenious artificers and architects, and many men of eminent science and profound scholarship. Casiri mentions no less than one hundred and twenty learned men, theologians, jurists, historians, and poets, whose literary talent conferred distinction upon its famous university. The public library of the city of Granada was very rich and extensive. Mohammed Ibn Ahmed, curator of this library at the beginning of the fourteenth century, was especially distinguished by the extent and variety of his acquirements. He was equally well versed in philosophy, medicine, and jurisprudence. The city of Granada, indeed, at the time of its greatest prosperity, was only second to what Cordova had formerly been as a seat of literature and of the elegant arts. Many of her monarchs exerted themselves to foster and encourage a taste for these pursuits. Mohammed II. patronised learning, and was personally distinguished for his beautiful

penmanship and graceful poetical compositions; his favourite relaxation from the cares of state was listening to the conversation of eminent literary and scientific men. Mohammed III. was an orator and poet of no mean rank; his brother, Abu-l-erjush, who dethroned and succeeded him, was skilled in mathematics and astronomy, and also in the construction of astronomical instruments and tables; whilst Yusef I. was a skilful mechanician and architect, and embellished Granada by the erection of many noble buildings for the public benefit.

We might now proceed to give a general account of the lives and writings of the most distinguished literary and scientific men who flourished under the Moslem sway in Spain; but such an account would necessarily possess too much of the character of a mere catalogue of names, and could neither afford satisfactory information, nor possess much interest for the general reader; whilst, to give a more particular description would extend this sketch far beyond the limits of an article; we, therefore, refer those who may wish for fuller information upon this subject to the second book of Al-Makkari's history, and to the first chapter of the second part of Murphy's "Mohammedan Empire in Spain."

We cannot, perhaps, more appropriately conclude than by briefly adverting to a few of the numerous benefits for which Spain, and Europe generally, are indebted to the Moors. These are of the most important kind. The Moors especially distinguished themselves by the cultivation and improvement of the physical and experimental sciences. Chemistry, which, previously to their era, had been but a collection of isolated facts, was by them exalted to the dignity of a true science. Optics, astronomy, the mathematics, agriculture, commerce, as well as music, poetry, and every branch of polite literature, were systematically and successfully cultivated and taught by the Spanish Arabs; and the remains of their rich and graceful architecture (though more than eight hundred years have elapsed since their noblest edifices were levelled with the dust) demonstrate at once the refinement of their taste and their singular skill in the mechanical arts of construction. Medical science was much improved by the Moors. The

celebrated school of Salerno, the cradle of modern medicine, was founded by them; and to botany and pharmacy they paid particular attention. They were the first who published regular pharmacopœias, containing collections of authorised formulæ. The shops of their apothecaries were placed under the superintendence of the magistrates, who were bound to take care that their drugs were genuine, and that they were sold at reasonable prices. Nor should it be forgotten that those characters of drugs, essences, extracts, and medicines, which are frequently to be found in the apothecaries' shops, and which to vulgar eyes appear invested with the occult powers of healing, are all derived from the Spanish Arabs.

The works of many of the most distinguished Moorish authors became text-books in the Christian schools. Thus the works of Avicenna and Averroes, on logic and metaphysics, were studied in the Sorbonne, then the chief school of theology in Christendom; and it is to this cause that we owe the very doubtful benefit of the scholastic theology of the middle ages.

"This scholasticism" (says Mr. Berrington) "was the genuine philosophy of the Arabian schools in the common questions of human research, and accommodated, in those of theology, to the specific objects of the Christian code. Surprised we must be, observes Denina, when we learn that our ancestors derived from those very Mohammedans, whom they perpetually reviled, the greater part of the doctrine which, during many ages, was taught in the Christian schools. Such was the doctrine on the Divine Being and His attributes, grace and free will, human actions, virtue and vice, eternal punishment, and heaven. Even the very titles of the works of the Arabians and schoolmen on these subjects are so similar as to induce a suspicion that the one must have been copied from the other."

A very important influence was exercised over the Spanish language and poetry, by the residence of the Oriental tribes who for centuries occupied the fairest portions of the peninsula. This is especially perceptible in the romantic

poetry of Spain.* "If ever" (says the learned Condé) "I am able to publish the translation which I have completed of various Arabian poems, I shall be prepared to prove, in the preliminary discourse to be prefixed to them, the great and powerful influence which the Arabian poetry has exercised over that of Spain." Tiecknor, it is true, denies this; but both Mr. Lockhart, and Bouterwek in his *History of Spanish Literature*, coincide with the opinion expressed by Condé. Bouterwek says that more of the Spanish romances are founded upon incidents connected with Moorish, than upon those connected with Spanish history, and that this fact is especially distasteful to orthodox Spaniards.

There is every reason to believe that rhyme came from Arabia, chiefly through Spain, to the nations of modern Europe; and from the great similarity between the Arabic and Provençal poetry, it seems highly probable that the rhymes of the Troubadours were borrowed from the Moors, with whom they were frequently brought into contact. The rhymes of Olfrid, a Benedictine monk, of Weissenberg, who lived towards the end of the ninth century, which are amongst the most ancient in Europe, have a striking resemblance in structure to the Arabic poetry, the last syllable only being rhymed. Some authors have even ventured to affirm that the nations of modern Europe are indebted to the Moors, not only for versification, but for lyric and romantic poetry.

The language of Spain is under important obligations to the copious and elegant tongue of her Oriental conquerors. For example, most of the Spanish names for weights and measures are derived from the Arabic. The Spanish quintal (a hundred pounds weight) is derived from the Arabic kintar. Arroba, twenty-five pounds weight, is from aroba, the fourth of a kintar; and zeme (a span), is from the Arabic shemeh. In the same way, almost all the terms used in Spanish to designate a receptacle for water, will be found to be of Arabic origin. Thus albuhera, a lake, is the same as the Arabic bube-yr, a small sea. Alberca, a tank or

* The Spanish Arabs were passionately fond of poetry; from the prince to the peasant its cultivation was universal.

pond, is derived from *berkah*; *aljibe*, a well, from *al-jib*; and *alcubilla*, a dome erected over a place where water is found, from *al-kubijah*, a small cupola or kiosque. But it would be easy to multiply to a tiresome extent other instances in which the Spanish tongue has been improved and augmented from the copious language of the Arabs. "It remained" (says *Bouterwek*) "long barren and rude, and was destined to receive many additions from the rich and elegant Arabic, before it attained the copiousness requisite for the wants even of common life."

The Moors were the first people who introduced into Europe the practice of constructing observatories for the purpose of assisting astronomical science. The beautiful tower of the *Giralda* at Seville, built under the superintendence of the celebrated mathematician *Geber*, in 1196, was the first building of the kind in Europe; and the celebrated astronomical tables of *Alphonso the Wise* were constructed by the assistance of Moslem astronomers. *Bailly*, attributes the revival of astronomy to the Spanish Arabs, and even goes the length of asserting, that *Kepler* drew the ideas which led to his discovery of the elliptical orbits of the planets from *Nureddin Petrucci*, whose treatise on the sphere is preserved in the *Escorial*; and there can be no doubt that we are indebted to the Moors for our present numerical system, which they themselves acknowledge to have derived from the Indians.

The Spanish Arabs were proficient in hydrostatics, horticulture, metallurgy, the manufacture of porcelain, and in the tanning and drying of leather. This last art was lost to Spain by the expulsion of the Moors, who transferred it to Fez, where many of them settled; and the process was subsequently introduced into England, where the terms *morocco* and *cordovan* still serve to indicate its Moorish origin. They were acquainted with the use of gunpowder at least a century before any traces of it appear in European history. They also introduced the sugar-cane and the silk-worm into Spain, as well as the manufacture and use of paper. The town of *Xativa*, in the kingdom of *Valencia*, was celebrated for the excellence of its paper in the twelfth century, whereas paper-manufactories were unknown in the Christian states of Spain until the

reign of *Alphonso X.* of Castile, towards the close of the thirteenth century.

But, of all the arts understood and practised by the Spanish Arabs, none was so successfully and systematically pursued as that of agriculture. They were intimately acquainted with the nature and properties of different soils, and with the adaptation to them of various kinds of crops. They understood thoroughly the effects and application of many descriptions of manure, and carried the art of irrigation to the utmost perfection of which it was susceptible. They introduced into Spain many useful fruits, grains, and vegetables; amongst others, rice, the sugar-cane, the cotton-plant, saffron, spinach, and a great number of fine fruits, many of which have since been naturalised in other European countries.

Their patient industry, and the unremitting attention which they bestowed upon the cultivation of the soil, sufficiently explain the cause of the vast population of Moorish Spain, as contrasted with the comparatively scanty numbers that now inhabit the peninsula, under the rule of the bigoted and indolent Spaniards. The Moors could boast of several writers on agriculture. The most celebrated of these was *Abou-Zacharia*, who flourished at Seville in the thirteenth century. He treated the subject in a most clear and comprehensive manner; and *Casiri* observes of him, that he had the merit of adapting to the climate of Spain all the most useful improvements of the Chaldeans, Greeks, Latins, and Africans. This treatise is still preserved in the library of the *Escorial*, and a Spanish translation by *Banqueri* appeared at Madrid in 1809.

The mariners' compass was known to the Arabs in the eleventh century, although it was not adopted in Europe until the thirteenth. *Tiraboschi*, in spite of his natural partiality for the claims of his own countryman, is decidedly of opinion that the honour of the invention rests with the Spanish Arabs.

Many of the most distinguished scholars of the middle ages acquired their knowledge at some of the seventeen universities that *Middeldorpf* has enumerated as flourishing under the Mohammedan empire in Spain. So early as 873, *Hartmot*, Abbot of

St. Gallen, caused some of his monks to study Arabic, as the great source of useful information; and in many of the other Benedictine monasteries the study of Arabic literature was prosecuted with ardour and success. The most remarkable of those Christian students, who, in their zeal for knowledge, were contented to sit at the feet of the Mohammedan sages of Andalusia, was Gerbert, a native of France, who, under the name of Sylvester II., swayed the Papal sceptre from 999 until 1003. He left his home at an early age, and travelled over a great part of Europe in pursuit of knowledge; and it was at Seville and Cordova that his longing was fully gratified. He drank deep at the fountains of Arabic science; and on his return from Spain founded two schools — one at Bobbio, in Italy, and the other at Rheims. It was Gerbert who first introduced into Europe the knowledge and use of the Arabic numerals. His example induced numerous scholars from Italy, France, Germany, and England, to repair to the Moorish colleges for the purpose of prosecuting their studies. Montucla, in his "*Histoire de Mathematiques*," affirms that, for several centuries, all who were most eminent in that department of science acquired their knowledge from the Arabs. Amongst the Italians, Gherardo di Cremona studied philosophy, medicine and astronomy at Toledo, and translated into Latin the *Almagest* of Ptolemy and the medical works of Razes and Avicenna. Leonardo of Pisa introduced into Italy the knowledge of arithmetic and algebra, which he had derived from his Moorish teachers; and Arnold of Villanova was indebted to the same source for his acquirements in physics, astronomy, and medicine.

Amongst English scholars, Adelard, a Benedictine monk of Bath, Daniel Morley, a native of Norfolk, and Michael Scott, of wizard fame, acquired much of their skill and learning from the Moors. The illustrious Roger Bacon drew his knowledge of chemistry, philosophy, and mathematics from Arabic manuscripts. He cites Alhagen's treatise upon optics, which was composed in the twelfth century; from which, also, Vitellio, who had considerable reputation for

optical skill, borrowed all he knew upon the subject. Several of the Christian monarchs of the middle ages were sensible of the value of Arabic teachers and manuscripts. Charlemagne commanded the most important Arabic works to be translated into Latin, with the view of improving the education of the people throughout his empire. In Germany, Otho of Frisinger, and in Italy, Frederic the Second, ordered translations to be made from several Arabic manuscripts; whilst liberal offers of Alphonso the Tenth, of Castile, induced many learned Moors to settle as teachers at Toledo.

It may, perhaps, be alleged that the Spanish Arabs, owing to a fond partiality for their own copious and majestic tongue, and their contempt for all other languages, did not derive from their vast collections of books all the advantages which they might have done, if they had studied the Greek and Latin classics in the originals, instead of through the medium of Arabic translations. We may, indeed, lament that they neglected or despised the orators, poets, and historians of ancient Rome; but we ought, at the same time, to remember that their translations have preserved to us the substance of many a classic which can no longer be found in the original. It may also be asserted, with some degree of plausibility, that the genius of the Moors was rather subtle and penetrating than profound, and that much of their literary industry was expended in the pursuit of trifles. To a certain extent this accusation is true; but we ought never to forget what they actually achieved, whilst contemplating what they might have performed. Our obligations to them are most important: they became the connecting link between the civilization of ancient and modern Europe; and it was the success of their literary efforts which first excited the rivalry, and roused the dormant energies of Christendom, from the long sleep of the dark ages; and to them we are indebted for the revival and improvement of the exact and physical sciences, as well as for many of those useful and elegant arts and inventions which have contributed so powerful an impulse to the literature and civilization of Europe.

MEMOIR OF COLONEL WALTER BUTLER.

In the army of Ferdinand II., Emperor of Austria (who succeeded his brother, Matthias, in 1619), then commanded by Albercht, Count of Wallenstein, and Duke of Friedland, were two brave Irish soldiers of fortune—James Butler, who commanded a regiment of Irish dragoons; and his younger brother, Walter, who was colonel of a regiment of Irish musketeers.

These gentlemen were nearly related to James, then Earl of Ormond, and were driven to seek service in foreign wars by the result of a quarrel between their family and King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, who had unjustly wrested from the Butlers their valuable estates, and bestowed them upon his Scottish favourite, Sir Richard Preston, Laird of Craigmillar, near Edinburgh, and Knight of the Bath. This gentleman, who was afterwards created Lord Dingwall in the peerage of Scotland, and Earl of Desmond in that of Ireland, 6th June, 1614, claimed Ormond in right of his wife, Lady Elizabeth Butler, who was the only daughter of Thomas, Earl of Ormond, and widow of Theobald, Viscount of Theopelim. Such was the undue partiality of James for his countryman, the Scottish Viscount Dingwall, that in 1614, when Sir Walter, eldest son of Sir John Butler, third brother of the old Earl of Ormond, inherited that title, the Ormond estates (which in ancient times were an Irish principality on the left bank of the middle Shannon, in the northern part of Munster) were bestowed upon the stranger; and the King, to enforce his claim, wrote a very peremptory letter to the Irish privy council. Sir Arthur Chichester, Baron of Belfast, was at that time Lord Deputy and Chief Governor of Ireland. Finding the council averse to this injustice, James, who was notorious for entertaining the most absurd ideas of his prerogative, took the matter into his own hands, and, charging the Earl of Ormond with "non-compliance," threw him into the Fleet prison, where he remained for eight years, enduring great want and misery, while

all his old hereditary possessions were seized and confiscated, by which his family were reduced and ruined.

Preston, Lord Dingwall, was drowned in June 1621, on his way from Dublin to Scotland; he left an only daughter, Lady Elizabeth Preston, through whom his titles and Irish estates went afterwards to the Earls of Ossory.

The trouble in which the family became involved, and the wandering spirit which possessed the Irish, like the Scots of those days, led the earl's two cousins, James and Walter, into the imperial service, where they soon obtained the command of regiments, and served under John de Tserclai, the Count Tilly, and the great Wallenstein, in most of the battles of the thirty years' war.

In 1631, Walter Butler, with his battalion of Irish musketeers, formed part of the imperial garrison which defended the town of Frankfort-on-the-Oder against the victorious army of Gustavus Adolphus.

Frankfort was even then a large town, and being capital of the middle mark of Brandenburg, was remarkable for its fairs and university. As it stood only forty-eight miles from Berlin, the imperial generals were anxious about its safety. Hannibal Count de Schomberg, the successor of old Torquato Conti, commanded the garrison, which consisted of ten thousand horse and foot. The town was surrounded by strong ramparts and gates, but was divided in two by the Oder.

At the head of eighteen thousand men, with two hundred pieces of cannon, and a pontoon bridge one hundred and eighty feet long, the warlike King of Sweden marched along the banks of the river, and appeared near the town on the first day of April. No troops ever presented a finer aspect than the Swedish, as they marched in several columns to the investment of Frankfort, the attack on which was planned by Sir John Hepburn, of Athelstaneford (afterwards a marshal of France), who then commanded the green brigade of Scots in the service of

Gustavus. In the army of the latter were no less than fifteen thousand Scots at this time.

There is an old rhyme, which says—

"He who lyes before Frankfort a year and a day,
Is lord of the empire for ever and aye."

But knowing well that the fiery King of Sweden would not remain a week if he could help it, Count Schomberg, the commander-in-chief; the Count de Montecuculi, an Italian; Campmaster-General Teiffenbach, and Colonel Herbertstein, made the most vigorous preparations to defend the place, and to *Walter Butler* and his Irish musketeers assigned a post of the greatest danger.

"Take him in every respect," says the historian of Gustavus, "he was one of the bravest officers in the Emperor's service; but as the imperialists envied this gallant foreigner, care was taken to place him in the *weakest part* of the fortification; or, to speak more to the purpose, in a part that scarcely deserved to be called a fortification." In no way either daunted or disheartened, Butler resolved to make the best of it, and ordered his Irishmen to dig a trench and form a breastwork in rear of it; and thus, after incredible labour, they formed a solid rampart in one day; but that evening he went to Count Schomberg, and represented "that the post assigned to him was almost incapable of being defended, and that unless a sally was made that very night, to prevent the Swedes and Scots from coming nearer his indifferent parapet, the place would be taken."

But Schomberg heard him without interest or attention.

"Give me but five troops of cuirassiers, Count Hannibal," said he, "and five of dragoons, and at the peril of life and reputation, I will undertake to make the Swedes raise the siege."

Envious of the honour already won by the stranger, the imperialist declined alike the offer and advice, though secretly he dispatched, on the very service coveted by *Walter Butler*, a certain German commander, whose cuirassiers failed to perform the duty required, for they were driven in by Scottish Highlanders of Gustavus, and their leader was shot, while Major Sinclair, of Sir John Hepburn's Scots

musketeers followed them almost into the town.

Covered by the Rhinegrave's cuirassiers, under Colonel Hume, of Carrolsidebrae, Hepburn's brigade of Scots intrenched themselves before the great gate of the town; the yellow brigade occupied the Custring road, and the white brigade of Swedes was spread throughout the suburbs. After a smart cannonade, on Palm Sunday, the 3rd April, the King of Sweden ordered a general assault.

"The Swedish soldiers wanting ladders for the scaling of the walls, runne to certaines Boores' houses hard bye, wheasse they bring away the racks in the stables, and those others without, upon which the Boores used to lay their cowaes' meet. With these and some store of hatchets they had gotten, to a mightie strong palisadoe of the enemies' neere the walls they goe, which they fall to hewing downe. The enemies labouring to defend the stocket or palisadoe, to it on both sides they fall; the bullets darkening the very aire with a shovve of lead. The imperialists being at length, by main force, beates off, retire through a sally port into the towne. Being entered within the outer port, there stay they and aboote amaine. The King calling Sir John Hebron and Colopel Lumaden unto him—'Now my brave Scotts' (saies he), 'remember your countrymen slain at New Brandenburg.'"

The Scottish infantry advanced with their pikes in the front rank and their musketeers firing over their heads; thus a terrible slaughter was soon made of the imperialists. "One Scottish man," continues the quaint record of the Swedish war, "killed eighteen men with his own hand. Here did Lumaden take eighteen colours; yea, such testimony showed he of his valour, that the King after the battle bade him aske what hee wolde, and he wolde give it to him." This brave officer was Colonel Sir James Lumaden, of Invergellie, in Fifeshire, afterwards made Governor of Newcastle by the Scottish Parliament, and a major-general in the army which invaded England in 1640.

Meanwhile Gustavus was pressing with his own brigade upon the quarter occupied by Butler and his Irish musketeers, who defended themselves with incredible resolution; so much so, that when one of them was dragged over

* "Swedish Intelligence, 1652." Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn, 1661.

the rampart, he was asked by the Swedish King, "what soldiers these were who fought so valiantly?" "Colonel Butler's Irish regiment," replied the prisoner. This was at half-past one in the day, and Gustavus, on hearing it (according to Harte), drew off his brigade, and in despair of forcing a passage through the Irish, assailed the strong Gueben gate, and, about four in the afternoon, broke into the town through the Germans.

The Governor, Schomberg, Camp-master-General Teiffenbach, the Count di Montecuculi, Colonels Behem and Herberstein, with most of the imperialists, fled out of the city with great baseness, leaving the faithful Butler to fight single-handed against the tides of Swedes and Scots who surrounded his almost indefensible post. Already three Irish lieutenant-colonels, O'Neil, Patrick, and Macarthy were slain, with Captain-Lieutenants Grace and Brown, and Ensign Butler, all Irish, and many of their men. At last Walter Butler was pierced by a bullet, and had his sword arm broken by a musket ball, and when he fell, the remnant of his gallant soldiers surrendered, and resistance was at an end.

Meanwhile the fugitive generals fled towards Silesia, and everywhere gave out that Butler and the Irish had betrayed Frankfort, by permitting the enemy to enter by *their* quarter, as it was the weakest; and had it not been for a providential accident, adds an historian, Butler might have been beheaded and degraded, in spite of all his gallant services; but next day, says one of the stormers, the Scottish Colonel Munro, in his history—"It was to be seen where *the best service was done*; and truly had all the rest (of the imperialists) stood to it as well as the *Irish did*, we had returned with great loss, and without victory." He adds, there were taken fifty standards, one colonel, five lieutenant-colonels, "and one Irish cavalier, Butler, who behaved himself honourably and well." Hundreds of imperialists were drowned in the Oder, and a vast quantity of plunder was taken. That night the King of Sweden gave a banquet to his principal officers and colonels, Sir John Hepburn, Munro, Lumaden, Sir John Banier, and others; and when they were assembling, "Cavaliers," said he, "I will not eat a morsel until I have seen this

brave Irishman of whom we hear so much; and yet," he added, to Colonel Hume, "I have that to say to him which he may not be pleased to hear."

Butler's wounds rendered him incapable of exertion, but on a litter of pikes being formed, he was conveyed into the presence of Gustavus, who gazed at him sternly, and asked with anger—

"Sir, art thou the elder or the younger Butler?"

"May it please your Majesty," replied the wounded man, "I am but the younger."

"God be praised!" said Gustavus Adolphus. "Thou art a brave fellow. Hadst thou been the elder, I meant to have run my sword through thy body; but now my own physicians shall attend thee, and nothing shall be omitted that may procure thee happiness and ease."

The action by which James Butler had kindled so much indignation in the breast of the usually placid Gustavus is now unknown; but it must have been something very remarkable to excite such angry bitterness. Had Walter Butler been a Protestant, the King would, no doubt, have endeavoured to lure him into the Swedish service; but the wounded imperialist was as famous for his strict adherence to the duties of the Roman Catholic Church, as for his gallantry in the field.

While lying thus helplessly at Frankfort, he was deeply stung and mortified by the rumour so wickedly and so industriously spread by the imperial generals, that he had occasioned the loss of the town; and he cast his honour under the protection of the generous Gustavus.

"Sir," said the latter, "it is in my power to do your character ample justice, and in such a manner that it can never be controverted. I will bear full testimony to your faith and valour under my own hand and royal seal."

Assuming a pen, he drew up a certificate, which set forth the heroism displayed by Butler, in the strongest terms, and added, "that if the imperial generals, instead of acting like poltroons, had performed but a fifth part of what this gallant Irishman had done, he (Gustavus) should never have been master of Frankfort, but after an obstinate siege alone."

"This, sir," said the King, "is no more than is due to a brave and injured man; so every general in the room will take a pride in signing this paper with me." This was accordingly done by Sir John Banier, the Scottish colonels, and others.

James Butler, who was then at the court of Ferdinand II. at Vienna, was stung to the soul by the tidings that his brother had betrayed a post, and he wrote to Walter a letter full of the bitterest reproaches. "You have tarnished the lustre of the imperial arms, as well as the name of Butler," he wrote; "and Caesar's court-martial will make your name a by-word of reproach."

Walter Butler was grieved by this insolence and unkindness, and hastened to show the letter to the King of Sweden.

"Heed it not, Colonel Butler," said he; "send our testimonial to the Emperor, and trouble yourself no more about it."

Thirty thousand pounds' worth of plunder, and ten baggage waggons with all the plate of the fugitives, were taken, and all their munitions of war; however, they had buried in the earth a great quantity of arms. In 1850, a labourer, when digging a trench in a field, near the outworks of old Frankfort, came upon a depot of old weapons, decaying and covered with rust. Among them were two thousand matchlocks, being part of the munition concealed by the garrison of Count Schomberg.

As soon as his wounds permitted him to travel, Walter Butler left Frankfort, for Gustavus was too generous to detain as a prisoner one whose gallant spirit was writhing under unmerited reproaches. He travelled towards Silesia, and sought out a Colonel Behem who had commanded a regiment of German infantry at the defence of Frankfort, and to whom he was fortunate enough in tracing the first of the slanderous reports, and challenged him to single combat on horse or foot with sword and pistol; but awed by the justice of Butler's cause, his known skill and courage, and by the formidable testimonial of Gustavus Adolphus, he signed a full retraction and apology.

Butler then went into Poland, and at his own expense raised a fine regiment of cavalry, all clad in buff coats

with back and breast pieces, and triple-barred helmets. While recruiting there, he daily ran the risk of being murdered by the Polish peasantry who were averse to the imperial service; but he marched as soon as his new levy was completed, and on his return to the Emperor's army, took possession of Prague, the capital of Bohemia. This made him more than ever a favourite of the great Wallenstein.

Soon after this exploit he married the Countess of Fondowna.

He was at Prague when the ambitious Wallenstein became false to the interests of the empire, and fell into the deadly snare prepared for him at Egra by Colonel James Butler and others, on whose unscrupulous fidelity the imperial court could rely. Had Walter not been a rigidly honourable man, he might have realised a large fortune by the death of his leader, who, being always fond of foreign troops, wished him to return to Ireland for the purpose of raising a body of infantry to cope with the Scottish brigades of Gustavus. For this purpose he offered him money to the amount of £32,000 sterling by bills of exchange at Hamburg, and ready cash, which was lying useless at his palace of Sagan, on the bank of the Bober, in Prussian Silesia. But he declined the service with these remarkable words—"Poor old Ireland has been drained too much of her men already." This anecdote, says Walter Harte in his history, I learned at Vienna.

The wild schemes and daring ambition of Wallenstein now made him indulge in the hope of dismembering the great conquests of the empire, and seating himself upon a new throne, to be erected by the sword in northern Europe. This hope was crushed in 1634, when the great Duke was spending the holidays of Christmas in the old castle of Egra, in Bohemia. The garrison in this fortress was commanded by John Gordon, a Presbyterian, a native of Aberdeenshire, who was colonel of Tzertzaki's regiment, and had once been a private soldier. Wallenstein's personal escort consisted of two hundred and fifty men of James Butler's Irish regiment, commanded by that officer in person.

James Butler (without communicating the matter to his brother Wal-

ter,) John Gordon, and Major Walter Lesley, son of the Laird of Balquhan in the Garioch, on receiving private instructions from Vienna, resolved, without scruple or remorse, on removing the ambitious general from the path of the Emperor for ever. Butler prepared a grand banquet, to which he invited the generalissimo's attendants. Previous to the latter, Butler, who felt some distrust of Lesley and Gordon, who were both Scots and Presbyterians, while he was a Catholic, made some remarks expressive of admiration for the duke.

"You may do as you please, gentlemen, in the matter at issue," said Gordon, "but death itself shall never alienate me from the duty and affection I bear his majesty the emperor."

Thus encouraged, Butler produced a letter from Mathias Count Galas (who, after the siege of Mantua, obtained the supreme command of the imperial army), wherein Ferdinand II. authorised them and all his officers to withdraw "their allegiance" from Wallenstein, for all the troops had taken an oath of obedience to *him* by the emperor's express order. Fully empowered by this document to do what they pleased, the three mercenaries resolved on his immediate destruction. One proposed to poison him; another suggested that he should be sent a prisoner to Vienna; a third, that he should be slain after *disposing* of his friends at the *banquet*. The last was at once adopted, and several were invited, among whom were Wallenstein's brother-in-law, Colonel Tzertski; Colonels Illo, William Kinski, and the secretary, Colonel Niemann. The castle was filled with soldiers on whom Gordon and Butler could rely. As the fatal evening drew on, Captain Walter Devereaux, Watchmaster Robert Geraldine, and fifteen other Irishmen entered the keep, and took possession of a postern; while to Captain Edmund Bourke, with one hundred more, was assigned the duty of keeping the streets quiet; for Tzertski's dragoons occupied the town, which is the capital of its circle, and was then surrounded by a triple rampart, washed on one side by the Egra.

The banquet was protracted so long that at half-past ten the dessert was still on the table, when Colonel Gordon filled up a goblet of wine, and proposed the health of the shy and

cunning John George, Elector of Saxony, the enemy of the emperor.

Butler affected asonishment, and said "he would drink to no man's prosperity who was the enemy of *Cæsar*."

Pretended high words ensued, and while the unsuspecting friends of Wallenstein gazed about them in wonder and perplexity, the doors were flung open, and Geraldine and Devereaux, with their soldiers armed with drawn swords or partizans, rushed in.

"Long live Ferdinand the Second!" cried Devereaux.

"God prosper the house of Austria," added Geraldine; while Butler, Gordon, and Lesley, snatched up the candles, held them aloft, and drew their swords. Wallenstein's friends saw that they were betrayed; they sprang to their weapons, all flushed with wine and with fury at this treachery; the tables were dashed over, and a deadly combat began. Colonel Illo was rushing to his sword, which was hanging on the wall, when an Irishman ran him through the heart. Tzertski placed himself in a corner, and slew three; for the assailants, believing him to be proof to mortal weapons, were afraid of him.

"Leave me, leave me for a moment," he continued to cry, while fighting with all the energy of despair; "leave me to deal with Lesley and Gordon—I will fight them both hand to hand—after that you may kill me; but, O, Gordon, what a supper is this for your friends."

At that instant he pierced the young Duke de Lerida by a mortal wound, but was almost immediately overpowered by ten strokes, and, with Kinski and Tzertski, almost hewn to pieces. Ungluttet yet with blood, Captain Devereaux, finding his rapier broken, snatched up a partizan, and, followed by thirty soldiers, rushed to the apartments of Wallenstein; who, having heard the uproar in the hall, had double-bolted his door within; and they assailed it with noise and great fury, while Butler stood, with his sword drawn, on the staircase below. Even the bold heart of Wallenstein was appalled by the unusual uproar—he leaped from his bed, and threw on a dressing-gown. He raised the window of the room; but the wall of the tower was too high for escape, and he cried aloud—

"Will none here assist me? Alas! is no one here my friend?"

Upon this Devereaux knocked again, and commanded his soldiers to burst open the door. Five times their united strength failed before it, till he applied his own shoulder to it; and, being a man of great power, he broke it to fragments, and they beheld before them the formidable Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland and Prince of the Vandal Isles, standing near a table, in his shirt, pale and composed, but defenceless — for he had neither sword nor pistols; for Schiller asserts that he was disturbed in the study of astrology.

"Art thou not the betrayer of Ferdinand and the empire?" cried Captain Devereaux, as he charged his partizan; "if so, now thou must die."

Wallenstein made no reply, but opened his arms, as if still more to expose his naked breast, into which the Irish captain thrust his weapon, and he expired without a groan, while all the soldiers shrunk back, as if appalled by the act; yet his naked body, and the bodies of the Colonels Niemann, Tzertski, Illo, and Kinski were carried in a cart through the streets of Egra, and tossed into a ditch. So perished the magnificent Wallenstein, the dictator of Germany!

James Butler and Devereaux hastened to Vienna, where the Emperor Ferdinand II. fastened round the neck of the former a magnificent chain, giving, at the same time, his imperial benison and a gold medal, saying—"Wear this, Colonel Butler, in memory of an emperor you have saved from ruin." He then created him a count of the holy Roman empire, and gave him the gold key of the bed-chamber, with extensive estates in the kingdom of Bohemia; and to crown all, by an act of abominable hypocrisy, he ordered three thousand masses to be said for repose of the murdered general's soul. Devereaux also received a gold chain with the gold key, and a colonelcy; but he left the imperial service, and returned home to Ireland in 1638.

Colonel Gordon was created a marquis of the empire, colonel-general of the imperial army, and high chamberlain of Austria. Major Walter Lesley,

who was then a captain of the Body Guard, was created Count Lesley, and Lord of Newstadt, an estate worth two hundred thousand florins. He died field marshal, governor of Slavonia, and knight of the golden fleece.

James Butler enjoyed his countship only one year, for he died at Wirtemberg in the early part of the year 1634, leaving a very ample fortune, and money to found a college of Irish Franciscans, which still exists in the Bohemian capital. To Luarmayne, confessor to the Emperor, he left a memorial worth twenty pounds by his will. To the Scottish and Irish colleges at Prague he bequeathed £8,300; to the Irish students at Prague, £500 among them equally; to his sister, £1,000; to Walter Devereaux whose partizan slew Wallenstein, £150. His widow, whom he left in easy circumstances, conveyed his body into Bohemia, escorted by a troop of lancers and cuirassiers, and there she interred him near his own estates, with great pomp and splendour. In 1638, Thomas Carve, an Irish priest, chaplain of Butler's regiment, and author of a minute account of these affairs,* obtained a commission as chaplain-general "to all the Scottish and Irish forces in the imperial service."

During the development and *dénouement* of this daring conspiracy against the great imperialist, his friend, Walter Butler, was in command at Prague, about seventy miles distant from the castle of Egra; and he was filled with horror and dismay at the part played by his brother in the dark and terrible tragedy. It was, moreover, an unfortunate event for him, as he never obtained any place at court, any military order, or rose one rank higher in the army from thenceforward — for, as a favourite of Wallenstein, he was an object of distrust to the Emperor.

In the same year his brother died. Walter served with distinguished bravery at Nordlingen, in Swabia, where, on the 26th of August, 1634, a general engagement was the result of Field Marshal Gustaf Horne's attempt to relieve the town, then besieged by the imperialists, who obtained a complete victory; for the Swedish army was defeated with great loss, and had four

* Thomas Carve (Tripperariensis), *Itinerarium*, 12mo., 1639-1641.

thousand baggage waggons, eighty pieces of cannon, and three hundred stand of colours taken. Their Scottish brigades suffered severely. In particular the highland regiment of Colonel Robert Munro, which, by the slaughter of that fatal day was reduced to *one* company.

By his valour and example, Walter Butler, at the head of his regiment, "decided the victory in favour of the imperialists." To quote Harte—"He stood firm, without losing one inch of ground, for three and twenty hours, during a continual fire, and

though sixteen thousand soldiers were killed in that engagement."

Soon after this great battle, he died of a severe illness. The descendants of his brother distinguished themselves repeatedly in the future wars of the grasping House of Austria, particularly in those waged against Frederick the Great, King of Prussia; and there is now living in Bohemia an old nobleman, named Baron Bütler who boasts of being the fourth in descent from James Butler of Ormond, one of the slayers of the great Duke of Friedland.

GEOLOGY.*

WHEN the sun rises in serene strength and majesty, gilding the mountain-tops, lighting up their swelling sides, and pouring bright, unclouded rays across the level plains, so that all nature rejoices, and the hills clap their hands for joy, he cannot avoid striking, at the same time, with his radiant heat, upon damp, unwholesome bogs, dark swampy hollows, and obscure recesses, where certain pestilent vapours have slunk to during the night. These same rotten vapours and dank fogs, rising by means of the sun's heat into the atmosphere immediately set to work and do their best to blur out and obscure the source of the very heat and light to which they owe their elevation, turning into mists and clouds, which hide for a time, from men's eyes at all events, "the radiant lord of day." He, however, far above the clouds, pursues his daily march through heaven, recking not of their existence.

Even so is it with the great intellectual sun of science among men. One grand sphere of knowledge and wisdom shall rise after another to enlighten the understandings and warm and enlarge the hearts and minds of all good and sensible men, but shall, at the same time, set in motion the addled, or the half-taught, or half-acting, and conceited brain of certain obscure in-

dividuals in remote places, who immediately set to work and do their best to obscure and throw clouds and mists of ignorance and folly over the face of the science which has excited them.

We are not quite sure whether even yet there be not now and then dropped still-born from the press, small productions of half-witted people, undertaking to refute the Newtonian theory of astronomy and physics, and upset the Baconian principle of philosophy. We certainly recollect to have seen such in our younger days; and, for many long years after Newton slept in his grave, their appearance, not unfrequently with all the honours of 4to volumes and expensive illustrations, used to be periodical. As it was with astronomy so has it been, and will be, with geology. True, the latter science has not yet to boast of its Newton, of its one great master-mind, who, absorbing and combining the labours and discoveries of other great minds that preceded him, should set forth its whole guiding theory and principles in one clear, simple, and demonstrative statement. Its very nature forbids that being done for geology in anything like the same way as was done by Newton for astronomy. The one is a multifarious history, to be gradually built up by the accumulation

* "Geology: its Facts and its Fictions." By W. Elfe Tayler, Author of "Hippolytus," &c.; "The Dead Sea," &c.; "Popery and its Crimes," &c. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1855.

of facts, gathered from a vast variety of sources; the other, an abstract statement of principle and law, to be tested, and either proved or disproved instantly by an appeal to the state of the universe around and before us.

Geology has been brought into existence by the combined labours of many men—we may indeed say, of all men of science. Its foundations rest upon the union of so much and such varied knowledge, it required such great advances to have been made in all the natural sciences before it itself could come into existence, that while, on the one hand, it was scarcely possible for one man to arise with intellect vast enough, or life long enough to acquire all the necessary preliminary knowledge; on the other, when that knowledge had become the common property of mankind, geology sprang into being almost of itself, as it were, as the legitimate consequence and necessary result of the other sciences. The chemist could not complete his studies without becoming acquainted with the nature of minerals, and learning something of their modes of formation and the laws of their occurrence. The naturalist could not make himself master of all the varied forms of animal and vegetable life, without having his attention called to the vast varieties of forms which were to be found buried in the earth, though no longer living on the globe; the geographer could not complete his delineation and description of coasts and islands, of plains and mountains, and rivers, of volcanoes and earthquakes, of icebergs and glaciers, of winds, and currents, and storms, of the different temperatures of earth, and air, and water in their heights and depths, without becoming acquainted with the varied and mutual actions of the forces and powers of nature, and with their changes of state—without learning what had been their conditions in the past, and being enabled partly to foresee their modifications in the future.

It was not till the beginning of the present century of our era that chemistry and mineralogy, zoology and botany, physical geography and meteorology had acquired anything like their present accuracy and complete-

ness. Till they had done so, geology in any worthy form was impossible; when they had, geology, which is but their application to the past history of the globe, followed as a matter of course.

It unfortunately happens, however, that now, as heretofore, Wisdom has been crying in the streets, and no man (or at least few men) have regarded her. One, two, three generations of men have grown up, a fourth is now bursting into active existence, in whose education modern science has had no part. We ridicule and we blame the Jesuits, and other priestly fathers of foreign Roman Catholic universities, some of whom have, even up to our own day, only allowed the Newtonian theory to be taught as a *hypothesis*, and had not the courage or the honesty to confess that the Church when she condemned Galileo was in the wrong. Are we much better ourselves? Go to our old universities, English, or Irish, or Scotch,* and inquire privately of their “dons,” their heads, their provosts, their masters, and their tutors what they know, or what they think, of the sciences we have mentioned, and how much they encourage their teaching, and you will be met with profound shakes of the head, smiles of ill-concealed pity and derision, or the gentle “pooh, pooh” of superior wisdom. Like Lord Derby, they belong to the pre-scientific period.

Thus it happens, that even the great mass of our educated men of the present day are profoundly and avowedly ignorant of all natural science. They do not know the nature of the air they breathe, the water they drink, the food they eat, or the earth on which they tread, though such knowledge would be quite as easily acquired, and be at least as useful as that of any number of verbs in “*mi*,” any quantity of “*propria quæ maribus*,” or even a considerable portion of abstract mathematics got up to “*pass*,” and thrown aside as soon as that object has been attained.

One result of this want of early instruction in the elementary facts and principles of natural science is, that men come to regard them when they

* We must, however, acknowledge that the Scotch universities are less open to this reproach than the other old universities of the empire.

hear them in after life, as something monstrous and strange, and as either incredible *per se*, or as requiring some vast intellectual effort and labour to understand and become masters of. They have no previously formed ideas, or previously acquired stores of knowledge with which these new notions can harmonise, and to which they can cohere. The facts and deductions of natural science are altogether alien from their previous habits of thought, and are, therefore, either prejudged and rejected, or are utterly misconceived and distorted.

Any pretender to knowledge, who acquires the audience of men in this condition of mind, if he be but sufficiently bold and confident in assertion, plausible in manner, and glib in utterance, can, of course, most easily lead them astray—all the more easily if, at the same time, he affirms that he has carefully examined the subject which engages their attention, and can assure them there is nothing in it—they need not trouble themselves, they know quite as much of it as is worth knowing, the thing is a delusion and a humbug, and he can explain the whole matter to them; which he accordingly does in an easy, off-hand manner, and in a way that shall fall in with their previous notions and requirements.

If the talk and the books of such shallow pretenders as these be taken no notice of, they will, doubtless, “blow over,” as Sydney Smyth used to say; but, unfortunately, they occasionally do much harm in their passage into oblivion. Guileless men and women are apt to believe in the reality of their boasted labour and research, and to put faith in their conclusions, as those arrived at by diligent and honest searchers after truth. It is for the sake of such persons, and in order that no honest and inquiring mind shall be led astray, so far as we are able to prevent it, that we think it worth our while to notice the little book, entitled “Geology, its Facts and its Fictions.”

Did the reader ever meet with the works entitled “Hippolytus,” and “The Dead Sea,” &c.? We have not been so fortunate, and are entirely ignorant whether they be verse or prose. Their author is likewise the author of the work we have mentioned. In his preface he asserts that

he has undertaken “a thorough examination of the whole subject of geology”—a claim entitling him to great attention, if it were a well-founded one. We can truly assert that we have made a thorough examination of his book, and the only evidence we can find that he has examined the subject at all is, that he has read *certain books treating upon it*. What would be thought of a man professing to have made a thorough examination of any other of the natural sciences, whose knowledge of them was avowedly a mere book knowledge? Fancy a chemist, who had never been in a laboratory, or made an experiment, a mineralogist who had never seen a mineral, a naturalist who had never handled a specimen, an anatomist who had never dissected a body, and you will be able to form some notion of the kind of geological knowledge possessed by a man who had merely read a few books on the subject. Such a man would hardly have one accurate idea corresponding to the words he had perused; he would be unable to recognise one of the rocks of which he had read the description; while geological maps, and sections, and accounts of the geological structure of countries, if they gave him any ideas at all, would give him utterly distorted and erroneous ones. Books are necessary to the geologist, as to every other student of nature; but to understand them he must see, and examine, and study the objects they describe. If those objects be such as cannot properly be observed in the closet, the cabinet, or the museum, the student must go out of doors and visit the localities where they can be rightly seen.

In geology, above all other sciences, this “field work” is essential. We cannot bring cliffs, and mountains, and ravines, or even quarries and railway cuttings into our museums or our cabinets, while mere specimens will hardly do more by themselves than enable us to distinguish between granite and sandstone. Specimens of rocks are like books—they are useful to the student as references, rather than as primary instructors.

As we should expect, accordingly, we find, in almost every page of Mr. Elfe Tayler's book, proof that he did not understand any one, but, on the contrary, utterly misunderstood every one of the geological books he has read.

These books, moreover, appear to have been the oddest farrago of old and new, of high authority and no authority at all, that could have been jumbled together; and the ideas of geological classification he has picked out of them are just in "a concatenation accordingly."

These ideas seem to be the following. We will give them in order, and annotate upon them. He says that granite, gneiss, mica slate, &c., are all closely allied to each other, and are always the lowest of all rocks, and are called primitive. Now, granite is a deep-seated igneous rock, which has been in course of formation in all periods, primary, secondary, and tertiary, and is probably being formed now. Gneiss, mica slate, &c., on the other hand, were originally aqueous rocks, sandstones, shales, clays, &c., which have been altered by heat, frequently by the heat of molten granite, into their present state. They are derivative and altered, and not primitive rocks.

Mr. Tayler places over these so-called primitive rocks the secondary, "though," he says, "we cannot see any propriety in the term." Why not, when he himself places them between the primary (or what he calls the primitive) and the tertiary? He describes these secondary rocks as consisting of mountain limestone, silurian system, carboniferous system, new red sandstone, oolitic system, chalk system; and then goes on to speak in detail of the mountain limestone as a separate and independent formation *below the silurian*, although he afterwards quotes a passage from Professor Phillips, who describes it as one of the subordinate members of the carboniferous system, which it really is. He omits altogether from the above enumeration the old red sandstone, or Devonian system, although he afterwards quotes a description of it from Ansted.

He makes a similar hash of the rest of the secondary rocks, picking out from old books scraps of a nomenclature that has become antiquated, and pieces of a classification that has been modified and improved, and, jumbling them up with newly-discovered facts and passages from more recent works, makes confusion worse confounded.

In commencing the description, he says, "These are all sedimentary rocks

deposited by the waters of the deluge;" and yet describes them as characterised by peculiar fossils, occasionally even attributing the formation of particular beds to their having been coral reefs like those in the present seas; and ultimately says they were formed between the creation and the deluge. In all cases, except where actually quoting the words of some other author, he speaks of fossils in a way that shows he knows nothing whatever about them, or even about the natural history of living animals.

This gross ignorance of the things he is talking about, becomes, if possible, still more portentous when he describes the tertiary rocks. He makes, indeed, a show at first of a reasonable description, by tacking together extracts from different authors, but in a subsequent part betrays how utterly he has misunderstood his authorities by such passages as the following:—

"On the hypothesis asserted by geologists, that each bed of the earth's crust is the representative of a previous world, a world peopled with quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, and filled with abundant vegetation, we ought to find the remains of such a world co-extensive, or nearly so, with the world itself. At the close of chapter III. of the first part of this work, we showed, from M'Culloch, the limited and partial character of the secondary strata (p. 64); and, as regards the tertiary strata, it is well known that the whole tertiary series—representing four worlds—occupies but a comparatively small space on the surface of the globe; whilst each bed of this series can claim but a very few inconsiderable tracts for its dominion. If the reader will refer to the account given of these beds in our first part, he will find that there is, first, the *eoocene* formation, the lowest of all; then the *miocene*, or middle bed; then the *older pleiocene*; and, lastly, the *newer pleiocene*. All of these beds are of a date long prior to man's creation, it is said; and each bed contains the ruins, organic and inorganic, of a world, separated by many thousands of years from its predecessor. Is it not natural to ask, then, how it is that these strata are not co-extensive with the world? Why are immense territories of the globe destitute of a single patch of this mighty ruin? What was going on in the other parts of the world whilst one of these strata held its sway? The theory is evidently at fault; it fails to explain the actual phenomena exhibited."—pp. 209-210.

Now, first of all, geologists assert no such hypothesis. Next, he mistakes

M'Culloch's allusion to the "limited and partial character" of any *one bed*, or even any *one group* of beds of the secondary rocks, for a limitation of their whole assemblage. As to the limitation of the tertiary rocks, M'Culloch was dead long before the recent explorations, which show them to cover vast areas, not only in Europe, but in North and South America, in Asia, and in Australia. What is meant by the tertiary series "representing four worlds," we are at a loss to conceive. He speaks of each of the tertiary formations or groups, the eocene, miocene, &c., as if made up of a *single bed*, and that bed as containing "the ruins, organic and inorganic, of a world separated by thousands of years from its predecessor." Now, had he just gone into the Isle of Wight, he might have seen, on the northern side of the island, a good section of the eocene formation, as it exists there, composed of many hundreds of separate beds of different materials—sands, gravels, clays, and limestones—each bed varying from half an inch to a foot or two in thickness, perfectly regular and widely-spread, obviously the result of tranquil deposition of sediment in water, and making up a total thickness of something like two thousand feet. This is only a local exhibition of a single member of the tertiary series, and in other parts of the world a *portion only* of that *single member*, under the form of the nummulite limestone, swells out to gigantic dimensions, having a thickness of several thousand feet, and, spreading round both shores of the Mediterranean, reaches as far as the flanks of the Himalayahs at least.

His questions as to why these strata are not co-extensive with the world, and his use of such expressions as "this mighty ruin," "one of these strata held its sway," simply show that his ideas of geology are his own exclusively, and not those of any geologist.

Geologists believe that during all past ages of the globe, since the deposition of the earliest stratified rocks, the earth has existed pretty much as we now find it, so far as concerns the distribution of land and sea, of mountain, plain, and river. We do not mean that our present lands existed—quite the reverse; but that in the earliest periods of our geological history *there were lands* upon the surface of

the globe—continents and islands, seas and oceans, bays and gulfs, and rivers and lakes. They believe also that sedimentary matter was deposited here and there, now and then, in some parts of those seas and lakes, and that remains of some of the animals that lived upon the globe were deposited along with that matter. Universal uninterrupted deposition over the whole globe at any one time would have been as great an anomaly in past times as it would at the present. Suppose, however, that ten thousand years hence the German ocean and the Irish sea should have been gradually and tranquilly elevated into dry land, traversed, of course, by brooks, and rivers, and water-courses, and that similar new countries should have been formed, by the elevation of the sea bottom, on the shores of North and South America, the West Indies, the Eastern Archipelago, the Levant, South Australia, and Van Diemen's Land, the Sandwich Islands, and the Marquesas, or any other numerous and widely-scattered points you please to fix upon. Then the geologists of those days, acting on the same rules as those of the present, would be able, by an examination of the masses of sand, gravel, clay, and limestone, now lying at the bottom of the seas, and accumulated there during the last few thousand years, and especially by a study of the shells and other fossils they would find embedded in them, to assign a contemporaneous origin to all these widely-scattered deposits, and classify them all under one designation—say the "anthropic system" or formation, as we may suppose them to be characterised by remains of man and his works.

The deposits thus tranquilly formed beneath the sea, and thus gradually elevated into dry land, would differ in no essential particular, except the character of their organic remains from our tertiary rocks, or even from our secondary and primary formations, except as regards certain alterations which have taken place in some parts of the latter, from subsequently acting causes, and which would equally take place in our "anthropic" formation, when it became subject to the necessary conditions.

When we say, as above, that the "anthropic" rocks would be classed as of contemporaneous origin, we use that word "contemporaneous" in a large

sense, not as restricted to single years, or even to centuries, but only to one long epoch. Beds which were being formed in the German Ocean at the time of Julius Cæsar or of the Norman Conquest, would be considered contemporaneous with those forming now in Bass's Straits, if, as we have every reason to suppose, the same shells, &c., have inhabited the same seas throughout the last two thousand years.

That which we have here supposed to take place in the future, is what we know to have taken place in the past. Old sea bottoms, containing the tranquilly deposited sediment of former ages, accumulations sometimes of great thickness and of most varied character; some beds deposited hastily, and in the lump, in consequence of sudden floods or storms; some, slowly and gradually, with wide intervals between them, in which no deposition took place; some containing the remains of animals suddenly killed and hastily buried up, others showing places where submarine creatures had lived, undisturbed, for generation after generation, till a thick bed was formed from the mere hard fragments of the framework of those that had successively lived their appointed time, and died of mere old age;—old sea bottoms, with all these evidences of past time stored up beneath them, have, in consequence of the action of internal force, acting as it now acts, either insensibly by elevation, amounting to three feet in a century, or by little fits and starts of a foot or two at a time, with long intervals between them, been ultimately lifted up, and converted, from being the bottom of the sea, to be the surface of the dry land.

In their passage through the destructive plane of the sea level, these accumulations, level and nearly smooth, perhaps, originally, have been worn and corroded by the breakers and the atmosphere, the wind, the rain, and the storm; valleys and hollows have been scooped out of them by currents and the set of tides, as they arose; the least commencement of such a hollow, perhaps, when the first bit of land peeped above the waves, determining the direction of a current throughout all its future elevation, and thus were produced all the undulations of surface, all the systems of drainage, all the previously arranged mechanism for the formation

of rivers, that give life, and beauty, and variety to our present lands.

Foor Dr. Buckland used in his lectures to warn his pupils against ever using the term "convulsion of nature," unless they wished to be set down as asses by all sensible and well-informed men. We can assure Mr. Elfa Taylor that all his nonsensical talk about "ruins," and "convulsions," and "tremendous overthrows," and "revolutionary waves" are the pure creations of his own distempered brain and disordered imagination, and have no place in geology, such as it exists in the minds of geologists of the present day.

All these passages of his book remind us of a little work it was our good fortune to light upon some years ago, and which has afforded us many a hearty laugh since.

We were examining the geology of the neighbourhood of Dudley, a place well known to most geologists, and were assailed by that most dismal of catastrophes to field geologists, a thoroughly wet soaking day. Strolling into the town in search of a bookseller's shop we lighted, at a stationer's, on a work coming out in parts, written by a colliery overseer, or "ground hailiff," as they are called in those parts. It was entitled, "Baker's Practical Survey of the Geology, Mineralogy, and Historical Events of the District of Dudley," &c., &c. The man seemed to have possessed some considerable practical knowledge of the mining district of the neighbourhood, but had unfortunately been smitten with the ambition of conveying it in something more than the "high Malvolio vein." In describing one of the "faults" or dislocations that are frequently met with traversing the coal measures and other rocks, he uses the following language:—

"It is one of the largest traversing ruptures found in the South Staffordshire main coal basin. The same is known, by the mining of the coals and ores, to traverse the coal field, as before stated, in an irresistible, imperial, and uncontrollable manner, decimating the bowels of the earth to depths unexplored. The indurated massy rocks have shared with the more flexible strata the overwhelming fate produced by this inexplicable agent, which, in places, has heaved up the strata from depths unknown, discovering the intestines, and mingling them together in an indescribable manner. . . .

"In places, the once yawning hiatus was,

without question, masses of feet in width, which is now filled up with rafts from its own disjunct sides; and, in conjunction with the engines of time and manual operations in husbandry, the farrago which has rendered this scene of horror now formable, in reference to the surface thereof, is in all its internal parts, that is, below the earth's surface, become a solid mass by coëssency, in the way of cohesion; so that the parts are scarcely susceptible of separation, but by the force of the miner's steel instruments and blasting powder."—pp. 7, 8.

The following description, too, of two hills on the east side of the town, is exceedingly rich, it being premised that they present nothing very particularly remarkable to the passer-by, except the limestone caverns and quarries of the Castle Hill, and the fine old ruin that crowns its summit:—

"GEOLOGY.—First, the Dudley Castle Hill and the Cawney Hill. These two opposite and distinct eminences are nearly in a south-easterly range, commencing at the former. These two celebrated eminences each form a line of their own specific strata. The Castle Hill winds on through Shirt's Mill, Limestone Quarries, the Cony Gray Quarries, and, in some small manner, to the Wren's Nest Hill lime works, in a north-westerly direction. The latter ranges on in connexion with Darbey's Hill, Tanaley Hill, and Turner's Hill, with various localities pertinent therewith, in a south-easterly line. But, as respects Cawney Hill, we shall leave the particular examination thereof till the Rowley Regis District comes under especial notice. The only remarks made here on the same will be on its apparent origin, internal configuration, and uses.

"CAWNEY HILL.—The elevated positions of the Castle and Cawney Hills are somewhat analogous. Their distance is from about five to six furlongs. The Cawney Hill is of the trap rock or basalt series. There can be but little doubt of its origin being chemical. Its internal configuration is *pyramidal*, which is not common with other strata in general, though found in ruptured circumstances. The circumstantial and succedaneous mass is not of any general utility more than that of repairing roads, paving of yards, and other public uses, which require much strength and durability. The Castle Hill shows an appearance at some distance, and, when the foliage of the trees is down, a comparative view of the chalk about Dover, and other places of elevation. This celebrated eminence is in comparison with the former, in respect of height, as before noticed, which is taken from the canal levels in contiguity therewith, from about one hundred and sixty to nearly two hundred feet. This hill is of the calcareous suit,

or transition limestone. The same is of mechanical origin; its internal configuration is also of the same order. The stratification of its layers are all purely mechanically disposed, which rise at an high angle, and encircle the hill on three sides. On the southern side, the strata rise in a bold and commanding order. This is the highest point of the hill, and upon whose imperial brow stands the ruins of the once highly-garrisoned and strongly-fortified Castle, commonly called the Maiden, or Dudley Castle. In this place is exhibited such unparalleled superiority, in respect of some internal occult, but *irresistible*, agent, that is truly appalling. The interval or swamp between the Cawney and the Castle Hills is, in its aspect of geological strata, nothing more than a mass of heterogeneous matter—a mere farrago of inexplicable, but ruined strata. This once horrified, deracinated spot, whereon stands the far greater part of the northern side of the town, combined with the swamp, Castle, and relative situations, once stood *aghast*,—being split, splintered, dislocated, deracinated, and embowelled.

"This awful catastrophe was performed, no doubt, by some latent agent seated at some immense depth,—seeing here are plenty of specimens of various strata found in and about this spot, which are found seated in the neighbouring collieries, at some hundreds of feet below the surface of this place. Hence we are led to conceive that this place is dismantled of millions of tons of strata, that once wrapped in her womb tens of thousands of tons of valuable coal and ore, which were destroyed by being blown into the air as a passing cloud, and scattered as an hailstorm into the neighbouring districts, to occupy swamps, or to compose cordons, tumuloes, or mounds."—pp. 31–33.

The following passage is exactly according to Mr. Elfe Tayler's manner, exhibiting the same logical arrangement of ideas, and a similar graphical use of descriptive terms. He is speaking of a small hill where a sudden and local protrusion of a bed of limestone through the coal measures has taken place:—

"Hence the geological strata are more of the salefurious than argillaceous soil, until we arrive at the Haye's Hill, where the same coal elicits forth at a very sharp angle, in which hill the whole of the medial formation escape therewith, and also the limestone. In this last place—which bears south-west, and is computed at more than two miles distance—the Main Coal is found at the latter place, and at the depth of more than 700 feet; beside, the situation thereof is on the banks of the River Stour, which is a depression from either of those places of from 200 to 800 feet. In this place (the

Haye's Hill) has been a mighty confusion in the intestines of the earth, the various families of which nature is known to be composed in the mineral kingdom, which are divided in number. Too many have here been in a state of hostility, by which those of the deeper situations have burst through the whole of the recumbent ones, and buried them into the aerial regions, whose descent therefrom has been in a scattered manner, and caused them to alight on the neighbouring estates."—pp. 59, 60.

Perhaps, however, the finest passage in the book is one which we recommend particularly to Mr. Elfe Tayler's study and imitation. Poor Thomas Baker had been giving some particularly bewildering and unintelligible details regarding the geological structure of another hill called Sedgley Beacon, and finished one chapter with a few observations on the depths of some neighbouring coal-pits, when he opens the following one in this magnificent manner:—

"Now, seeing this grand phenomenon physically appear in such radiance and connexion, we have only to take a retrospective view, and at once we see the primitive, but auspicious and extensive, plain as before depicted, flowing in pristine beauty and original order. But in some mysterious and unknown period, suddenly an awful concussion occurs, and instantly the affrighted and astonished earth bends to the irresistible strength of conflicting nature, after the medial and supermedial formations had taken place thereon; for it is obvious that that catastrophe took place in or beneath the submedial formation—no doubt centuries after the completion of the former. Hence the turmoiled, flexible strata, with the more resisting obdurate rocks, opened their distorted mouths, in the shape of the sinus, gulf or bay, with an inconceivable roar by the force of unnatural agency and irrevocable necessity, disgorge the deracinated intestines from depths unknown, parts of which now appear so prominent in those contorted, denuded, and subterranean hills under examination."—p. 81.

That "*inconceivable roar*" kept us in a very conceivable and perfectly audible roar for the whole of one afternoon; and could we have got hold of Thomas Baker he should have sat down and had share with us of the best bottle of wine to be procured in Dudley Town. While the only feeling excited in us by reading Mr. Elfe Tayler's book has been an occasional longing to throw it at his head, as the

production of a bee——; however, we won't call him names behind his back.

One more extract, reader, from Thomas Baker, and we will replace his book, which we immediately got carefully bound, on the shelf beside *Punch*, and "*Rabelais*," and "*Tristram Shandy*," and other mental cordials and remedies against the blue devils. It is descriptive of the Wren's Nest Hill, a very curious and once beautiful place, formed of an oval ring of wooded, rocky heights, round a small central plain of a few green fields, now however torn open by quarries, and buried in black smoke. The ring of rocky heights was formed of two thick beds of limestone, which have been singularly elevated into a long oval dome, the top removed by denudation, and the soft shale below left exposed at the surface. Thomas Baker discourseth of it thus:—

"Now, under sentiments applicable to such a subject, we are led, in a moral point of view, to conceive that the interior of this ambit did once assume the following figure, though not naturally—but in a time of horrible confusion, when the family of nature was at war, and would now modify a part of herself, both in the interior and exterior. In this figure, we see nature provided with storehouses filled with magazines of strength, awaiting an opportunity whereby the same might be discharged, which no doubt might be done, either by water or air gaining access thereto, in a manner before unknown. These storerooms are not viewed as being actual caverns of the earth, but as rather figurative thereof; but, in reality, as being vast assemblages and aggregations of combustible matter, commonly termed firestones or pyrites. These being promiscuously ranged and acting together, the end of excavations, apertures, adits, antres, &c., are formed all in common connexion, and charged with the above exploding matter—and so arranged, that each apartment or aggregation should join in making one general explosion. Anon the igneous match comes in contact with the well-disposed matter, and the result is, the terrene matter is heaved up instantly from its primitive seat—torn from the main parent mass with indefinite power; and that part which was originally deposited at more than 600 feet below the original sod, is now become succedaneous thereto, and seated at once as in the aerial kingdom. Not, indeed, as by intervals; but at one grand irrevocable gust. Not forming, indeed, a surface of merely distorted matter; but a fine stud of land, fit for the plough, the dairy, the chase, or race-course. And while the truncated extremi-

ties thereof exhibit the rude scenery of ruin and awful devastation — which, indeed, excite the idea of solitude, and prompt the inquiring stranger to dispositions in lonely visits — the extensive area contained therein regales the mind with sentiments of a different kind.”—pp. 101, 102.

We wish that Mr. Elfe Taylor, assuming the character of an “inquiring stranger,” would make not “a lonely visit” there, but one accompanied by a good practical geologist, who would open his eyes for him, and show him what was really meant by the words “beds,” “strata,” “fossils,” “dislocations,” “contortions,” “elevation,” “denudation,” “deposition,” and a few others. We fancy he might be “prompted,” perhaps, to fresh “disquisitions,” but if so, they would contain “sentiments of a very different kind” from those in the present book.

A very glaring instance of the way in which Mr. Elfe Taylor has utterly misconceived the meaning of the geological books he has perused, is given in the following passage:—

“Geology teaches that the earth’s surface has been the theatre of many successive revolutions; the Bible speaks but of one. It will be the object of this chapter to inquire into the relative value of these conflicting testimonies.

“Although geologists are agreed in teaching the frequent recurrence of destructive agencies on the earth, under the operation of which whole races of animal beings have been swept away, there is a singular want of precision in their statements. So far as we understand, their theory is, that all the various rocks have been deposited by water, and at distinct periods of time. Hence our globe has been repeatedly the scene of destructive floods. As these deposits also occupy, for the most part, amazing areas, the floods which produced them must have been of immense extent. One would suppose that these disturbances of the earth’s surface had caused the death of the animals which lie embedded in the strata of the earth. But Professor Hitchcock affirms, that, ‘in general, these groups became extinct in consequence of a change of climate.’

“We find it also stated by the leading geologists of the day, that the land and the sea have repeatedly changed places. That, ‘during the whole period since organised beings first appeared on the globe, not less than four or five, and probably more—some think as many as ten or twelve—entire races have passed away, and been succeeded by recent ones; so that the globe has actually changed all its inhabitants half-a-dozen times. Yet each of these successive groups

occupied it long enough to leave immense quantities of their remains, which sometimes constitute immense mountains.’

“It is easy to see, that revolutions such as these could hardly take place without prodigious convulsions of the earth’s surface. Since the bed of the ocean, or at least what formed its bed, is now found on the tops of mountains some miles above the level of the sea, the convulsion of the globe must have been inconceivably great.”—pp. 137, 138.

Now geology does not speak of any “revolution” in the sense which he uses it in the first paragraph. Geology knows of no sudden revolution common to the whole earth, nor of any destructive agencies by which whole races have been swept away; nor does any geologist suppose that our globe has repeatedly been the scene of destructive floods. To suppose that *deposition*, and *formation*, and *production* could have taken place by the action of floods that were *destructive*, is a contradiction in terms. Such notions have been taken up simply from a want of attention to the precise meaning of the language used by geologists. Their “revolutions” are slow and silent ones; they are “chronic,” not acute affections; they are for ever in progress, now, as in all past time. It is absolutely necessary in order to become intelligible, that geologists should group and condense their histories of past change; that they should speak of things that happened consecutively, as if they had occurred at once; that a vast number and variety of similar events should be spoken of under one general designation. Is not this the case in human history? Do we not absorb the life and history of individuals in that of a nation? Are not our histories merely selections of the most striking and telling passages in the life of a nation, and are we not in the habit of thinking of a “revolution” that required perhaps a generation, as if it had been a short and sudden event? Suppose a being writing a succinct history of the whole human race, from Adam to its final extinction, would he not look upon the partial disturbances and revolutions among us as mere normal events, and mass them altogether into one brief general statement. Such a history would speak of the human period, and of the creation and extinction of the human race, as a single epoch, just as geolo-

gists speak of the existence of any assemblage of extinct animals. These existences, whether animals or vegetables, have been created on the globe, and have, one after another, died out, from natural causes, gradually and successively, one at one time, and one at another, and others have been created to supply their place. That is all we know about the matter. Myriads may have so perished and left no trace or fragment behind them, or if they have, those traces are not discovered. Occasionally some, being placed within the reach of sedimentary depositions that were now and then, and here and there, taking place at different spots over the globe, have had their remains buried and preserved.

To assert that because "what was once the bed of the sea is now found on the tops of the highest mountains," therefore "the convulsions of the globe must have been inconceivably great," simply shows that Mr. Elfe Tayler has not read; or, having read, has not understood; or, having read and understood, has chosen to ignore and pass by Lyell's "Principles of Geology." We leave him his choice of the three categories in which to place himself. He would, in that book, have learnt that such "convulsions," if he like to call them so with Dr. Buckland's warning in his ears, are just what are now happening, and have happened, all our lives, in various parts of the globe. Did Mr. Elfe Tayler never hear of an earthquake?

Like all men of his stamp, Mr. Elfe Tayler plunges head over ears souse into the Noachian Deluge, and having a natural alacrity at sinking, he so buries himself in the mud thereof, that he has never yet been able to emerge from it. This is a subject that has been argued over and over again, and we really have no fancy for the labour of thrice slaying the slain. We must, however, pause one moment, in order to point out the utterly unwarrantable liberties that Mr. Tayler and men of his sort take with the sacred text, in order to make it suit their own views. By aid of a little gratuitous hypothesis here, by an assumption of "doubtless it was" so and so, there, by putting their own interpretation on obscure and doubtful passages, and anathematising any one who would assign a different meaning as impugning the authority of the Bible, these

men manage to envelop themselves in such a cloud of swollen facts, and bloated arguments, and high-sounding words, such a mirage-making atmosphere of assertion and guess, that it is difficult to fix them to any tangible statement, or engage them in any logical reasoning. Mr. Elfe Tayler says, speaking of the Deluge, "We can only suppose that the external configuration of the earth underwent such a thorough change, convulsion, and dislocation, as amounted to destruction. The continents, seas, and oceans of the present globe, to a great extent differ from those of the antediluvian world." All this is pure hypothesis, directly opposed to the text of the Bible. Again, he says—"The loftiest eminences of the present globe are either of volcanic origin, or primitive rocks thrown up on their edges. These are sufficient grounds to suppose that the tremendous convulsions of the Deluge were the originating causes of these mountains as they at present stand." What tremendous convulsions? The Bible speaks of none. Moreover, it speaks of one large volcanic mountain, Ararat, as previously existing. Then he *supposes* again, but speaks of it as if it were certain, that the bottoms of our present seas and oceans were lifted up two or three miles, and their contents emptied on to the land, being depressed again to receive the water at the close of the Deluge.

Presently after we have still more suppositions, as in the following passages:—

"During this period, there was at work—first, the vast mechanical agency of a mass of water, some miles in height, over the whole surface of the globe, the overwhelming power of which, in breaking up the former surface of the earth, overthrowing rocks and mountains, and reducing all things to wreck and ruin, imagination can scarcely conceive. Next, there was the vast power of volcanic agency at work. Geologists assert that the strata of this earth present the most indubitable evidence of the exertion of this tremendous power on an immense scale. In many places the ancient strata of the earth have been upturned on their edges for miles together, whilst in others the molten rock from below has risen up and spread itself over a tract of country as large as the whole of Great Britain. The whole globe is covered with fractures, dislocations, inverted rocks and fissures, which no believer in the common-sense interpretation of Scripture can possibly ascribe to any

other period of the world than that of the general deluge."—pp. 179, 180.

This notion of volcanic agency at work during the Deluge is a favourite one with this class of men. Poor old Dr. Young, the methodist minister of Whitby, who really did know something about the geological structure of a small part of the earth's surface on the coast of Yorkshire, and who published, many years ago, a *Scriptural Geology*, from which Mr. Tayler extracts largely, has the following passage:—

"'The volcanic agency,' Dr. Young adds, 'employed in producing the deluge, might not only heave up the bottom of the ancient ocean, but might, in various instances, throw up basalt, and other igneous rocks, through openings, or fissures in the crust of the earth. There are granite rocks, as well as basalt, apparently more recent than some of the stratified rocks; and such granite masses might be raised up during the progress of the deluge, or towards the close of that great event. These unstratified masses, protruded from beneath, would occasion numerous bends, fractures, and numerous irregularities in the strata through which they forced their way upwards. If they burst up in a fluid state, they would naturally spread over the surface of the beds that were uppermost; and if new strata were subsequently deposited over them, there would then be produced the remarkable phenomenon occasionally witnessed of igneous rocks apparently interstratified with rocks of aqueous origin. Such anomalous cases, however, generally occur among the primary strata; and may be regarded as a proof that volcanic action prevailed in the ancient world as well as at the deluge.'"—pp. 189, 190.

This sentence reminds us of Touchstone's, "There is much virtue in an if;" also, in "might" and "could," add we. Now, it does strike us as the oddest of all things, that the aid of fire should be called in by these men to accomplish that which, according to the plain Bible narrative, was brought about entirely by the action of water. Not one word is there in the whole Bible to give the slightest hint for this volcanic hypothesis. The sole and single expression by which the notion of any kind of convulsive and tumultuary movement even in the waters, could be suggested, is the one, "The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up;" but this is so immediately in connexion with the fall

of rain, that it is obviously a mere figurative expression to describe a great accession of water. For be it observed, that *after* "the fountains of the great deep were broken up," it rained forty days and forty nights before "the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth." Then "the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters." Can language point to and describe more definitely a tranquil and gradual inundation? Had the waters been convulsed, what would have become of the ark? Then, at the end of a hundred and fifty days, "God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged. The fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained; and the waters returned from off the earth continually; and after the end of the hundred and fifty days the waters were abated." Where are the tremendous convulsions, and, above all, where is the volcanic agency?

To our mind the whole passage speaks of the tranquil and gradual rising of water over some wide-spread plain, on which were a few slight eminences, and to which the human race was confined, caused by excessive and unwonted rains, and the stoppage, perhaps, of some river or other drainage by which the lakes and rivers were so swollen, that their fountains or springs seemed to have burst. We have, however, no wish to obtrude our own notions on the reader. We merely wish to show him the utterly unfounded nature of those entertained by Mr. Elfe Tayler and his brother diluvialists. They distort passages of Scripture in a way that any geologist would be ashamed of, and after a fashion that would throw them into a fever of vituperation, if it were adopted by other men.

We find, however, that we are neglecting to notice the primary cause of Mr. Elfe Tayler's undertaking—"a thorough examination of the whole subject of geology." This cause was his hearing of parts of human skeletons being found, or supposed to be found, associated with the bones of the megalonix and mammoth, in such a way as to prove those animals to have lived as contemporaries with the early portion of the human race. Now here let us

say, in the first place, that this is no new supposition; and even if it could be proved to be true, it would have absolutely no influence whatever on the general question of geological science.

We believe that the megalonyx and the mammoth were extinct before the creation of the human race, but we know it was only just before. We know that they existed in that geological period which immediately preceded the appearance of man. If it could be proved that some individuals of the race lived on even after that appearance, what then? It might possibly so happen that in consequence of such discoveries, and the evidence that accompanied them, we should be compelled to date back the creation of man by a few thousand years, and enlarge our chronology to that extent. Suppose we were so compelled, what would be the result? Nothing at all. Mr. Elfe Tayler himself says that the chronology of the English version of the Bible, and that of the Septuagint, differ by six hundred years as to the period between the Creation and the Deluge, the Septuagint being the best authority. Does this discrepancy make any difference in their doctrinal teaching or authority? If not, why should another interpolation of 6,000, or even 60,000 years, do so? We are by no means arguing in favour of such an interpolation, unless its necessity were undoubtedly established; we only wish to show that no one need be in the least alarmed, even if it were established.

But what are the two facts which have so disturbed Mr. Tayler? The one is the reported discovery of fossil human teeth in the Swabian Alps, in strata of the mammoth period. For this Mr. Tayler quotes *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, an amusing publication enough, but we never before heard it spoken of as a scientific authority. Until we see the facts properly described, we may safely pass by the account as a mere vague rumour.

The other fact is better authenticated. Dr. Dickeson, an American gentleman, dug out, near Natchez, part of a human bone, according to his own account, "in undisturbed blue clay, at least two feet below three associated skeletons of the megalonyx." Sir G. Lyell says—"Dr. Dickeson felt persuaded it was taken out of the clay, underlying the loam;" but that as it was "not dug out in the presence of

any practised observer, he believes it was picked up in the bed of the stream, having fallen out of the cliffs" above the skeletons. Mr. Tayler thinks that as Dr. Dickeson dug it out *himself*, these two statements are irreconcilable. We do not. No one who is not a practised observer, can imagine how difficult it is to make a simple observation such as this in an accurate and trustworthy manner.

Dr. Dickeson, no doubt, believes what he says; we may take the liberty of doubting its correctness. We should, in such a case, doubt our own correctness, unless we had instantly taken all the care and precaution which long experience, and many errors corrected and deplored, have proved to us to be necessary, in order to be quite sure that we were making no mistake in the matter. There are, indeed, very few men, even amongst professed geologists, whom we would trust as competent observers and reporters, as to the fact of the clay being *undisturbed* (a most difficult point to determine), unless they made much more extended researches than Dr. Dickeson's, and repeated observations, one checked by the other. We have no doubt Sir C. Lyell was amply justified in his doubt as to the correctness of Dr. Dickeson's persuasion.

There is one matter on which we have yet to say a few words to Mr. Elfe Tayler, before we dismiss him to his pristine and appropriate obscurity, and that matter is a question of honesty. He prefixes, as a motto to his book, a passage from Hugh Miller's admirable little work on the Old Red Sandstone—"There are no calculations more doubtful than those of the geologist." We have failed to discover the passage in the first edition of the "Old Red Sandstone;" but granting it to be there, is the sense in which Mr. Elfe Tayler leaves this passage to be understood, that in which Hugh Miller uses it? We trow not. Mr. Elfe Tayler disingenuously and dishonestly (for it comes to that) leaves the unwary reader to infer from the title-page of his book, and towards the close of it actually asserts, that by that passage Hugh Miller meant to throw doubt on the conclusions which geologists had arrived at, as to the antiquity of the earth. He knows perfectly well that Hugh Miller meant nothing of the kind; and we venture to assert that

the passage, wherever it may be (and Mr. Elfe Tayler carefully avoids specific reference to this passage, though he gives the page in others), when taken with the context, would imply the direct contrary.

A similar disingenuous selection of quotation and special-pleader-like treatment of evidence and argument runs throughout, such as might possibly be allowable in a lawyer, whose business it was to make out a case, but which is alike dishonourable and dishonest in one who professes to occupy the position of a judge, summing up the evidence on both sides, and having a single aim to the eliciting of the truth.

This shuffling and unworthy conduct is characteristic of the class of reasoners to which Mr. Elfe Tayler belongs, and runs through all the productions of the school. It is an indication of the spirit which allows of "pious frauds," and which consents to tamper

with evil in order that good may come. Such a spirit is the very opposite of that with which all men of science worthy of the name are imbued, by the very nature of their training and pursuits, which compel them to be rigorously cautious and careful in the accurate and truthful description of their facts, and perfectly fair and candid in their arguments and deductions, and logical in their reasonings, if they would not have all their labours overthrown, and their own fame and reputation destroyed by the discoveries and conclusions of the next few years. In geology this is more especially true, since so rapid and so various is the progress and direction of discovery, that no man can hold his place, or hope to see his words or his works have more than an evanescent existence, who is not careful to limit them exactly within the boundaries of truth, and to base them on the foundations of simple fact and strictly logical reasoning.

NINETTE POMPON.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

It will be impossible to give any detailed description of the conversations which often took place between Ninette and Montmar in that little garden. The girl was rendered pleased and happy by the sense of dependence upon her which the blind man seemed to feel. She liked to guide him about the garden, and to bring him his crutch, or arrange his chair for him in the little porch. And she was ever repaid for these little attentions by the grateful smile and the expression of happiness with which he turned his sightless face to her. She knew, indeed, that he found pleasure in being near her, and that she was the only person who could throw any sunshine over his dark hours. She thought, too, that the kindly feelings which she knew she had awakened in a breast, wrung, perhaps, by early disappointments, and now by physical suffering, might not impossibly be the means of saving him from a moose and sour old age.

Her life was, indeed, now far more tranquil and cheerful than it had been, her sleep was freer from weary and restless dreams, and when she woke she was able to meet the day without that heavy sinking at the heart which had so long oppressed her. Was the past, then, forgotten? Oh, far, far from it. Rather was it ever with her, and transfused unseen throughout her whole being. But it had now ceased to beat in that restless and reproachful fever of the heart, which had once lifted up the bitterness of its speechless rebuke against Providence itself, and disdained the duties because it could not realise the dreams of existence. Now like a purified sadness it rested over all her daily life, touching her brightest hours with its pensive and thoughtful shade, and her heart did not beat less calmly for it. She did not now, indeed, ask herself, as she had once done, "To what use do I still live on?" for she felt that her life was not useless any more. Was

she not of some use to this poor blind cripple? The selfsame sentiment which makes women fond of lapdogs, and babies, and little birds, is the most generous, and perhaps the strongest, characteristic of their nature. It is the mainspring of more than half their noblest actions. And I believe that God fixed this sentiment in her heart when he said to the first woman in Paradise, "Be you the mother and comforter of a fallen world." They love to protect: their heart opens to the helpless at once: they are the world's true democrats.

Ninette was beginning to learn her life-lesson very meekly.

She would sit at the feet of the blind man for hours, and try to amuse him with little anecdotes of her journey, in which he took an interest, and made her describe all her impressions.

"Were you happier while you were away?" he once asked.

"No," she answered, calmly. "I felt better than I had been since—since Hubert died, when I first saw the sea. But it was only an emotion."

He smiled: he could understand this.

She liked to bring him pillows for his back when it was weary, and would arrange them for him herself. She did not refuse to sing to him in the twilight, when he seemed saddest and most overpowered by the fatigue of the day's weakness, and she would wrap his furs about him when the air grew cold. Premature age and suffering had given a sort of patriarchal air to Montmar's extreme ugliness; his coarse and rugged features now looked rather impressive, and indeed they won beauty from a look of resigned sweetness, which they had not worn before.

Ninette did not relate to her blind listener, as she recounted the narrative of her journeyings, that adventure in the inn near the Pyrenees, which I have already described. But when she came to that part of the

story, she passed it by, and said, very gravely, after a long pause—

"Colonel Montmar, I believe in your honour; I have never wronged you by doubting your affection for Hubert, or discrediting for a moment anything which you have told me. Will you solemnly assure me on your word, as soldier and gentleman, that you were with Hubert in his last hours; that he did really utter the words you once repeated to me; and himself confide to you the ring that you then brought me? Did you, indeed, see him die?"

An expression of surprise and deep pain passed over the blind man's face.

"I believe," he said, rather coldly, "that no one, mademoiselle, has ever doubted my honour. It must be painful to you, as it is to me, to recur to facts which I can scarcely conceive you think me capable of having falsified to you. I was with Dessert in his last hours. He did confide to me the ring I brought you; and I believe that I faithfully repeated to you the words with which he gave it to me. I did not, indeed, close his eyes, or follow him to his grave, for a soldier's duty is stern, and the heart has no plea upon it. The order was, to march, and the dead and the dying were left behind. But I believe that, with the exception of yourself, no one has mourned for Hubert Dessert so long and so truly as I have done."

"Forgive me!" she cried, her eyes filling with bright tears, and stretching out her hand to him as she spoke; "I never doubted it."

"Then what," said he, with an inquiring and eager tone—"what made you ask these questions?"

"A dream, a dream!" she answered, hurriedly—"a wild, strange dream! I dreamed it long ago."

This was almost the only occasion on which the past was alluded to in these conversations; for, as by a sort of tacit acknowledgment of mutual weakness, they never spoke of it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Thus the months went by, peacefully, at least, for Ninette, if no more. It was now autumn, and the days were brief, and damp, and cheerless. One day, as the girl was taking her solitary walk along the sear lanes, she

passed by the back of one of the houses in the village, and thus became an involuntary eavesdropper to a conversation that was passing within between some of the neighbouring gossips,

"I don't wonder," said one voice, "that she should have taken a lover, poor girl; for she must mope a great deal, I should think, in that old house all by herself; and these are not marrying days, they tell me. But I do wonder that she did not choose a more comely one than that old cripple, with his eyes gone and his back broken."

"Oh," cried another voice, "trust me, she's no fool, neighbour. The young lady has her wits about her, you may depend upon it."

"Why, we all know the man's rich and well to do. I dare say he spends a deal of money on her; for they say that old men are very fond. I dare say, too, she thinks he'll soon die, and leave her a good lot of his golden twenty-franc pieces. Oh, trust me, no fool she; and for the mere matter of his blindness, let me tell you I think it's no such bad thing at all that a lover shouldn't see very well what's about him."

There was a loud laugh at this from the other women. Ninette's suppressed indignation almost choked her. She felt that she could front them as they sat there hatching slander, and by a look annihilate them with the lie in their heart. But soon her scorn was swallowed up in shame, and her heart sickened. She recognised the voice of the speakers, both women. They were small farmers' wives, badly off, both of them, in those hard times for the land, and both of them she had often assisted with money, and many other little acts of kindness.

"You are all wrong, and ought to be ashamed of yourselves, for you know it," exclaimed the voice of a young woman; "I don't believe that

mademoiselle has a lover, or has ever thought of such a thing. She can see that the poor old man is alone and ailing, without friends here in this village, a miserable cripple, and quite helpless; and mademoiselle has been kind and thoughtful to him, as she has been to you; but there's no gratitude left in these bad days. As for the old Colonel, poor man, where's the likelihood that he should have such notions in his head? What you say is as ridiculous as it is ill-natured and untrue, and I am sure that mademoiselle would be greatly shocked and vexed to hear you speak so, if she *could* hear you, which, thank God, is not possible."

It was just possible though, and mademoiselle was greatly shocked and vexed; but she walked on quietly. Nor was it until she reached the house, and the door of her own room closed upon her, that she flung herself upon her little bed and burst into a flood of bitter tears. For the first time since her return to the village, she now felt how isolated and unprotected was her position even there. When Montmar called in the evening she sent down word to him by the servant that she was not very well, and would see him another day. And late, late into the night, could he have just peeped into her room, he would have seen her on her knees, poured out in long and earnest prayer before her crucifix. When she rose at last a light from some higher world seemed to have fallen on her face, and had, no doubt, penetrated to the heart. Her cheek was paler than usual, but on her lips rested a strange smile, like that of one who has made the resolve of a lifetime, and whose doubts are at rest.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH the same strange smile she rose next morning from a slumber unusually sound, and moved about the house all day with a hushed and thoughtful air.

When the Colonel came, towards evening, she received him with more than her usual warmth, and led him to his seat near the fire; but, somehow or other, the conversation did not get on so fluently as it usually did. After a long silence the blind man, who had been shifting himself uneasily in his chair several times—his habit

when there was anything on his mind—said to her—

"Mademoiselle"—he did not say "my child," as was usual with him—"Mademoiselle, I have had something on my mind for many days which I wish much to say to you, and perhaps I had better say it now."

Ninette's cheek grew slightly paler, but she said nothing, and so he continued.

"It is a proposition I am about to make to you."

He paused again; still she said nothing.

"I cannot but feel," he went on, "that thus alone, at your young age, and unprotected in this old house, you are hardly in the position that I could wish to see you placed in; and although I well know that you are not one of those foolish young ladies who cannot live without society, and sicken in solitude, still, my child, I think that it is hardly wise of you to shut yourself up as you do quite away from the world; your beauty waning, and your youth—youth that never comes again—leaving you more rapidly than you probably think of in this solitude."

Again he paused, she said nothing, and he resumed.

"I trust, therefore, that you will not refuse to admit that the deep interest I take in you, and my age too, for I am old enough to be your father, Ninette, give me some right to urge upon you the step which I am going to suggest."

He hesitated a little, and shifted in his chair again; Ninette continued silent, and he resumed—

"For after the first strangeness of a novel experience"—her cheek flushed crimson, and then paled again, but he could not see it—"after the first strangeness," he said, "of a novel experience, I think that you will find benefit from the change. And you will judge of the sincerity with which I make this proposition, my child," he added, with a voice of extreme sadness, "when I tell you that if you accept it, I must renounce the selfish gratification which I confess to you I have found in your society."

She started a little, but he went on without observing it—

"I have a female cousin living at Paris," he said. "She has been a widow for some years; and though she does not go out a great deal into society, she yet has a good many acquaintances among most classes and parties in the capital. She is a good-natured creature; and though we do not now meet very often (for there are family associations which render such meetings painful to both of us), yet I know her character well, and I feel sure that she would welcome with open arms and open heart any friend of mine. I have thought, my dear child, that under her roof you might find a somewhat more safe and cheer-

ful asylum than in this old house, and, without mentioning your name, I have written to her on the subject. I did not make any proposition which, of course, I had no right to make, but I merely sounded the ground a little, and she has since written me word that nothing would make her so happy as the society of a young companion, for she has no children of her own. If, therefore, the idea of becoming my cousin's guest—at least for a short time, till you can better judge of the advantages and disadvantages which this plan may possess—is not very distasteful to you, I hope sincerely that you will think seriously about it. It will at least afford you an opportunity of seeing a little more of the world than you do now; and perhaps you may some day or other"—he said this with a hesitating voice—"find some other home yet more congenial to you than either."

She rose suddenly as he ceased speaking, and approached him as though she were about to say something, but checked herself, and remained silent for many minutes, looking into the fire thoughtfully.

"I will think seriously of your kind offer," she said, at last, very quietly; "if you will give me a few days to consider it; and, in the meanwhile, believe me I thank you sincerely for the thoughtful consideration of which it is a proof."

She spoke with apparent constraint; and he seemed, by the expression of his face, to be a little surprised. He had probably expected that she would have shown a greater repugnance to the idea of this change in her life. She remained silently gazing at the fire, with her calm eyes shining bright.

"You will most probably meet at Paris," he said, as though following his own reflections aloud, rather than addressing himself to her, "persons more of your own age, and better calculated to engage your interest."

She did not reply. Still she was gazing at the fire with those bright, calm eyes.

"My dear friend," he said, after a pause, "I am going to ask you a question, which is, perhaps, a more frank one than I have any right to put; but I hope you will pardon me, for I ask it only from the deep interest I take in all that concerns your welfare and happiness; and I am sure that if you

answer me, you will reply to my question with the same frankness with which I put it."

He paused a little; but as she said nothing, he resumed—

"Will you tell me, then," he said, "whether you have ever felt that the memory and bitterness of the past might be superseded in your heart by another and a more happy emotion? whether you think it possible that you could ever feel again such an interest in any living person as would tend to obliterate the regret which I see you still cherish for the dead—a regret, my child, which cannot be more poignant than it is unavailing?"

"No," she answered readily, and with great calmness. "No; the past can never be effaced, nor the memory of the dead be obliterated in my heart—never!"

"Then," he continued, "you have never thought of marriage as even a remote and ultimate possibility?"

"Never," she replied, "until yesterday."

He started as though a serpent had stung him. Never was his countenance more dark than at that moment.

"You have, then," he said, after a pause, fixing his sightless eyes upon her with such intensity that he seemed to be trying to see through them—"you have then already found some one capable of supplanting the dead."

"I have told you," she answered quickly, "that the dead will never be supplanted."

"Some one, I mean," he said, "with whom you think you could, at least, live happily."

"Yes, I think so," she replied quietly, her bright eyes shining on him, with a thoughtful sadness in their light; but he saw them not.

"My poor child," he said sorrowfully, "you are very young yet; you cannot have known this person long."

"O, yes, a very long while," she said.

"And you have met often?"

"Often," she answered.

"And you think you are sure of his character—of his affection?"

"I think so," she replied.

He shifted in his chair again with a troubled look.

"Is he young," he asked—"this gentleman?"

"Not very, I think," said Ninette smiling.

"What! he is older than yourself, I suppose."

"Oh, a great deal older," she said.

"And you think, then, child," he said, leaning his head upon his hand, "that you could really care much for a man a great deal older than yourself?"

There was a hectic tinge upon his shrunken and sallow cheek as he said this; and perhaps he knew it, for he turned his head away.

"I think," she said, "that I should be very ungrateful not to care a little bit for one who has been so kind to me as he has been;" and she laughed as she said it.

He started and turned again in his chair.

"Yet it was only yesterday," he said, after a short silence, "that you thought of this; what made you think of it then for the first time?"

"For the first time, perhaps," she said, "I felt that I was very friendless, and I knew he was my friend."

Still those bright eyes shone calmly on him, as he sat there with his head bowed moodily upon his hand; but, of course, he could not see them. For an instant he lifted his head, as though some sudden thought had struck along his brain, but he soon let it fall again.

"Then, mademoiselle," he said at length, "the plan which I proposed to you just now can offer you no advantages, so far as I see; yet you seemed half inclined to adopt it. Strange girl! Having already decided upon marriage, you yet delay to act upon that decision."

"I did not say," she interrupted, "that I had decided upon marriage."

"No!" he cried, in surprise; is there any cause, then, which still hinders you from deciding?"

"Yes, one little cause," she said quietly, and with that same strange smile which had ever hovered on her lips all day, but which the blind man could not see.

"May I know it, mademoiselle?" he asked almost inaudibly.

"Yes," she said; "it looks like a very grave obstacle, but I don't think much of it. I have not been asked yet, sir: that is the reason why I cannot decide."

"Not asked yet!" he cried. "You do, indeed, surprise me by all you say—everything is so unexpected to me. O, little child! little child!—what are

you but a child? Pause well, I implore you, before this step is irrevocable. Are you sure that it offers so many advantages as you say?"

"I am only sure of this," she said slowly—and he could not see how pale she was as she spoke—"that it will secure to me an honourable home. I am sure, too, quite sure, that I could make him happy. Love such as I once gave to, and still cherish for, one who is gone, I can never, never feel for another: that is in the grave with Hubert—or rather it is in heaven with him, sir. But there are many kinds and degrees of affection in a woman's heart. I know that I could care for this man as a daughter, as a sister—something more. I know he loves me; I feel he needs me: that is why I will marry him, sir—if he will have me. I know that he is infirm, and suffering, and that he has not many friends who care for him in his affliction; and that if I do not marry him, his age may be a desolate one. I know, too, that he has so suffered kind thoughts of me to creep into his daily life, and wind themselves about his solitary heart, that I think it is in my power to bring sunshine to many of his dark and silent hours, as I hope that I have sometimes done already. And, therefore, if this man will have me, I will be his wife, and cherish and nurse him faithfully and loyally, as wife should; and if, knowing this—and that I, too, am a friendless girl—he will not claim from me a feeling which it is not in my power to give; nor, because I cannot bring to him a whole heart now, reject the remnant which I frankly offer to him; but will say to me—'I offer you, in return for this, the protection of a husband's name and home,' I will certainly go to him, and make that home as cheerful as I can, and comfort him and care for him so long as I live."

She paused, her young cheek flushed with the light of generous thoughts, and her young breast yet heaving with its compassionate and lofty emotion. Her soft hair had partly escaped from its loose knot, and streamed in one long careless curl over her round and drooping shoulder.

Ninette had learned her lesson.

As she stood there, in the dim fire-light—her faithful foot, as it were, upon the grave of her lost love—her high heart beating heavenward, and life's accepted duties in her fair right

hand—was she not beautiful? More so, I think, than any Greek nymph in her fountain, or naked Aphrodite in her isle; and far, O, far more noble, to my mind, than even Napoleon himself, with his hand on the imperial crown, and his foot upon the nations; or, indeed, any king or captain about whom historians have given themselves such trouble.

Yet, save in this brief earthly chronicle, which few will read, and in heaven's eternal archives, which the Highest alone peruses, that conquest of a life is unrecorded.

Montmar started to his feet—his face radiant, and flushed with the impulse of a sudden hope, as he seized her hand—

"Child! child!" he cried, "do not mock me—you give me life or death! O, Ninette, have I at last rightly interpreted your words?"

"I hope you have, sir," she answered softly; and though her face grew suddenly pale again, she added—"yes, I will be your wife, if you think that I could make you happy."

He strained her to his breast with one long, passionate embrace; he looked ten years younger—a momentary youth seemed to have returned to him; but the enthusiasm soon passed.

"Ah! no, no," he said sadly, as he dropped her hand; "too, too generous, noble woman! you cannot have weighed the sacrifice you are making, and I dare not accept it. It is to doom your beauty to fade, unseen, unblest, from eyes that may never look upon it; it is to doom your youth to waste daily away, in the cheerless atmosphere of age and suffering: such a life would be but a living death; it would be the hourly, yearly sacrifice of all that youth dreams of—that life rejoices in. No, my poor child! I cannot be your executioner; a heart so generous, so tender, so true, deserves a happier fate than it is mine to bestow."

"Alas! sir," she replied, "this is no sacrifice that I am making, and you overvalue what you call its generosity. I have told you that I can never, never love again. This is no foolish *façon de parler*. My heart has been long tried, and sadly so. If I do not know my own mind now, I shall never know it. I could not wed a younger man: the thought of that even is painful and repulsive; and as for dreams, mine are all over long ago; but you could, in-

deed, afford to a life, otherwise desolate enough, a duty and a home. And, O Montmar, you cannot know what it is to a woman to feel that there is one person in this world to whom she is everything!"

"Be it so, my child," he said thoughtfully; "I pray Heaven you may never repent this noble act. So far as it is in my power to save you from

doing so, rest assured you never shall. And, at least, you are right on one point: I can afford you a home; I trust it may be as you say, a cheerful one: come to it, my child, as to a father's roof."

And the blind man stooped down, and tenderly, if sadly, kissed her fair young head, as he drew his future wife to his bosom.

CHAPTER X.

So Ninette Pompon became Madam Montmar; and if human life ended with marriage, as all romances do, my tale would end here; but such not being the case, I have still something to say about my young heroine. Was Ninette happy? Happier she certainly was than she had been for years — for she was doing her duty cheerfully, and that is generally the nearest thing to happiness in this life. But assuredly her life was not without its daily cares and nightly regrets: what life is without these? — for her husband's shattered health gave her hourly anxiety and trouble. She would let no one but herself attend on him in his illnesses, which, alas! were frequent and protracted. Neither did Montmar himself like any one to be near him at those times but his "child-nurse," as he called her; so that Ninette passed many and many a wakeful and anxious night by the bedside of the blind man; and many a weary and careful day, too, shut up in his sick room, from the close and oppressive atmosphere of which she was seldom able, at such times, to steal more than momentary intervals to breathe the fresh air, and take her hurried walk, which was ever haunted and troubled by the fear that he might be asking for her in her absence; in truth, it was no holiday existence that she led. And often, often in the dim and dreary twilight hours, when the sick man was too fatigued to talk, and sat propped among his pillows by the dying fire, and her head was aching and throbbing with the day's confinement, and the sickening knowledge that To-morrow would bring no change, but be only like Yesterday come back again, and still to be gone through with — while nothing broke the monotonous silence but the loud watch ticking on the table, or the rain-drops dropping from

the roof, and damp leaves rustling up the gusty road outside, her thoughts would wander back far, far away into the Past again, and sadly recall the dreams, so bright and so brief, and still, despite the disappointment and the grief of long unsolaced years, so inexpressibly dear, which she had overwoven long ago with the lost companion of her half-forgotten Youth. Then she would start as from a painful trance, as she remembered that it was time to give his sick draught to her blind husband, and to smooth his pillows for him again; and so she would cross the room with her quiet step, and speak to him softly with her cheerful voice, and change the bandage on his burning temples, and put her arm about him gently, and ask him how he felt; and the poor sufferer would press her hand between his own feverish fingers, and force from pain a momentary grateful smile to thank her with; and when this was done, she would creep back to the window, and sit down noiselessly again; and again the old sad memories would come to haunt and mock her.

Often, too, before she sank to sleep upon her mournful marriage pillow, she seemed to lapse away in fancy to those days again. Often in dreams she saw the pale face of Hubert Desart gazing at her wistfully, with slowly darkening eyes; or he would seem to point with a look of sorrowful and piercing reproach to his bleeding breast; and then the strange and thrilling accents of that voice which once, and once only, since his death, had startled her by day, came to torment and sadden her by night, and sounded scornfully through her dreams; but when trembling and agitated she was awaked by the violent palpitation of her heart, the only sound upon the darkness was her husband's moaning in

his sleep, or breathing heavily, and in pain.

But gloomy as this life appears, it had its sunnier side; and whatever she endured, she was never without recompense in the grateful tenderness which the blind man manifested for her. Many a silent smile of unutterable sweetness—many a speechless pressure of the hand—many a tremulous and half-adoring kiss, and many a deep “God bless you,” spoken from the heart, were the reward of hours like these. Besides, Ninette was not always under the cloud and shadow of the Past; she had strength of mind to shake it off whenever it interfered with the daily duties of her present unselfish life. And, indeed, the laborious thoughtfulness for another which was now the chief occupation of her days, saved her from a too morbid indulgence of unavailing and enervating regrets. Neither was her husband always in the helpless and wearisome condition of pillows and fever-draughts, and such other valetudinarian luxuries. Whenever his health permitted, they would make little excursions together to whatever places in the neighbourhood possessed interest or beauty. He was always planning little surprises for her, and laughed like a child when she seemed to be pleased by them. He had made a thoughtful and careful study of her tastes, and spared neither pains nor money to gratify them. He surrounded her with every luxury which the simple country-side afforded. “And what would I not do,” he was constantly exclaiming, “for my little

child-nurse, who is so kind to me, and whom I love with all my heart, though it doesn't become an old man to say so much?”

Still the repeated confinement and anxiety which poor Ninette was obliged to endure preyed greatly on her health, accustomed as she had been to so much healthful independence, and the daily free enjoyment of fresh air and fields. Her cough became so irritable that Montmar insisted upon her having her lungs examined by a medical man, to which she consented with some reluctance; for she felt that the slow consuming disease from which she had now been suffering for years, was really farther gone than she wished her husband to know, or than she herself was willing to be obliged to admit. The doctor's report was, indeed, sufficiently alarming: he said that her lungs were seriously affected; but that though the disease was fast making way upon them, it was still just possible, by energetic treatment, to arrest its progress; and he prescribed immediate change of air. Montmar, who was greatly affected by this intelligence, lost no time in taking his wife to the sea-side. He was fortunate enough to hear, after many inquiries, of a spacious and pleasant villa to be let, for a very reasonable rent, in one of the sunniest and most salubrious spots on the French shores of the Mediterranean. He immediately secured it, and sent forward servants to prepare it for his wife's reception. Thither M. and Madam Montmar set out. Their journey was destined to be an eventful one.

CHAPTER XII.

NINETTE and her husband were obliged to travel by slow stages, on account of Montmar's extreme feebleness, which rendered him unable to make any long exertion. When they were about half way to the end of their expedition, they were induced by the beauty of a little town at which they stopped to decide on passing a few days there, before continuing their journey. Unfortunately, the only inn in the place was so full that they were unable to procure a private sitting-room; the host, however, assured them that many of the travellers now in his hotel were going to leave the town on the following morning, and that they would

then be able to choose their apartment.

While her husband, who was somewhat fatigued with his day's travel, was lying down on his bed, in the hope of obtaining an hour's sleep, Ninette, not wishing to disturb him, descended to the travellers' room. The only person in the *salle* beside herself was a man who, leaning back in his chair, with his feet on the window-sill, was reading a newspaper at the further end of the room, in a little embrasure of the wall. He was probably but a passing sojourner at the inn; for he wore a long riding-coat, in the fashion of equestrians of that day, and a pair of

long boots, with spurs buckled over the instep. The traveller was seated at some distance from the entrance, and with his back to the fireplace, where Ninette was warming her hands and feet; for although it was now the middle of spring, the days were still damp and raw, and she was chilled and numbed from sitting so long in the carriage; both were, however, too much occupied — he with his newspaper, and she with her own thoughts — to observe each other; and he had not even lifted his head or appeared to notice her entrance when she came into the room.

"Does this box belong to you, madam?" said a servant, throwing down a portmanteau at the door; "Montmar, I think — that's your name — isn't it, madam? I brought the box here, because I did not like to disturb the sick gentleman."

"Yes, O yes," answered Ninette, looking at the address on the box, "that belongs to us — you were quite right. He is sleeping now. I think you had better leave the box outside the door for the present, for you will wake him if you take it into the room."

"Certainly, madam," said the servant, shouldering the portmanteau, and going off with it.

"Montmar!" cried the traveller, with a sudden start as he heard the name, and rising to his feet in such a hurry that he knocked over the chair, and the paper fell out of his hand. Madam Montmar, indeed, also turned not less suddenly as she caught that exclamation, and their eyes met. Yes! they stood fronting each other in silence; and, despite the bronzed cheek, and the long mustache and beard, Ninette could not but recognise that face. Man or ghost, it was Hubert Dessert himself that stood before her. He remained motionless for a moment, with his eyes fixed full upon her; and then, with a slight inclination of his head, and a half perceptible curl of his proud lip —

"Pardon me, madam," he said, "I — I see that I have unconsciously intruded upon you, and — and your husband —"

He moved to the door as he spoke; but as he saw that pale woman leaning there with the deathly whiteness on her face, the words seemed to suffocate him, and he could not finish the sentence.

"Hubert!" she faltered.

In a moment he was at her side — at her feet; he had caught her hand — it was not withdrawn, but it rested, cold and with a lifeless feeling, in his own.

"O, Ninette! Ninette!" he cried, "my life's lost star — woman, too wildly worshipped — too undyingly cherished — is it thus we meet at last?"

Ay, indeed; was this then the meeting which she had looked for, and dreamt of, for such long, long, desolate years?

"You are silent," he cried, with the hurried and broken accent of one that has suddenly burst down the barriers of the reserve of a lifetime; "O speak, for God's sake speak, and lift from my heart the desolation and the darkness of years; explain this hideous riddle — I will believe that all has been some feverish dream — some delirious mistake. I will believe anything but that you are lost to me for ever!" and rising, he caught her to his heart, and flung his arms about her, in one brief and almost terrible embrace of passionate anguish.

She seemed suddenly to recover herself; she shrank from him with a slight shudder; he did not detain her.

"Hubert," she murmured, "it is too late. O, Hubert! Hubert! why did you not come before?"

"Too late," he said sorrowfully, and recoiling from her as he spoke with a quivering lip. "Yes, indeed, the dead should never return: it is wisely ordered so. O, woman! woman!" he cried bitterly, "could you not wait one year? When you yet scarcely thought me cold in my grave, could you so unreluctantly wed another?"

"Hubert! Hubert!" she faltered, what do you mean? — you wrong me — Hubert, as there is truth in heaven you wrong me."

"Alas! madam," he said sternly, "you have wronged yourself — it was no idle tale: my own eyes, my own ears could not have deceived me."

"They told me —" she began, but she could not continue.

"Yes, that I was dead — I know it," he interrupted. "And you, finding yourself released from the restraint of a tie which had long grown irksome, married before the year was out: it was natural enough."

"Hubert," she began again —

"I am not reproaching you, madam," he said; "or, if I did, forgive me. I *should* have died, I know. Why,

why did I break from the fingers of the grave? But I could not, I would not die, because I thought (it was the vanity of youth that made me think it), my death will kill her too; so when the clutch of death was at my heart, I prayed to God, 'Let me yet live this time, for there is a woman upon earth, and this woman loves me; and if I die, her heart will break.' And so, I suppose, he heard my prayer to punish its folly; and from death in the desert I arose, and escaped, as by a miracle. Well, I crossed the world, and wandered back alone to my native village. It was deserted—to me, at least, deserted: for I had sought but one woman there, and she was gone. I would not believe that she was so soon disloyal to the grave; for I had foolish old-fashioned notions about such things then, and I thought I knew her better than I did. 'They have told her that I am dead,' I thought, 'and she has mourned for my death, and that death has left her friendless and alone, and she has sought some temporary asylum for her grief; but I will go and comfort her.' So I traced her steps, and followed where she had gone, believing in her truth, and pitying her. It was not a desolate and sorrowing child that I was journeying to meet, but a contented and cheerful married woman. Yet still old fancies cling so round the heart, I would not trust the tale I heard; 'I will see her myself,' I said: 'I will hear my doom from her own lips; my own eyes, my own ears alone shall satisfy me that I have been so soon forgotten.' So I did see her, madam—I did hear her: the tale was true—my heart was wrung—I heard the sentence passed, and bowed my head."

She tried to speak, but her voice choked and failed her. Again he hurried on—"Better, indeed, thrice better, had I died before I heard those words! Then I should have died at least with youth's faith unsullied in my heart, and without accusing God! How I have lived on since that night I hardly know, or care, indeed, to think. Wherever I turned it was only to wander farther in the desert from the gates of Eden, now for ever closed upon me. I could not rest in my own country. Amid the thousand human lives about me, I knew only of one callous heart. Amongst the thousand faces that I met, I beheld only

one whose beauty and whose truth were lost to me for ever. I could not return to my native village, for it was the birthplace of a futile and foolish affection, which it now shamed me to have felt; and 'how,' I thought, 'shall I meet their faces, whom I knew in childhood, now?' The whole world was sore, and every stream in it was poisoned. I said, 'I will forget her,' but I could not. I thought 'she is unworthy,' yet I still cherished the memory of days when I believed her true. I joined the army again. I said, 'it will be easy to die now.' I sought death everywhere, but found him not. Alas! to those who most yearn for the grave it never opens. Honours fell upon me which I did not care to have. I was praised for a courage which I did not really possess. Ever by the dying camp fires, beneath the silent midnight shade, and even in the shattered breach, and at the van of the forlorn hope, the image of that woman was still beside me; and where I looked for death I met only the face from which I was flying. I had thought to have shut her for ever from my heart, but I deceived myself. Pride even did not help me as it should; and though I still cried, 'she is untrue,' I allowed myself to form excuses for her apparent forgetfulness."

"O Hubert! Hubert!" cried Ninette, breaking as from the spell of a nightmare, into a sudden and passionate utterance, "you have been cruelly deceived."

"Deceived!" he repeated.

"Yes," she said; "the name which so lightly imposed upon you had been only assumed as a temporary protection. I was not married when we met, and the words of your unmerited reproach pierced deeply to a heart that never had ceased, nor ever will, Hubert, to beat tenderly and truly for you. O, Hubert, Hubert! why were you so readily the dupe of a deception which your own heart might easily have explained? Alas! my poor friend, could one doubtful word displace so soon the confidence of years? Why, why did you not seek me yourself—confirm the suggestions of your better instincts, and absolve the woman that you loved from the imputation of a wrong which should never have been attributed to her on so trivial a foundation? I doubt not, in-

dead; that you have suffered, my Hubert," she said, gazing at him tenderly through her tears. "Ah me! how much pain might have been spared to both, but for that fatal pride!"

Dessert seemed literally to writhe beneath these words. "Forgive me," he said, humbly, and with a heart-broken accent, as he lifted her hand, and pressed it with passionate reverence to his lips.

"Years, years," she continued, "through my life and in my heart those hasty and cruel words have left their lasting pain. We met and parted as you know, and time passed by; until at last, from hopeless fancies and wild thoughts, that meeting grew into a sort of dream—a strange, unreal nightmare, which I strove not to recall. For the belief in the loss of all my hopes in life had been already forced upon me with such terrible distinctness, that I was compelled to deem myself deceived by my own senses, and to doubt that it was indeed your voice that I heard once more. My love, then, was lost to me for ever. That which I gave you once—my heart—has never been another's; it is yours yet, alas! in vain! All life's dreams were over now—its duties alone remained. Hubert, I had but one friend—but one human being, who, in my life's widowhood to you, stood near me. He came to me as your friend—your own words, too, had once confirmed his title to that name. He mourned for you with me: he seemed to grieve in my grief. He said that he had loved you as a brother, and his words touched me, for I saw he spoke the truth. He came to me, Hubert, a shattered, broken wreck—a man wasted with suffering, and fallen upon early age. He bore with him, alas! that fatal token of the grave; for when the pledge of our early vows returned to me, as the sign and seal of their irrevocable doom, it was from his hands that I received it. With this he came and went. Time wasted desolately by. It brought no change in my deep grief—no light along the hopeless years. How should it? Well, we met again. I found him, Hubert, miserable, blind, forlorn, and friendless like myself. I found that my presence soothed him in his darkest hours, relieved him in his sharpest pain; so that he grew, at length, to lean

upon me like a child; and he was old, and had no other friend——."

She paused a moment, for her voice began to falter. He was at her feet as though he had been smitten down there by some heavy blow. He had not moved while she was speaking, and his head was bowed upon his breast like one who hears his doom, and dare not speak; but his swollen and crimson temples seemed nigh bursting with their intense and painful strain.

Again she spoke—

"Hubert, to that man I was as all the world to others. I knew he could not live on without me. He was not such a one as a girl usually chooses for her husband. He was not young, nor strong, nor handsome; but old, and very weak. Oh! I have said that life's dreams were passed away—its duties all that were left me. God seemed to speak out suddenly in my heart, and dictate the path to follow. I bowed my head and obeyed. Hubert, I thought of you as one in heaven, not on earth. I believed you saw me, watched over me, were near me then. I believed that you could see the struggle at my heart; and, oh! in many and many a weary, sleepless, thoughtful night, as my duty seemed to unfold itself slowly, and grow clear and clearer to the sense, and I strove hard and long to accept it, and humbly and faithfully abide in it, I have fancied that from some angel-home you smiled upon me, pitied and approved! Hubert, that man loved me—as a father might a child. He knew how little I had to give him, yet he prized it still. I married him, Hubert. Do you blame me? Answer now."

"Blame you!" he said, rising, and drawing her to him, "Alas! no; my poor, poor child! Nor do I accuse Montmar. I did confide to him that ring; I doubt not he believed me dead. But you, the unconscious victim of a fatal error—a tale that wore too terrible a semblance of the truth—how can I reproach you, that, with a heart so pure, you dedicated your desolate life to so stern and cheerless a duty? My poor love, that cheek is pale; it has known grief too soon. But, Ninette," he added, with intense, repressed earnestness, "you tell me that your heart is yet unchanged, and its first and single affection you

yet permit me to claim. While this is so all other ties are ropes of sand; they cannot, shall not hold you from me. Before God, and in the great court of human feeling, we are man and wife. You are still mine—mine alone. I admit no other claim; I will submit to none. O, my heart's chosen one—my mistress—my betrothed," he cried vehemently, and grasping her hand with impetuous energy. "It is not even now too late that we have met! Before the grave closes upon both, some happier years may yet be ours. Fly with me at once—at once, while there is time. I will carry you to the end of the world; anywhere, any place is better than this. I am rich, Ninette—no outcast now. I do not woo you to a pauper's home. In less than half an hour a carriage can be got ready; your boxes are already packed; or should you leave them here, you shall not want. You consent! Ah, yes, mine, mine once more and for evermore!" he passionately cried, as he pressed his burning and fevered lips to hers.

Stunned and overpowered by the tumultuous vehemence with which he spoke, she remained for some moments like one stupified; but as the full meaning of his words grew slowly clear to her comprehension, she recoiled from that unconscious embrace, and retreating with a look of inexpressible pain, hid her face in her hands—

"O Hubert," she murmured, with a voice scarcely audible, "do not tempt me. Be merciful! Be generous! Spare me, Hubert, this deep pain! You ask what you well know I cannot consent to. I am now the guardian of another's honour; the name I bear is his. I once sought the protection of that name—how shall I now bring shame upon it? He is old, and blind, and weak. How can I leave him—him that never spoke a harsh word, or did an unkind act to me since we have lived together? I cannot break his heart. I cannot do this thing!"

"Not his," he cried bitterly, "but mine the heart that you are willing to break! Are these the words of an unchanged affection—this—this the proof of a heart unalterably mine, as you have said? Child, these words are false and weak. The heart knows no such logic. These ties you speak of are but hay-wisps; before one deep

emotion, one true impulse, they would shrivel, burst, and fall!"

"Hubert," she sobbed, "can this, indeed, be you?"

"Ninette! Ninette!" he answered, "were you not first mine? To me your heart was given. To me your troth was plighted. Impressed with a false belief in my death, you surrendered to another the rights that had been mine. But that death never really took place, that belief has been dispelled, and those rights are, therefore, still mine. They were never truly cancelled, for I never surrendered them, and you never willingly withdrew them, and here I stand to claim them now. All others are but a usurpation and a wrong, and cannot bind you still."

She lifted up her head, and looked earnestly and sorrowfully into his face. The big, bright tears were rolling slowly down her own, and trembled on each soft, dark eyelash.

"Hubert," she said, speaking very slowly, and with a painful difficulty, "do you remember that you once said that human life must recognise some higher law even than love, and that was duty. I did not understand those words when you said them then; but I have suffered, and have understood them since. Oh, have you forgotten the wisdom of your youth? Alas, Hubert, you that know my weakness—you to whom I have opened all my heart—you that know the painful struggle I endure, and how difficult and hard henceforth must be my daily life, you certainly should have been the last to tempt me thus, or to add such pain to a heart already wrung by sorrow. Oh, when I spoke to you just now, I was, indeed, comforted and consoled by the feeling, that if, indeed, the future were still lost to us, the past was cleared up and explained—that you understood me now, and would feel for me, as I feel for you, Hubert. Must I think that I was mistaken?"

"Feel for me!" he cried. "You love to mock me with such words. Your sympathy, at least, costs you nothing. It entails no sacrifice—it can inspire but little gratitude."

"Hubert," she said, with a shudder of the heart, it is you who are changed, not I."

"Say frankly that you hate me, as you do," he said; "I shall understand you better."

"I have spoken once too frankly," she replied, coldly.

"By heaven, Ninette!" he cried, seizing her wrist with a burning grasp which, terrified and trembling, she in vain attempted to shake off, "I will not part from you thus! You have rejected, scorned me, till I am mad with passion and despair! Child! child! you have roused a fiend you cannot lightly lay again!"

"Release me, sir!" she cried, with an impotent struggle to escape; "you have indeed wounded and humbled me! Have you a soldier's honour, a man's pity, or must I call for aid?"

"Ninette! Ninette!" cried an anxious voice behind her as she spoke, and suddenly her companion, startled at the sound, relaxed his grasp upon her arm.

"My husband! my husband!" cried Ninette, and ran into his arms.

Montmar, meeting with no reply when on awaking from his siesta he had called his wife, and somewhat alarmed by her absence, had descended

the stairs alone, and attracted by the sound of voices, of which, with the acuteness of hearing peculiar to the blind, he at once recognised his wife's as one, had felt his way through the open door of the room, from which the sounds had proceeded. Unheard during this excited conversation, he had entered and partially overheard the latter part of it, as he stood there, with his head painfully stretched forward, and an expression of impotent alarm on his face, such as I have heard described to be the look upon a horse's face in the vicinity of some tiger's lair, when the wild beast is preparing to spring down.

"I congratulate you, madam," said Dessert, with a glance of scornful disappointment at Ninette, who was sobbing convulsively upon the old man's breast; "and you, sir," he added, turning to Montmar, "I leave with the best possible wishes, to your wife's affection and your own thoughts! They will both avenge me yet," he muttered, as he strode out of the room.

CHAPTER XII.

It was in the dusk, towards the evening of that eventful day, Ninette was still sitting alone, and weeping bitterly, when she was aroused by a little knock at the room door.

"May I come in?" said a low voice, and looking up she saw her husband beside her. He had till now judiciously left her to herself. He felt that for the present all words would be painful. "I have brought you a letter, dear," he said, placing a note upon the table.

"A letter!" she repeated.

"Yes," he said, "the servant who brought it up stairs didn't like to disturb you. I heard him inquiring after you, and asked him what he wanted, when he gave me the note. I am very sorry this has happened. But pray try to think, as I shall myself, that this letter has never passed through my hands, and that I am ignorant of its ever having been sent."

He was leaving the room softly as he spoke.

"Stay!" she cried.

"I think you had better be alone, my child," he answered tenderly.

"I can only open this letter," she said, "in your presence."

He sat down without replying, and covered his face with his hands.

She broke the seal with trembling fingers and read:—

"I have been hasty. I have hurt you, and I did not willingly do so. Forgive me; I did not mean this. But O, Ninette, how could I lose you calmly, and for ever? You, too, by this will have had time to reflect upon that irrevocable doom to which this morning you were willing to sentence both yourself and me. I know that the step which I still urge upon you must look a grave one to a woman, but it is really far less so than it appears. The words with which this morning you strove to fortify your resolution have indeed a sound of authority, but it is, believe me, a false one; and, alas! my poor friend, what compensation is there in these for a breaking heart, and the knowledge which will accompany it, that you have of your own accord wrecked for ever the happiness, and embittered the whole existence of the man you profess to love. But it is not for *my* happiness but your own that I now speak. I think you over-estimate your own courage, Ninette;

for you cannot but see that, even granting your view of duty to be the right one (which, remember, I deny), yet, however easy of performance that duty may have been to you, so long as you believed the dreams of your youth and the hopes of life to have perished in an early grave, it will henceforth be rendered far, far otherwise by the thought that these have once more bloomed for you, and that you have yourself rejected them for ever. Ninette, you must see that the choice is between the happiness or the despair of a lifetime; nor that for yourself alone, but for both of us. For I will not hide from you how much the happiness of my whole life, perhaps that life itself, must depend on your decision. If you, indeed, choose to be mine, and to trust in me, no power on earth shall keep me from you; if you decide otherwise, one word from you will be sufficient to banish me for ever.

"While I write there are horses waiting in the stable, and before moonrise we might be far from hence. I await your answer with a beating heart."

"HUBERT."

When she had finished reading these words, she put the letter down, and leaned her head upon the bed without speaking.

"My poor child," said her husband, tenderly laying his hand upon her shoulder, "I feel for you, deeply."

"This letter," she said, after an effort, but still speaking with great diffi-

culty, "contains nothing but a request which I cannot comply with. I will not read it to you," she added, "because—because—it would only give you unnecessary ——"

She could not continue.

"You will answer it, my child?" he said.

"Yes," she replied. There was a scrap of paper lying on the dressing-table. She took it up, and wrote with the little pencil which was attached to her watch-chain two words — "Farewell, Hubert!"

That was all she dared trust herself to write.

"You will send it for me?" she said, folding it up. "Stay," she added, opening the little note again, "I forgot to sign it; and she wrote her name at the bottom—" *Ninette Montmar.*"

How much was there in that subscription of her husband's name!

Five minutes after the letter had gone, she heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the court below. It was Hubert Dessert. She recognised his slight spare figure beneath the horseman's cloak, as he passed under the dark archway. She strained her aching forehead against the window-pane, and looked vaguely out upon the night. Dessert did not once look up. She soon lost sight of him in the darkness, and the sound of his horse's hoofs grew momentarily more and more faint along the distant bridge. She felt that henceforth there was the whole wide world between them.

CHAPTER XIII.

NINETTE did not die, as she might have done, of a sudden paroxysm of consumption, nor did she waste away with a broken heart towards an early grave, nor even did she fall into a violent fever or delirium. A severe headache, which lasted two or three days, was the only apparent effect which followed the event which I have described. Yet she did suffer, nor that lightly nor briefly.

Neither did Montmar die forthwith, as by all laws of romance he ought to have done, to make room for his wife's marriage with her former lover, and so bring about a happy ending of things, with "virtue rewarded," &c. The old man did, indeed, feel deeply

for the pain which he had involuntarily caused; and he deplored it, not without bitter self-accusation. Divorce is, as is well known, a most difficult, next to impossible thing to obtain in Roman Catholic countries, but Ninette's husband offered to make every effort in his power to obtain her release from a tie which he said she had contracted under a false impression of her freedom. She would not, however, hear of this; and they continued to live together for many years, much in the same way as before; with this difference only perhaps, that Montmar, as he grew older and weaker, became very querulous, and rather selfish, as old men sometimes are. Poor Ninette, however,

bore everything with quiet cheerfulness, and a hasty or unkind word never passed her lips.

Alas! whatever he might be, and whether cross or kind, he was all she had to love and care for. They had no children. She never heard of Hubert Dessert, and was even ignorant whether he were in France or not.

"I dare say he has long since married another," she used to think, "and in some happier affection has by this time forgotten the pain and disappointment of his first love. I suppose we shall never meet again."

At last, after many years, Colonel Montmar died, and Ninette was now free; but, alas! what a change had those years worked upon that once fair face of Madame Montmar! She was now a pale, thin, and shrunken woman, with a constant stoop, and that frequent and painful cough which marks consumption in its last stage. There was scarcely a trace of her former beauty left, and into that soft, brown, lustrous hair of hers, years of anxious thought and constant suffering had woven threads of premature silver.

After an absence of many, many years, Madame Montmar now returned to the long-deserted home of her early childhood.

The old faces she had known in youth no longer greeted her to her native village. There were few there who recognised in the faded form and hollow cheek of the widow, the once blooming girl, whose beauty, many years ago, had been the boast of their neighbourhood, and there were fewer still who cared to remember these things.

The poor woman, returning to her forsaken home, found the garden choked with weeds, the arbour broken, the house strange and desolate. It was with a sickening heart that she wandered through the silent rooms, looked at the dismantled skeleton of the little bed in which she had slept as a child; or stood shivering, with the grass growing high above her feet, beneath the mildewed roof of the ruined summer-house, where she had so often sat as a girl with Hubert Dessert. Indeed, she could only dimly realise that fact—that she, the solitary, pale-faced, faded, withered thing she knew herself to be, had ever really sat in that same weed-worn, dismal garden, under that same worm-eaten

roof, a beautiful and joyous girl, conscious in and confident of her own youth, with her young lover's breath upon her warm cheek, and his arm about her happy waist, wondering what golden years the future had in store for her. Alas! as she wandered from place to place with a restless step, and her short, feeble cough sounding painfully distinct through the silent rooms, pausing here and there to gaze at some old remembered object of furniture, and then with a little shiver drawing her shawl more closely about her thin and drooping shoulders, she looked far more like some ghost come back from restless wanderings over the world, to visit that old, forsaken house, than a respectable matron in the first year of her widowhood for a tiresome old husband.

It was late one summer evening that Ninette, who had lingered there longer than was her wont, was still sitting in the little arbour, which she had caused to be restored; for she had been dreaming of past days, and the sun had set unnoticed by her.

"Alas!" she cried, in the intensity of her reflections thinking aloud, "men are so different! I dare say he has never understood that sacrifice. Ah, me!" she added, "I dare say he has seldom thought of it."

The light leaves rustled round her as she spoke, and through the falling dew a soft voice, tremulous with deep emotion, murmured—

"Yes, O woman, too precious for this low life. The past has, indeed, been understood at last. Ninette! Ninette! will you refuse forgiveness to one who has waited long and wandered far to ask it—one who, in his deepest penitence, owns himself unworthy of a love he dares not claim, but which he yet hopes to win back?"

It was Hubert's voice; and in a moment more he was kneeling at her side. She was not surprised or startled. It seemed to her so natural that he should have come back at last and found her there, in the old arbour, at sunset, just as he had left her.

"Alas! my poor Hubert," she said, sorrowfully, laying her hand gently on his head, and gazing down into his eyes—"you have, indeed, waited so long, that there is little left to ask for worth the having. This poor shrunken body, this faded face, are but a poor reward for years of patient.

pain. Will they, alas! be any longer dear to you, Hubert?"

"More, O, immeasurably more," he cried, with passionate fervor, as he folded her to his heart, "than when, in this same spot, in boyhood, years ago, I first breathed to you, Ninette, of a love which time has since tried, and suffering, I hope, exalted. O, I could not forget you; I have lived on for years in the hope of this hour. It has come at last. My wife, my bride, look up! The long, long ordeal is over. It is no longer forbidden to be happy."

And Ninette was happy, indeed, as she felt the soft fold of that dear arm once more about her, as in youth; as her cheek, flushed with sweet and strange emotions long unfelt, and the proud consciousness that she was indeed still loved, and loved, perhaps, more deeply than of old. She did not attempt to restrain her happiness, but yielded quietly to the speechless and inexpressible joy of these sensations.

"Yes," she said, after a long and delicious silence, in which she seemed to have been drinking in, as it were, the full and complete realisation of the fact, "this is, indeed, happiness! Alas! Hubert, I fear it comes too late." But he kissed away the fear; and to the old familiar threshold of her girlhood's quiet home, Ninette and her lover wandered back along the summer grass, a pensive pair, too happy to speak much. Behind them rose the warm, full moon, and before

them love's own rosy planet lingered in the darkening west.

Alas! poor Ninette had spoken truly: her happiness had come too late. She never lived to be Hubert's wife; and she died, indeed, not many days after the evening of that meeting which I have just described; but in her last hours the arms she loved were about her, and when the long self-sacrifice of years was over, Death closed her eyes upon the bosom from which, in life, she had been an exile.

And Hubert? Well, I blush to own it, but the veracity of a historian compels me to admit that towards the close of his career he married another. He did not, indeed, marry for love; for he was of a nature that generally loves just once, and not again—a nature, indeed, of but little softness, and capable of thriving in barren places. But when nearly fifty, he was still so handsome, that a celebrated woman of his day fell in love with him; and he married her for the sake of position and fortune. He was often employed in an irregular diplomatic way, upon special missions to foreign courts, by the Emperor, with whom he always continued to be a favourite; and I have myself seen him, when he was a very old man, covered with orders, and a great *bon-vivant*. Such is life! Well, did I not say that this tale—in feeling, at least, if not in incident—was of a kind very common in human life? I appeal to thee, dear reader; and in the name of Hubert Dessert, I wish you a very good night.

SONNET.

THE PROTESTANT SISTER OF MERCY.

THAT dark eye once was Italy's, full fraught
 With rich romance, and fancies warm; 'tis calm
 Now as the Virgin Mother's—a sweet palm
 To win forgetful souls to holiest thought.
 Thine eye the tone of highest heaven has caught,
 Medicin'd by wisdom's renovating balm:
 Earth's ties would but enthrall thee; thy free palm
 Points ever upward, and thou wear'st them not.
 But though thus school'd to seeming nonchalance,
 We mark not sympathy's alternate show
 Of smile and tear, light, shade thy countenance,
 The fond true heart beats womanly below:
 Gushes with kindness thy great soul—thy glance,
 Nun-like the while, looks fix'd and cold as snow.

IRISH RIVERS. — NO. XI.

THE NORE.

THE summer—warm and welcome summer, with its bees and flowers, blue skies and long days, is come. Let us away from the dust and noise, the impure atmosphere, and soul-subduing cares of town life, to revel in the freshness of the country—to inhale the fragrance of the new-mown hay, listen to the thrilling melody of birds—not poor prisoners within the bars of a cage, but free denizens of God's open sky, carolling their songs of liberty. While journeying, either alone or with some kindred spirit, whose presence prevents the sensation of loneliness too apt to cause painful thoughts, when we miss some one we would gladly have sharing our pleasures, our heart throbs in humble gratitude and grateful praise to the great CREATOR. The face of nature is decked with smiles; the brown furze on the hills gleams with golden blossoms; primroses and cowslips adorn the banks, and the purple bells of the foxglove dance upon the wind—cold and insensate must he be who can ramble through these scenes, and not experience the fervor of a thankful spirit.

But it is said, and perhaps truly, that steam is destroying the sylvan beauties of the country, and the utilitarianism of the age is rendering us every day less poetical and more practical. There is no doubt the increase of railway lines interferes often with the picturesque—the straight, monotonous track is not exactly the line of beauty; but we are sufficiently a patriot, though we may be less a poet, to rejoice in the presence of this evidence of commercial enterprise. We hear, in the rush of the train and whistle of the guard, the requiem of poverty and party spirit in the land; because industry precludes the one, and attention to business leaves little time or inclination for manifestations of the other. It is more than fancy to see in the engine's rapid flight along its iron road, the dispersion of those narrow-minded prejudices which have too often disunited Irishmen

from one another. The intercourse which this brought about tends to bind all classes by the strongest links. Peace is best preserved by all having a common interest in its observance. As for quiet sylvan scenes, whither—

“Wisdom's self

Can seek and find retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled.”

we have the banks of our Rivers, where no encroaching line of rail, with its screaming engine, continues long enough to disturb the peace of nature—where we can wander with the stream, now through fields and woodlands, piercing the heart of tangled forests, exulting as the green glade opens before us, now breasting some rugged hill to survey the fair scene around, or explore a grim fortalice, which, like its once lordly owner, is mouldering into dust: then descending a sweet secluded valley, and lingering amidst the cloisters of some fair abbey, whence, though cowed monk and mitred abbot have alike died away, the memory of prayer and praise still hallows the ivied wall.

Come, then, Nature's worshipper, on this bright morning, and ramble with us by the Nore.

It has been our pleasant occupation before now to guide our readers along the course of

“The gentle Suir, that making way
By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Waterford,”

and now we have the same agreeable task in tracing the windings of

“The stubborn Nore, whose waters grey,
By faire Kilkenny and Rosport board.”

Why Spencer has designated the Suir *gentle* and the Nore *stubborn*, we confess we must leave the sagacity of others to discover, being unable to perceive any disinclination in the latter to roll merrily along. Perhaps the resolute manner its way is forced through various obstructions, in the shape of rocks and other natural impediments, which the impetuosity of

its current enables it to circumvent or overleap, is the best, as indeed it is the only, solution we can offer. That some sufficient reason existed is only fair to presume, otherwise so excellent a topographer as the author of "The Fairie Queens" would not have used it. The circumstance to which we have, in our former paper,* called attention, of the three rivers—the Suir, the Nore, and Barrow—having their sources in the same locality, and each, after pursuing its respective course, uniting at the close, Spencer has carefully noted:—

"All which, long sundered, do at last accord
To join in one, ere to the sea they come;
So flowing all from one, all one at last become."

The Nore has its rise among the Slievebloom range of hills, on the confines of the Queen's County, but belongs more especially to Kilkenny, and formed one of the boundaries of the ancient kingdom of Uí Fíacá Ríogach, Ossory, which, lying between the Nore, the Suir, and the Barrow, was properly designated the Kingdom of the Waters. The MacGillipadraics (FitzPatrick's) were, in ancient times, Princes of Ossory. Leaving the hills, the Nore flows north-east towards Mountrath, winding and gliding south-east for about a dozen miles to Ballyragget. This town, like most country towns, consists of a long street, and a number of lanes diverging from it. The Nore is spanned by a well-built bridge of ten arches, which is the road from Kilkenny to Durrow. Some well wooded grounds are in the vicinity of the river—Ballyragget Lodge, long the property of a respectable family, the Butlers of Ballyragget, Béal Átha Ríogach, still claims the attention of the tourist, not so much because the mansion is a fine building, but in the demesne are the ivy-mantled towers of a once lordly castle, though now tenantless, and in ruin. It was the favourite residence of Margaret Fitzgerald, Máire Ní Sheanáir, Countess of Ormond, who, according to the traditions of the neighbourhood, must have often proved a disagreeable neighbour, as she had a constant practice of riding forth from her castle, at the head of her armed retainers, and taking forcible possession of the pro-

perty of such persons as afforded her the slightest pretences for the appropriation. There are other traditions of this baronia. She was of the Geraldine race, daughter of the Earl of Desmond, and popularly called Peg Garrett. Her chair—in which ladies are induced to sit, for some peculiar virtues associated therewith—was regarded as a precious relic. In the year 1600, we find this castle garrisoned by the forces of Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster. It was at that time the estate of the Lord Mountgarret, whose sons were in rebellion against the Queen, and had entered into treaty with O'More to arrest the Earl of Ormond.

In the year 1612, the rights of a manor and privilege of holding two fairs annually were granted by James I. to Richard, third Viscount Mountgarret; and during the whiteboy effluences in the last century, the castle was used as a barracks by the military stationed for the protection of the district. Leaving the castle and town behind, the river stretches, in a southerly course, towards the vale of Freshford, flowing near the churchyard of Grangemacomb, and the confines of the parish of Rathluagh, in the direction of St. Catharine's well. The Nore has now been increased by tributaries; the Erkin from Durrow, and the rivulet from Freshford having augmented its size, it glides by Three Castle House, so called from the number of ruined castles close at hand. These are the earliest Anglo-Norman fortresses in this district, and guarded the pass of the Nore. Not far from Mount Eagle Distillery a material addition is made by the confluence of the Dinan, flowing from the hills of Macanadin—i. e., the waste or wilderness of the river Dinan, and having its source in Idrona, the ancient territory of the O'Ryans, or Mulrines, who were princes of Hydrone. This tributary collects the streams of the Slievebloom Mountains, and pours its volume in rapid current into the bed of the Nore. Oftentimes the accession of water from this vast mountainous district causes sudden and violent floods, and tales of the loss of life and property, occasioned by the Nore bursting its banks, and sweeping in devastating

castles over the country beyond its usual channel, are common and authentic. It is believed by the peasantry that St. Patrick cured the stones of the Dinan; and another of the traditions is, the saint changed a *plait* (worm or serpent) into this torrent.* The banks hitherto have presented no great variety of scenery—consisting, for the most part, of low hills, with few plantations; but as the river approaches Kilkenny the aspect is much improved. Near the mouth of the Dinan, where it falls into the Nore, are the ruins of the church and castle of Ardalo, a stronghold of the Ormonds; also a lofty ledge, called the Eagle's Rock—from the summit a grand and extensive prospect is obtained. We can trace the windings of the river in the plain beneath to a far distance. Beyond is a fertile country, well cultivated, and presenting varieties of agricultural skill, until the view is impeded by the highlands on the horizon. The well-wooded demesne of Bryan of Jenkinstown increases the beauty of the landscape; and towards Kilkenny numerous mansions peep out from the shelter of woods and groves. We love to look upon this scene; and there are many such among the fair hills and vales of Erin. We remember loitering here on a delicious evening, when the calm hour of twilight breathed the peace of a purer world over the spot; our mind was carried back into other years, when piety and learning were characteristics of our land. Earth, and sky, and winding river increased the witchery of the hour; the setting sun cast a golden gleam over the harvest fields, and gilded the sheaves of corn. The evening wind crept over the surface of the water, and, as it broke the mirror-like expanse into thousands of ripples, multiplied the shadows which rock and tree flung across the stream. No sound was audible, save the sighing of the breeze among the boughs, or occasionally the chirping of a bird, or the song of the labourer returning to his humble home after the toil of the day. Wearied hearts would feel refreshed by scenes like these. Nothing soothes like the peace of nature; and to such sights the troubled mind, busied and bothered by cares embittering days and nights,

longs to flee away. Proceeding towards the "fair city" of Kilkenny, there is little in the scenery to demand notice; but as we approach the town, the blending of private houses and structures of more elevated character, with the valley and course of the river, commands admiration. Inglis, one of the most observant of tourists, speaks in raptures of the view from the uppermost bridge over the Nore, which comprehends all these objects: the town itself, interspersed with trees and spires; the cathedral, with its tall companion, the round tower; the abbey ruins, the river and lower bridge; and, bounding the prospect, that fine structure, Kilkenny Castle—its towers rising above the surrounding wood. This noble pile is full of feudal dignity, striking at once both the eye and mind, for its position is majestic and commanding, loftily rising over the Nore. The bastions and walls remind us of the wealth of history stored within their precincts, and the liveliest interest is excited by the recollection of the incidents which throng around them. It was erected by Strongbow in the flush of conquest, and subsequently destroyed by the Irish. But the importance of the place required a castle for its defence; and in A.D. 1195, a stately fortalice arose from the ruins. The position, as a military point, was well selected. The fort is built on a lofty mound—the side next the river steep and precipitous, with the rapid Nore—a defence granted by nature—sweeping round the base. To this was added a solid wall forty feet high. The other defences are towers and outworks, with a curtain wall. The main building consisted of the donjon, or keep, where the lord of the castle, William Lord Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, held his court. In 1391 it came by purchase into the Ormond family, having been bought by James Butler, third Earl of Ormond, who was descended from Theobald Walter, a great favourite of Henry II. This monarch gave Theobald large grants of land; he was appointed Chief Butler of Ireland, which office became hereditary, and constitutes the family surname.

It would occupy too much space even briefly to chronicle the events of historic renown which took place here;

and as our province is merely to describe the scenery of nature and incidental objects of antiquarian interest, we must content ourselves with this passing notice, in proceeding to lay before the reader how it was that we were enabled to become acquainted with the antiquities of the town, and also with its eminent novelist, the late John Banim.

About a dozen years ago we were journeying from the metropolis to the beautiful city of Cork, and, as was our custom, halted for the night in Kilkenny. At the hour of retiring, we delivered a special injunction to "Boots," to be sure and call us in time for Bianconi's car—a task which he then and there undertook, and faithfully promised to fulfil.

Our slumbers were broken in the morning by the entrance of "Boots," with a look of anxiety on features generally indicative of little care, save as regarding "our honours' sixpences."

"Hallo!" we exclaimed, "is it time to get up? When does the car start?"

"Arrah, long life to your honour, shure you can't go by the car this morning, anyhow."

"Can't go by the car!" we repeated — "pray why not?"

"Troth, then, 'tis the blessed truth I'm saying," he replied — "you can't go by the car."

"But why," we persisted in demanding, suspecting, however, the way the matter stood.

"Because the car is gone these two hours. I overslept myself, an' don't be angry; but you can go by the coach in an hour, if there's a sate; and if not, an' you stay for the day, shure there's the castle to see, and the other *curositias*, an' I'll pay all your honour's expinsia."

There was no possibility of being angry after such an offer; and, as the coach was full, in and out, we made up our minds to spend the day in visiting what "Boots" called the "*curositias*."

On mounting a succession of steps, we reached the ancient cathedral, called after the saint from whom the city takes its name, St. Canice—*Kil Canice*, signifying the Church of Canice. Some writers derive the name of the city from Coill Kin Ni—"the wood near the river;" but the former supposition seems more probable. This beautiful church is built on the sum-

mit of a hill, on the western side of the city, of a cruciform shape, and in that richly decorated style of architecture termed the early English. The central tower is supported by clustered pillars of Kilkenny marble, the tall, pointed archways between them admitting entrance from the nave to the choir and transepts. The side walls are embattled, and there are two spires at the west end. The interior is well adapted to excite feelings of devotion and reverence. Of lofty height, the graceful range of arches on either hand, resting on clustered columns, separate the nave from the aisles. The choir has a ceiling groined and adorned with tracery designed in medallions, with an elaborate central group of cherubs, foliage, and wreaths. A spacious window lights the church from the west; there are, besides, five cleristery windows. We found a great variety of objects here interesting to the antiquary and architect. A moraliser, who loves to ponder on the varied fortunes of those who have run their mortal career before him, may indulge his fancies amid the memorials of mortality recorded in the thickly scattered tombs. Many are commemorative of the virtues and valour of the great lords of Ormond, the powerful Butlers. Several Bishops of Ossory and other distinguished persons have monuments here. A work, illustrating these tributes to the dead, entitled "*Description of Monuments in St. Canice's Cathedral*," is being prepared for publication, and is certain to be worthy of the subject, when we find it the result of the conjoint labours of the two learned and painstaking secretaries of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, Rev. James Graves and Mr. Prim. This valuable society shows what well-directed energies can accomplish in Ireland. It is of recent existence, having been established in 1849, and, by a judicious boldness in publishing the year's transactions at the outset, when only a hundred members, at five shillings each, were enrolled, took at once a respectable place among societies for antiquarian research. The result proved the wisdom of the venture; subscribers forwarded their names from all quarters, for the sake of the published transactions. The magnates of the land, headed, as of right, by the late lamented Marquis of Ormond and his excellent Marchion-

ees, the landed gentry, merchants, and professional men, sustain this admirable institution. It exchanges its transactions for those of the Royal Irish Academy, the Society of Antiquaries of London, the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, and several other learned bodies; and by the communications of the intelligent and erudite secretaries above-named, with those of the several writers, an intercommunication of information is continually effected. It is most gratifying to us to pay this tribute to the Kilkenny Archæological Society, with many of the members of which we have the happiness of being acquainted, and from more than one we have derived great assistance in our humble efforts to portray the scenic attractions of Ireland. The publications of such bodies are of vast importance in elucidating subjects nearly obliterated by the footsteps of time, exhibiting the pains taken in scrutinising every vestige of the past—never ceasing their investigation until they gain the right knowledge of the matter to which their attention is directed, which, perhaps, illustrates some important historic event, heretofore enveloped in doubt, or discloses some matter interesting to the annalist or philosophic inquirer.

It is only just that we, whose desire is to be the faithful narrator of all that we meet with in our progress by the river, be it scenery, or objects of antiquarian, historical, legendary or biographical interest, should offer our record of praise to those of our countrymen who are doing so much for the land of our fathers, and doing it so well.

At a distance of five or six feet from the south transept of the Church of St. Canice, stands one of the pillar-towers of Ireland, the origin or utility of which yet remains a puzzle to the antiquary. It is in good preservation, one hundred and eight feet high, and forty-seven feet in circumference at the base. The entrance, which is narrow and difficult, is eight feet from the ground; and besides this are five small apertures, placed obliquely round the wall at regular distances to the summit. At the upper extremity are six small openings, each opposite the other, allowing the

wind to rush through without any hazard to the high tower. Having satisfied our curiosity by rambling amid the tombs around, and being disappointed in not finding the tomb of the Roman merchant, which we looked for in consequence of the tragical story, published under that title in the "*Literary Souvenir*," and written by John Banim, we descended a long flight of steps, and visited other religious buildings. As we continued our stroll, we could not fail noticing the relics of the olden time which we met with in old houses. An interesting chapel is built from the ruins of the priory of St. John, situated in St. John's-street. This is stated to have been the first religious establishment in Kilkenny, founded about 1211, according to Archdall, or 1220 according to Grose, by William Marshall, the elder Earl of Pembroke, and richly endowed by him for the relief of the poor. It was tenanted by regular canons of St. Augustine. The church had been celebrated for the extreme lightness of its style of building, and exhibited such a succession of tall windows, that the intervals between appeared mere mullions, hence it got the name of the Kilkenny Lantern. It lay long in ruins, picturesque and neglected, until a place of worship being needed in St. John's parish, a native architect, Mr. Robertson, was selected to supply the want, and, as unfortunately the desire he evinced to preserve the entire of the original structure and sepulchral monuments, was frustrated by some paltry consideration of lessening expense, he had only to do the best he could with the means allowed. How he executed his task may be judged by a perusal of a paper on "*Architectural Remains of the Priory of St. John's*" published by the Archæological Society.* In this essay, Mr. Robertson gives the various dates assigned to the foundation. How true it is the traditional recollections of religious edifices and their pious inmates are rarely of the same general interest with those relating to the proud warriors who dwell in the lordly towers; the actions of the latter leave some trace, and their names are remembered, when those of the monks of old are forgotten or unknown. Yet it is easy to see the reason of this.

* "*Transactions Kilkenny Archæological Society*," vol. 1. p. 488.

Devoted to the offices of religion, and regardless of this world, save as the initiatory stage to an immortal hereafter, the lives of the monks glided on like a noiseless stream, while the career of the warriors, like some devastating tempest, heralded by terror, ruin, and desolation following in its wake, had its track marked by impressions deep and enduring.

Kilkenny, as is the case in most ancient towns of Ireland, bears trace of the division of races which followed the advent of Strongbow, and is divided by the small stream called the Bregah, into Irishtown and English-town. St. Canice is in the former portion, and also the Black Abbey, formerly the Dominican convent, founded in A.D. 1225, by William Marshall the younger, Earl of Pembroke; this nobleman, with his brother Richard, who was mortally wounded on the Curragh of Kildare, found here the repose of the grave. This was selected as the chapter-house of the Dominicans in Ireland on many occasions, and, on the suppression of monasteries, was given to the citizens of Kilkenny, who used it as a storehouse. The church is restored, and is now a Roman Catholic chapel; the nave and transept beautiful specimens of pointed architecture. The windows are enriched with tracery; and the magnificent end window is divided by mullions into five compartments.

Kilkenny may justly claim to be regarded one of the most remarkable cities of Ireland; and from its position has occupied a very important place in the warlike tempests that have swept this land. The English settled here as early as 1192; in 1294, the barons of the Pale met here in council. Parliaments repeatedly sat in this city; and in that one assembled in 1367, by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, was enacted the celebrated Statute of Kilkenny. In the parliamentary war of 1641, it was the theatre of great events. The confederated Catholics of Ireland held their parliament here; and for concluding a peace, the city was placed under an interdict.

In some admirably written papers on "Ancient Street Architecture in Kilkenny," read to the Archaeological Society, and published in the "Trans-

actions," the Rev. James Graves has preserved many interesting records of those relics of olden time. Indeed, no one with an eye for the antique can pass through a street, in almost any direction, without finding plenty of materials for investigation. The quaint old gables and cut-stone chimneys, the coats-of-arms ornamenting the front, windows divided by mullions, and many houses having parapets, with stone gargoyles, or water-spouts, give sufficient indication of the appearance of the "citie," properly designated "faire" in the time of the virgin queen. In the words of the eloquent archæologist, "peaked gables crowned by carved stone, chimneys of varying height, exhibited their picturesque outline against the sky; projecting bay windows here and there jutted out over the thoroughfare, affording advantageous points of view to the fair city dame or damsel, as the warlike cavalcade, gay with glittering armour and fluttering pennon, rode past; or the gorgeous ecclesiastical procession, with cross and banner, paced slowly along the streets; or the city proudly displayed the ingenuity and opulence of her various guilds, in the curiously devised and expensive pageant, designed to welcome the peaceful entry of Ormond's earls or dukes; or when the corporation caused the religious mysteries of the day to be acted on the High-street near the market-cross, at the feast of Corpus Christi." This market-cross must have been a graceful and ornamental structure; it consisted of a graduated quadrangular pedestal, of five regularly-decreasing stages, terminating in a platform. Four tall pillars rose from the angles of the platform, and a central column conjointly sustained an open cruciform pavilion; from the point of intersection of this pavilion, ascended a beautiful pillar of two stages, surmounted by a Latin cross. This handsome building held its place from the year 1300 until 1771, when it was removed. We visited the Butt's cross, a low clumsy object, on a large pedestal, erected as some private memorial, the nature of which we have been unable to discover. It stands upon the place where the citizens were bound by law to exercise themselves at the long-bow

in times anterior to the probable date of the cross. Hearing of the fine collection of paintings, and the beauty of the views from the Castle, we repaired to the chief seat of the Butlers. Neither the entrance, or range of offices which meets the stranger's view as he approaches from the town, is quite in keeping with the castle itself, which is highly picturesque, and conveys to the mind a correct idea of the antiquity of the place, and the great power of the noble owners. The recent additions have done much to dispel the traces of the former, but they have materially increased the idea of the latter, being in every respect executed on a scale of feudal magnificence. We went through several apartments; none, however, struck us as being of extraordinary dimensions. In the principal one, called the Presence Chamber, is a dais, slightly raised, on which the first Duke often sat in state. An account of the ancient tapestry of the castle is published in the "*Transactions*" of the Society already referred to,* so we shall content ourselves with referring to it, and assuring the reader he or she will derive much instruction and entertainment from the perusal. The picture-gallery, however, must be mentioned; it is a noble apartment, and contains a great number of choice paintings. Many of the Ormond family have their portraits, while the belles, the wits, the courtiers who flourished at the court of the Merry Monarch, and several of his royal race, are here congregated on canvas. The eye is bewildered by the blaze of beauty and of dress, the latter very imperfectly veiling the charms of many of the female portraits of that period—some languishing in the softness of Lely's pencil, others depicted in the severe but rich colouring of Vandyke. Here are kings and queens in all their majesty. Charles I. and his beautiful queen, Charles II., James II., Queen Mary, Queen Anne; the royal family by Vandyke; Duchess of Richmond by Sir Godfrey Kneller; with numerous pictures of members of the house of Ormond; and Scripture-pieces, landscapes, flowers, saints, and sinners; flaunting dames, reverend senators—a motley array! Here are kings who experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune, all the privations that

afflict the meanest hind upon his bed of straw; poverty, and hunger, and cold, and weariness; fear of enemies, loss of friends; one banished, another dethroned, another beheaded. Here the sight rests upon young and lovely faces; and time was when those smiles ceased to captivate or became a curse to their possessor. What feelings are aroused by remembering the fate of many a proud noble here standing in his robes of state. The battle-field witnessed the death-throes of some; the sods of a strange land lie above the bones of others. Now their fame and name survives but in the words graven on a tablet, or in these few feet of painted canvas. What a lesson lies in a picture!

The city and river, beheld from the towers of the castle, afford a picturesque scene. The eye follows with delight the windings of the Nore through a fertile valley, and dwells on the wide lawn surrounding the College, dotted with luxuriant trees. The school here conducted is justly regarded as one of the first public schools of the empire; and the schoolhouse, or college, is a substantial edifice, of three stories, capable of accommodating eighty boarders. The present accomplished master is the Rev. Dr. Browne; who, with his highly talented brother, Stephen Browne, L.L.D., master of the Endowed School at Bandon, amply sustains the characters of the respective institutions which are so fortunate as to be under their direction. The success of both these principals in sending many distinguished students to Trinity College, is the best proof of our assertion. Among the predecessors of the Rev. Dr. Browne in the mastership of Kilkenny College, were Dr. Edward Jones, Bishop of Cloyne, and Dr. Henry Ryder, Bishop of Killaloe. Among the many pupils of this institution, who afterwards obtained celebrity, were Swift, Congreve, Farquhar, Harris, Baldwin, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, Dr. Berkeley and Banim.† Pursuing the course of the Nore, as seen from the windows of the castle, we were attracted by the novelty of the immense mass of houses and chimneys, devoid of that usual accompaniment to inhabited mansions, smoke, and remembered the old rhyme celebrating the wonders of Kilkenny—

* "*Transactions, Kilkenny Archaeological Society*," vol. ii. p. 3.

† "*Gazetteer of Ireland*," vol. ii. p. 487.

"Fire without smoke, earth without bog.
Water without mud, air without fog.
And streets paved with marble."

These are literally correct — the Kilkenny coal does not emit smoke; there is great freedom from bog in the district; fogs are not usual; and the black marble is in common use. We cannot say the Nore is entirely free from mud, but perhaps it is more so than other streams. Continuing to pass along the margin of the river, we beheld another remnant of the monks of old, in the stately ruins of a Franciscan friary. This structure is also attributed to the piety of the Marshalls, Earls of Pembroke, and is stated to have been the residence of John Clyn, the Irish annalist, and of Thomas Fleming, Bishop of Leighlin. The tower, rising from the centre of the ruins, is supported by an archway with groined roof, and in the tower are pointed and mullioned windows. A clear fountain near the ruin bears the name of St. Francis's Well.

This portion of the city was the scene of some of Cromwell's military operations. As the stout resistance he met with is freely acknowledged by himself, it may gratify the descendants of the "Boys of Kilkenny," who defended the city on the 25th March, 1650, to give the account in his own words. Writing to Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England,* he says:—

"After the taking of this Castle (Gowran), it was agreed amongst us to march to the city of Kilkenny, which we did upon Friday, the 22nd of March; and coming with our body within a mile of the town, we advanced with some horse very near it, and that evening I sent Sir Walter Butler, and gave the corporation a letter. We took the best view we could where to plant our batteries; and upon Monday the 25th, our batteries, consisting of three guns, began to play. After near a hundred shot, we made a breach, as we hoped stormable. Our men were drawn out ready for the attempt; and Colonel Ewer was ordered, with about one thousand foot, to endeavour to possess the Irish-Town, much about the time of our storming, which he accordingly did, with the loss of not above three or four men. Our men, upon the signal, fell on upon the breach, which indeed was not performed with usual courage nor success; for they were beaten off, with the loss of one captain, and about twenty or thirty men killed and

wounded. The enemy had made two retrenchments or counter-works, which they had strongly palisaded; and both of them did so command our breach, that indeed it was a mercy to us we did not further contend for an entrance there, it being probable that, if we had, it would have cost us very dear.

"Having possessed the Irish-Town, and there being another walled town on the other side of the river, eight companies of foot were sent over the river to possess that, which accordingly was effected, and not above the like number lost that were in possessing the Irish-Town. The officer that commanded this party attempted to pass over the bridge into the city, and to fire the gate, which indeed was done with good resolution; but, lying too open to the enemy's shot, he had forty or fifty men killed and wounded, which was a sore blow to us. We made our preparations for a second battery; but the enemy, seeing himself thus begirt, sent for a treaty, and had it, and in some hours agreed to deliver up the castle upon the articles enclosed. We find the castle exceedingly well fortified by the industry of the enemy, being also very capacious; so that if we had taken the town, we must have had a new work for the castle, which might have cost much blood and time. So that we hope the Lord hath provided better for us, and we look at it as a gracious mercy that we have the place for you upon those terms."

In the account given by Lewis,† it is stated that Cromwell expected to gain entrance much more cheaply, for, relying on the promises of an officer of the garrison to admit him, he hoped to obtain possession of the city by treachery. However, he did not succeed, as the plot was discovered. The traitor met his doom; he was executed. Baffled in this attempt, the Lord Protector, not feeling equal to the task, waited until reinforced by Irlston, and then he laid siege to the walls in due form. The garrison, originally consisting of two hundred horse and one thousand foot, were reduced by disease to three hundred, who, like the same number of Spartans at Thermopylae, resolved to hold their ground. Sir Walter Butler was governor, having been appointed to that honourable post by Lord Castlehaven, and, after a stout defence, was at length compelled to surrender, on conditions favourable and honourable.

It was interesting to us to stand upon the ancient walls—to muse on

* "Cromwell's Letters," vol. i. p. 598.

† "Topographical Dictionary,"—Kilkenny.

the infinite varieties of human life presented to our view; to meditate on the multitudinous pursuits and avocations of men passing us in the busy walk of existence. When we reflected on the changed history of the spot, the interest was greatly increased—old legends and traditions came to our memory; exploits and noble actions, varied by misfortunes in the land, reminded us that the tides of events, like other tides, have their ebb and flow.

We accepted a kind invitation to dine with our friends of the —th in the Barracks; and having some spare time before the bugles would play "The Roast Beef of Old England," proceeded to fulfil a wish long unsatisfied, of making personal acquaintance with one whose writings had fostered and elevated our love for our country and the people, who was, emphatically, the delineator of our national characteristics—John Banim.

In a small garden, adjoining a modest mansion, looking out on the Dublin road, and not a mile from the city, we reached the object of our visit, and beheld the novelist. A martyr to rheumatic gout, which completely paralysed his lower extremities, he was taking his accustomed airing in a bath chair, drawn by a servant. When we introduced ourselves, as presuming on our slender pretensions in the field of literature to wait on so celebrated an author, he received us most cordially, and spoke most good-naturedly of our writings. He had visited many places we had described, and complimented us on the accuracy of our notices of them. He wished to have us rest within his doors after the walk, but this we declined, until he had his regular exercise, for the day was lovely; and it was a delightful privilege to us to walk by the side of this son of genius, surrounded by the floral beauties of the garden, listening to the drowsy hum of bees and the murmuring of the adjacent Nore, between the pauses of conversation. We thought the sunken yet brilliant eye, and the wasted and hollow cheek, and the bowed wreck of a great frame, were all the better for the sunshine and balmy air: so he was wheeled repeatedly round the garden. Keeping pace by his side, we drank in with eager ears his words of eloquence and wisdom. He spoke of the dearth of intellectual society in Ireland, and contrasted the

style of living in this country with that on the Continent—of the barrier to social intercourse which expensive parties creates. "In Paris," he said, "a few pounds of wax candles sufficed to light the apartments; and *eau sucre*, tea, and a little wine, was all the refreshment ever offered; and I have had the first people in Paris to my *sotirees*. How impossible it would be to attempt anything of the kind in this country!" Speaking of the wretchedness of the lower classes, he exclaimed, "How disgusted I felt, on my return to Ireland from the land of the vine, on arriving at Kingstown, to find wretchedness and poverty in every direction, crowding to ask alms. I felt ashamed of my country, when I saw the pride the beggars took in exhibiting their sores." Having caused his attendant to wheel towards the house, we entered a comfortable apartment, where a matronly lady, and a fine, animated little girl, were seated: they were Mrs. Banim and the surviving child of the author. Little did we think, as we gazed on the young girl's countenance, beaming with health and intelligence, that in two years this fair child would have ceased to exist. Mrs. Banim was kindly and hospitable, appeared proud of her husband's fame, and gratified by our appreciation of it. He read part of Shelley's translation of "Faust," and the poetry derived increased beauty from the fervor and feeling with which each line was pronounced. We spoke of his own works, and the powerful story, "The Roman Merchant." "That would have been better had I made it a three-volume work," he said; "there was incident enough. I wrote it one afternoon, between dinner-time and tea." Of all his works, he seemed to consider "The Nowlans" his *chef d'œuvre*; and when one remembers the intimate knowledge of the characters, habits, customs, and devotional feelings of the Irish peasantry, so admirably manifested in this thrilling tale, no one can wonder at his preference. After a long and agreeable visit, we said farewell.

Wending our way back, our mind was naturally full of the distinguished author we had left; for our own part, we thought "Crohoore of the Bill Hook" nowise inferior to "The Nowlans." It made a more forcible impression upon us from the admirably drawn character of Crohoore, the

blending of softness and stern ruggedness portrayed in such vivid colours. The tale abounds in thrilling incidents—murder, abduction, concealment, efforts to discover the lost, and has all the absorbing interest of the famous American novelist, Cooper's, Indian tales. Banim painted, he tells us, from the people of a land amongst whom, for the last six hundred years, national provocations have never ceased to keep alive the strongest and often the worst passions of our nature, whose pauses, during that long lapse of a country's existence, from actual conflict in the field, have been but so many changes into mortal strife, and who are held prepared, should the war-cry be given, to rush at each other's throats, and enact scenes that would show more terribly vivid in print than any selected by us from former facts, for the purpose of candid though slight illustration. Sincerely do we hope, and feel confident (from the causes adverted to in our opening pages) that the fearful scenes which too long were perpetrated in our beautiful country have passed away for ever,—that industry and commercial enterprise will banish the memory of party feuds and religious and political distinctions, injurious to man, and contrary to the law of God.

In publishing the novels as "Tales by the O'Hara Family," John Banim only performed an act of justice, for he received considerable aid from his brother, Michael, at present one of the aldermen of his native city. The pages of this Magazine have recently been enriched by a powerful story from the national pen of this living member of "The O'Hara Family."

The river Nore takes a south-easterly course, after some windings in the neighbourhood of Kilfera, in the direction of the Grangekilree to Benbulbin-bridge, gliding by Norevilla and Camul, through the plantations of Dunswell House. About six miles south of Kilkenny we reach the village of Stoneyford, where there is a police-station, a neat Roman Catholic chapel, and infirmary. The schools in this village are patronised by Mr. William Flood, of Flood Hall. The views from the river here are very fine, combining the fine demeanors of this neighbourhood, with the handsome mansions and picturesque ruins. In the neighbourhood of Jerpoint Abbey, when the labourers were employed in con-

structing the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway, they discovered, in 1849, a large deposit of human bones. The place where the bones were found was not many hundred yards from the Abbey; and in the communication made by Mr. Prim to the Kilkenny Archaeological Society he mentioned the bodies would appear to have been deposited in shallow graves, scooped out of the gravel, and covered with scarcely two feet of earth. No vestige of coffin, cist, or enclosure of any kind appeared, and the people of the district had no recollection of the place having ever been used as a cemetery. A vague tradition existed of a battle having been fought, and Mr. Prim, whose vigilance was aroused, discovered that Clumn the Annalist recorded, that on the vigil of St. Alexander the Confessor, A.D. 1331, in a foray made by the Clan Cauntelons, twenty-four of the inhabitants of the towns of Jerpoint and Thomastown were slain; and Stanishurst details that Lord James Butler, who was ninth Earl of Ormond, encamped at Jerpoint, in 1534, intending to attack the celebrated rebel, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, popularly known as Silken Thomas, when the latter was resolved to be beforehand, and fell upon the Butlers so suddenly as to put them to the rout. But the learned secretary of the society did not think these skeletons, which numbered about a hundred, were sufficiently accounted for by those skirmishes; and his opinion—fortified by the position of the bodies, lying north and south, the feet to the former point—was, that these interments were of Pagan times. The appearance of such fragments of the skull as he exhibited, the frontal bone being of great thickness, the forehead retreating, induced him to think the skull belonged to the long-headed race, which our distinguished ethnologist, Dr. Wilde, considered to be Firbolgians, the earliest colonisers of Ireland.

Near this place, on the right bank of the Nore, and two miles west of Thomastown, are the magnificent ruins of Jerpoint Abbey. Glorious must it have been in the days when it was the abode of the monks of the Cistercian Order; and even now, with its pointed arches and lofty windows, the vast ruins, exhibiting the mixture of various styles, present an appearance strikingly attractive. Its proximity to the ancient remains is an additional instance of the frequency in which we find

Christian churches displacing Pagan rites. We see each generation vieing with its predecessor, and striving to surpass it, in buildings uniting elegance of design with beauty of execution. The rude cromlech is abandoned for the stone-roofed chapel; this, in turn, for the cloistered abbey. The pillar-stone is unnoticed, and instead the decorated cross challenges admiration. The clumsy belfry springs into the pinnaced tower, and among these remains, which attest the piety, the wealth, and religious zeal that animated the kings and princes of Ireland, none stand more proudly than the ruins of Abbey Jerpoint, though we regret they seem now to be alike uncared for and unhonoured. This abbey was founded by Donough, King of Ossory, in 1180. In a poem by O'Harin, reciting the ancient tribe of Ossory, and translated by John O'Donovan, Esq., LL.D., the note on this name is as follows:—"O'Donnchadha, now Dunphy. It is Anglicised like Murphy from O'Murphychoa. The head of this family founded Jerpoint Abbey, in 1180." It was richly endowed by the founder and his successors, and inhabited by Cistercian monks. The possession conferred on the order was confirmed by King John, and this abbey may be deemed one of the finest specimens in this kingdom of the blending of Anglo-Norman and early English styles. Even in ruin it commands the admiration of the antiquary, the artist, and lover of the beautiful. It was built on an area of nearly three acres, and cruciform, consisting of nave, choir, and transepts. Between the six pointed arches, springing from massive pillars, and supporting the roof of the nave, are the remains of six cleristery windows, not lancet-shaped, but rather rounded at the heads and arms. The western window consists of three distinct arches, with two mullions. There is a difference between the shape of the arches leading to the choir from those of the nave and transepts, for the one is circular, the others are pointed. From the intersection of the nave and transepts rises the square embattled tower, supported on four massive square pillars and their arches. The roof is groined, with springers supported by tastefully carved corbels.

Near the place where, in former years, the high altar stood, we found the sedilia and aumbry; the former, it is unnecessary to inform our readers versed in ecclesiastical learning, was the recessed seat formed in the chancel, on the south side of the altar, for the accommodation of the priest, deacon, and sub-deacon; while the aumbry was a sort of cupboard for the reception of vessels employed in the altar service. Those of Jerpoint are of Norman architecture. Opposite the altar of the south aisle is a tomb ornamented with figures in high relief. This is generally supposed to have been erected in honour of Donough, the founder, who died A.D. 1185; but the costume of the figures, and the sculpture appertaining more to the sixteenth than the twelfth century, show this idea to be most improbable. The question is, however, set at rest. It is now certain that some one less distinguished than King O'Dunphy sleeps beneath—for the indefatigable secretary of the Archaeological Society discovered a fragment of inscription as follows:—"Hic Jacet Will'mus O'Ha***han***." There are other monuments deserving of notice. One is unmistakably the tomb of an abbot, having the figure of one in his robes. There is another figure on a monument extremely well sculptured, holding a sprig of shamrocks in one hand and a crozier in the other. We wish we could say these relics of the dead are well cared for; but they are sadly in want of a protecting hand. Our hope is, the society which has laboured so efficiently for the antiquities of the county of Kilkenny will put a stop to the destruction apparent. The Jerpoint abbots were spiritual peers; the last, Oliver, was brother of Baron John Grace of Courtstown. It appears that the privilege of attending Parliament was deemed rather onerous than desirable, for, in 1395, the then abbot obtained exemption from his attendance, on the plea that his house was subject to the abbey of Baltinglass, the abbot of which discharged the parliamentary duties. The abbey was dissolved 31st Henry VIII., when Abbot Oliver Grace surrendered it to the king; and in the subsequent reign of Philip and Mary its possessions were granted* to James Earl of Ormond

* Lewis's Top. Dic.

and his heirs male, to be held in *capite*, at an annual rent of £49 3s. 9d.

The Nore has now an addition by the waters of the King's River (Oon R¹⁵), so called from King Nial Caille having been drowned in it while attempting to save one of his attendants. He is said to be buried at Kilree beneath a handsome cross made of a single block of stone, richly sculptured. Among the many beautiful country seats seen from the Nore in this district stands pre-eminently Mount Juliet, the residence of the Earl of Carrick. It is of capacious dimensions, and, surrounded by the trees of the spacious demesne, is a noble dwelling. The grounds are extensive and well laid out. They stretch for a considerable distance along the portion of the river skirting the barony of Knocktopher. In this barony, as also in the district called Brownstown, between Inistiogue and Rosbercon, are found those curious sepulchral monuments, which seem, from their size, to be the burial-places of the Titans, who warred against Jove, and are appropriately termed Giants' Graves. Interesting accounts of these reminiscences of the pagan Irish are contained in the first volume of "Transactions" published by the Kilkenny Archaeological Society. As the river approaches Thomastown, the banks are full of picturesque beauties. The splendid demesne of Mount Juliet, and others of less extent, but great sylvan loveliness; the glorious ruins of Jerpoint Abbey, and feudal towers of strength, yet undecayed, add to the scenery of the stream, as it glides past wood and valley. Near the town is Grenan Castle, once the fortalice of the Anglo-Norman family of Denne. It is our great pleasure when rambling along the river's brim, and pausing beneath some ruin old and hoary, to climb the slippery stair, and enter the long deserted chambers, picturing to our mind's eye the lives of those who, clad in mail or softer garments, have lived, and loved, and died. The sites, too, are often indicative of the temperament of the founders. Seated on an eminence commanding the reaches of the river, they remind us of the love of nature which our ancestors possessed—the pleasure they took in beholding the sparkling waters, and the blue hills, and the green woods, which we, dwellers in towns though we are, have omitted, and make the most of when

we can. Thomastown presents more claims to attention from what it was, or might have been, than what it is—a long, straggling country town; yet the houses show pretensions to a gentility far above the position they now apparently maintain. One mansion has doors and window-frames of hewn stone, square and canopied. Over the entrance is the inscription, "Owen Fennell and Ellen Tobin, A.D. 1646." This place has respectable antiquity to boast of, founded by Thomas Fitz-Anthony Walsh, an Anglo-Norman, hence called Thomastown. The Irish, thinking, probably, that because the English called it from one of the founders' names, they were bound to give it a different one, entitled it Ballymacandon—Anthony's town. It is very favourably circumstanced for business, cleanliness, and comfort; but, we regret to state, in those three consequences of prosperity it is sadly deficient. There are ruins of an abbey here, the chancel of which is fitted up as the church, and no mean specimen of the pointed style of architecture; the pillars are quadruple, each capital ornamented with a different design. The door and west window preserve the character of the building, coeval with the reign of Henry III. A crypt, or subterranean chapel, has been discovered beneath. Several monuments are deserving of mention, but from the shameful state of mutilation into which the greater number have been suffered to fall, it is impossible to decipher to whose honour they were erected. One figure has been dug out of a mass of rubbish, and is supposed to have belonged to a tomb of the Denes of Grenan Castle, mentioned already. If he bore any resemblance to his effigy, he was a formidable individual. The celebrated George Berkeley, D.D., Bishop of Cloyne, was son of William Berkeley of Thomastown; and the elegant and eloquent Charles Kendal Bushe, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was born at Kilmarry, in this neighbourhood. Every tourist who has mentioned this place has drawn a painful contrast between the wealth of the neighbourhood and the poverty of the town; and although we believe that prosperity is beginning to dawn over it, much remains which we would gladly find replaced by more agreeable aspects. The bridge over the Nore, which runs through the town, having one portion on the right, another on

the left bank, is a picturesque object, a square tower standing at each end. Thomastown was once fortified, and protected by a strong wall. It had a corporation, and sent two members to the Irish parliament, but was disfranchised at the Union. At Thomastown the Nore becomes navigable; and it occurs to us that one of the causes for the want of prosperity visible in the town is the want of water communication with Kilkenny, which must be a great drawback, as well as the necessity of better navigable access to New Ross, which might easily be accomplished. That such a project as a communication by boats with Kilkenny was in contemplation is shown by the incomplete canal between those places commenced in 1758; and although large sums were expended, and much anxiety felt by those who sincerely desired the improvement of this district, it was never finished. How melancholy it is to find the abortive measures of this kind in every direction in Ireland. When the wishes of the promoters are likely to be realised, and thousands benefited, some baneful influence frustrated the expectation of good results, and the money already spent was destined to be expended in vain. We are sensitive on this subject when we recollect the energetic efforts of that patriotic Irishman, Sir Richard Musgrave, to render the Munster Blackwater available for inland navigation, and how his generous exertions were thwarted.

From Thomastown to Inistogue the Nore is navigable by boats of from twelve to fifteen tons; and yet by an outlay of not above £12,000 the channel might be deepened for steam-tugs of seventy tons, effecting a vast yearly saving. The river, hitherto rapid, is more tranquil in its flow. To the north is Kilfane House, the handsome mansion of Sir John Power, in a spacious and well-wooded demesne. This house possesses some fine pictures: among them, Napoleon the Great, by Gerrard—perhaps we should have said Napoleon the First; because from the character his nephew and namesake, the present Emperor, has achieved, it is not easy to foresee which will be considered the greater man hereafter. The banks are well wooded in the

neighbourhood of Templemichan, having the plantations of Court on the north bank, and Denswood on the south. We see at a little distance the old walls of Dysett Castle; and the Nore, increased by the Argola, a mountain stream from the hills that bound Knocktopher and Ida, winds, as it approaches Inistogue, a small town on the west bank of the river. This locality was early selected as a place where men might devote themselves to religion. An abbey is said to have been founded here in 800; but a more authentic record is of the Augustinian Friary, founded in 1210 by Thomas FitzAnthony, which flourished until 31st Henry VIII. This little town presents a most agreeable contrast to its larger neighbour, which last came under our observation: it is compact, consisting, for the most part, of a square of slated houses, with rows of lime-trees tastefully planted before the doors, and looks so comfortable and secluded, owing to the luxuriance of the trees, and presents so harmonious a feature in the landscape, backed up by the magnificent demesne of Woodstock, that we were quite charmed. In the square is the base and part of the shaft of an ancient cross, sculptured with the arms of Fitzgerald; and in the notice of it read by Mr. Prim, and published in the "*Transactions*,"* he states, "It is a portion of a wayside cross, erected to one of the Fitzgeralds, who were titular Barons of Brownford and Cluan. On the east side of the base is an escutcheon bearing their arms—ermine, a saltire bordered, a crescent for difference." The north side of this exhibits a shield charged with emblems of the Passion, and surmounted by a cock crest-wise. This cock may have some reference to the Geraldine race; for we remember a similar bird in relief on a monument of one of the Earls of Desmond, in the Abbey of Buttevant, county Cork; or, taken in connexion with the emblems of the Passion, it may typify the cock that reminded Peter he had denied his Lord. The following is the inscription in Roman capitals:—

"ORATE. PRO. ANIMABVS. DOMINI. DAVID.
GERALDINI. DICTI. BARON. DE. BROWN-
SFORD. OBIT. 14. APRILIS. AN. 1621.
ET. JOANNE. MORRES. OBIT."

Woodstock, the residence of the Right Hon. Mr. and Lady Louisa Tighe, is a spacious and handsome mansion, built on a prominent site, and surrounded by a demesne of about 1,500 acres, with the Nore winding through. Rugged rocks forming the banks at one side contrast with rich woods, clothing the hills; while the opposite side of the river displays wide meadow and pasture land, dotted with plantations.

It is impossible to ramble through the beautiful demesne of Woodstock, so varied in the disposition of its sylvan scenes, without having the mind filled with the memory of the fair author of "*Psyche*," Mrs. Mary Tighe, who may have written these lines on this spot:—

"Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose the shaded hill;
The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill;
Here ever blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers, which from their leaves distill
Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade be-
stow."

Who will not feel the force of words
like these?—

"Oh, you, for whom I scribble! whose heart can melt
At the soft thrilling voice, whose power you prove,
You knew what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of love:
Above the lyre—the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
And hurls it to Elysium's happy grove;
You best can tell the rapture *Psyche* feels,
When love's ambrosial lip the vows of *Hymen*
seals."

There is a variety of picturesque objects visible from many points of this lordly demesne—hills and dales, wild enough for sublimity; charming valleys, where fairies might hold their revels unseen by human eye; the river dashes the feet of beetling cliffs, on which are ruined castles of Brownsford and Clowen. As if to bring the dwelling of our rude forefathers in strong contrast with those built in more peaceful times, we find rustic cottages and banquetting halls so situate as to command the bold and beautiful scenery of the Nore. The house contains fine rooms, fine pic-

tures and statues. The admirable collection of books in the library speaks in volumes for the intellectual pursuits of this family; for, in addition to the celebrated authoress above quoted, the late proprietor, W. Tighe, Esq., was the author of "*The Statistical Survey of the County of Kilkenny*," a work of singular merit and research.

From Inistiogue to its junction with the Barrow, the Nore well deserves the praise which the learned writer of "*The Statistical Survey of the County of Kilkenny*" has bestowed.* "*The whole of its course*," observes Mr. Tighe, "*to Ross, by Thomastown and Inistiogue, presents picturesque scenery, varied by ruined castles and abbey, by rocks that turn the course of the river, by green meadows that skirt its banks, or by steep hills clothed in foliage.*" The soil varies—in many places patches of alluvial or meadow-land, consisting of deep vegetable loam, producing luxuriant hay crops, in close conjunction with beds of gravel. The inland country is somewhat deficient in wood; but when the eye rests on the plantations adjacent to the water, the combined effect is very grateful to the sight. Mountains, too, occasionally peep in, and give features of magnificence to the landscape. After winding south-east by Brownsford, passing by Tinsford House, Red House, the old Castle of Clonmery, and Allenvale cottage, on its way, it receives, near Newgrove, the tributary waters of the Clodagh from the highlands of Knockreeken and Brandon. The Nore now approaches Ballyheale, then washes the skirts of Kylecorragh wood; and, within view of Glansense, near the demesne of Kingswood, unites its stream with the waters of the Barrow. These united rivers which, in the words of Spencer—

"Long Sundered, do at last accord
To join in one, ere to the sea they run."

flow onward to New Ross and Waterford, where the Suir meets them, which "*Meeting of the Waters*" we hope to describe in a future paper.

* "*Statistical Survey of the County Kilkenny*," vol. I. p. 129.

ETHNOLOGY, RELIGION, AND POLITICS.

ETHNOLOGY may be now regarded as established on a purely inductive basis. The "races of man" must be taken into account in all future historical investigations, as supplying the facts from which are derived the most certain and simple principles under which the manifold phenomena of history may be reduced and classified. In short, the records of the world, without the light of ethnology, may be likened to the features of a nocturnal landscape which, though discernible in some of their bolder outlines, remain, for the most part, shadowy, indistinct, and colourless, until returning day restores its verdure to the grove, retints the meadow-stream with heaven's own blue, and robes the distant hills in regal gold and purple. Our present intention is to consider ethnology in relation to certain political and religious aspects of modern Europe in general, and of Ireland in particular; and we know of no instance in which the value of this science can be more satisfactorily tested, or will be more signally apparent. In order to accomplish so desirable an object, it will be necessary to go to the fountain-head—to the "origines" of our European population. Three great races successively possessed Europe, which may be most conveniently designated, by terms borrowed from the geologists, as primary, secondary, and tertiary. The primary, or indigenous population of Europe, may be subdivided into—1, Celts; 2, Iberians; 3, the descendants of Phœnician and Hellenic colonies. Of these, the Celts were the most numerous, and possessed the greatest extent of territory. Coming into Europe at a remote period from central Asia, the seat of

primeval civilisation, they brought with them traditions replete with much of "the wisdom of elder and better times," which was embodied in the singular theological system that formed the character of the race—Druidism.* Radiating from the middle of Gaul, they gradually extended themselves into northern Italy and western Germany, pushing the Iberians into southern Gaul and the Pyrenees. They also peopled the British islands, in whose ancient topography we find the names of Celtic tribes corresponding to those on the Continent. Druidism was the great bond of affiliation among all the Celtic or Keltic nations,† however remote from each other, or even marked by minor shades of difference in appearance and character. To enter into any minute description of this extraordinary system, would lead us beside our present object; but we shall just indicate, very briefly, a few of its leading phases. The most remarkable of these was the identity of the Druidic mysteries with those of Samothrace. Strabo expressly asserts that these mysteries were celebrated in the British isles;‡ and the able researches of Adolph Pictet, of Geneva, relative to the symbols of Celtic worship in Ireland, have led to the same conclusion as those of the profound Schelling of Germany, in reference to the Samothracian Cabiri—namely, that they represented "the progressive development of life in the universe, by an ascending series, until all the powers and principles of nature unite and are associated in one all-comprehending principle—the universal Magia, ever permanent, and manifesting itself in nature, rendering apparent the invisi-

* The Oriental origin of the Celtic nations has been ably demonstrated by Dr. Prichard in his learned (and now scarce) work on the subject. See also, in reference to the Celtic colonisation of Ireland, "A Vindication of the Bardic Accounts of the Early Conquests of Ireland, by the River-Ocean of the Greeks." Dublin: J. McGlashan. 1850.

† We shall not here enter into any discussion as to which of the terms, Celtic or Keltic, is the fittest; the former being the Roman, the latter the Grecian designation of this people (Celtæ, Κελτæ; Κελτῆς, Κελτικῆς). We have adopted throughout the terms Celt and Celtic, as being more familiar; though Kelt and Keltic are more in accordance with the probable indigenous terms, Gaeltaigh, or Cellte, into the etymologies of which we cannot enter at present.

‡ Or rather, as his words expressly assert (quoting from an earlier writer), "in an island near Britain," seeming to refer more particularly to Ireland.

ble;" thus establishing a chain of connexion with the Magia of the East and the Pythagoreans and other early sages of Europe.* Another remarkable phase of Druidism was the prominent place which it gave to Teutates or Hermes, as the personification of the universal reason immanent in nature and humanity, identical with the Egyptian Toth and the Chinese Tao.† These, and other features of Druidism which might be mentioned, did time and space admit, serve to connect the Celts with the primitive nations of the East. The Iberians, or Euskarians, were a people differing in some respects from the Celts; their lighter forms, dark hair, and swarthy complexions contrasting strongly with the gigantic and xanthous Gael and Cymri; for so were termed the two great subdivisions of the race included under the common generic denomination of Celtic or Keltic. But the Celts became, from a very early period, blended with this people, in a greater or lesser degree, which may account for the shades of variety that prevail among the nations of this race, marked, at the same time, by such striking characteristics of general resemblance. Of the Hellenic colonists of southern Italy (Magna Græcia) and Sicily, and the Phœnician colonists of the latter country and Spain, little need be said. Differing from both Celts and Iberians in manners, character, and degree of civilisation, they yet presented points of affinity, both in mythology and the community of ideas, which might be traced in the speculations of their early sages and the symbolism of the Druids.‡ And it may be affirmed of the primary nations of Europe in general, that, all circumstances being equal, it was their natural tendency to be *great thinkers*.

II.—The secondary race was the all-conquering Roman, closely allied to the primary races, yet differing from

them both in personal appearance and character. The descendants of the Roman and the Celt can, according to some writers, be yet clearly distinguished in Italy; and Dr. Arnold notices a foreign element in the Roman character, which hindered their full identification with the indigenous inhabitants. While adopting so extensively their customs and institutions, practical and political, they desired only to conquer and command; they were a nation of diplomatists and legislators; they had no great and original thoughts, but adopted those of the nations they conquered; they substituted a language of their own in Europe for that of the Hellene and the Celt; but borrowed so many words from both tongues, that the speech of each race may be said to be fairly represented in the Latin, which also preserved many beautiful ideas of the mythology of the primary nations in its subsequent literature. The Romans, as they gradually conquered the old race, found them in different degrees of civilisation. With the Celts it appears to have been on the decline; its sun was setting, but was, at the same time, leaving, on the grey cloud of its departure, a few tints of beautiful and roscate light.

III.—The tertiary race consisted of those nations which overthrew the Roman empire, and gave to Europe its future monarchs and nobles. Like the Celts, these different nations were bound together by the tie of a common religious system—that of Odin, their first leader into Europe; and they have, therefore, sometimes been designated by the common denomination of the *Odinic nations*. They resembled the Celts in their large stature and xanthous complexion, and yet there are marked traits of countenance and general appearance, by which ethnologists can readily distin-

* Without being prepared to accept all the etymologies of Pictet, we think his general position well established; and a further confirmation is afforded, by a comparison of certain allusions to these mysteries, in the remains of the Cambrian and Irish bards, with those ancient writers who treat of Oriental, Cabiric, and Eleusinian initiation—a wide field, and new, which we pronounce worthy of investigation, from having gone over a small part of it ourselves.

† For the Celtic Teutates, see "Toland's History of the Druids;" also, the account of this symbol in Lucian; and a succinct account of the Egyptian Toth, the "Thrice Great Hermes;" and the Chinese Tao, in a little work entitled, "A Manual of Universal History on the Basis of Ethnography," pp. 16–108; note 18. The reader, who wishes for a more detailed sketch of Druidism, will find some interesting particulars in "Hogg's Instructor" for October, 1854, in a paper entitled "Early Mythology of the British Isles."

‡ The discovery of this resemblance is a result of the investigation just alluded to.

guish the descendants of the two races, even when they closely approximate in externals. But still more wide was the difference displayed in the intellectual character of the two races, influenced and formed by their respective mythologies. Early separated from the seat of primal civilisation, and forced to contend with inauspicious elements and an ungenial soil, the progenitors of the Odinic nations appear to have lost the remembrance of the patriarchal religion so apparent in the Celtic mythology, and to have substituted a mythology bold and often sublime, yet gloomy, material, and with little symbolism. The mythology of the Celts, no less than that of the Greeks, was cheerful, even in its sublimer flights; like the lark (the military emblem of ancient Gaul), it was joyous and musical, soaring into the cloudless ether of the summer morn, until—

"A form like a speck in the afrience blending,
And melting in music, was lost on the view."

The Odinic races, on the other hand, had their fitting symbol in the raven (the ensign, it is very probable, of their early migration, as it was certainly that of their later), a bird of high flight, but whose "proper motion" was not "to ascend" like that of the lark, but to keep parallel to the earth—a bird of prey; while his dark colour well denoted the gloomy character of the mythology of Odin, which was not, however, without its relieving lights, like the gloss on the raven's wing. These nations resembled the Romans (whose ensign was also another bird of prey—the eagle) in their love of conquest and dominion. They were possessors and rulers of Europe in a mere fraction of the time which it took the Romans to subdue it. The last point of contrast which we shall notice between this people and the Celts is that evinced in their respective

sentiments at the approach of death; for while the warrior of the former looked forward in his last moments to be drinking ale out of the skulls of his enemies, the Celtic warrior, although he had probably no objection, like his Scythian progenitors,* to such an occupation in his lifetime, yet entertained higher and gentler thoughts in his final hour. His concern then was to be laid out in some pleasant place of sepulture, by the slow-moving stream, beneath the shadow of the foliage, and the kindly beam of the sun, while his grassy mound was fanned by gentle winds, and enamelled with the violet, the daisy, and the primrose; as if he wished that the resting-place of his body should be in harmony with that of his spirit, in "The land of youth," the "Isle of the Universal Voice."†

Nor is it to be supposed that the respective characters of the two races thus formed by their mythologies, were altered on their conversion to Christianity. On the contrary, the character of Christianity was modified in its reception and exposition by these distinct races, as the liquor (to use a familiar, but expressive comparison) receives its tint from different coloured glasses. Professing the same divine religion, the tertiary nations (to preserve our classification) still continued the children of Odin, while the Celts no less firmly remained the children of Teutates. The secondary, or Roman race coalesced, according to circumstances, with either of the other two; or, perhaps, often forming, as it were, a middle term, or rather a neutral race. But pagan or Christian, the children of Odin were still the predominant race in the middle ages, and are at this day the kings of Europe. On the other hand, the Celts, once the possessors of the British isles and the western continent of Europe, retained their free nationality only in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales,‡ they disap-

* The descent of the Celtic nations from the Scythians, has been very ably proved by Dr. McNight, of Belfast, in a course of lectures, which it is hoped he will publish. He very clearly distinguishes the Scythians from the Goths. This distinction, the neglect of which has led to much confusion, has been noticed before by the learned Ibra.

† See, for a very graphic description of the feelings of an ancient Celt in the prospect of death, an old Gaelic poem, entitled "Mian an bhaire," i. e., "The Bard's Wish," which embodies ideas and sentiments contained in many Irish poems, where the imagery expressed above often recurs, both in reference to the earthly resting-place of the poet and the Celt's paradise, "Tir na nóg,"—"The Land of Youth," and "I-braille-uile,"—"The Isle of the Universal Voice," as rendered above "Rectius I-braille-uile."

‡ The Celts were, as already mentioned, divided into the Gael, whose language survives

peared before the Anglo-Saxons in South Britain, and lost their political existence before the Franks in Gaul, as did the Iberians before the Visigoths in Spain, and as did ultimately the various old races of Italy before the equally various Odinic nations that successively invaded their sunny and classic land. But the genius of the old races was not extinct; true to the spirit of their ancient mythologies, they were still the great thinkers of Europe. Amidst the darkness of the middle ages, there arose a "light in the obscurity," and its bearer was from the distant isle, where the lamp of primeval wisdom, re-kindled from the altar of Truth, shone as from a pharos far into the surrounding night. Johannes Scotus Erigena, i. e., John the Scot, or Scythian, of Irish race, belonging to the Cine Scuit or Clanna Miledh, the last of the four great Celtic colonies of Ireland.

This man was versed in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; and surpassed all his contemporaries in mathematical and philosophical learning. By his original and translated works, he effected a silent revolution in theological knowledge, and in the barren and unaspiring philosophy of his age—an age on which the Gothic genius (gloomy and tame as to all higher speculations) weighed heavily.* Without stopping to discuss all that may be erroneous and incomprehensible in the writing of Erigena, it is sufficient for our present purpose to observe, that he is just such as we may imagine a Druid would be on his conversion to Christianity. The leading tenets of Druidism concerning the Cabiric mysteries and Teutates (briefly sketched in this paper) constantly reappear in his

writings, under a theological form, and, but that it would exceed our limits, many other traces of this system might be pointed out in his works. We are fully aware that this extraordinary man had other sources from which to draw his opinions, but it is nevertheless remarkable, that he weaves his "mystic web of airy speculation" from those parts of the Pythagorean and Oriental theosophy which harmonise with the myths of Druidism.† In fact, he may be regarded as the intellectual representative of all the primary nations of Europe—whose genius, in its highest aspect, might be expressed in the word, *Pantheism*; while that of the Gothic nations (for such is probably the most appropriate term for the Odinic nations after their conversion) finds its most suitable expression in the word, *Antromorphism*. Of course we use these terms as denoting merely the aspect and tendency of the two opposite mythologies; that, like different currents in one river, remained distinct under the profession of a common Christianity, whose higher and all-comprehending ideas, when properly applied, could modify and harmonise both. The respective tendencies and aspects, as just characterised, nevertheless continued to be exhibited, and may be epitomised in the translation of the myths of the Odinic and primeval nations into their metaphysical equivalents, as expressed in the wonderfully-compendious but graphic language of Victor Cousin, when he speaks in reference to the highest object of human knowledge, of "an abstract Deity—a solitary monarch sitting apart on the throne of a silent eternity;" and on the other hand, "Universal and Infinite Being,‡ at once cause and substance,

in Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Scottish Highlands; and the Cymri (Cumraeg), whose speech prevailed once in the greater part at least of the Scottish Lowlands, and still survives in Wales, lingers in Brittany, and expired within a century in Cornwall.

* Any detailed account of the Gothic mythology has been deemed unnecessary, as it is in general better known and more easily ascertained than the Celtic. See, however, an able description of it in Southey's "Book of the Church."

† It would obviously take a separate article to enter into all the proofs of this. But it will readily appear, by a comparison of the work of Erigena, "*De Margarita Philosophia*," and the books ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, which he first translated as the source of the mystic divinity, introduced, or rather revived by him, with the Druidical, as well as the Oriental mysteries.

‡ See the preface to his "*Nouveaux Fragmens Philosophiques*." We have noted a similar phraseology in the Druidic Triads, both Cambrian and Irish; also, in the *Aschpina Dialogues*. It is in their exclusive aspects that Pantheism or Antromorphism becomes dangerous. See their harmony ably stated in a few words in Malebranche's "*Recherches de la Verité*," liv. ix. c. 3.

beginning, middle, and end, one and all things."

The ideas thus revived by our island sage never after failed to be cultivated in a greater or lesser degree on the Continent, and chiefly, it is worthy of remark, where the descendants of the old races longest preserved their freedom. Anselm, in Celtic Italy;* Aquinas (as, in after times, Campanella and Vico), from the land of Pythagoras and Parmenides; Dante, who has been noted as the personal type of the Celtic and aboriginal races of Italy, in distinction from the Roman and the Goth,† and whose wonderful poem is no inapt emblem of the primeval genius ascending from the gloom of Gothic darkness into the open and cheering daylight of its own ideas;‡ and lastly, Mirandola, Marsilio Ficini, § and other great spirits who adorned "the age of the Medici," and in that sunny region of Italy, where the posterity of the Etruscan, the Celt, and the Iberian mingled together, welcomed the reappearance of their common ideas in the fair garb of Hellenic wisdom, that now found a second home in this land of an extinct civilisation. In short, we may trace, in the "winged words" of these great men, a regular chain of high thought (so characteristic, as we observed of the primary races), forming through the darkness of the middle ages a luminous connexion between the classic period and the restoration of learning in the fifteenth century—like that lonely line of light which continues through the summer's night in the north-eastern heaven to unite the departed and the coming day.

In thus proving that the primary nations produced the great thinkers of Europe, we do not mean to assert that the Gothic nations were deficient in that respect: they had their great thinkers also, in a certain sense; but agreeable to the distinction made a little while ago, thinkers not in an

upward (like the primary nations), but in a lateral direction—practical thinkers, recording their thoughts, not in books, or on the sibylline leaves of tradition, but in living acts and durable monuments. They founded monarchies in Germany, Gaul, Britain, and Spain, which have stood the shocks of ages, and lasted, with some little modification, for over a thousand years. They built mighty fortresses and bastilles, and their powerful, though gloomy genius, planned the Crusades and the Inquisition. These two last were eminently Gothic institutions. The five great Gothic nations played the chief part in the recovery of Palestine from the Paynim: the red cross of France, the white cross of England, the black cross of Germany, the green cross of Flanders, and the yellow of Gothic Italy figured on the mighty legions. The Celtic nations took little or no part in that great armament; the Irish, the Welch, and the Scotch were at deadly feud with one of the most zealous of the crusading nations. The Inquisition, which we are concerned with at present merely as a civil or political institution, appears in its first forms among the Visigoths of Spain, and had probably its prototype in some of the Roman tribunals. According to Dr. Milner, || its object was the protection of the Christian (i. e., the Gothic) sovereigns of Europe against the power of the Moslem, supposed to be in league with certain disaffected parties in the respective dominions of these monarchs, which parties were no other than the old inhabitants, who, we shall presently see, were its earliest victims. In fine, the Odinic or Gothic race, had a great mission, which, that they did not at once fully and faithfully accomplish, is only to say that they were human. It was to revive the decaying powers of the elder nations, as a certain writer ably and eloquently expresses it, "Where what are called

* He was a native of Piedmont, but lived in the monastery of Bec, in France, and died Archbishop of Canterbury in England. He anticipated Descartes in the metaphysical proof of a Deity.

† Dante is so regarded by an eminent writer, quoted in Cardinal Wiseman's "Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revelation."

‡ In his "Paradiso," especially towards the conclusion, he expresses ideas common to the Oriental and Samothracian mysteries, the sages of Magna Græcia, and the Druids.

§ Giovanni Pico, Prince of Mirandola, styled "The Phoenix" of his age, and Marsilio Ficini, President of the Platonic Academy at Florence, constantly reproduces the ideas common to the mythology of the early nations.

|| See his chapter on toleration in "The End of Religious Controversy."

the dark ages throw their shadow over history; it is not that the light has become extinguished, but that the accession of new fuel takes time to give strength and brilliancy to the fire.* But it too frequently happened, that the fuel, instead of replenishing the fire, overlaid it, smothered it, and sometimes extinguished it altogether.†

We might amplify these views, and confirm them by an extensive induction of facts; but it is necessary that, according to the title of this paper, we apply them to the subject of religion and politics. Now, the religious application which we would wish to make is this: An opinion, or rather obscure sentiment, has long prevailed, that the Celtic race and the Roman Catholic religion are essentially connected; and, *vice versâ*, Protestantism and the Anglo-Saxon family, the representative of the Gothic race in these islands; and so much so that, as is pretty generally known, "*Sasanach*," the Celtic term for an Englishman in Scotland or Wales, in Ireland exclusively means "a Protestant." True, this notion went very much into abeyance in the palmy days of "Young Ireland;" but it has for some time past regained a greater ascendancy than ever. Happily, it will not for one moment stand the test of ethnological induction. In applying this test, we are not necessitated to introduce anything of a polemical nature. Religious truth, celestial in its origin, and immutable in its principles, is not affected one way or the other by the race of men that receives or rejects it. But it is well to diminish in every legitimate way the prejudices of mankind. The prejudice founded on the *real* distinction of creed is, unfortunately, strong enough without adding to it another, founded on the *imaginary* distinction of race. Without, then, entering into the ques-

tion of the creed professed by the insular Celts—i. e., the Irish, Scotch, and Welch, after their reception of Christianity—it is well known that they were in no great favour with the Church of Rome; at least in comparison to their Anglo-Saxon neighbours, who, after their conversion to Christianity by the missionaries of Pope Gregory I., seemed to have regarded the aborigines of Britain in the light of heathens, although professing Christianity from a very early period; and there seems to have been a very bitter and uncompromising hostility on the part of the bishops and monks of the conquering race to the bards, the representatives of the Celtic genius of the land. Indeed, some of the expeditions against the Celtic inhabitants at that period have very much the appearance of a crusade.‡ And it is worthy of remark, that the principal *European* crusades were carried on against the primary races. The persecution of the Albigenses in the twelfth century, when divested of its religious character, was a war of extermination against the old indigenous races of the south of Gaul, among whom the Iberian element appears to have most largely prevailed. The Iberians, as we have already seen, were probably anterior to the Celts in Europe; and though differing from them in some features, were united in the bond of a common mythology, as is evident from all traces that we find of the ancient religion of this people, who are reported by Jamblicus to have had an equal share with the Celts in the instruction of Pythagoras,§ and that they retained some of their original ideas, is evident from the charges made against them—charges which must be received with great caution, when we consider the want of critical acumen and the bigotry of the times, yet serving to establish the resemblance of these ideas to the *Magia*

* *Vide* "Foreign Quarterly Review," No. lix.

† This subject has been admirably illustrated by Sterling, in his beautiful tale of "The Ocean Child," where he describes the struggles, position, and destinies of the primary and tertiary races, under the apposite similitude of "The Fairies and the Giants," ably summing up the whole in these two lines—

"The giant is strong, but the fairy is wise,
And the clouds cannot banish the stars from the skies."

‡ See on this Thierry's "Norman Conquest," at the beginning, where he treats of the Saxons.

§ Among the religious symbols of the Iberians, we find that of the Bull and the Crescent, a Druidic emblem, which connects the Celtic mythology with that of Egypt and Phœnicia.

of Zoroaster, and consequently to the Druidic mythology.* We need not dwell on the conclusion of this war, and the subsequent proceedings of the Inquisition, whose Gothic character was thus further evinced by its being directed against an aboriginal race. Another remarkable crusade was that of the Teutonic knights against the Prussians, in the following century. Prussia, although a very young kingdom, is inhabited by a very ancient people; who spoke a language said to approach nearer to the Sanscrit than any other tongue in Europe, and whose religion, equally Oriental in its character, was administered by a hierarchy nearly resembling the Celtic Druids. But the Teutonic knights having been disappointed in joining the Crusade of the day, undertook one against this people, whom they compelled, *vi et armis*, to renounce their ancient religion; and not content with that, obliged them to disuse their old and primitive language, and adopt the German. Closely resembling the conquest of Prussia was that of Ireland (as far as it went), in the preceding century, and which we cannot help regarding in the light of a crusade; for it is a notable fact that Ireland was invaded by the Normans (a later importation of the Odinic race), in virtue of a Bull granted to Henry II., from the Saxon Pope Adrian IV. (Nicholas Break-spear); and these crusaders, as if animated by the same spirit that afterwards instigated their Teutonic brethren, proceeded to proscribe the venerable and expressive language, and to persecute their bards, the sole surviving branch of the Druidic hierarchy, the representatives of Celtic genius, and the depositaries of the indigenous ideas:—

"Their sad, stifled tones were like streams flowing hid,
Their coine and their pibroch were chid,
And their language, 'that melts into music,' forbid."

Indeed, it is an indisputable fact, that the barbarous laws, for "the better extermination of the Irishrie," were enacted in "Catholic times;" that it

was a Catholic commander, and the ancestor of a Catholic nobleman, who, on the defeat of the Irish by their invaders (aided by a large body of *native* auxiliaries), exclaimed, "In order to complete our victory, let us *kill all the Irish of our own party*;" and that many of the ruined churches and abbeys, "monuments of Catholicity," which are now pointed out as "Celtic," inalienable tokens of identity between the ancient race and the Roman Catholic faith, are monuments of Celtic degradation; for within the walls of these no Celtic priest or monk would be allowed to minister or hold any office higher than "a door-keeper."†

It is evident from all this that the mediæval period was not the most favourable to the indigenous races of Europe, whatever may have been its advantages in other respects. It may have been the golden age of the Goth, but it was the iron age of the Celt, the season of subjugation and persecution.

Let us now take a brief survey of Europe since the Reformation, and we shall find Protestantism prevailing very extensively among the Celtic and indigenous races. Commencing with the British isles, where the Celts are most unmixed, we find the Cymri of Wales and Cornwall, and the Gael of Scotland and the Isle of Man, Protestant; while the Gael of Ireland only are Roman Catholic. A word of remark on each of these nations. The Cymri of Wales are unquestionably the most Celtic people of Europe, retaining their ancient language, their literature, and even their Bardic institutions, to the present day, with a tenacity which might well shame other people calling themselves Celts. The Cymri of Cornwall also retained their ancient language until about a century ago; and their country is rich in Druidical antiquities. The islanders of Man still retain their Irish dialect, and the tradition of Mananan Mac Lir. The Scottish Gael, for the most part, retain their old language, and cherish the ancient Celtic costume, which is still the state-day and holiday dress. Some antiquaries have affected to consider

* For instance, they accuse them of worshipping two gods—i. e., of light and darkness, like the Magi, although, if their views could be examined without prejudice, this would be found to be only a form of the different aspects of Deity to the darkened and enlightened minds.

† The truth of these assertions will readily be perceived by an inspection of the "State Papers," recently published.

the lowland Scots as Saxon, because they have exchanged their ancient Erse, or Cymric,* for an Anglo-Saxon or Scando-Saxon dialect, which becoming the court language in the reign of Malcolm Ceanmór (a purely Irish name), gradually supplanted the old tongue, which, however, lingered in several places so late as the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. And surely they displayed a true Celtic spirit (however mistaken) in the enthusiasm with which they hailed "The Poems of Ossian," questionable as was the shape in which they appeared, under the editorship of M'Pherson. The Gael of Ireland, though justly claiming to be the eldest nation of the great Celtic family, are not so Celtic in spirit as their brethren of the sister island. They are losing fast their ancient language. Their national costume, disused since the reign of James I., is now as unknown to them as that of the Ninevites.† The rich stores of their literature, the records of bardic eloquence and Druidic wisdom have been, until very recently, regarded with cold and apathetic indifference; for that while the publication of the apocryphal "Ossian" made the fortune of M'Pherson, in Scotland, a similar attempt (with far more genuine materials) would be more likely to ruin a man in Ireland.‡ As was before observed, the term "Sasanagh," or "Saxon," is in Ireland exclusively restricted to denote a Protestant; let us see how far with justice. In the first place, many aboriginal families of the highest rank, and retaining much of their original possessions, are Protestants, of whom a complete enumeration would occupy too much space; but it will be sufficient

to instance the descendants of three out of four of our provincial kings—viz., the Marquis of Thomond, in Munster, the representative of "Brian the Brave;" the Earl O'Neill (lately deceased) in Ulster, the representative of the princely Hy-Nials, of Aileach; and Kavanagh, of Burris, in Leinster, descended from the brave and unconquered Art, "the terror of the foreigners." True, the great bulk of the Protestants of Ireland are the descendants of men who came across the sea from Britain (the course of part of the indigenous population); but this does not make them Saxons. The vast majority of the northern Protestants are of Scottish or Welsh extraction, and consequently Celtic. Indeed, there is a strong probability that many of the Scots who came over under the settlement of Ulster, only returned to the localities where their ancestors, Cruithne or Dalriada, had dwelt ages before. The Protestants in the south and other parts of Ireland, whether from occasional intermarriages with the natives at a time when they were more Celtic in spirit than at present, or from having originally come out of some of those parts of Britain where (as we shall presently see) the perennial and ineradicable Celtic race still lingered—certain it is that they exhibit characteristics of the Celtic type, according to Dr. M'Elheran (no partial witness), of the two, more fully than the Roman Catholics.§ Nor have this people been deficient in cherishing the philosophical ideas which (as before observed) distinguished the Celtic and indigenous races of Europe. We need only mention the names of Bishop Berkeley and the late lamented Profes-

* The Highlands of Scotland, it is now a well established fact, were colonised from Ireland. The Picts, the ancestors of the Lowlanders, also came from Ireland, but belonged to a different branch of the Celtic family, as appears from the remains of their language, which evince it to have been similar to that of the Cymri or Welsh.—See *Bede*.

† We are not, like the Young Irelander in "The Falcon Family," going to advocate the restoration of saffron shirts and glibbe, but merely contrasting the manifestation of the Celtic spirit in Ireland and Scotland. At the same time, it may be a question for consideration; how far a display of the ancient costume on certain public occasions would not be suitable in our country as well as the other.

‡ A better era, however, seems dawning on Ireland in this respect. A good beginning has been made by the Rev. Dr. Drummond, of the Royal Irish Academy, in his "Ancient Irish Minstrelsy," some of the translations in which frequently exhibit a rare felicity in catching and retaining the ideas and spirit of the original. We may expect a completion of everything that can be desired in this way from the Ossianic Society.

§ See a paper read before the British Association, in 1852, by Surgeon M'Elheran, of Belfast, whose views, as an ethnologist and as a religious politician, are to be frequently distinguished.

son Butler, worthy representatives of the genius of Erigena;* and in the small but, we are happy to add, increasing number of those who are bravely endeavouring to preserve our ancient language and literature, Protestants hold a proud pre-eminence, as will readily appear by merely glancing over the names of the committees and members of the Royal Irish Academy, and the Archæological, Celtic, and Ossianic Societies. It is also a noticeable fact, that a Protestant first introduced the Celtic element into the popular politics of Ireland. Need we mention the name of Thomas Davis, "the Celt," who seemed almost a bard re-embodied?—while it is equally singular that the non-Celtic element in these politics should be represented by the great Catholic leader, Daniel O'Connell, who appears to have held the indigenous ideas in little or no estimation.† On the whole, we submit that the Protestants have a very legitimate claim to title of "Celts" in Ireland. But it is time to look abroad. We find that the harbingers of the Reformation on the Continent were the Vaudois, a very ancient Celtic people in the Alpine valleys, and who, according to some accounts, were, in part at least, descended from a remnant of the warriors of Dath, the last pagan monarch of Ireland, whose expedition into that country is so admirably celebrated by Davis.‡

A continuation of this old race constitutes, for the most part, the Protestant population of Switzerland. It is also worthy of note, that Protestantism prevailed chiefly in the most Celtic parts of France. Saumur, one of its principal seats, was an ancient abode of Druidism, as its monuments abundantly testify. Among the earliest and most distinguished recipients of the Reformation in France we might mention some old Celtic names; but space again warns us to proceed,

just observing, that the failure of the Reformation here and in other countries, did not so much arise from the *Celtic blood* of the people, as from the strong and too often ensanguined regime of their absolute and *Gothic* monarchs. Let us now trace the prevalence of the Reformed religion among the other indigenous races of Europe. Although Protestantism finally succeeded among nations speaking the Teutonic and Scandinavian dialects, yet it would be as great a mistake to suppose that all these nations belonged to the Gothic race, as (to use a familiar, but apposite illustration) to imagine that the peasantry of Leinster are Anglo-Saxons, because they now nearly all speak English, in place of the Celtic tongue of their fathers, a few generations back.

Modern Germany is divided by Dr. Latham into three ethnological areas, as he terms them, viz. — the Gothic, the Celtic, and the Sarmatian: a division in which we must readily concur, when we take into account the tribes of Celts that settled beyond the Rhine before Cæsar's time, and the Cimbr (undoubtedly a Celtic people identical with the Cymri of Britain) in the north of Germany,§ as well as the tribes that were settled in the north-eastern parts—distinct from the Celts, yet very probably having a cognate Asiatic origin, and at least originally affiliated in the Druidic confederation, of which they retained the symbolism in their veneration for the oak and the fountain. Now, it will be found, on examination, that in the parts of Germany thus assigned to a Celtic and primary population, Protestantism very extensively prevails. And we must not forget to take into account the ancient and primitive people of Prussia, already mentioned, who at the period of the Reformation, passed from the yoke of the Teutonic knights under the sway of the house of Branden-

* See the latter part of "The Siris" of Berkeley; and "The Life and Remains of Professor Butler," by the Rev. Thomas Woodward, A.M.

† In making this assertion, we do not speak without book. See *The Nation* on the death of O'Connell, and more recently on the death of his son, the late member for Tralee.

‡ See his Poem on the death of King Dath. We forgot to mention above the large accession of Celtic blood the Protestants of Ireland received from the numbers of Huguenots and Walloons that settled among them.

§ That the Cimbr were Celts, we have the express testimony of several ancient writers; and it is evident from Plutarch, that their costume and language was the same as those of the Gauls. Pliny records a word of their language, which has its etymon in both the Welsh and Irish.

burg.* After embracing Protestantism, they made strenuous efforts to revive their fine Oriental language, the record of their primeval origin and wisdom, but it appears to have received its death-blow from the mediæval conquerors. It still lingers in certain districts, dying away beneath the encroachment of other tongues, like the last sigh of the early breeze before the stillness of an oppressive noon. Will this be the fate of our own tongue? But not to digress, it is worthy of note, that in these localities of the primary races in Germany, have sprung up the great Protestant philosophers and divines (not including the Neologists) that have shed such celebrity on their common fatherland, and most fully developed those ideas which, having their germ in the myths of the Celtic and other primary nations, were transmitted, as already noticed in a philosophical form by Erigena, and under the genial influence of these high intellects, appear in the full-blown flower. We may just mention the names of Kant (who was of Scottish, and therefore we may presume, of Celtic descent), Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Olhausen, and Schleiermacher; and it is further remarkable that these men strongly exhibit in their personal appearance the type of the primary population.

The same observations will apply to Scandinavia, the other great section of the Protestant world. Here we find, also, together with the relics of a Celtic population, a primitive people, resembling in many respects the Iberians of the south—i. e., the Tshudic, or Finnish race, who have survived all the attempts of the Goths to exterminate them. To this portion of the inhabitants evidently belong the two most remarkable intellects of Sweden and its representatives (though in a different way) in the revival of ancient wisdom, Emanuel Swedenburg and Frederica Bremer. The Celts, in their migration into Europe, made

Scandinavia one of their routes, according to Professor Keyser, of Christiania. And this remarkably coincides with the Irish accounts, which assign a similar course to the Tutha-de-danans, the most civilised of the Celtic tribes that dwelt in Ireland, resembling, in their love of horsemanship and cultivation of Magian wisdom, the ancient Persians. The same writer testifies to the existence of a remnant of the Celtic race in Sweden and Denmark, surviving, as well as the Fins, the Gothic conquest of these countries. And, accordingly, we find the ideas of the primal mythology ably developed in Denmark, in their highest and most universal aspect, by Oersted (see his "Soul in Nature"), and, in their more light and airy forms, by Hans Christian Andersen.†

We now come to England, at once the great seat of Protestantism and of the Anglo-Saxons, the most celebrated of all the Gothic nations. Now, it is a remarkable fact, that so far from being influenced in embracing the Reformation by their Anglo-Saxon blood, as some ethnological theories would seem to imply, it was, on the contrary, when that blood was most pure and unmixed in the English nation, that it was most obedient to the Church of Rome, and Catholicity most flourishing, as appears from a very good authority — Dr. Lingard's "History of the Anglo-Saxon Church."‡ And it was not until after there was a very large infusion of Celtic blood into England, that "heresy" began to creep in. And it is still more remarkable, that while Protestantism was suppressed in the Celtic nations of the Continent, under monarchs of Gothic and even of Saxon race (for such were actually the kings of France of the Capetian line), it was established in England under a Celtic dynasty, for Edward VI. and Elizabeth were the great-grandchildren of Owen Tudor, of the race of the Cymri; nay, further, the present Protestant version of

* This took place by Albert of Brandenburg, the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, embracing the Reformation, and delivering Prussia from their yoke. He thereby laid the foundation of the kingdom of Prussia, afterwards formed by his descendant, Frederick I.

† We may trace the spirit of Celtic mythology in Andersen's beautiful little tale of "Tommelise." See a review, "Oersted," in "Tait's Magazine" for November, 1854.

‡ By the way, the said Dr. Lingard speaks very lightly of the Celts and their literature, vide the beginning of the "History of England;" so that this eminently "Catholic" historian may be regarded as Anti-Celtic, and contrasts remarkably with the Protestant historian Turner, who is decidedly Philo-Celtic.

the Bible was made under the auspices of a still more Celtic monarch, James I., who was descended not only from the Cymri, but also from the Gael of Eire and Albain; indeed, Roderick O'Flaherty traces his pedigree to the ancient kings of Cashel, so that we are much mistaken if her present Majesty has not more Celtic blood in her veins than any other sovereign in Europe. The influx of Celtic blood into the English nation is attested by the learned ethnologist already mentioned, Dr. Latham, who says, that it is streaming in from a three-fold source, while the Saxon, or Gothic blood, is not adequately replenished.

This infusion of Celtic blood into England may be accounted for, not only when we consider the immigrations so frequent from Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and we may add, France; but also, the silent undergrowth of the old race of Llogrian Britons, who disappeared indeed before the Angles and the Saxons, but were not extirpated. This inexterminable Celtic people, like a plant whose roots struck too deep in the soil for any subsequent heterogeneous crop to displace it, gradually, and, as it were, invisibly, grew up among the people that overlaid, rather than supplanted them; and, accordingly, we can now find pure specimens of the Celtic and indigenous races in England. Nor does the primeval mythology want its worthy representatives in English philosophy and literature. We may refer to the great spirits of the seventeenth century in respect to the first;* and, as an instance of the second, we may note that the lighter

walks of Celtic mythology furnish the prototypes not only of the exquisite machinery of Shakspeare's *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*; † but also of Milton's "Sabrina," so charmingly pictured as coming in her turquoise chariot from her watery domain—

"To visit the herds along the twilight meadows." ‡

The Celtic muse was also courted by her to whom we can apply no single epithet expressive of our deep admiration; and, therefore, we shall simply say — Felicia Hemans; and that not merely unconsciously, like Milton and Shakspeare, but consciously and wittingly, as in the instance of her poems illustrative of Cambrian mythology and song.§ We might go on to accumulate facts, but we believe that we have done so sufficiently to prove our point—namely, that Celtic and primeval blood and genius prevail very extensively among Protestants; and that, consequently, "Celtic" and "Catholic" can no longer be regarded as convertible terms.

We now proceed to say a few words on the application of ethnology to politics. It is evident from the foregoing statements, that in all the kingdoms of Europe we may recognise two races, the indigenous or conquered, and the Gothic or conquering (or, more correctly, the subjugated and dominant, for the Goths did not directly subdue the aborigines, but rather supplanted and took the place of their Roman conquerors); and these races have generally appeared in antagonism, not indeed that they preserved so much

* We may name as examples of those among the great spirits of that age, who display the primeval ideas, Dr. Ralph Cudworth and Sir Henry Vane. To these may be added the names of Henry More, J. Smith, of Cambridge, and Norris, of Bemerton. An intercommunity of ideas can be clearly traced between these and the great men of France, Italy, and Germany, mentioned in the course of this essay, as well as John of Fidenza, Thomas à Kempis, Beuchlin, and Jacob Behmen, commonly called the Teutonic philosopher, but belonging to the Sarmatian race of Lusatia (his views have been popularised in English by the Rev. William Law), all having one origin, in the mythic wisdom of the Brahmin, the Magian, the sons of Hermes, and the Druid.

† See this subject ably discussed in a series of papers, "The Mythology of Shakspeare," which appeared in *The Athenæum* for 1847.

‡ We remember reading an Irish mythological tale, in which we were struck with several points of resemblance not only to the "Sabrina" of Milton, but to the "Undine" of De La Motte Fouque.

§ Mrs. Hemans was, however, half Irish. We were going to add, the still more striking instance of a Celtic spirit pervading English literature, instanced in the "Midsummer's-Eve," of Mrs. S. C. Hall, when we remembered that she is "all our own." In this class of writings may also be enumerated Sir Bulwer Lytton's "King Arthur," and Mrs. Coleridge's "Phantasmon."

any distinct remembrance of their respective origins, as that they possessed a kind of dark instinct and blind consciousness of the fact. The latter did not despise the former as Celts, or Euskarians (Iberians), but as "villains" and "serfs;" who, on the other hand, regarded them not as Goths, Franks, or Normans, but, according to circumstances, as masters and tyrants. Deprived of all political existence, and reduced to the very lowest grade in society — *adscripti gleba* — the indigenous races of Europe were only the pawns, while the mediæval race played the game. But after the Crusades these "chess-men" began to assume life. France, the great central country of Europe, had long ceased to be Celtic even in name, having exchanged her ancient denomination of Gaul for that derived from the ruling race, until, at the period alluded to, her aboriginal population begin to feel their manhood — "the dwellers of the woods and plains" then dared to exclaim, in reference to the dominant race, "We are men as well as they." The perennial nature of the old race asserted itself; they gradually arose into consequence, often assisted by the good conduct of the French kings, many of whom wished to identify themselves with the people; at other times, having only their own energies to rely on, in opposition to tyrants, who still wished to treat them as "aliens." We are not here going to offer any opinion as to the justice or injustice of their cause, but merely regarding it as an ethnological phenomenon — the struggle of a primary against a tertiary race — of the Celt against the Saxon, for such was literally the case in France, the Capetian line of monarchs being descended from the Saxons of Bayeux. In fact, this is the essential character of all popular struggles that have taken place in France, from "the Jaquerie" to the revolutionary period. Previous to the first Revolution, the cause of the people, *i. e.*, of the indigenous inhabitants, had retrograded very much, and the power of the kings and nobles, *i. e.*, of the Saxons and Franks, attained its greatest height. But the Persian pro-

verb says, "The darkest and narrowest part of the defile is where it is about to open into the plain;" and so, when the people of France, the children of the Gaul and the Euskarian, were in the greatest and darkest straits, a ray penetrated their gloom from the plain of freedom. The age of Louis XIV., the age of the greatest civil and religious despotism, was also the age of literature, which will be always found, some way or other, allied to liberty. And at this time there arose a great man in France — a man in whom we find the primeval spirit* combined with that of rational freedom — Fenelon — in whose varied writings the old Celtic genius reappears, "knit in dance with the Graces and the Hours" of Hellas, and with "the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;" while the spirit of universal love pervades, encircles, and harmonises all. His mild but uncompromising advocacy of civil and religious liberty, at a time when the words were as those of an unknown tongue, and his wise and luminous exposition of the principles of good government, in contrast to tyranny (more pointed than any direct satire on the existing regime could possibly be), must be ranked among the causes that led to the Revolution. Happy for the people had there been no other influence at work; but unfortunately a system of the most degrading infidelity pervaded all classes, and neutralised half of the teaching of Fenelon, and of others, in subsequent times, who had imbibed more or less of his spirit.

In 1789, "Liberty," says Madame de Staël, "became the insane magician that consumed the palace in which he had enacted his wonders;" and so this Revolution, after passing through various phases, ended in the restoration of despotism. In the revolution of 1830 and 1848, we find a marked difference; no sanguinary spirit, far less of infidelity, and the prevalence of primeval ideas. The two first statements are matters of simple observation; the last is no less a fact, ascertainable by comparing the literature of these two periods with that of the former; and as philosophy is the highest indication of the national spirit — the vane, as it

* See this spirit manifested in its higher ideas, in his theological works, and in its lighter and more graceful forms, in his well known and familiar, but not the less admirable, "Télé-machus," where also his political principles are expounded.

were, on the summit of the political edifice—we find the primary ideas revived with success by Victor Cousin, the representative of philosophy and education, under the second revolution;* and the same ideas manifest themselves in the leaders of the third revolution—as, for instance, Lamartine, Lamennais, Leroux, and others. We have dwelt particularly on the case of France, because it may be regarded as the model nation of continental Europe; and therefore we may be very brief with the other nations whose revolutions were precisely the same in character—namely, the attempt of the indigenous race in these several countries to free themselves from a foreign and Gothic power. For instance, that of Sicily and Naples was the rising of the old races of Syracuse and Magna Græcia—the countrymen of Empedocles, Archimedes, and Xenophanes—against the dynasty of the Bourbons, another branch of the Saxon race that ruled France; and in like manner, in the revolt of Milan, Venice, and Florence we recognise the Celtic and other ancient inhabitants of Italy warring against a Gothic Emperor and Grand Duke. And we find here, also, the primary ideas which of old were cherished in these countries, making a reappearance among the very leaders of these revolutions, as Ventura, Gioberti and others. We are not here offering any opinion as to the justice, the wisdom, or the expe-

diency of these revolutions;† we are merely indicating their ethnological bearings; and we trust that our readers, on a review of the facts which have been adduced, will perceive the truth and soundness of the views put forward in the beginning of this paper, and a restatement of which shall form its conclusion—viz., that two great races appear on the arena of European history; one, indigenous or primeval, consisting of various ancient nations, principally Celtic, and distinguished chiefly by a mythology, whose character is pantheistic—i. e., the recognition of a Universal Presence manifest in all things, to be contemplated rather than propitiated. This idea, constantly reappearing in their theology or philosophy after their conversion to Christianity, raised, as it were, to a higher power, the other, what may be called the mediæval race, consisting of nations known by the general denomination of Gothic or Odinic,‡ and distinguished chiefly by a mythology whose character is Anthropomorphic—i. e., acknowledging, in a personal and human form, a mighty Power or Will, to be propitiated and obeyed rather than contemplated, and retaining this sentiment, after conversion, in a form more or less enlightened, as the great spring of conduct and character. This latter race obtained the rule over the former, who, however, have been for ages gradually gaining strength, each accession being accompanied by some manifesta-

* See his works in general, particularly his "Introduction to the History of Philosophy," his prefaces, to which have been lately printed in a cheap form by Mr. Clark, of Edinburgh. Cousin succeeded in a great measure in supplanting the philosophy of Voltaire by a more spiritual system, based on the great principles laid down by Fenelon.

† We cannot, however, help expressing our surprise, that while Saxon England has exhibited so much sympathy with the oppressed nations of Europe, Celtic Ireland has shown so little; and yet they belong for the most part to the same race of which so many of her people are constantly boasting—we may safely add, without well understanding why. The late reaction in France, which followed the *coup d'état*, was decidedly anti-Celtic, as was evident from the banishment of the great spirits of the country, the representatives of Celtic genius, which had its parallel only in the exile of the seven last philosophers of Greece, by Justinian; and also in the strenuous efforts made to suppress classical learning, that recorded so much of the wisdom of elder and better times, to which Greek and Celt contributed in their way. This is, however, happily subsiding; and we may hope to see a more liberal administration succeed the dark and sanguinary commencement of the present dynasty. The Emperor has, Janus-like, presented alternately an aspect to the Primeval and Mediæval elements in France; to the latter, in the proscriptions and other arbitrary measures just alluded to; and to the former, in the more enlightened policy which he at present seems about to adopt.

‡ A great deal of misconception would be avoided if the distinction were strictly observed between the use of the terms Gothic and Celtic in a *national* and *generic* sense. It is only in the latter, i. e., by the extension of the name a nation to denote a race, that they have been used here. The study of ethnology will tend to set men right on this point, as well as to correct the error of identifying races with creeds, and will thereby confer much practical benefit on the country, by conveying, as it were, into it a current of wholesome thinking.

tion of their characteristic ideas, having been always—other circumstances being equal—greater thinkers than the latter, and though often defeated, they must finally either shake off the yoke of the other race altogether, or, what would be more desirable, unite with them in equality and brotherhood.

We here conclude, at least for the present, a subject which is far from being exhausted, and which suggests a variety of thoughts; but content at this time with having pointed the divining-rod, we leave it for others to explore the mine.

POSTSCRIPT.

Without incurring a charge similar to that preferred (we know not with what justice) against the gentler sex, of putting the principal part of the letter in the postscript, we may add here a few *notabilia*, which escaped us when writing the foregoing, but which should not be passed over.

The Celtic and Sarmatian races, though long separated, seem to have a cognate origin, and to have been closely affiliated at a remote period.

The same may be remarked of the Tshudic or Finnish race, in the north, and the Euskarian or Iberian race, in the south of Europe. They can also be traced to the region of primeval civilisation (see Bailly, "*Lettres sur L'Atlantide*"). Preceding the Celts in their migration westward, they have more or less intermingled with them, both on the Continent and in Britain and Ireland. To this primitive portion of the human family belong the Magyars, who so bravely joined with

the Celtic and indigenous population of Italy in the late struggle against the Gothic House of Hapsburg. We can trace much of the primeval spirit in Kossuth's speeches.

The sovereignty of the Gothic or Odinic race extends even to Russia, whose czars are descended from Ruric, a Scandanavian warrior who conquered the Sarmatian and other old races in that country.*

The principle that all revolutions are in reality the rising of the old race of a country against the new, finds a remarkable illustration in the present war raging in China, which is manifestly a revolt of the indigenous population against a foreign race that conquered them, and established the reigning dynasty. The prevalence of a primeval system of mythology analogous to that of the indigenous nations of the West, can be clearly traced in the philosophical books of the Chinese; and the revival of this is a singular feature of the present revolution—as, for instance, the symbol of the Triad and the water-lily.

Lastly, it is a serious question, however anxious we may be to preserve "law and order" (in connexion always it is hoped with civil and religious liberty, based on representative government and freedom of the press)—still it is a serious question, how far a people, priding themselves on being a Celtic and aboriginal race, can sympathise and identify themselves with "the strong governments" of Europe against a Celtic and aboriginal population. Would it not strike us, *that the man who is false to his race, can scarcely be true to his country?*

* More strictly speaking, the czars rather represent the original Scandanavian conquerors, for the house of Ruric became extinct. But the house of Romanoff, by constant German intermarriages, has preserved the Gothic character of the dynasty.

TO JUNE.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I'LL heed no more the poet's lay—
 His false fond song shall charm no more ;
 My heart henceforth shall but adore
 The real, not the misnamed May.

Too long I've knelt and vainly hung
 My offerings round an empty name ;
 O May ! thou canst not be the same
 As once thou wert when earth was young.

Thou canst not be the same to-day,
 The poet's dream, the lover's joy ;
 The floral heaven of girl and boy
 Were heaven no more, if thou wert May.

If thou wert May, then May is cold,
 And all things changed from what they've been ;
 Then barren boughs are bright with green,
 And leaden skies are glad with gold.

And the dark clouds that veiled thy moon
 Were silvery-threaded tissues bright,
 Looping the locks of amber light
 That float but on the airs of June.

O June ! thou art the real May—
 Thy name is soft and sweet as hers ;
 But a rich blood thy bosom stirs,
 Her marble cheek cannot display.

She cometh like a haughty girl,
 So conscious of her beauty's power ;
 She now will wear nor gem nor flower
 Upon her pallid breast of pearl.

And her green silken summer dress,
 So simply flower'd in white and gold,
 She scorns to let our eyes behold,
 But hides through very wilfulness.

Hides it 'neath ermined robes which she
 Hath borrowed from some wint'ry queen ;
 Instead of dancing on the green,
 A village maiden fair and free.

Oh ! we have spoiled her with our praise,
 And made her froward, false, and vain—
 So that her cold blue eyes disdain
 To smile as in the earlier days.

Let her beware, the world full soon,
 Like me, shall tearless turn away ;
 And woo, instead of thine, O May,
 The brown bright joyous eyes of June.

O June ! forgive the long delay—
 My heart's deceitful dream is o'er ;
 Where I believe I will adore,
 Nor worship June, yet kneel to May

NATIONAL GALLERIES, SCHOOLS OF ART, AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

At a time when efforts are being made to establish a National Gallery in Ireland, it may perhaps be interesting to some of our readers to cast a brief glance upon the character and management of such institutions. The chief object in forming a public collection of works of art—to guide and elevate the public taste—is now universally admitted to be a matter of grave importance. In a commercial point of view—and for a “nation of shopkeepers,” this is, after all, the point—our Government have satisfied themselves that “Art will pay.” Our silks, our carpets, our wall-papers, every manufacture in which taste was, or ought to have been, an element, were strong, and well, and so on, but detestably ugly. Nobody but ourselves would buy them; and this state of things unfortunately is not one to cure itself. People learn to like what they are accustomed to. In the midland counties, before railways, salmon was preferred not *quite* fresh; and so everyone, customers and manufacturers, would have been quite astonished had any animadversion been cast on the beauty of the “articles” on which they so prided themselves. But the railroads changed all this. They not only brought fresh fish to Birmingham, but carried hundreds and thousands of “Britishers” over the Continent, enlightening their taste on other subjects besides gastronomy. They also made possible to those who remained at home, Industrial Exhibitions and Crystal Palaces. Comparison did its usual work, and we were at last convinced that we were not, in all respects, the first nation in the world.

Before public opinion had reached this conclusion, and was beginning to influence Government, many efforts had, of course, been made by individuals to introduce improvements. It would indicate ignorance or ingratitude on our part, if we did not here pay a passing tribute to the memory of one of the earliest and most vigorous advocates of art-education—Haydon. It was mainly by his strenuous exertions, when a very young man, that a most important step in this di-

rection was made, in the acquisition of the Elgin marbles—the only remains of the finest Greek art; and, to the end of his life, he was untiring in his appeals both to the ministers of the day and to the public, on the subject of what is called State patronage of art. He argued that, though in some things people will teach themselves, this will only be the case when they attach value to any knowledge, and when the means of obtaining it are possible; but that it was hopeless to expect the public to educate itself in the fine arts, while they were believed to be of no use, save as an amusement to a few rich people, and when, even if the wish to learn had existed, the opportunities of learning were so slight.

We have now, however, got over the prejudices that art is useless. We have leaped this formidable wall, which separated us from some of our contemporaries in the race of civilisation; we see that we are not exactly in the first rank—even, alas! that we are still far behind. Shall we be distanced? In other contests we have been victors; shall we fail in this? Time will show. To drop metaphor, it is a question that has been seriously asked—“Have we, as a nation, that sensitiveness and delicacy of perception which is necessary for an appreciation of art? To this we think it can only be said again—time will show. The very reasons that have induced foreigners to deny us the possible possession of taste appear to us to point to an opposite conclusion. Our love of fact is a love of truth, of one sort. Our dislike to guineas, to pretence, to every thing opposed to simplicity in those matters which we have ever thought or cared about, such as dress and the harness of our horses, would be excellent directions for our taste to take, when we occupy ourselves with the pictures on our walls. In some things we love the qualities of Nature; why should we not by-and-by come to demand these qualities from our artists and our manufacturers? For it must be remembered that, in this country, systematically art is a private enterprise, and the natural laws of the

ply and demand," whatever may be the feeling of our artists, as they paint to live, so they must paint what will "sell." Private patronage and private houses demand small pictures, "pleasing" subjects, and "cheerful" effects. There is no doubt that a small picture from "The Vicar of Wakefield" may contain many great beauties, and most excellent qualities; but it is equally certain that many others can find in it no place. Space is a necessity to some modes of art. An epic could not be written on a sheet of paper. Michael Angelo would not have filled the world with his name if he had had to cover a panel nine inches by twelve, instead of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

But with private patronage, what is to become of the painters of large pictures? Ask any dealer, and he will tell you what he would give for a large work by Barry, Haydon, Etty, Hilton, or any one else.

In considering the fine arts from an utilitarian point of view, the judiciousness of our present proceedings for their encouragement may, perhaps, be open to doubt. Are we beginning at the right end by endeavouring to educate the artisan? Throughout the kingdom, schools of design have been established, in the hope of raising a superior class of workmen for all branches of ornamental manufacture. Such schools, it is true, exist in several places in France especially devoted to certain branches of trade; but we believe that the excellence of many classes of French design arises in reality from the number of young men who have trained themselves, not for industrial purposes, but for the higher walks of painting and sculpture, and who, after a time, give up the struggle to sustain themselves in these ranks, feeling their want of talent, courage, or influence. They then fall into the class of designers for different manufactures, bringing with them the skill, the taste, and the traditions which they had acquired by their previous studies and by intercourse with their former comrades. They continue to reside, too, in Paris, surrounded by every influence to stimulate their skill. Very many of these men possess talents infinitely superior to those of the second-rate painters and sculptors, and have chosen voluntarily to occupy the conventionally lower scale in society, not only because in that position they

earn more money, but because they earn it without the miserable charlatanism which in this age professional men are often forced to adopt. This class are by nature haters of *gêne*. They as much prefer the blouse and the casquet to a tight coat and a stiff hat, as they do a walk to the *barrière* and a pipe of *caporal* with a comrade, to a *soirée* at Mrs. Hobson's, Bryans-ton-square, and a trudge home in galoshes afterwards. Some, no doubt — many, perhaps — are disappointed and unhappy men; but what of that? Civilisation and division of labour do not profess to make men happy. The thing to be attained is the utmost possible perfection of manufacture. "*La douleur*," says some one, "*la douleur est un des éléments de la nature, un des moyens de perfectionnement à l'usage de Dieu! Combien d'hommes, de poètes, d'artistes, seraient restés inconnus sans une grande douleur ou une grande infirmité? Byron a eu le bonheur de naître boiteux, et d'épouser une femme acariâtre; Byron doit, non pas son génie — le génie vient directement du ciel — mais la mise au jour, l'efflorescence, l'épanouissement de ce génie à ces malheurs.*" Be that as it may, we are convinced that no small and provincial schools can teach as the skilled workmen of a great capital are taught. And why? Because you cannot have, except in a capital, that which makes a capital. If even there could be a National Gallery and a British Museum in every town in the kingdom, are art lessons only to be learned in Trafalgar-square or in Great Russell-street? Is there nothing for the student to see and feel as he leans against the rails of Rotten-row, or strolls down Bond-street, or sits in a stall of the opera, after the Life-school? And an hundred-fold more important than all these sort of things even is the moral influence of a great city. The youngster who believes himself "mighty clever" at Belfast, would, it is to be hoped, lose some of his conceit in Paris; and even the removal from his home and its surrounding associations for a residence among strangers, where he would have to stand or fall according to his merits, would help in producing the tone of mind most favourable to advancement in art.

But although we would, accordingly, be advocates—at all events in art mat-

ters—of centralisation in the sense we have indicated, we hail with satisfaction any and every effort to disseminate a love and knowledge of art. It can do Dublin no harm, and would assuredly do it some good, to have a collection of pictures by the old masters. If this collection be formed by gifts and bequests from patriotic individuals, it may possibly contain a few pretty good pictures; but it is not very likely—seeing that Government spends only a couple of thousand a-year on the gallery in London—that any purchases of much value would be made. But here again, we think we might take a hint from the French. Their Government—and, as regards art, the policy of every successive government and régime have been alike—although making Paris completely the centre, has never neglected the provinces. Schools and museums are supported with great care, but they are not filled chiefly with *original works of art*. It would not do to despoil the Louvre; and, at the same time, it is felt that to fill the local galleries with a pack of draft pictures, as it were, would be worse than a mockery. If models are given, they should be worthy of being imitated. A plan is adopted which serves more purposes than one. Commissions are given to students in Paris, sufficiently qualified, of course, to copy the finest pictures—works whose highest merit is not in those qualities which it would be useless to expect from the copyist, and thus a knowledge, to a certain degree, and right as far as it goes, is conveyed of the greatest artistic treasures of the capital. In addition to these copies, the galleries are furnished with casts from the best sculpture, and engravings and drawings. The same principle is carried out in Paris itself; for as we all know, in the Pantheon there are to be found copies of Raffaele's frescoes in the Vatican; and in the Louvre, casts from the Elgin marbles.

If the draft plan of filling a local gallery is adopted, a perhaps good suite of rooms is furnished with things in frames that nobody cares to see—and with very good reason too. To tell the truth, really fine pictures by the great painters are not now to be had except at enormous prices—prices that no Government in Europe would give except for its chief gallery. These prices, of course, hold out a great temptation to fraud, trickery,

and jobbing. On this subject it is only necessary to allude to the scandalous waste—to use the mildest term—of the public money, made for some years past in purchases for the National Gallery. Its management produced such disgust, that a Parliamentary Committee was nominated, who, after long inquiries, advised that the control of the institution should be taken from the hands of the trustees, and given to a responsible director. Sir Charles Eastlake has just been appointed to this office, with the salary of a thousand a-year, and has a secretary at eight hundred; so it is to be hoped that the affairs of the institution will be better taken care of for the future. The appointment of Sir Chas. Eastlake has indeed excited some comment, as he was the official adviser of the trustees at the time of the “unfortunate” purchases, and as he also holds the offices of president of the Academy, and secretary to the Royal Commission. There is a Spanish proverb that says a man may be so good as to be good for nothing. If Sir Charles Eastlake is not one of these characters—if he is a man of the world, of a firm and energetic temperament, who, taking a lesson from the past, will not allow himself to be coaxed, and made to do anything by Jews and dealers who have rubbish to sell, he is second to no artist of the day in knowledge and taste, and unquestionably the fittest man that could be found for the new post. This country has not been so lavish of its rewards to artists as to have need to grudge £1,000 a-year as the highest prize to the profession; and if the holders of the office are properly chosen, the money will be well spent, not only in saving the nation from squandering further sums in the purchase of pictures which are only the laughingstock of those who know anything of art, but in securing us the preservation of the pictures we already possess, which are really worth preserving.

We have approached now a subject on which a great deal has been written and said; so much, indeed, that perhaps some of our readers may have arrived at the belief that it is one on which no certainty can be acquired, and the discussion of which is to be summed up by a *qui seik*. Pictures cleaning is a most subtle and fine job, and we beg to assure them, although a word of

fear to directors, a bugbear to Parliamentary Committees, an everlasting source of letters, statements, protests, and counter-statements—a matter which may be easily diverted of technicalities, and reduced to so simple a question as to be perfectly intelligible to the “meanest capacity.”

The importance of the question, can, or cannot, pictures be “cleaned” with impunity, is sufficiently obvious. The owners of property worth thousands of pounds are conscious enough of their interest in the preservation of that property; and the lovers of art, though it is said that “a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,” know at the same time very well that a thing of beauty on canvas, once destroyed, can never be replaced. Who has not a thousand times regretted, grieved, with an aching, unsatisfied desire, that he could not fix, to gaze his fill upon it, some evanescent beauty of nature—the lines of *Neræa’s* hair and neck, or the colours of a western sky? Shall we, then, willingly let ourselves be deprived of those glimpses of nature’s charms which the keen eye and the nerveful hand of genius have arrested, and stamped for us upon the canvas?

Without, however, wasting more words in proving that if a picture is worth having, it is worth taking care of, we will proceed to inquire whether certain operations, though professedly directed to that end, are, or are not, likely to attain it?

When a man sets up as a surgeon, he is supposed to know something of anatomy; and a degree, at all events, of the same knowledge is necessary to judge of his proceedings towards his patient. We will for the present admit that a picture doctor knows perfectly the structure and the idiosyncrasy of his patient; and as we are going to inquire into his treatment, we will set ourselves to get some of the same information. Passing over the diversity there may be in the preparation of the canvas destined to receive the colours of a picture, it is obvious that these colours can only be put upon the canvas in two ways—either in the fashion of a mosaic or a piece of worsted work, in which each tint would be mixed upon the palette, and put separately on the canvas, side by side; or by the colours being put on in any way which the feeling of the artist at the time suggests—sometimes

thick, sometimes thin, sometimes one over another, the upper one, perhaps, being transparent, and allowing the under one to show through; both together producing an effect which neither would do separately. Let our readers imagine which is the most likely method a man of genius, attempting the imitation of nature, would adopt. Of course they will answer, not the slavish and mechanical mode, but that one which allows reconsideration, alteration, which gives the utmost power to the means, so feeble, by which he has to remind one of the glories of nature. Undoubtedly. No man of genius ever yet painted a picture “solidly,” like the wall of a house; for no man of genius ever yet painted a picture, or ever will, from beginning to end, without alteration; and, above all, no colourist ever *could* paint without glazing in parts. We will suppose now our picture to be finished. If it is by a colourist it will not, most probably, be varnished, because he has got its surface in the condition he wishes it to be in; if the picture has been painted by a man not a colourist, it may have a superficially “solid” appearance, although with innumerable thin paintings or “scumblings” upon it. These will cause some portions to shine, and the dark parts will have a dull and tarnished look. To give evenness to his surface, to make the dark parts “bear out,” and to protect his thin paintings, this artist will varnish his picture. But both one and the other, after the lapse of a certain time, are sure to be varnished by their owners for the sake of making them look bright and new. In a few years all varnishes become more or less dull, and the possessor of the picture then thinks it necessary to apply a fresh “coat.” A picture-cleaner is called in, whose first business, before he can apply the fresh, is, of course, to remove the dirty and discoloured varnish. We are now—knowing as we do what sort of a thing the surface of a picture is—in as good a position as if we were the most “eminent” of dealers to judge how far it is likely that this coat of varnish can be “cleaned off” without, at the same time, cleaning off some of the thin painting to which it adheres. The varnish is removed either by rubbing with the fingers, which is considered the safer way, or by chemical means.

The chemical way is thought to be somewhat dangerous, as many artists employ varnish mixed with oil to dilute their pigments; and it is obvious that what will dissolve the exterior varnish, will act on paint mixed with the very same sort of varnish. This is the plain state of the case. Can any one be persuaded that there is no risk in performing this operation? And let it be remembered what is the alternative—complete success, or virtual destruction of the picture; for the parts that will suffer are the most important—the finishing touches—in the pictures of some painters even, the only parts that were the work of their own hands, the picture having been carried on to that point by their scholars, under their superintendence, and from a sketch. But even when the old varnish has been “cleaned” off, and the most masterly touches on the picture with it, the unfortunate Claude, Titian, or whatever it may be, has to undergo the most unkind cut of all in being “restored.” Restored! Yes, to be sure. Have we not read on Mr. Tomkins’s brass plate, underneath his “eminent” name, the words—“picture cleaner and restorer”? Cleaning is only half the business. A man who sends a portrait of his great-grandmother, by Vandyke, to be cleaned, would not be pleased exactly if it came home minus the shadows and the hair; but as, unfortunately, Mr. Tomkins has rubbed these off, he must put them on again. Mr. T. does everything that concerns his *métier*. So he “restores” the Vandyke; and he would restore anything, from a Giotto to an Etty, and all with equal skill;—he who could not paint a picture that would be accepted at the Portland Gallery or a Patriotic Fund Exhibition.

Apropos of restoring, there is a little history which, as we cannot be accused of inventing it, we will relate. Once upon a time there was, in a certain National Gallery, a picture by Velasquez—but we will let Mr. Stirling, who was himself a member of the committee he refers to, tell the story in his own words. We quote from his charming little book, just published, called “Velasquez and his Works”:—

“In the *Catalogue* of 1828, where it appears as No. 29, it is attributed to Velasquez himself. This picture was, in 1858, the

subject of a minute and amusing investigation before a Committee of the House of Commons, sitting to inquire into the management of the National Gallery. The President of the Royal Academy mentioned in evidence, as an illustration of the tricks of picture-cleaners, that this picture had been so much injured in the hands of one of the fraternity, that Mr. George Lance, the eminent painter of still life, had been called in to repair, or in reality to repaint it. Mr. Lance, being summoned before the committee, frankly confirmed the statement. About twenty years ago, he said, the Boar Hunt was in the care of one Thorne, a picture-cleaner, who sent it to be lined, and received it back so much injured in that process, that the blistered paint fell off in large flakes from many parts of the canvas. The poor man was in despair; in visions of the night the maltreated picture passed across his bed in the form of a skeleton, and he was in danger of losing his wits, had Mr. Lance not promised his assistance. For six weeks the English artist laboured on the Castilian ruin, heading a wound here, filling up a blank there, working upon trees, grass, sky, and figures, supplying horses with riders, and riders with horses; and actually painting, out of his own head, a group of mules in the foreground, which occupied a space, as near as he could guess, of the size of a sheet of foolscap paper. The work achieved, he had, some time afterwards, the satisfaction of being rebuked by two of the most eminent picture-cleaners in London, for venturing to hint that a portion of the picture, then exhibiting at the British Institution, seemed to have been somewhat retouched. The cross-examination which followed did not shake Mr. Lance’s adherence to this surprising story, but only elicited fresh tales of picture-restoring even more wonderful. The committee, therefore, agreed to meet him on a future day at the National Gallery, in presence of his own Velasquez. There, happily for the credit of the purchaser, he very candidly admitted that the lapse of time had led him to exaggerate his own share of the work, and that a good deal of the original painting still survived. The chasm, which he had filled with mules, was less in area by three-fourths than he had stated; and, in these mules themselves, he had been guided by the backs, necks, and ears, which had remained with tolerable distinctness, and enabled him to follow the design of the master. So ended a story which had amused the town for a day or two, that the picture, which the trustees had purchased as an important work of the Castilian Vandyke, had really been executed by the English Van Huysum. No notice of this meeting at the National Gallery, at which I was present as a member of the Committee, occurs in the record of its proceedings. Mr. Lance’s printed evidence (‘Reports and Minutes,’ pp 346–358) being most incomplete without it, the

present note may serve, I hope, to supply the deficiency."

In reply to this, Mr. Lance writes to the *Athenæum* as follows:—

"36, Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square,
April 4, 1855.

"In your number for March 31, a passage is quoted from Mr. Stirling's book, entitled '*Velasquez and his Works*,' in which it is stated that, when before the Boar Hunt, by the great Spanish master, at the National Gallery, and in the presence of the committee, I 'very candidly admitted that the lapse of time had led me to exaggerate my own share of the work, and that a good deal of the original painting still survived.' The extract then goes on to state that 'the chasm which I had filled with mules, was less in area by three-fourths than I had stated; and in these mules themselves I had been guided by the backs, necks, and ears, which had remained with tolerable distinctness, and enabled me to follow the design of the master. So ended a story,' continues the author, 'which had amused the town for a day or two, that the picture, which the trustees had purchased as an important work of the Castilian Vandyke, had really been executed by the English Van Huysum. No notice of this meeting at the National Gallery, at which I was present as a member of the committee, occurs in the record of its proceedings. Mr. Lance's printed evidence being most incomplete without it, the present note may serve, I hope, to supply the deficiency.'

"It is with great unwillingness that I revive this subject, and I am grateful to the author for comparing me with the unapproachable Dutch master; but truth compels me not to permit this assertion to pass as the end of the story. To every word of my printed evidence I adhere. At Mr. Thane's request I worked daily for six weeks on the injured picture. Two persons, not belonging to my family, who know and can prove this, are still alive. When I was before the picture at the National Gallery, several of the committee, not unfrequently more than one at a time, asked me questions, such as, 'Did you do *this*?' pointing to one part of the picture; 'Did you do *that*?' pointing to another part. I may have said that I could not, after such a lapse of time (nearly twenty years), speak with certainty as to every touch of mine on the picture. No doubt 'a good deal of the original painting still survived;' but I distinctly deny that I ever said or thought that the chasm which I filled was less in area by three-fourths than I had stated, or that in these mules I had been guided by the backs, neck, and ears, which had remained with tolerable distinctness, and enabled me to follow the design of the master. To the best of my recollection, the canvas where I

put in the mules was entirely bare, as it was in many other parts; and the injury which the picture had sustained may be guessed by the time which was consumed in repairing it—time which I very unwillingly gave up at the earnest entreaty of Mr. Thane, and which nothing but his distressed state of mind would have induced me to employ in that operation. The money which I received was no equivalent for what I did, for I neglected my own works to relieve the distress of Mr. Thane.—I am, &c.,

"GEORGE LANCE."

We may smile at poor Mr. Lance's eagerness to retain the credit of the mules painted "out of his own head;" but the risk the helpless old masters run when they get into a back parlour in Wardour-street, evidently is no laughing matter. They may not always fall into such good hands as those of Mr. Lance; and even if they did, most people, we should imagine, would prefer a Velasquez with a little dirt on it, to a Velasquez canvas covered with somebody else's clean paint. Such, however, has been the infatuation of the successive owners of old pictures, that it is rare to find one perfectly free from the marks of the "restorer's" brush. Even in the best galleries very many of the pictures, as they exist at present, are quite unworthy of the names they bear. They have been repeatedly "cleaned," and consequently repeatedly "restored." They would furnish an example of the old question as to identity. The blade, the spring, and the handle, have been renewed; is the knife the same? And if such is the state of the pictures in the great public collections, we may be pretty sure that most private galleries are a few degrees worse, for they have most probably undergone a scrubbing at least once in each generation. If our readers are not satisfied with the general argument, they will find plenty of details in a pamphlet which has just appeared, entitled "*A Protest and Counter-statement against the Report from the Select Committee on the National Gallery, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 4th of August, 1853.*" But we confess that the synthetical examination of the question appears to us perfectly conclusive, and no amount of favourable opinions, in particular cases, could induce us to believe in the possibility of removing a coat of discoloured varnish—and this, let it be remembered,

is what is meant by "cleaning"—without the certainty of more or less injury to the surface of the painting underneath. And, then, as to the subsequent process—"restoring"—it is an absurdity. As well might one strike out passages in a symphony of Beethoven's, and expect a parish organist to supply them, as suppose a broker or his assistants capable of reproducing the work of a great master in painting.

Regret it as we will, decay is the universal fate. It is folly to expect a picture two hundred years old to look as bright and fresh as one painted yesterday, and our struggles to achieve this impossible result can only hasten the catastrophe we dread; whilst, at the same time, to all but the most unsophisticated eyes, the rouge and the pearl-powder will always be apparent.

OUR ENEMIES ABROAD AND AT HOME.

With restless, anxious gaze we still turn our eyes constantly to the East, for the storm still broods, and the sweet rainbow of peace which had spanned the horizon is fading, and fading gradually from before our eyes, as if the wrath of God had but paused for a space, ere it rose again in still broader and more destructive rush to sweep away the pride of nations! What are the lofty towers to be levelled by these coming winds—what are the plains to be burned up and seared by the fiery stream? What are the cities that are doomed to fall, and how many? What the communities which shall be scattered? what the social ties which shall be riven? Shall proud England be rolled up like a scroll and pass away like ancient Carthage, with whom, as with her, wealth was everything, and faith was nothing. Or, chastened and sanctified by reverses, shall it once more raise its head when the hurricane is over, and resume its place among the nations of the earth, all the richer and purer for its trials, all the higher and more earnest in its practice of truth!

We know not; for these are the secrets of God. And, alas! for human history, when nations have once stumbled they seldom rise.

Meanwhile, let us glance at the map of Europe and see, as best we may, what we have to contend with. From the extreme North to the shores of the Euxine, taking up one half of Europe, and again spreading in fearful magnitude over the whole of Northern Asia, this is the enemy which we, the Western powers, have been despising. Forgetful, too, of the strength of the threefold cord, equally unmindful of

the homely fable of the bundle of sticks, we have set about the task of resisting a widespread unity—we, that are split up into petty kingdoms and countless factions and parties.

In times gone by, before the invention of steam, when war was chiefly a matter of physical strength rather than of skill or of tactics, the superior strength and power of endurance of the British soldier carried all before it. At Cressy and Agincourt it does not appear that the French were wanting in courage or tactics, but they were unable to withstand the superior strength of the English archers, which were to them what the Russian guns are to us. But it is idle to talk of the barbarity of the Russians—to rely upon a civilisation which cannot be brought to bear with anything like the force which the entirety and unity of Russia can command. This in reality is what makes that monster nation formidable, and renders its study and that of our own position a matter of deep and serious necessity.

Our object, however, is not to recapitulate the disasters of the campaign. We have no purpose to dwell on the wanton destruction of our once glorious army, although that carries mourning into every British hearth, nor the mistaken delays which have allowed Sebastopol to become an almost impregnable fortress—nor the inactivity of our navy, which has left the great Baltic ports untouched—nor the valuable lessons our mistakes are every day imparting to our enemies; but we do sigh over the lost prestige of our glory—we do bow down in humility at the exposure of our weak-

ness, which our rulers have blunderingly made in the eyes of all Europe. We do mourn over that ill-starred motion which forced upon the people a bill for a foreign legion, when no foreign legion was to be had, thus publishing to the uttermost regions of the earth, and foisting upon ourselves, a sense of utter helplessness, hopeless, irremediable weakness, which the available resources of the country never went to justify. Heaven help us in our straits! for humiliation is a new thing for us to bear; and we have been so trained to bend our faculties to the heaping inot upon inot, that our head and limbs have grown useless for other work. Blindfolded that we were, we thought this gold, so bright, so fulgent, so full of splendour like the sun, would, like that orb, call everything to life that it shone upon, and we have waked as from a dream, to find it but a cold, heavy lump of ore, barren of all that can fructify thought and the higher faculties of man.

But this is idle wailing; and as we have said before, we have to study the antagonist which may yet rise, for aught we know, to be a scourge in the hand of God to punish the *corrupt* civilisation of our time.

It is now some ten years ago since De Custine startled the world with his account of Russia, not, as we had hitherto been accustomed to look upon it, as a far-off barbarous country which stretched away into the backwoods of unfashionable and unknown regions, but as a sleeping Colossus which it was dangerous to waken; and never since those prophetic pages appeared has any work conveyed with such graphic power, or quick and subtle discernment, the characteristics of the Russian people. De Custine was a Conservative, a thorough aristocrat, as he tells us, not so much from inherited principle, as from convictions, strong as they were deep, because wrought out from the unstable chaos which surrounded him. To-day the ravings of cosmopolitan democracy, tomorrow the despotism of the journals; at another time corruption and treachery, under the mask of a constitutional government. Such was the aspect of affairs in France, till disgusted with the political debaucheries of that much-vaunted liberty, he made a journey to Russia, to seek, as he tells us, for arguments against a represen-

tative government. His curiosity was excited to see how the spirit of order and obedience was brought to pervade the administration of so vast a state, and so entirely to exclude every sign of turbulence and anarchy. He thought, with profound admiration, on those patient, orderly slaves, the future conquerors, and, as he then thought, the regenerators of Europe, after the Western nations had grown old and enervated by vain liberalism, internal discord, scepticism, and corruption.

With these ideas he went forth, well furnished with introductions as became his rank; and, once presented, his cultivated mind and courteous bearing soon attracted the favourable notice of the Emperor and his family, and, as a matter of course, the cordial attentions of all those who moved like satellites about the Muscovite sun. But his keen and searching mind could find no satisfaction in the empty pleasures of the Court—phenomena were every day unfolding before him which he could not understand; mysteries impenetrable to his intellect; problems which it was impossible for him to solve. He wished to see, to observe, to judge for himself; but the Russian nobles, with a polite tact which at first he could not understand, prevented this; they followed him, spied him, distracted his thoughts, engrossed his attention, tyrannised over him by means of officious politeness, and by *fête* after *fête* they endeavoured to prevent him from seeing their country; they had even coined a French word (*enguirlander les étrangers*) by which to express these falsely polite tactics. "Often," said he, "when they found their direct attempts to fail, they endeavoured to lead me astray with marvellous dexterity, and I often surprised the same person changing his tactics towards me two or three times." But it was their guarded circumspection in everything which concerned themselves, and the extreme curiosity with which they followed his every step, that first aroused him to a sense of his own importance, and the mission which chance had thrown in his way. He became attentive and prudent, he travelled inland, visited the cabin, the far city, the field, and the forest, observed everything, noted his remarks, concealed his papers, and came at last to gather enough of facts to form a gross estimate of that tremendous and singular government which is regulated by the greatest despotism

in the world. He returned to France no longer the aristocrat he left it, but a warm partisan of constitutions; for although a mixed government is not always the most favourable for sincerity, it is still that which imparts the highest activity to mind, within the sphere of practical ideas — thus speaks de Custine.

But he did not know this at first, and he had much to learn. He describes well, though he does not recognise, that indelible, unmistakeable seal which is burned into the soul of every man who owns himself a slave. Theft, cunning, treachery, mockery, and ignoble humility—without a feeling for the sanctity of home; without a thought for the dignity of man; without a care for the heaven which has promised rest: these are the fearful marks by which all slaves shall be known from the Cuban shores, the marshes of the Mississippi and Alabama to the steppes of Siberia and the monotonous plains of European Russia. And yet the wayfaring philosopher who has travelled among them all will detect great and important differences in the working of that deadly influence on the various races; and it is precisely to the study of these that we would call the attention of our readers, because it is by this alone we may learn to judge of the foe with whom we have to deal.

With the African, the low intellect leaves but little to sigh for in the scope of his ambition; he has been torn from the glowing tropics where he sat beneath the palm-tree, freely and carelessly enjoying the intensity of his sensations. These and his liberty are lost; his passionate affections, too, they are outraged and debased; but he has his own sources of comfort commensurate to his understanding, and while in private he can jeer, and mock at, and rob his master, in public he drowns all sorrow in gay, noisy song and revel, falling, meanwhile, all naturally and easily, to the level of brutes. Heaven have pity upon him! But we stand in no dread of either the revolt or the invasions of such.

But with the Slavonians it is otherwise. Thieves to that extent that their own Alexander declared it his opinion, they would abstruse his ships of the line did they but know where to hide them; corrupt to that extent that they excused themselves with the impious sarcasm, that Christ himself would have stolen had not his hands been pierced;

sly to that extent that it is impossible to detect them; and so treacherous withal, that they are spies on their own kith and kin!—they are nevertheless so refined and beautiful a people, and so mournful and silent in their pleasures, that it strikes the beholder with awe, and a feeling almost akin to terror.

Hear how De Custine describes them:—

“Their eyes,” he says, “are blue, mild, large, and of a long and oval shape, with the eyelids depressed; an appearance which obtained for them, from the old Greeks, the name of *Syromedea*, or lizard-eyed, whence the Latin *Sarmatians*—their golden hair, their *furtive glances*, the grace and lightness of their movements, their picturesque habiliments, their resigned demeanour, their sweet and melancholy music, all tend to show a race of gifted slaves, bearing on their very front unmistakeable symptoms of near and startling destinies.

“In no country,” continues he in another page, when talking of the old, “have I seen such beautiful bald heads and silver hair: the heads of Jehovah, those ideal conceptions which I admired in the frescoes of Lomi Lainati Lugano, at Milan, may be here recognised, living; seated on the threshold of their cabins I have beheld these patriarchs, with fresh complexions, unwrinkled cheeks, blue sparkling eyes, calm countenances and silver beards glistening in the sun, around mouths whose peaceful and benevolent smile they serve to heighten; these old men seemed like so many protecting deities placed at the entrance of the villages.”

Elsewhere, again:—

“They have an innate love of art and instinctive sentiment of the picturesque, a taste which shows itself not only in their grouping, in their light and graceful movements, the arrangements of their tunics, but in the veriest trifle and commonest incidents of the day; thus while at work they will confine their long hair with a fillet of twisted rushes, and their bare feet and legs they envelop in a classical gaiter of braided reeds.”

And yet these people have no pastimes like other nations; their amusements but betray their misery and resignation. The merriest games in which the young indulge is to group upon a board balanced by ropes to the trees, and thus in perfect silence they swing themselves to the utmost angle of safety; their mobs, their crowds, their festive assemblies, even to the national *fête* of Peterhoff, are all hushed and silent; their very quarrels

are muttered under breath, from fear of their superiors; and it is only through the medium of music that they dare express the full measure of what they feel. Thus in the villages when they assemble in the evening, they sing in harmonised chorus with the most plaintive sweetness and melancholy.

"In treading this oppressed land" (says De Custine) "I hear, without comprehending them, the lamentations of an unknown Jeremiah, soft and plaintive, like the trill of the nightingale when heard at a distance by night in the depths of the woods, and rising from these furthest deserts like the voice of man lifted to heaven in vengeful complaints, and demanding from God the portion of happiness which is refused him upon earth."

Then, again, their climate — relentless as their rulers! In winter, paralysed limbs, faces frostbitten, and death from cold; in the summer, an eternal dust, which often produces an ophthalmia rotting out the eye in its very socket — uniformity of cities, of houses, of courts, of society — vast and barren plains, unvaried by landscape, unbroken by cultivation, unquickened by industry or hope. Such is the fatherland of the Russian; yet all this could not explain the misery of their hearts — what then? Is it their hard labour? Oh! not so! for toil is the destiny of all men, and without it there is no content on earth; nor is it the remembrance of their past glory, for their history is comparatively a blank; nor is it the loss of individual plenty, for they were born poor. No! It is the consciousness of high and noble faculties unused — a restless ambition for better things, rendered unattainable by their enslaved condition. This abiding melancholy, this long-enduring misery, like all else of evil, is a thing to pass away — a cloud, through which their yearnings after progress will some day break forth, conquering with the sword. Imagine such on the high roads of Europe, breathing for the first time the elastic air of German fields, sniffing the atmosphere of liberty, enjoying the license of war, promised an immediate heaven should they fall, unbounded empire if they live — fancy these hordes pouring into the fertile highways of Lombardy, into the classic regions of picturesque Greece, the varied beauties of Switzerland, France, and the golden treasures of England — shall we hope for mercy,

for moderation, at the hands of these men, taught as they are by hard lessons from their despot sovereign, from their land-holding tyrant, that mercy is but weakness, and cruelty but strength — taught by the bitter experience of their long-endured slavery, that their only hope on earth is in their conquest of the West?

But, say our politicians, it is not with the Russian people we have to deal, it is with their leaders, and these are neither slaves nor savages; then by all means let us see what stuff these leaders are made of. We quote from De Custine again concerning the present Czar in the lifetime of his father:—

"I found myself amid the crowd of curious spectators close to the grand duke just as he descended from his carriage I was able to observe him at my leisure. His age, as his appearance indicates, is twenty. His height is commanding; but he appears to me, for so young a man, rather fat. The habitual humour which his face at present denotes is gentleness and benevolence; but between the youthful smile of the eyes, and the constant contraction of the mouth, there is nevertheless a discordance which does not bespeak frankness, and which perhaps indicates some inward suffering. His complexion has already lost its freshness — one can observe that he is under the influence of some cause of grief. His eyelids are cast down with a sadness which betrays the cares of a ripper age. His well-formed mouth is not without an expression of sweetness. His Grecian profile reminds me of antique models, or of the portraits of the Empress Catherine; but notwithstanding his expression of amiableness, his youth, and yet more, his German blood, it is impossible to avoid observing in the lines of his face a power of dissimulation which one trembles to see in so young a man. This trait is, doubtless, the impress of destiny; it convinces me that the grand duke will be called to the throne."

These remarks are of first importance; for if dissimulation was so strongly marked on the face of Alexander at this early period, what may be expected from him now? If he dissimulated then, in order to obtain his father's empire at some future day, how much more now to confirm that empire, and enlarge it? And are our rulers so blind as not to see this? and will all the conferences of Vienna — the last words, and more last words, and still more last words — be accepted and replied to till Sebastopol has been sufficiently relieved to keep the allies

at bay, and autumn has set in steaming with disease more fatal to our unacclimated troops than the shells and fuses of the enemy?

In the vast empire of Russia, the Czar is the representative of God on earth—the embodiment of absolutism—him of whom his subjects say, “The word of the Emperor can create.” Grandly conscious of his colossal power, he looks behind him to see all Southern Asia attached to his car, and counts one by one, as beads upon a string, the kingdoms, principalities, districts, and duchies, that he has quietly and effectually absorbed in his own. Drunk with power, and thirsting for its extension, he looks around at those small sovereigns who fancy themselves his brothers. He stalks majestically on, and lo! he has placed his paw upon a coveted prey. And do those pigmy princes frown upon him for this, and dare to say to him nay? He shakes his mane; his roar is like the thunder; and the ground trembles to the uttermost limit of Europe with his simple expression of defiance. Truly have we been most blind to let this monster grow! If but Europe would only awaken to a sense of her danger; if her petty princes would but for once lay aside their jealousies and suspicions, and unite for common security under one high banner, we might still hope to hunt the monster back to the fastnesses of his wilds. But where is the genius who shall bring these princes to reason? Where among the boasted talent of our patriots and politicians shall we find another Peter the Hermit, wise enough, subtle enough, eloquent enough, adventurous enough, devoted enough to go from court to court gathering them together in crusade against the coming danger? Here is the opportunity, where is the man? No! there is none. On the contrary, as if to hasten the moment of destruction, there is evoked among the people of each a spirit of discontent and rebellion which it behoves the sovereign chiefs to consider, and to see in what manner and how soon it shall be allayed. But in our England, which lies furthest from the danger, as if to compensate for such advantages, the spirit rises fastest and fiercest. Meetings take place everywhere throughout the country, angrily debating on the perfidy and imbecility of our rulers, and forming committees for inquiring into the mismanagement of affairs.

Nor is this the first time in the history of England that her long-enduring people have been roused to action. If our recollection serves us right, too, we were then as we are now at the feet of France. It was at a time when the stream of rule had become stopped by a despot barrier. There was no amalgamation from elsewhere; no gathering from the clouds or the dews; no circulation to keep the waters pure. The creatures whom it should have vivified and refreshed, now died on its margin, for the fœtid and corrupt vapours which it engendered bred disease, and fever, and famine, and pestilence, and war. Besides, the mill stopped, there was no current to turn its wheel; the corn was left underground, and the credit and commerce of the country failed. Then from out the general confusion arose a man who overthrew the despot barrier, and made an outlet for the corrupted waters which could no longer turn the mill, and when they had all flowed out and the channel was cleaned, he drew in again fresh clear water, vivifying and regenerating to individuals, and enriching to the mass, for it turned the mill and gave to the people more corn and plenty than ever. This man's name was Cromwell; and in plain English this is what happened. The progress of liberty, throbbing as it went in alternate advance and recedence, had fallen back throughout Europe as it has done now, into disturbance of equilibrium, and despotism was little by little extending her sway over the several monarchies which composed it. England as yet remained free, partly from that firm stubborn love of independence which marks the individual character of her people; partly from her insular position, which protected her from invasion, and rendered less necessary the establishment of a great standing army, which always makes absolutism an inevitable consequence. But there had arisen, not from without as in our times, but from within, deep and fertile sources of discord and difficulty; and these were the religious differences which resulted from reformation. The high-spirited yet sagacious Tudors had passed away, and a weak, crying, slobbering, boasting monarch succeeded, not to settle the discords and discontents of his kingdom, but to inspire his subjects with profound contempt. In due time he also vanished, and then came in his stead a

prince, than whom no weaker, no falser, no more vacillating and treacherous, ever mounted the throne of a free and upright people. Strange it is in the history of nations, that a strong-willed, clever tyrant may rouse the retributive vengeance of an individual, but the people in mass will bow to him and submit, they will rarely, if ever, rise in rebellion against him, while the weak, the false, the vacillating, who may never have had character enough to attempt, with intent, a really wicked deed, will nevertheless be the one to evoke a rising, and cause the country to lie in waste and ruin before him. So even here. Charles I. had inherited his father's theory of the divine rights of kings; and with a stronger will to carry it out, he added an inherent and incorrigible tendency to deceit. The first measure he conceived was the establishment of a standing army, and proceeded to demand supplies from his Commons; they in return petitioned redress of grievances, and thence a continued series of quarrels arose between them from compacts broken on his side as soon as his end was achieved. The nation too was at war, and became injured from insufficiency of means to carry it on. "Nothing injures a state more," says a great writer, "than a weak manifestation of its powers. This is so true, that no enlightened government, no great statesman, from those of Greece and Rome to the reign of Anne—from Themistocles and Demosthenes to Marlborough and Godolphin—thought of *economy in war*; and a false or factious economy proved fatal to Carthage." At length, incensed at the murmurs of his Commons, he determined to govern without it.

Thus, for eleven years, he reigned without minister or parliament to share the burden of his acts. How the people of England submitted to such a state of things—how they bore to have their rights invaded, soldiers billeted everywhere upon them, and taxes levied without their consent—they, the same people who broke into general rebellion for a much less cause upon occasion of the poll-tax—would be a mystery, did we not consider that a peace of seventy years had taught them the blessings of civilisation, of industry, and quiet: and it required a rude and powerful wrench which should oblige them to quit the plea-

tures of home, and turn their ploughshares into swords.

The time came, however. The revolution first broke out in Scotland, where Charles had attempted to foist the form of English liturgy upon the turbulent Calvinists of the north. To put down the insurrection, Charles once more called a Parliament for a supply; when, grown insolent with long-accustomed power, he as immediately dissolved it, because it showed a disposition to be slow. Now, indeed, the crisis accelerated. He threw many of the members into prison, levied the ship-money, enlisted the soldiers by force, and to the more refractory subjects applied torture. Still a supply was wanted, and when the next Parliament assembled, it ended in the King going down to the house to seize the persons of Pym, Hollis, and Hampden; but it is unnecessary to proceed further. It was simply intended to draw the parallel, where the events of the past might serve as a lesson for the future. Charles I. was then the sole ruling power. Now we have a body of men who are alone responsible for its practice. The difficulties then rose out of the sectarian differences of the people, fanned into democracy and rebellion by the dissimulation and imbecility of the King. The difficulties now are the result of our mere foreign relations, fanned, through the imbecility of our ruling bodies, into a flame of democracy; for already the character of Hampden seems to be taken up and re-enacted by Layard. What political events are likely to follow upon this will, of course, depend on such aptitude to learn from the past, as our future rulers may possess—on their intellect, too, in so far as it may enable them to perceive and to repair the damage which has been done; and, above all, on the amount they may possess of that earnest sincerity and rectitude of purpose, without which neither sovereign nor minister can hope to win and retain the confidence of an enlightened people. What availed it to the English nation that Charles, in private, was a moral man—the best husband, the best father, the best friend—if, in public, his conduct presented a tissue of fraud and dissimulation? He broke his kingly word whenever it suited his purpose, gave promises which he never intended to fulfil, gave public re-

cognitions to-day, which to-morrow he would declare in Council to be null; privately solicited and implored the aid of France, when in public he denied all thought of such an act; made speeches in public declamatory of Popery, while in private he gave orders to favour the Papists, and promised, in letters to his wife, to establish it in Ireland, and tolerate it in England!

If Charles had used tyranny alone, foolish and rash as he might be, still his openness, as the pledge of courage, would have won the respect of his people, and kept up the prestige of his authority; but dissimulation denotes cowardice and a bad conscience; and woe to the ruler who shows tremor before his offended people — they will never forgive him. It is true, nevertheless, that the temper of men's minds is different to what it was in the time when fraud and violence might, with impunity, be committed on individuals — when men might be cast into prison, and there die, without learning their crime, or coming to their trial; and the refining influence of civilisation and Christian practice will have taught the nation to detest the horrors of civil contest; besides which, intestinal wars have long since become matters of tradition. It is forty years since we used our army on the Continent — it is nearly two centuries since we used our army at home. Since then, the cottager, the labourer, the artisan, the mechanic, has learned the blessings of peace, and the sweets of home, quite as much as the trader, the manufacturer, and merchant, and will feel equal reluctance to bring devastation and ruin around him; but if the taxes are doubled and quadrupled with every year — if the strain of life, already borne with suffering, be further drawn to its utmost tension — if the Englishman finds that the harder he works and the poorer he grows — if, in spite of the handfuls of money which come into his till, his home is turned into a cabin, his children are hungry, his wife weak with privations — if he find that the blood of his defenders, the fruits of his industry, the hopes and anticipations which have sustained him through life, are wasted and destroyed — if he find that his

country, erst so dear to him, has become harder than the treadmill in the prison — driven to desperation and rage — what then?

"Methinks I see in my mind," says Milton, "a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her, as an eagle, viewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schism."

We will close with an incident from history. Everyone knows the story of Richard II., when he met the rebellion of Wat Tyler; but there is a better, though less known anecdote, from the reign of that most wise and prosperous Sovereign, Elizabeth Tudor, which applies even still more to the present. It was in the matter of the abuse of monopolies. They had long fallen to the share of our monarchs as a privilege, and had been severally given by them as marks of favour and reward, to various noblemen of the realm. Salt, oil, vinegar, and many other articles of consumption, had become to the poor mechanic unattainable luxuries. At length the monopolies increased in number to such an extent as to rouse the anger of the people, and for a moment it was feared that the throne itself was endangered. We quote here from Macaulay:—

"The coach of the prime minister of the Crown was surrounded by an indignant populace, who cursed the monopolies, and exclaimed that the prerogative should not be suffered to infringe the liberties of old England. Elizabeth, perceiving the danger, with admirable judgment and temper declined the contest, put herself at the head of the reforming party, redressed the grievance, thanked the Commons in touching and dignified language, for their tender care of the general weal, brought back to herself the hearts of her people, and left to her successors a memorable example of the way in which it behoves a ruler to deal with public movements which he has not the means of resisting."

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